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STOCKTON EDITION

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SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

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THE STOCKTON

¶ The new half million dollar hotel erected by the citizens of Stockton at the head of navigation in that city.

¶ Built by the people of Stockton, nothing was left undone that could make its equipment complete and when it is opened it will be the equal of any hotel of its size in the land.

TO BE OPENED DURING APRIL, 1910

STOCKTON, A CITY OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

The residence of Mr. Macdonald Douglas

"Oakdene," the residence of Mr. Fred N. Vail

The residence of Mr. Charles D. Pierce

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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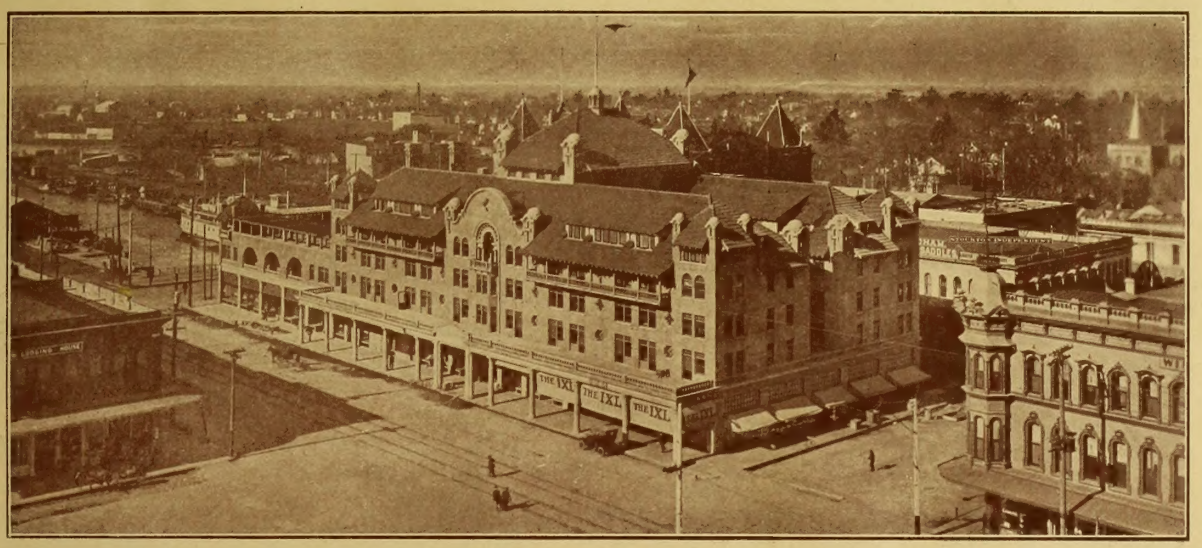


THE STOCKTON.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheimer

Cartouche of New Hotel

Mr. Lee A. Phillips

The Stockton

By George W. Leistner

DON H. PORTER.

THE story of the great mission hotel at Stockton is a story of the civic enterprise of the business men of the city.

Stockton has long wanted a hotel in keeping with the needs and dignity of the city. One man felt the need acutely—Mr. Lee A. Phillips. He called to his aid Mr. Frank A. West and Mr. Samuel Frankenheimer and the three went to work. A site ideal in size and location was found in the central part of the city and a year's option of purchase was secured.

Preliminary plans and specifications were prepared by Mr. E. B. Brown, the architect of The Stockton, and it was decided that five hundred thousand dollars would be required to purchase the site and construct the hotel. The Stockton Investment Company was organized and leading business men of Stockton composed the Board of Directors: Messrs. Thompson, Hough, Guernsey, Phillips, Frankenheimer, Holt, Peters, Atherton, West, Simpson, Gardner, Cowell and Nicol. An active campaign for funds was started and in thirty days the hotel was assured. Two hundred and seventy-five business men promised $274,400 toward the hotel and $200,000 was raised by bonding. This money was paid during the panicky times recently experienced and only four subscribers failed to make a payment. Less than $2,000 will be lost of the amount subscribed. Nothing is more indicative of the public spirit of Stockton than the generous way in which the business men of the city contributed toward The Stockton.

The Stockton is built of re-inforced concrete and covers an entire block 300x100 feet. Located in the heart of the city, facing a public square, overlooking the waters of Stockton channel, and having a street on each side, the site is unique and peculiarly adapted to hotel purposes.

Architecturally the motif is Spanish Renaissance. The main portion of the building is five stories in height. With its long colonnade, overhanging balconies and red tiled roof the structure presents a most handsome appearance.

The distinctive feature of the lobby is the immense fireplace. It is said to be the largest fireplace of any public building in the State. It is built of concrete with tile facing and gives a tone of warmth and comfort.

170029

A mezzanine floor surrounds the lobby. The finish here is a beautiful light oak with the floor tiled.

The dining room opening off the lobby is finished in pure white with leather walls. Along the street side are three bays of plate glass with leaded glass transoms. The grill adjoining is uniquely fashioned and done in green. With fireplace, deer antler fixtures, and beamed ceiling the room has a most comfortable appearance. Telephones are at the tables. Above and between the grill and dining room and within sound of the lobby is the music gallery. The kitchen has been given careful consideration. It is large, well lighted, and conveniently arranged. A cold storage plant has been installed.

A most unusual feature of this kitchen consists in plate glass windows looking into it from the mezzanine floor. These windows will enable guests at any hour of the day or night to inspect the sanitary arrangements and to watch the preparation of their food. Such an arrangement is unique and its advantages are too obvious to need explanation.

The hotel contains over two hundred rooms. Every one is an outside room. One hundred and forty-three rooms have bath connections.

The bed rooms have been equipped with what is known as the "somnole" table light for the convenience of those guests who are accustomed to reading in bed. These lights are as easily adjusted to individual comfort as a portable telephone and are expected to give a great deal of satisfaction. There need be no fear of eye strain when one is reading in bed at The Stockton.

A feature that will gladden the commercial traveler is the large well lighted sample rooms to which the entire fifth floor is devoted. A bed room and shower bath adjoins each sample room.

A ball room and convention hall is on the sixth floor and opens on a roof garden. The show place of The Stockton and that which will doubtless form its most distinctive and popular feature is the roof garden. This covers an area of ten thousand square feet, and is surrounded by a pergola which will be trellised with roses and climbing vines. A fountain plays in the center.

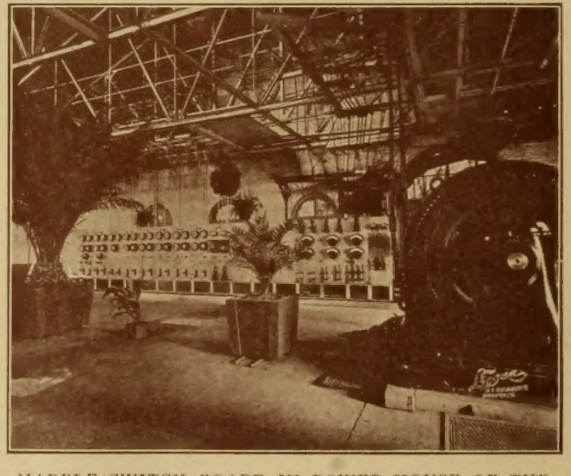
From the roof garden one looks directly over the waters of Stockton channel with its constantly moving panorama of incoming and outgoing steamers. Stockton channel never has a dull day. Away off to the west and directly down the channel Mt. Diablo rises and completes as pretty a picture as artist could paint.

The hotel is furnished at a cost of $75,000. Comfort rather than elegance has been the key note. Particular attention has been paid to the harmony of colors and every room spells good taste and comfort. Cleaning will be done by the vacuum system and the heating is by steam.

The Stockton will be opened by Don H. Porter, formerly of The Kenyon of Salt Lake City. The name Porter is synonymous among traveling men with good living and both the people of Stockton and Don H. Porter are to be congratulated—the one in securing a good hotel man, the other a good hotel.

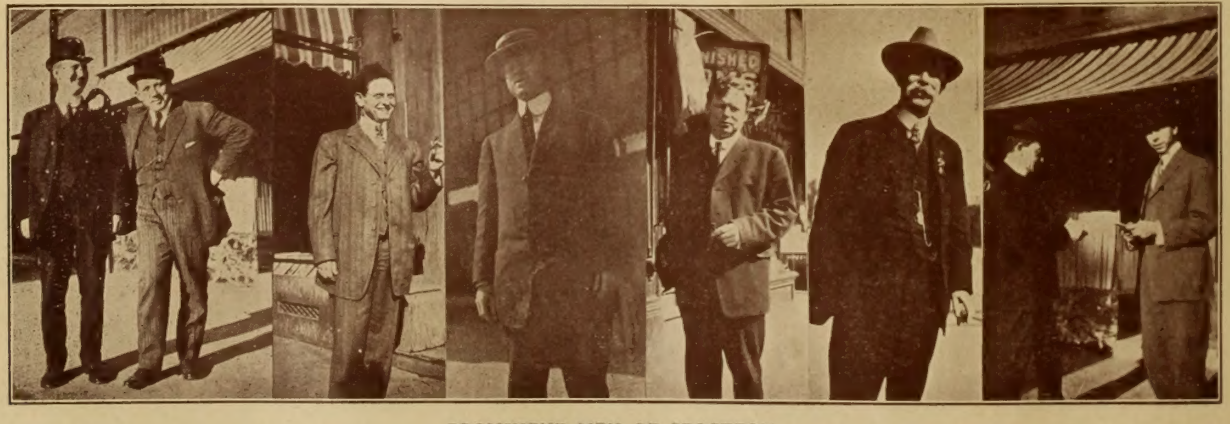
VANCE BUILDING.

PALM AVENUE, ACAMPO, ON THE LINE OF THE CENTRAL TRACTION COMPANY.



MARBLE SWITCH BOARD IN POWER HOUSE OF THE STOCKTON GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

Through this switch board is controlled the larger part of the light and power of the City of Stockton.



PROMINENT MEN OF STOCKTON

Reading from left to right they are: J. L. Coats, Robert L. Beardslee, Mr. Jossa, Henry Glick, George W. Leistner, J. W. Glenn, Arthur L. Levinsky and E. B. Brown.

THE RIVER STEAMER, "J. D. PETERS."
California Navigation and Improvement Co.

How to Reach Stockton by Water

By Edward F. O'Day

En Route, Steamer "Isleton," March ..., 1910.

WITH a holystoned deck beneath one, with fellow travelers clustered at the rail, with a smell of salt in the air and with a patch of water widening and lengthening between the busy pier and the busy vessel, it matters little whether one is embarking on the "Mauretania" for Liverpool or on the "Isleton" for Stockton. The pleasurable sensation is much the same, provided you be a lover of the water. The duration of the voyage, the luxury of the appointments, the character of the company, the calm or the storm of the elements—these are matters for afterthought. But the exhilaration that comes with drawing away from land is felt only once and as far as I have been able to discover, it may be felt as keenly on San Francisco Bay as in New York Harbor. The trip to Stockton is a short one, so the sociability or reserve of one's fellow passengers counts for little and nasty weather need not enter seriously into one's calculations. The appointments of the steamer, however, are of vital interest, for your traveler, whether he traverse the ocean in the "Mauretania" or the bay in the "Isleton," is bound to be critical, perhaps finicky, about his meals and his sleeping place. If these be good, he is content. If weather conditions and the company are propitious, he is delighted. And out of that delight what may not come? I know one traveler who might answer with an interesting tale. A beautiful moonlight night, two comfortable deck chairs in accidental juxtaposition, a chance remark about the colors of the sunset—and he found a wife. Not all who voyage to Stockton are so fortunate; but there is always the romantic possibility.

Most of us know Stockton pretty well, from Madden's to the Yosemite Club and from the old Yosemite Hotel to the Southern Pacific depot, but how many know the delights of reaching the "Gateway City" by river boat? Strangely enough, very very few. Yet it is one of the pleasantest overnight trips imaginable and if it does not become popular with the opening of the splendid new hotel that is but a step from the head of Stockton Channel, I will beg leave to wonder at the dullness of San Francisco pleasure-seekers.

The rising of the shadows and the coming of evening on San Francisco Bay cannot be adequately enjoyed on a ferryboat; the time of transit is all too short. But on a steamer like the "Isleton" one may view these ever new wonders with leisurely and undistracted attention. Looking back over the foamy wake churned by the big wheel at the stern the eye rests in contemplation on the familiar skyline which loses its prosaic distinctness as the mists of twilight deepen about it. Soon it is a silhouette which the poetic gaze may translate to crags and turrets and battlements with banners drooping here and there above the brooding hills and the canyons of silent traffic. Then of a sudden the obscured sun dips in the unseen ocean and sends skyward the glory of its dying rainbow hues, bathing the city for a little while in colors never yet transferred to canvas. This glory, like all glory, dies and the night lights begin to twinkle, one by one, until soon the deepening darkness is bridged from south to north by a span of winking lamps. We have seen enough of the city; let us turn to the stars that are now shining above us. Heavens! how one strives for poetical expression on these Stockton boats. Let us, rather, come back to earth (or water, if you please), and go in to dinner.

If you must have your cocktail first, here is a youngster

DINING ROOM ON THE "ISLETON."

A VIEW OF STOCKTON CHANNEL, SHOWING PART OF THE CITY, WITH THE NEW HOTEL ON THE RIGHT AND THE HOUSEBOATS AT McLEOD'S LAKE ON THE LEFT

with a well-stocked bar who will mix it cunningly. And where in river travel will you find a cosier, more attractive dining saloon? Where does the silver and the glassware shine more brightly, where is the linen snowier? And where, by the same token, will you sit down to a better cooked, better served meal? Let Echo, an experienced miss who knows river travel on the Misissippi and the Yukon, on the Rhine and the Danube and the Nile, let Echo answer and if she speaks truthfully she will say, "On none of these." It may be that I was particularly hungry, it may be that I was unusually happy in my waiter, but certainly I enjoyed that meal. That waiter stands out in memory. He strongly resembled in person, if not in manner, a certain man I know who has no end of prominence in society but whom I have met otherwhere. The resemblance was so striking that I called him—but I shall not mention the name. I doubt if he be on the "Isleton" still; he is a treasure of waiters and it is probable that some club is hoarding him. Yet I am told the river boats have others like him. The dinner he set before me I shall not rhapsodize over, though I might an I would. Let others discover the excellent cuisine of the "Isleton" and the rest of the river boats for themselves.

For the ladies there was the music of a piano player with copious records of the classic and ragtime muses, for the men of us the after-dinner cigar on deck to soothe digestion. Not that all the ladies stayed within; I noted a couple or two spooning under the stars. We have passed Angel Island and Point Richmond and our busy wheel is churning the waters of San Pablo Bay. Yonder are the lights of Vallejo Junction. Soon we will be gliding through the Strait past Port Costa and into lazy Suisun Bay. It is getting cold and the warmth of the smoking room is alluring. The youthful mixologist is filling a few orders and over a cigar and a social glass men are talking of the price of potatoes and asparagus, of the value of delta lands and Stockton real estate, and spinning yarns, as they always do in the smoking rooms of steamers.

If I had not been luxuriously drowsy I might have seen the "Isleton" stop at Martinez and Antioch to unload and load freight. But I went to bed, to one of the cosiest beds I have ever lain in, certainly to the cosiest I have ever had on ship board. It was not a berth but a real bed, wide and long enough for perfect comfort, with a bright electric light alongside which made it pleasant to read for a few minutes before dropping off

SMOKING ROOM ON THE "ISLETON."
California Transportation Co.

A DESTROYER AT THE LEVEE IN STOCKTON

LOADING ASPARAGUS AT ORWOOD LANDING

to sleep. Still more pleasant it was when a knock came at my door and the perfect waiter entered, bearing a tray of tempting fruit. Where except on the Stockton river boats will you receive such an unexpected attention? With a breath of clean cold air blowing into the room from the open window I lay between spotless linen that night and slept the sleep of the just or at any rate, the sleep of the healthy and comfortable.

In the morning I was up betimes and after munching a rosy apple—blessings on that perfect waiter!—I dressed and went out on deck where the sun was warming the brisk air of early morning. We were pounding along the San Joaquin river, past farms and farm-houses that spelled prosperity. Several times we drew inshore and discharged freight at the wharfs. Piled there in enormous numbers I saw sacks of potatoes and onions destined to be carried to San Francisco markets when the next steamer went down. I have never seen more appetizing potatoes and onions than those which are raised in the San Joaquin delta region. One cannot watch the loading and unloading of freight on the San Joaquin without being impressed with the advantage of the method whereby cartage is cut out and boat and car meet directly. At the smaller stations, of course, there are no cars; the farmer hauls his crop to his own wharf and awaits the coming of the steamer.

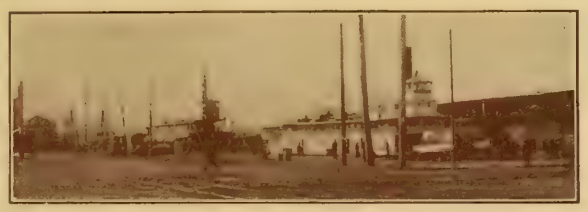
Beautiful indeed are the scenes along the San Joaquin River. It is a fairyland which the steamer traverses. The banks of the rivers are concealed beneath dense growths of willows and a profusion of vines which give the watercourse a most picturesque setting. Incidentally, I have been told, these luxuriant growths protect the levees from the action of the water, holding them in place even when the river is rushing swiftly with an overplus of waters.

As the "Isleton" nears the Stockton Channel the river takes on a livelier appearance. There are more farms and dwelling places. There are children in row boats enjoying the morning sunshine, the boys with bare feet and bare heads, scornful of freckles, the girls well shod and with broad straw hats to protect their complexions. How sweet is the sound of youthful laughter coming over the water! Like a black arrow skimming the river a motor boat shoots by with loud noise, the driver barely visible. What a delicious mode of travel a motor boat must be! No fear of breaking a speeding ordinance disturbs the mind of the boatsman. The waters are his and there is no craft on the river which can show him a wake.

Now we are in Stockton Channel, the waterway two

DINING ROOM OF THE "J. D. PETERS."
California Navigation and Improvement Co.

A LAUNCH ON THE RIVER.



A SCENE ON THE LEVEE.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF STOCKTON AND THE SAN JOAQUIN

PROMINENT MEN OF STOCKTON

Reading from left to right there are: De Witt Clary, J. Edgington, Joseph F. Peters, John Moore, J. M. McCall, George Harper, Macdonald Douglass, La Plata Davis, Andrew Simpson, Captain Walters and "Doc" Roscoe.

and one-half miles long, which connects the river with the city of Stockton. Here land and water are in closer touch. I look out over the fields with their rich loamy soil of decayed tules and watch the blue heron stalking stiff-legged through the furrows. What a solemn stately bird he is! The farmer is in two minds about him. It is true he eats the pestilent gophers, but he also eats the grain. However, as he eats more gophers than grain the farmer usually looks upon him with favor. Much the blue heron cares what the farmer thinks as he soars through the air, for all the world like Monsieur Paulhan or Mr. Curtiss.

As we near the city of Stockton the "Isleton" passes innumerable barges, schooners, tugs and other crafts, the "mosquito fleet" of the river. The channel is lined with flour mills, lumber yards, shipyards, warehouses and coal bunkers, all showing signs of prosperous activity. We are nearing the head of navigation and the traffic of a busy city is beginning to be in evidence. The skyline of Stockton shows itself, with the mission roof of the new hotel in the foreground. Finally we nose past other river steamers, barges, tugs, and slide up to the pier. The engines rest, the sternwheel beats the water with fainter and fainter blows, the gangplank is out and our pleasant overnight trip has come to an end. We have been through part of the California Netherlands and have traversed them as comfortably as one could wish to.

Of course the "Isleton" is not the only steamer on which you may make the trip from San Francisco to Stockton or from Stockton to San Francisco. There are other steamers, belonging to two rival lines whose competition is so keen for freight and passenger business that the service and the comforts are kept up to the highest point of efficiency. I understand that travel on all the Stockton boats is as pleasant as it is on the "Isleton."

Why this river trip is not more popular I do not understand. The volume of passenger travel is respectable, but nothing more. How anybody who has been forced to make that dreary trip to Stockton by railroad should hesitate before trying the overnight river service is a mystery to me—now. I admit that it is only recently that I have discovered the Stockton boats. But having discovered them, I am devoted to them, enthusiastic about them, and in the good old summertime I am going to make a few little trips to which I look forward with delight.

It will be possible then to step from the gangplank to the door of the fine new hotel, The Stockton, without worrying about car, cab or hotel bus. By that time, I venture to predict, Stockton will be a favorite rendezvous for week-end parties looking for a novelty. The attraction of Don Porter's cuisine, of the sunkissed pergola on the roof and of the music which Edgar Bayliss will dispense will be drawing more and more city folks to the new Stockton and the two lines of river boats will be carrying them back and forth.

A STATE ROOM ON THE "J. D. PETERS."
California Navigation and Improvement Co.

A FIELD OF HEMP ON THE RINDGE PROPERTY

HARVESTING CELERY ON ROBERTS ISLAND

CLEANING BEANS IN THE DELTA OF THE SAN JOAQUIN.

HANDLING A BIG CELERY CROP.

Stockton

By Robert McTavish

WE have all heard the story of how Senator Stanford wanted to build the Southern Pacific railroad depot in the center of Stockton and how, when the citizens refused him permission, he declared: "I will make the grass grow in the streets of your town."

That threat led to the placing on the map of Lathrop, named after Senator Stanford's wife. The grass has never grown in the streets of Stockton, but there has been nothing much except grass and weeds at Lathrop for many years. It never began to be a rival of Stockton as a city and its importance as a railroad station has long since been taken away by Tracy.

Reckoned by years it is not so long ago that Senator Stanford made his historic though futile threat; reckoned by the progress of Stockton, the town which he would have liked to wipe out, it seems centuries ago. The Southern Pacific depot which the citizens of Stockton compelled Senator Stanford to build outside the town is within ten minutes' ride of the center of Stockton's business activity today. The little town which protested against the invasion of its streets by steam railroads has grown to a city of more than 30,000 inhabitants. Where one railroad wanted to blot it from the map, three are glad now to serve it with main line trains.

There is reason for the progress of Stockton; reason in its geographical situation, its climatic advantages and the character of the men who through several generations have reared it from a village to a city and are still engaged in pushing it to the front among the cities of California. Situated at the head of navigation of the San Joaquin River, it is the gateway to a country of unrivaled productiveness, a country richer than the valley of the Nile, a country wherein may be found all the products of temperate and semi-tropical countries. Beyond this valley lies a great mining and lumbering region as well as the Yosemite Valley, the Mecca for nature-loving tourists from all over the world. Placed near the only convenient passes through the Coast Range, Stockton has been destined for great commercial prosperity because the products of the rich country behind her and the travel for all that country must pass through Stockton on the way to San Francisco and tidewater.

Climatically Stockton is splendidly equipped. West winds temper the cold of winter while sea breezes moderate the heat of summer and in both winter and summer the nights are cool and comfortable. Normal mean temperature for the city rises from 46 in January to 72 in July and August and sinks to 47 in December, giving an average of 60 for the year. This is the climate of all-the-year flowers, of oranges and cherries, of grapes and pears and figs and prunes, of tropic palms and hardy grains. It is the weather which the storm-harassed and heat-driven people of the East come to California to find and which they have persisted in finding, almost exclusively, in Southern California.

There are reasons for that. Southern California has long been noted for the excellence of its big hotels. Northern California has only recently been devoting its attention to the service of luxurious taste. Where nature has done so much, man's art and artifice are only beginning to second her. That is not so true of Stockton as it is of many other cities in the north, for Stockton has been unusually progressive for many years. The reason is found in the character of her sons and daughters, and that is the third of the three reasons which we have given for the progress of Stockton.

Alert, wide-awake, anxious to improve their city, the citizens of Stockton nevertheless put up for many years with miserable hotel accommodations. Commercial travelers dreaded to stay there overnight. Sacramento, Stockton's nearest rival, used to point with derision to this defect of the San Joaquin city. But the men of Stockton, busy with other things, probably had not time to get around to this matter. Now they have found time and the result is that Stockton may now invite tourist trade, confident that she can take care of it fully as well as the favorite millionaire haunts of Southern California.

Happy is that city which has land and water connection with its neighbors; then may it resist the exactions of its transportation companies by playing the land service against the rail service and vice versa. That is what Stockton has been able to do for many years. The keen competition of two transportation companies that run boats to and from the city keeps water rates at a healthy figure and while railway rates are even now unsatisfactory they are much improved since the days

PROMINENT MEN OF STOCKTON

Reading from left to right they are: C. D. Clark, Henry Newman, Frank Madden, Richard Perrin and Sheriff Sibley.

when the attitude of the single railroad tapping the city was epitomized in the threat of Senator Stanford. There are three railroads now, which makes a great deal of difference.

With three railroads and two lines of steamers connecting the city with the country about her and with a firstclass hotel conducted by one of the most successful hotel managers of the country, Stockton is prepared to enter upon a new era of civic distinction. That is no commonplace, no meaningless assertion. It is recognized as the truth by the wisest of Stockton's citizens and admitted by all outsiders whose business or social connections enable them to study the city from close range.

But easy transportation and a comfortable hotel do not make a city great. There are many other things which must be attended to. Stockton is aware of this. The streets of this city are splendidly paved and she has two street car systems, both lines using the most modern equipment. One of these lines gives an interurban service which is being gradually extended to Sacramento and down the great San Joaquin Valley. Already it taps a country of wonderful richness. Yet it is not so long since Stockton had an indifferent car service. Neither is it so long ago that her old-fashioned dwelling places were regarded as good enough for families which had prospered mightily through many years. Today they are replaced by artisically constructed residences constructed without regard to cost. Antiquated and unsightly business buildings have given way to modern and handsome structures. The Y. M. C. A. Building, recently completed, cost $75,000 and it only took three weeks to raise the money. The Elks Club cost about $150,000 and is free from debt. No need to mention how the half million dollars needed for the construction of the new hotel was obtained in panicky times by popular subscription and bonding. Stockton is a city of unusual individual wealth and her citizens are in a position to carry out swiftly any financial project which appeals to their business sense, their esthetic taste or their civic pride. The people of Stockton responded heartily when an election was held to vote bonds for the improvement of San Joaquin Valley roads. As a result $1,890,000 are to be expended in this worthy undertaking.

While Stockton is sensibly proud of her own progress, she is too wise to forget that she cannot go forward without the co-operation of the rest of San Joaquin County. Therein has been the secret of much of her success. Stockton pulls with the county, not against it, as so many cities are doing in other counties. Stockton feels herself just as vitally interested in the good roads which are to be built throughout the county with her assistance as she does in her own streets for which she alone must carry the burden. She is doing everything in her power to further the formation of a new irrigation district in the southern part of the county at a cost of $2,000,000. While she is proud of her own rapid growth in population, she is equally or almost equally elated over the fact that the number of farms in the county has increased from 1900 on 1890 to over 5,000 in 1909. After all Stockton is only showing her sterling common sense, for what is a city without a helping country behind it?

Of all the country that is tributary to Stockton the most interesting is the delta region composed of the islands of the San Joaquin. By the uninitiated the islands of the San Joaquin would naturally be imagined

SOUTH METHODIST CHURCH.

RESIDENCE OF DOCTOR CLARK, STATE HOSPITAL.

THE STOCKTON SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY BANK

to be little islands like, let us say, Goat Island or Angel or Alcatraz in San Francisco Bay. They are nothing of the kind. They are immense tracts of land containing thousands of acres of the richest land in the State under intensive cultivation. To own an island in the San Joaquin delta is to be a favored son of fortune and the islanders are actually numbered among the wealthiest citizens of Stockton. They are gentlemen farmers with automobiles and splendid residences in the fashionable home district of Stockton and they have only one worry —the fear of inundation. Floods have from time to time worked havoc with their crops, covering their farms with water which remains for a year or more. Just as the overflowing Nile enriches the soil of Egypt, so the floods of the San Joaquin River impregnate the island principalities of the gentlemen farmers with the seeds of more abundant crops for the future. Diverting canals constructed at great cost are gradually raising a barrier against the dangers of floods to the delta lands and the system by which the lands are farmed really raises the burden of worry from the shoulders of the gentlemen farmers, placing it upon their tenants. The fight against floods is waged on an enormous scale and is really one of the most picturesque activities of contemporary life in San Joaquin County. When an island like Roberts Island which is 250,000 acres in extent, becomes inundated it is really a herculean task to fight the waters. At the present time Mr. Macdonal Douglass who owns 10,000 acres of rich land on this island, is engaged in the construction of a diverting canal which will save his lands from future floods while a fine system of irrigation will insure the constant fructification of the soil. Not all the island owners of San Joaquin are as progressive as Douglass, but they are gradually falling in line with the suggestions of the engineers who have studied the problem of floods.

One of the most picturesque of the island owners is George Shima, the Japanese "potato king." Shima's word is law in matters pertaining to the vegetables which he grows and his prices are the market prices. Distinguished by square dealing, he has made for himself a place that is unique in the life of San Joaquin County. Shima is not a gentleman farmer; he prefers to superintend his dividend-paying business directly. While more favored island owners are taking their ease in the Yosemite Club he is busily engaged among the brokers of the levee or on his island farm.

It is interesting, inspiring, to meet in Stockton the men who are building their city and county into a greater and more prosperous structure. Real estate men, architects, builders, engineers, farmers, orchardists, vineyardists, manufacturers, railroad and shipping men, brokers, bankers, insurance men, these are but some of the many who are bending every energy to make Stockton a greater city. All of these and many others, including, in a place of honor lawyers and other professional men, lent their aid to the new hotel project when it was first bruited and they are equally prepared to contribute time, brains and money to any other enterprise which they consider advantageous for the future of their municipality.

Has Stockton a great future? Ask any citizen of the city who keeps abreast of the times—and there are few who do not—and he will regard you with surprise. That question is deemed superfluous; an answer, so much breath wasted. You will not receive a direct answer to the bromidic interrogation, but if you keep your eyes

THE STOCKTON CITY HALL.

ELKS' CLUB.

HIGH SCHOOL.

LAUXEN & CATTS

This firm supplied the furniture for the new hotel.

and your ears open, a single Stocktonite, in the course of a morning, will supply you with practical demonstration of his belief. New building operations, the opening of new tracts of land, the improvement of streets and sewers, the investment of money in improvement bonds for city as well as county—these are but a few of the matters which engage the everyday thoughts of a Stockton business man. It is no city for drones or doubters, sceptics or lack-faiths. The few men who had not the courage or the prescience to subscribe money for the building of the new hotel have bitterly regretted their refusal ever since. Today they are pointed out on the streets of Stockton; they are not popular at the clubs; they are not as prosperous in business as of yore. An unorganized, undirected, uninspired boycott has dealt them a stinging rebuke for their deficiency in civic spirit.

Is there not a great deal that we of San Francisco can learn from the almost unanimous public spirit of Stockton? Would it not be well if we caught the contagion of their abounding enthusiasm, their happy good nature, their confidence in the future, their man-to-man friendliness and their active contempt for the silurian and the cave-dweller? Everybody who knows San Francisco realizes with a sense of shame how backward she is in many of those big qualities which are regarded as distinctively metropolitan. Let us go to Stockton and learn some of them. Let us visit our littler sister by the San Joaquin and take counsel of her good qualities. Let us not look upon her, with snobbish city superiority, as our country relation, for she is nothing of the kind. The culture which we admire she has; the luxuries which we demand she enjoys; the spirit which we fondly call metropolitan she can teach us.

Now that she has a firstclass hot. a hotel which would do credit to San Francisco or any large city, we can go to her and stay awhile without missing any of those comforts about which we affect to be so finicky. Let us stay long enough to get acquainted and then go back often to keep up the friendship. We need her and she needs us. Let us acknowledge this to each other and set out to co-operate in prosperity. If there were no San Francisco, Stockton would suffer; if there were no Stockton and no San Joaquin Valley behind her, God help San Francisco. She is easily reached by rail and reached with the greatest comfort of river travel by steamboat. In the name of sociability and commonsense business acumen, let us see a little more of Stockton from this time forward.

A CAR OF THE CENTRAL TRACTION COMPANY

CHERRY ORCHARD AT ACAMPO ON THE LINE OF THE CENTRAL TRACTION COMPANY

THE SHIPPEE PLACE AT MORADA ON THE LINE OF THE CENTRAL TRACTION COMPANY

Central California Traction Company

Besides giving Stockton a splendid urban street car service the Central California Traction Company taps a suburban country which is one of the richest and most prosperous in California. Its up-to-date trolley cars, equipped with every modern convenience, take care of the ever-increasing traffic of the farm and orchard country outside of Stockton, rendering increasingly easy of access some of the most fertile acreage of San Joaquin County.

One of the best tests of the progressiveness of a community is the character of its traction facilities. Where civic spirit is sluggish and civic ideas behind the times, transportation facilities are pretty apt to be inadequate; but when a city is being carried along on the tide of general improvement, insufficient car service will not be tolerated. Men and women demand the right of going from place to place with rapidity and comfort and their demands are sure to be satisfied. Stockton is such a community. Its citizens are awake to the advantages of up-to-date business methods; hence they are well served by the directors of their transportation facilities. The Central California Traction Company serves them particularly well.

Mr. Alden Anderson, a banker whose name is respected from one end of the State to the other, is the president of the Central California Traction Company. On the board of directors are a number of prominent men whose business methods are heartily in accord with those of Stockton's chief progressives. The company is doing a great work for Stockton and San Joaquin County and it has mapped out a comprehensive scheme of betterments which will soon make it still more useful.

Stockton's Famous Picture

By Arthur L. Levinsky

ON the wall of the "Hoffman Cafe," conducted by William H. Newman, in the Yo Semite Building, in Stockton, there hangs a large picture which has become historical, and in but a few years will be most valuable. It represents a ballroom where many are dancing, some in conversation, and others are gazing upon the festive scene.

An eastern artist came to Stockton many years ago and by some means obtained photographs of several of the leading members of the Yo Semite Club. He then used the photographs as the heads of the various gentlemen in the ballroom scene—no photographs being taken of ladies. Those whose pictures appear in the scene are the following:

Thomas Cunningham, better known as "Tom" Cunningham who, for approximately twenty-five years, was continuously Sheriff of San Joaquin County, during which time he made an international reputation as an honest, fearless officer, and a famous detective. Notwithstanding the fact that during the many years that he was in office he captured, unaided, many of the most desperate men in the United States and Europe, he never fired a shot;

Hon. S. D. Woods, the well known lawyer, (now of San Francisco), who was elected to Congress;

Ralph P. Lane, the well known grain and insurance man;

John Garwood who has now retired from business;

Hon. James H. Budd who at that time was an ex-member of Congress and who, thereafter, became the Governor of this State;

J. M. Welsh, who was Mayor of the City of Stockton, and who at that time was the President and Manager of the Stockton Milling Company, and President of the San Joaquin Valley Bank;

Hon. James A. Louttit, ex-member of Congress, and prominent attorney;

H. E. Baggs, who was thereafter Mayor of Stockton;

Dr. S. N. Cross, the well known physician;

Frank P. Adams, then connected with The Stockton Gas and Electric Company, and who now represents "Uncle Sam" in South American affairs;

P. A. Buell who was the President and Manager of P. A. Buell & Company, the large lumber dealers, and who was the original "Booster" for the City of Stockton and San Joaquin County;

Hon. R. C. Sargent who was generally known as "Ross" Sargent, a millionaire land owner of San Joaquin County;

George E. Catts, formerly Mayor of Stockton and now President of the Stockton Savings Bank;

Frank D. Cobb, a member of and manager for Hale & Co.;

Dr. Fred P. Clark, now Superintendent of the State Hospital at Stockton;

George E. Wilhoit, the well known real estate man and capitalist;

Arthur L. Levinsky who is still practicing law at Stockton because he cannot get away;

E. C. Harlow, at that time an assistant manager with the H. C. Shaw Company;

E. L. Colnon, the then editor of "The Mail" and afterwards president of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners;

Colonel George B. Sperry, then president of the Sperry Flour Mills.

Of the foregoing Cunningham, Budd, Welsh, Louttit, Buell, Sargent, Harlow and Colnon have passed unto the Great Beyond.

In the picture Ross Sargent stands in the foreground, talking to a young lady, while two or three cards are dropping from his pocket. He was a remarkable man—one of California's Pioneers—a man who never played a card, but a great lover of horses. After the picture had been hanging for some time he approached the owner and said: "Well, I guess you boys have had a good deal of fun with this picture, and I am glad to know it, and you can keep it hanging forever, but get someone to cut those cards out, because you know, I never played one in my life."

Illustrative of his character is this fact: He was a member of the firm of Sargent Brothers which comprised four brothers who had been associated in business as farmers and stock raisers since 1850, and who trusted

implicitly in one another, each drawing what money he wanted, and buying what he wanted for his own individual use, but keeping no account. A few years before the dissolution of the co-partnership, Mr. Sargent had his attorney prepare a document which was signed by each member of the firm, and which in substance stated that each one, during all of these years, had done as he pleased, spent what he wanted, used what he wanted, and that no account had been kept and no charge made against any individual member of the firm and that in the event of the death of any member of the firm, prior to the dissolution of partnership, it was mutually contracted and agreed that each member was the owner of an undivided one-fourth interest in all the assets, without deducting any moneys that might have been drawn. Some three years later the firm was dissolved and all the members are now dead.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, of those who have passed from this earthly sphere, that they took a prominent part not only in the history of California, but also in making possible the present progressive condition of affairs in Stockton.

The group in the picture were friends—not mere acquaintances—for each possessed for the others genuine affection and whatever successes they had made in life were to a great degree attributable to the manner in which each would work for the others. The time will come when few will be left of that "Old Guard." The picture being really a work of art, original and unique, attracts the attention of the stranger and many are the questions asked regarding it, and of those who compose it. May it be hoped that when the last thereof shall have climbed the "Golden Stairway," that he may meet all who have preceded him, and there may they again continue the friendships which made their lives happy and distinguished.

The Patten of the Potato World

NINETEEN years ago a Japanese who had been laboring in the potato fields of the San Joaquin for two years, decided that he would plant and harvest a crop of his own. His crop was so insignificant that the big buyers would not bother about it. It took him four days of traveling on foot to find a man who would take it off his hands.

Today that Japanese has nearly five thousand acres of potatoes under cultivation. His crop averages about 700,000 sacks. He has his potato headquarters on Middle River, a branch of the San Joaquin with subsidiary stations at various other points; he has offices in Stockton

GEORGE SHIMA

and Sacramento; owns a $30,000 home in College avenue, Berkeley; and leases a charming summer place in Ocean Park, Los Angeles.

The Japanese who has accomplished so much in two decades is George Shima, the Patten of the potato world.

Twenty-one years ago George Shima landed in San Francisco, one of a number of Japanese laborers. He had been without educational advantages, unlike many of the Japanese who come to this country in pursuit of fortune, but he had a native talent for business, a mind capable of absorbing knowledge from experience, and a taste for what was best in life. It was many years before he could prove his ability and indulge his tastes, but finally he arrived. Hard work, fair dealing and unremitting attention to his own affairs explain in part his wonderful success.

The entire potato production of this State amounts to about 2,500,000 sacks annually and nearly one-third of this output is controlled by Shima. The rest of the output is divided among many growers and as Shima is marketing agent for many of these, his supremacy in the potato field is unquestioned. The result is that Shima makes the price of potatoes.

Shima is an expert in the cultivation of tubers. His seed is selected from the finest stock. Every potato planted must be of an exact size, on the theory that like produces like. He employs a weather expert who figures out to within five days the first arrival of frost. With this information in advance Shima plants his acreage with potatoes which will attain a certain size before the frost comes. Another axiom of Shima's is that old ground cannot produce good potatoes, because this vegetable absorbs a great deal of the fertilizing ingredients in the ground. So he has tied up lands for many years to come. Recently he signed contracts to take over 4,000 acres of land in the Roosevelt tract near Stockton in the years 1911 and 1912. The Rindge Estate is now bringing this tract under irrigation for his use.

Doing business without written contracts Shima has never had any trouble about the carrying out of a contract. His employes are the best cared for in the potato country and there are nearly one thousand of them. Personally Shima is a delightful personality with unusual occidental cultivation. English poetry is one of the delights of his leisure. Among other things he is president of the Japanese Society of California.

DIGGING POTATOES ON THE PROPERTY OF GEORGE SHIMA

The I X L Clothing Store

THE I X L Clothing Co., very favorably known in the City of Stockton and all the adjoing counties as The I X L, was founded more than thirty years ago.

After being conducted very successfully on the corner of Main and El Dorado streets for 23 years, the volume of the business grew to such an extent that larger quarters were an absolute necessity. The opportunity presented itself of obtaining a very desirable location in the new $500,000 Hotel Building on Weber avenue and Hunter street and the management decided to lease a large portion of the ground floor, 60 feet frontage with a depth of 100 feet and a basement of the same dimensions.

The windows of this clothing emporium are the admiration or everybody, not only on account of the ar-

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT, I X L.

tistic trims, but also because of the handsome paneling, all carried out in solid mahagony. The interior of the store is metropolitan in every respect. There is no clothing house in the country which can boast of more perfect time and labor saving arrangements than The I X L. Most of the merchandise, clothing, hats and furnishings good are carried in dust proof floor and wall cases. On top of the shelves, along three sides of the store, goods are displayed in glass front shadow boxes, a unique and effective plan of showing merchandise. The juvenile department is the admiration of everybody who has seen it. It is located in the rear of the store, and while it seems to be a separate room, is actually a part of the store. Before entering into this department the onlooker sees a display of goods in cases and upon entering he beholds a room which has more the appearance of a cozy parlor than a salesroom, with tables and plenty of chairs for the convenience of the public. The clothing is kept in shelves with glass doors, the furnishings in stock boxes.

The success and great growth of The I X L, accord-

MEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT, I X L.

ing to the statement of Mr. Steinhart, is largely due to the unalterable policy of the house of honest dealings, dependable merchandise and one price to all. No misrepresentation is permitted and claims are adjusted to the entire satisfaction of the customer. The I X L

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, I X L.

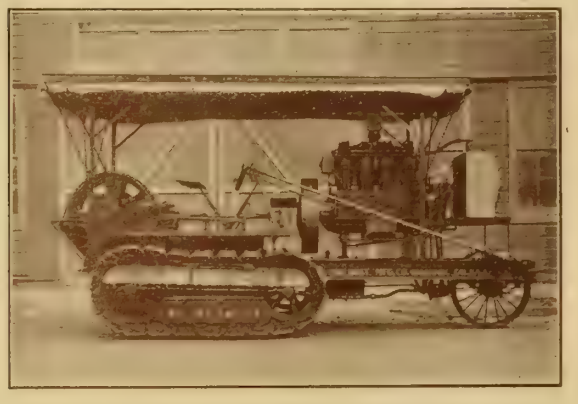
adopted the one price system at the time of its arrival in the city, and has adhered to this principle with a rigid steadfastness; in fact it was this concern which inaugurated this system in the City of Stockton.

Logan, Stockton's Photographer

With but a few trifling exceptions the photographs used in this Stockton edition of Town Talk were made by Charles W. Logan. The name of Logan is a familiar one all over the San Joaquin Valley and the photographer himself is one of the best known men in the City of Stockton. In his gallery in S. San Joaquin street all the men, women and children of Stockton who have ever figured with any degree of prominence in the social, business, professional or political life of the city have sat to the Logan camera. In the filing cabinets of his inner rooms is an invaluable collection of negatives dating back many years and illustrating the progress of photography and the progress of Stockton and the San Joaquin Valley at one and the same time. Logan is not merely a photographer of men, women and children. He has leveled his camera at every building, every street scene, every point of vantage in the city and there is not a spot of beauty or importance in the county which he has not photographed. On this account Logan's gallery is the constant resort of newspapermen and other writers. No matter what you may wish to describe relating to San Joaquin County you can illustrate it from the negatives in Logan's collection. Logan is not merely a painstaking but an artistic photographer. His work is of the best, by whatever standard measured. It may be judged in many of its phases by the pictures published in these pages. But our snapshots are the work, not of Logan, but of an amateur!

Manufacturing in California

FEW people there are who have not seen, or at least heard of the many wonders and natural resources of California, and especially those of San Joaquin County, but the story of its manufacturing industry and inventive genius has seldom been narrated and is known to comparatively a few. Nevertheless, these industries have kept pace; yes, more than kept pace, they have been and are the prime factors in the development of this great country, and are surely worthy of mention, even if they were not so truly interesting.



HOLT CATERPILLAR TRACTION ENGINE, "THE REAL SUCCESSOR TO THE HORSE."

FREIGHTING ON THE MOJAVE DESERT.

WHERE THE CATERPILLAR TAKES THE PLACE OF TWENTY-SIX HORSES.

This writing is not so much of the general manufacturing industry of our great State, or Stockton in particular, as it is of some wonderful machinery that is being built in that city. Wonderful not only in the way it is built, but in its ideas which are beyond the common comprehension.

A Wagon Without Wheels, and More—

A Power Wagon without Wheels, that will not only propel itself over any kind of roads in any kind of weather, but that will do the work of thirty horses as well. A Power Wagon that will do any work that horses will do; will do it faster, and most important of all, will do it for one-half the cost. "Can it be possible," one will say. It is possible, and what is more, is thoroughly practical.

This machine, which is made by The Holt Mfg. Co., in Stockton, and is termed the "Caterpillar Traction Engine," was invented by Mr. Benj. Holt. The idea for a Traction Engine of this character was first conceived by Mr. Holt, something more than six years ago, and was brought about by the demand for a satisfactory and cheaper power for doing various kinds of hauling work. It is now six years since Mr. Holt built his first "Caterpillar" and proved his principle to be correct. Ever since that time, with the aid of a corps of competent engineers he has been working out, testing and perfecting the Caterpillar, until now it has been proven beyond a doubt that it is the cheapest and most satisfactory motive power ever devised. To say this machine is wonderful cannot really express the thought, and it can certainly be classed as one of the greatest inventions of the age. Mr. Miles C. Moore, Ex-Governor of Washington, exclaimed on first seeing the Caterpillar in operation: "Lincoln emancipated the Slave; Edison emancipated the Mule; and Benj. Holt emancipates the Horse." That is a forceful statement, but nevertheless true, and it can well be said that the invention has been for the common good.

The Caterpillar Traction Engine has been on the market about a year and one-half, and ever since the first one was sold, this great factory has been running to capacity, and even then has been unable to supply the demand. The saying "A trial will convince" has certainly proven true with reference to the Caterpillar, as every one who has used one of them, and has had more work than one could handle, has duplicated his order. For instance, the City of Los Angeles is using twenty-eight complete Caterpillar Freighting Outfits; the Union

PLOWING SCENE IN THE VALLEY

Oil Company is using six; the Crocker-Huffman Land and Water Co., and also the Sharon Estate, are each using three Caterpillar Engines and Plowing Outfits. These are a few of many instances, and only go to show the real value of the invention.

Steam Traction Engines of the Wheel type, for both freighting and agricultural purposes have been manufactured by The Holt Manufacturing Company for many years. They have played no small part in the great development of the country and much credit is due them. They are used extensively throughout the Pacific Coast and have proven great money savers to the owners. The accompanying photographs show these machines in operation under different conditions, doing various kinds of work, and their value cannot be over-estimated.

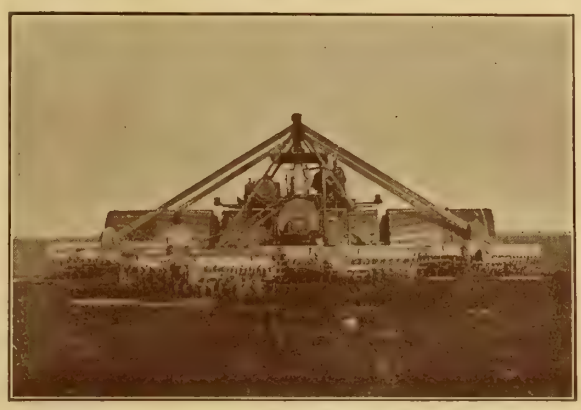
The invention of the Combined Harvester by Mr. Benj. Holt, in the early eighties completely revolutionized the harvesting of the immense crops raised in the West, and ever since that time The Holt Mfg. Co. have been building these machines for both Horse and Steam work. Today Holt Combined Harvesters harvest fully two-thirds of all the grain raised on the Pacific Coast. Their output in this line for this season will be enormous, and the machines they are turning out are a marvel of beauty and simplicity.

Besides the manufacture of these wonderful machines that have played such a great part in the building up of the country, The Holt Mfg. Co. are manufacturing Plows, Scrapers, Wagon Wheels, etc. They also conduct a general jobbing business and carry one of the largest stocks of hardware, Iron and Steel, on the coast. Being situated in Stockton, their facilities for making prompt deliveries on goods of this character could not be better. Three transcontinental railroads, a superb system of natural waterways, and many interurban railroads handle the business and help make Stockton the great city it is, and even greater city it is to be.

A factory of the proportions of The Holt Mfg. Co., and one that has done so much for the betterment of conditions, surely deserves some special mention. It is interesting to note that The Holt Mfg. Co. is not a new institution, but a company founded in the early eighties, by men who are workers, men of genius, and men whose motto is "A square deal to every one." The beginning of this company and its rapid growth from that time until the present day has been phenomenal, yet it is only reasonable that any company doing so much good for a community and doing so much toward the building up of the country in general, should prosper. They have prospered, yes, but all gains they have made have been invested in building up and increasing the capacity of their great plant, which enables them to turn out more machinery and a better product. The Holt Mfg. Co. today covers about sixteen acres of ground, and has in its employ four hundred men. It is spending many thousand dollars each month in Stockton, and is one of the greatest assets of that city.

The management of the plant is still under the personal supervision of Mr. Benj. Holt, its President, who is constantly at the factory overseeing the work. Mr. Holt is ably assisted in this work by Messrs. C. Parker Holt and Ben C. Holt, Vice-Presidents, Mr. C. A. Bachelder, Treasurer, and Mr. R. S. Springer, Secretary. These young men are all very enthusiastic in their work and are making for The Holt Manufacturing Company, and Stockton, a name that will be known the world over.

FREIGHTING IN THE HILLS



PLOWING, HARROWING AND SEEDING IN THE RECLAIMED LANDS OF SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY.

A PROSPEROUS RURAL SCENE.

WHY CALIFORNIA IS PROSPEROUS

Buhach

THE City of Stockton is well advertised as a city of industrial plants. It is also famed throughout the country as the place where Buhach is made.

Buhach is pronounced as though written Bu-Hack. Moreover it is pronounced by grateful users over the entire country as the most satisfactory insecticide on the market.

A peculiar thing about Buhach is that while it causes instant death to all insect life, it is absolutely harmless to man, beast and fowl. This is because the volatile oil in Buhach acts like fire upon the breathing apparatus of insects.

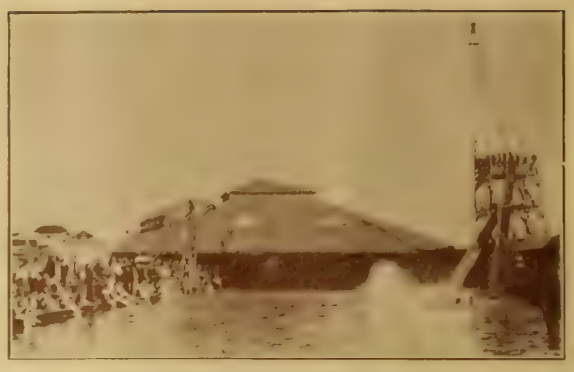
It is interesting to note that Buhach is a coined word, patented by the Government, and is the sole property of the Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Company. About three decades ago, when they were figuring to put this product on the market, the word Buha, meaning flea in the Dalmatian language, was written in large letters, in heavy ink, on a piece of paper. A fly straggled across it and made blots which suggested the termination, and the word was written Buhach. Students of philology should find this legend valuable because the word Buhach is now in the Century and Standard dictionaries, and is, therefore, incorporated into the English language. This one point should go to prove how universal is the use of Buhach, since it has become a household word throughout the country. Down in Argentine an enterprising South American chap has put an insecticide on the market and calls it BUFACH, using the same size tins and the same style labels, thus hoping to delude the people who do not perceive the deception.

Buhach is a clean dry powder. As for origin, it is made solely and entirely from a flower which botanists know as Pyrethrum Cinerariae Folium. The word Pyrethrum is derived from a Greek word meaning fire. The plant is raised on the Buhach Plantation, near Atwater, in this State. The flower looks not unlike the marguerite, and it is a beautiful sight to see acres and acres in bloom during the spring time. "At the psychological moment" these blossoms are cut by hand and shipped to the factory at Stockton. Here they are ground between old fashioned mill stones and made into Buhach. There is nothing added to make bulk and Buhach is absolutely free from any adulteration. It is no secret that other insecticides are made up of various ingredients, chief of which are Hungarian Daisy, shumac, and injurious acids mixed with talc as a base. Such mixtures are positively injurious to human beings. As has been pointed out, nothing enters into the composition of Buhach other than the blossom of the Pyrethrum flower. That is why Buhach costs more than other insect powders, but the person who buys a pound of Buhach gets one pound of real insect powder.

Buhach is invaluable for getting rid of flies, fleas, ants, mosquitos, bedbugs and all other insects. Each package of Buhach has full directions for its use. It is sold by druggists and grocers everywhere. There are many imitations upon the market and the public is warned to look for the Trade Mark so as to get the genuine article. Buhach is manufactured only by the Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Company of Stockton, California, of which Mr. Joseph F. Peters is president and general manager.

Stockton Mineral Baths

There is no better known resort in or around Stockton than the mineral baths conducted by William J. McCallum. Within easy reach of the city by street car service and by a good road which can be quickly traversed by an automobile, the baths are the resort of all who enjoy a swim, desire the hot mineral water for medicinal treatment or appreciate a good dinner. Genial "Billy" McCallum is renowned for his excellent cuisine and his dining rooms are always crowded by the fastidious. On Sundays and holidays the baths are thronged by young and old.



STOCKTON HOT MINERAL BATHS
William J. McCallum, Proprietor.

POULTRY FARM NEAR LODI ON THE LINE OF THE CENTRAL TRACTION COMPANY

VINEYARD AT WOODBRIDGE, ON THE LINE OF THE CENTRAL TRACTION COMPANY

THE HOFFMAN CAFE

DR. PAULINE

The great French scientist, to appear at the Savoy beginning Sunday, April 3.

TOWN TALK

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Heterodox Views of Governor Hughes

As a reformer Governor Hughes of New York is unique inasmuch as he does not believe we are half so bad as we are painted by the muckraking magazines. A student of conditions in politics and in business, his emotions are not stirred by the vehement insistence with which we are regularly admonished by the rabble-rousers of magazinedom to take up arms against the evils that menace us as a free people. Mushroom philosophers of the Irwin and Steffens type may echo for us the wails of the tenements, the moans of the submerged tenth and the cries of the downtrodden victims of the "interests," but Governor Hughes, no mean reformer himself, as eager as anybody to uplift and purify, is not to be persuaded that God is not in his heaven. "We have had recent examples of breaches of trust, it is true," says Governor Hughes, "but now we are more honorable today in our standards of business and public life than ever before in the history of the country." The exceptional man who is more familiar with the history of his country than with the turbid trash that purports to be a record of current events knows that Governor Hughes has spoken the truth. He knows there has been vast improvement in the morals and practices of the American people since the days of President Grant. But the average citizen to whom the muckraking magazines appeal is not to be expected to give credence to Governor Hughes's dictum. Good, easy and unsophisticated man, whatever he sees in print is to him something in the nature of holy writ. It is much easier for him to believe that the times are out of joint and that our government and all big business interests are in the hands of rogues than that men of average respectability are from sordid motives taking advantage of the morbid state of the public mind by deliberately slandering their country.

Our Transportation Problem

Occasionally the Examiner in a moment of abstraction inadvertently apprises its readers of something that would really be to their advantage. As for instance when speaking of the advisability of tunneling Twin Peaks it suggested that San Francisco is in need of "a considerable extension of its street railroad service." It goes without saying that the editor's intellectuals were not alert when he lapsed into this reverie on the inadequacy of our street railroad facilities. As was the case with the divine Homer the editor of the Examiner is at brief intervals the victim of brain-fag. Assuredly our transportation facilities are inadequate, but in view of the reason why it is not likely that the Examiner would deliberately and with premeditation discuss the matter above a whisper. To none of its policies is the Examiner more passionately devoted than that of inducing hostility to public service corporations. By the devices that give color to this policy Mr. Hearst propagates the delusion of his instinctive abhorrence of concentrated wealth. In pursuance of this policy he preaches the paramount advantage of municipal ownership, the principle of which, he tells us, is the catholicon we must adopt if we would rid ourselves of everything that enervates the body politic. Now of course it is obvious even to the most feeble minded that if we must wait for municipal ownership to provide us with ample transportation facilities it would be sheer lunacy for any of us to harbor the expectation of living long enough to witness the darling consummation. Considering the size of the bonded debt which we have shouldered with becoming enthusiasm it would certainly be somewhat irrational to indulge the hope that transportation service may meet the demand through the medium of municipal ownership within the lifetime of any infant in arms. Our situation would indeed be pathetic were we to be compelled to look to Mr. Hearst's pet hobby for relief. The hope that we prefer to indulge is that the obsession which Mr. Hearst brought upon the people will relax in the near future and that the municipality will consider it the part of wisdom to provide for its necessities before indulging in the luxury of experiment. Meanwhile there is nothing else to do but to cultivate patience. Having given capital a scare we must wait till it recovers from its fright. In time, perhaps, we shall apprehend the folly of intimidating vulgar wealth and retarding the development of the city. Perhaps in the next lucid interval we shall perceive that it is more to our advantage to encourage railroad building than to point with pride to the streets that we own and that cannot be used without our permission. It is of course extremely painful to some of us to give bloated bondholders opportunities to swell their swollen fortunes, but unfortunately unless we gratify their unholy passion they will content themselves with cutting coupons.

Where Experience Counts

In the United States Senate seniority in the matter of service counts far more than individual ability. For which reason it is to be hoped that Senator Frank Flint will be a candidate for re-election. The Senator who does more than familiarize himself with the duties of his office during his first term is an exception to an almost invariable rule. As much as in the practice of any profession or in the management of any business, training, experience and long familiarity with an infinity of detail tell in the Senate of the United States, and therefore the value of a Senator to his State and to the nation is in proportion to the length of his service. This is a fact that has yet to penetrate the intellectuals of the people west of the Mississippi River. The twenty States lying west of that river have a total representation in the Senate of forty members. Of that number not more than nine have seen ten years service in that body and not more than eighteen have served more than a single term. East of the Mississippi River there is a lively sense of the importance of being represented in the Senate by men of experience. Of fifty-two Senators from that section twenty-six have served more than a single term and eighteen more than ten years. Nearly all the important committees are presided over by eastern men, not because they are from the East or because they are men of great ability, but because they have familiarized themselves with all the dips, spurs and angles of legislative practice and have become learned in the affairs of the government. Mr. Aldrich who is at the head of the powerful committee on finance took his seat in 1881. He is not a Webster or a Calhoun, but he carries in his head more information about the intricacies of national finance and the monetary affairs of the whole country than can be gleaned from books or records. Prominent among the Western men in the

Senate is Senator Perkins of this State who was first elected in 1893, and who is now at the head of the committee on naval affairs. He ranks above such men as Lodge and Elkins, not because of his transcendent ability but because in pursuance of the general rule of promotion he has landed at the head of a committee of the first class while they are still committeemen of the second class. The United States Senate, as somebody has said, is distinctly a place for fixed stars and not for comets, yet the West shows no disposition to appreciate a fact that is of the highest importance to a great and growing section of the union.

The Love of the Fanciful

A reviewer of bestsellers is authority for the information that in this practical, common sense era, the public demands books that are photographic in their realism, and will not waste time on fantastic fiction or on stories that deal with the marvelous. Were this true we should feel there was cause for lament. It would mean that imagination was in a state of decay and that love of the ideal was no longer a characteristic of human nature. It would be conclusive of a love of the drab and the prosaic to the exclusion of the things that give buoyancy and cheerfulness to life. What a sad, dull world this would be were we not possessed occasionally with the desire to soar beyond the clouds to get more room, more air and more horizon! What a monotonous bore life would be were we preoccupied eternally with the things that repeat themselves through the ages, never having our wonder excited or our latent poetic faculty aroused! To hold that there is no taste for anything in literature but the realistic is to affirm that the romantic appeal is futile and that the primitive childlike longing for pure marvel, for what is dream-like, for splendid pageants and hair-breadth deliverances has been extinguished. This is incredible. It is not to be confirmed by experience. The success of the author of Peter Pan is alone sufficient to assure us that there is still a widespread taste for pure fantasy. And even though Mr. Barrie had never captivated theatregoers with the confusion and topsy-turvy of elf-rule or amused us with the diverting absurdities of The Admirable Crichton still we should not concur in the dictum that we had ceased to find delight in the strange and improbable and in the doings of such astonishing agents as the heroes of chivalry and the genii and fairies of wonderland. Such specimens of the prankish and dream-like movement of the poet's fancy as The Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream persist to persuade us of the undiminished sway of the unbridled imagination. And at the same time we are sensible of Robert Louis Stevenson's position in the domain of fiction. Stevenson is distinguished for nothing so much as the survival of the child in him down to the day of his death. Like Scott and De Quincey his boyhood was passed in "an isle of dreams, and his fantasy ripening into imagination became the dominant note of all his works. His popularity is due in a large measure to his power of touching us with a sense of the supernatural. Everyone with a smack of youth left enjoys his New Arabian Nights, his Prince Otto and his Treasure Island, and these works are outselling year after year the most popular of the books of the hour. And surely Walter Scott is no has-been of the fiction field. His supernatural touch and tragic grandeur show no signs of losing their hold, though as a romancer in the domain of history he exaggerates his types until the thread of truth is at times not to be discerned in the web of fable which involves it. If the love of the marvelous appears to be dying it is because few of our contemporary writers are blessed with imagination. Most of them bear the same relation to literature that the manufacturer of wax figures bears to the sculptor, the average photographer to the portrait painter. Kipling and Wells are notable exceptions. They are good dreamers, and like all men of genius they owe some of their finest creations to the revelations of sleep. Many poets were distinguished by the finer quality of their dreams; and their finest creations were the result of an impulse to throw aside the trammels of reality, to indulge in those sportive movements which are natural to the dreaming fancy, and to summon up forms fantastic and intangible, fleeting shadows that circled them as they emerged from slumber. Until men cease to dream they will enjoy the marvelous in literature, for to dream is to have imagination and to have that faculty is to delight in the excursions of fancy.

Taft Advised to Be a Trimmer

Our Coprophagous contemporary, the Boughten Bulletin, affecting solicitude for the welfare of President Taft, has been giving him some shrewd advice of the kind that is characteristic of San Francisco's unique moral agent. Taking the election in the Fourteenth Massachusetts district as the text of a sermon on the signs of the times the Bulletin pronounces it a warning of impending danger, and informs the President that as a majority of the Republican districts of the nation are ripe for a similar revolt, it is to his advantage to join the insurgents. Now there is more truth in this than is usually to be found in the columns of our habitually disingenuous contemporary. The Republican party is split wide open. The outlook for Democracy has seldom been more propitious. President Taft is on the lid of a volcano. In all probability it would be to his advantage to join the insurgents and make loud noises by way of giving verisimilitude to an attitude that is every day becoming more popular. The Bulletin's advice is therefore shrewd advice, and, as we have said, characteristic. It is the kind of advice that any moral pervert would regard with favor. In giving this advice the Bulletin is unconscious of the moral obliquity that it betrays. The Bulletin's conception of civic honor is peculiar being in principle akin to its conception of the principles of ordinary decency. Its smug editor flatters

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himself that he has high ideals; but it would not shock him to learn that the President of this great nation was a commonplace peanut, pothouse politician who would not scruple at sacrificing his self-respect that political success might be guaranteed by hypocrisy. Be successful at all hazards and at whatever price, is the Bulletin's motto. Hence the shrewd advice which this delectable journal has given to President Taft. The Bulletin's ideal President is a thorough politician, Proteus-like altering his face and habit to suit occasion; he is like Luther's drunken peasant who was always ready to fall from his horse on one side or the other. It is to be hoped of course that President Taft does not harmonie with the Bulletin's ideal. We are firmly convinced that he does not. He has said that he would rather be right than President, and though no mortal can ever be sure that he is right, he can at least to himself be true, taking each man's or the mob's censure, but reserving his judgment as Polonius advises. Whether President Taft be wrong or the insurgents right, it is for him not to encourage that childish form of prejudice which falls in love and cools, adores and curses with the same haste and unreason. It is not for him to be swayed by the caprice of the multitude whom he believes to have been misled by counsellors of the Bulletin stripe. To protect the people from themselves, as Jefferson has said, "is the noblest function of the statesman." We believe President Taft wishes to perform that function.

Ballade of Vernal Atmosphere

I'd like to sing a song of spring—
  It's here, if I am any judge—
I'd like to write of birds a-wing,
  Like that great poet Alphonse Mudge,
But heavy is the air with smudge
  That now, alas! my eyes can't pierce;
I cannot make the spring muse budge—
  This bonfire smoke is something fierce.

Let eight plunk lambkins gambol o'er
  The green—I'll never leave my den
To feast my eyes, which feel quite sore—
  I am the weepingest of men;
Of verse I'd write yards nine or ten,
  And also by the ton or tierce,
But, coughing, I lay down my pen—
  This bonfire smoke is something fierce.

Where are spring's joys when all the air
  Is charged until one's throat is raw?
Who'd write of woods and flowers fair—
  The thought provokes a loud guffaw;
I'd write in satire, like B. Shaw,
  Or irony, like Ambrose Bierce;
Doggone yon pile of burning straw—
  This bonfire smoke is something fierce!

—Arthur Chapman.

Perspective Impressions

That the people of Stockton are doing things will probably be inferred by thousands of the readers of this week's Town Talk.

"Wedlock without love is a sin," says a prominent actress. She might have added that love without wedlock is a popular fad.

The Church Federation of Oakland has determined to prevent the Johnson-Jeffries fight. It's about time for the managers to adopt a cut-rate for clergymen.

Editor "Dunk" McPherson of Santa Cruz has discovered Esperanto and pronounces it "the best substitute for all other languages." But "Dunk" needs a substitute for only one language.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney has gravitated to the Chautauqua circle. Which means that grass is short and clients like angels' visits. Even Rudolph appears to be, among other things, ungrateful.

Monte Carlo, the smallest State in Europe, has been given a constitution. It always has a system from which it derives more benefit than it can get out of a constitution.

San Jose is to have a Rose Carnival. With "Red" Hayes as the central flower the carnival can be called by any other name without affecting its fragrance.

In Cairo Mr. Roosevelt assuaged the wrath of the Moslems by telling them that he did not say what he was reported to have said in his Khertoum speech. If Dr. Jordan had copyrighted his most cherished policy what a hard time Teddy would have squaring himself as he pursues the uneven tenor of his way.

The Philadelphia strike has petered out, but our gallant courageous newspapers aren't saying much about the defeat of the unions. Their affection for the wage-earner doesn't impel them to call his attention to the most recent exemplification of the inadvisability of heeding the exhortations of professional agitators.

The Sage

By Maxime Gorki (Translated by David Weinstein)

Once upon a time there lived a sage.

He had understood the melancholy mystery of existence, and this mystery had filled his heart with a poignant and sombre anguish which extinguished the smiles of life and caused to die its joys. With the cold regard of reason the sage had scrutinized the depths of his time, and found only darkness therein; nor did the face of the future bear a brighter hue for him. He made his way through the streets and highways of his native land, and the head of this solitary thinker shook sorrowfully at everything that met his weary gaze. And in the multifarious din of life the gospel of the prophet had the plaintive sound of a funereal bell:

"Men, you live on enwrapped in the clouds of darkness. Your life is but a vain struggle. It is from the abyss of ignorance that you emanate, and the impenetrable darkness of ignorance awaits you!"

The people listened to these lugubrious words; they understood their bitter justness, and sighingly raised their eyes towards those of the sage.

But after having followed him for a while on his lonely way, they returned to their labors and their wives, eating their dry bread, drinking their coarse beverages. And whilst they smilingly contemplated their playing children they forgot of their miseries and of the pains they felt the day before.

They struggled against one another for riches and power, yet they listened attentively to the gospel of love. With their hands gory with the blood of their neighbor, they caressed their sweethearts and gave to their friends the traitor's kiss. They stripped themselves mutually, and, enriched by these robberies, defended their property with zeal. They lied without shame, what time they were saying that Truth alone ought to reign over man. A few there were who even believed in the strength of Truth, and these suffered for their faith. They liked the music which caused them to weep with tears of ecstacy; Beauty made them enthusiastic; and yet they admired many things that were vile and repellent, and committed many hideous acts. They were enslaved to one another all in saying that they thirsted for liberty. They had contempt for those who submitted themselves to their power; and these, cowardly as the birds of prey, hated their masters in secret.

Desiring always the better, they sought anxiously around them, but they knew not how to create this "better" in themselves, for they were absorbed by the niggardly cares of the comforts of existence. They applied all the strength of their minds to hatred and lying, to the invention of coarse cunning, in order to glut their insatiable greed for the goods of this earth.

It is thus that they lived—like swine in a sty. And yet these odd, foolish creatures believed themselves to be fallen angels!

And their life was like an inexhaustible, muddy volcano, which shot in the clear, heavenly space the infected vapor of moans and cries, the viscous cinders of sufferance and pain, the fusty mire of bestial desires.

The solitary sage walked across this vain agitation of the men, and said, in a voice of omniscence:

"What is life to you—you who have never lived it? What is truth to you—you who never speak it? You know not why you exist. And it is your misfortune!"

When he met some lovers, he said to them, sadly:

"Death awaits you—you and your posterity!"

When he beheld men building sumptuous dwellings he addressed them reproachfully:

"All that will be the prey of destruction!"

When he passed near to some children playing in a field amid the flowers which resembled them, he sighed and thought in his heart:

"My eyes behold the harvest of Death!"

And when he listened to the other sages, those who loved life and taught its wonderful secrets to the young in the temples of science, he said, smiling:

"Mediocrity! That is the name of your wisdom. For the earth will perish, with all its temples, its sciences, with its truths and errors, and you ignore the day and the hours of the annihilation!"

But once, in the confines of a busy city, in a narrow alley inhabited by the outcasts, amid the heavy odors rising from the dirt and the stench, the sage saw a compact group of workmen. One was addressing the rest, and the sage was astonished at the attention with which they listened to him. Never had the people listened to his teaching with an equal ardor. And the goad of envy piqued the heart of the sage.

"Comrades," said the orator to the crowd, "we are submerged in the mire of toil, like the pebbles at the bottom of the sea, whilst above us roll the rapid waves of the life of our masters. For them our bodies are merely the stepping-stones by which they rise to the summits of Truth, and from thence they direct the strength of their minds against us in order to oppress our souls the more effectively. They know all; we know naught. They live; we merely linger on. They have learned wisdom; we merely a few fairy tales. Everything that is luminous is in their hands; we have naught in ours—not even sufficient bread with which to fill our hungry bodies. But our hunger will vanquish their satiety, for we live the life of the spirit and we are vigorous. We want to live, we want to learn, we want to be men! We want to appease our sapless souls by filling them with the wisdom of the earth built on the rock of our patience. We want everything that exists. We want to create that which is not yet!"

"Men!" said the sage to him, with a smile of condescension. "Error! That is the name of your words. Human knowledge is limited, and mankind will know no more than it is capable of knowing. And what does it signify if you perish from starvation or from satiety, like those against whom you direct the half-blunted arrow of your wisdom? And what matters if you sleep ignorant in the grave or have your shroud covered with the pious doctrines of your masters? Bethink yourself, everything that exists on earth, aye, even the earth itself, will be precipitated into the black abyss of oblivion, into the dungeon of death—"

The silent men raised their eyes towards the sage. Immovably they listened to his wise words, and the more he spoke the more did their faces assume a cold and sombre air. Suddenly one of them, addressing his fellow, cried:

"Jim, my arm's in a sling; just you fling the old monkey one in the eye!"

And this was all!

Yes, of course, I know them. They are a little coarse, these working people. But can we blame them? For, so far, no one has yet taught them better manners!

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The Spectator

Dancing in the Tenderloin

There is dancing in the tenderloin. There is also a fresh spasm of morality among the chaste members of the California Club. These good and zealous women seem to be laboring under a misapprehension regarding the character and purpose of the tenderloin. For when they heard there was dancing in the tenderloin they behaved as though they had heard that all the churches in town had been converted into vaudeville houses. Their emotion was akin to that which might have been aroused had they learned that a Pittsburg millionaire had established a harem in a local seminary for young ladies. The puritanical members of the California Club apparently are more in need of enlightenment than the encouragement which they have received in their delusion from our canting daily press. It would do them much good for President Wheeler of the State University to read a paper to them on the subject of the tenderloin; for him in whom they have much confidence to explain that the tenderloin is not the auxiliary of any institution for the spread of puritanism or the promotion of a wax-doll morality. It would certainly do them no harm to learn that there is not the slightest danger of the tenderloin or its habitues being corrupted by the waltz or the two-step or even by Lydian measures that move and prompt the pleasing pangs of love. President Wheeler, who has given some study to the tenderloin, to its motive, its mood and its mysteries, might explain to the ladies of the California Club that the sport therein indulged by jolly nymphs wreathed in smiles and given perchance to artful, nay, wanton wiles is the kind that only wrinkled, dull Care derides.

A Moral Lecture

This subject of dancing in the tenderloin is one susceptible of much elaboration for the purposes of a moral lecture to moral women. Appropriate to this theme are general observations on the evil of concentrating too much attention on the virtue of sex. This is what is known as the feminine morality. Women regard love as the greatest of passions and they place their ideal in the perfection of love. Hence the idea that any vulgarizing of this passion is the greatest of sins. Now love is subordinate to right. Without probity there could be no good in the world. Chastity is not the source of order, the synonym of reason or the criterion of excellence. These are matters that should be impressed upon feminine reformers, for they could accomplish much good in the world were they to spend less of their time in useless effort to realize their ideal. They would then have more time to devote to the abatement of great evils. In dealing with the subject of dancing in the tenderloin the transition to dancing in the smart set is easy and might be made to good purpose now that there is talk of importing the Chantecler dance from Paris. The Chantecler dance as described in the daily papers is a symbolical dance the inspiration of which comes from the barnyard. In this dance the male biped goes through the conventional antics of the rooster when engaged in fascinating a hen. His skirted partner plays the hen, and the whole performance judging from the obscene description which the dailies have given us is not merely vulgar; it is nasty. In this curious age fecund in curious things, it will not be surprising to see the Chantecler dance imported by high society and eventually introduced even in the decorous tenderloin.

Our Celebrated Friskiness

The idea of dancing in the tenderloin does not seem to me to be at all in the nature of a menace to public decency. On the contrary it seems to me to be in the nature of a pastime indigenous to the tenderloin, like smoking, drinking, flirting and other things. The tenderloin without dancing would be as colorless as a Fourth of July parade without a band. So long as we are tolerant of a tenderloin we should be tolerant of dancing therein. And what would San Francisco be without a tenderloin? Far from what it proudly boasts that it is. We preen ourselves on being a laughter-loving community; we are pleased to be celebrated for our gaiety, our friskiness and our French restaurants; we indulge in a good deal of swagger on the strength of our freedom from the trammels of conventionality, yet we have been taking seriously some very pious and zealous ladies who would make our glorious tenderloin as uninteresting as a church social. But of course there is no sincerity in our attitude toward these good women. They may think they have provoked a hullabaloo, but they have done nothing more than given our parochial press a pretext for swatting the McCarthy administration and vindicating once more its own inherent virtue.

Balls of the East Side

The difference between a parish masquerading as a metropolis and the real thing is illustrated by the tone of the newspapers by which the spirit of each is represented. While our press has been affecting holy horror at dancing in the tenderloin the New York press has been celebrating the revival of the famous East Side balls, which in the matter of abandon far surpass anything to be witnessed in this city. Tom Sharkey gave an all-night ball on the East Side a few weeks ago, and the dailies devoted columns to descriptions that left nothing to the imagination. The Sharkey ball was frankly a Bacchanalian revel participated in by working girls, girls from the slums and girls from cheap theatres in costumes approximating in scantiness those of the famous artists' ball of Paris. On St. Patrick's eve the famous Mulligan ball was revived. "The sale of tickets," says the New York World, "continued from 8 o'clock in the evening until after 6 o'clock the next morning." More than 8,000 persons were packed into Terrace

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Garden. "The notable feature of the affair," says the World, "was the return to the scanty costumes and forms of revelry that many have believed are things of the past in New York. In brief the ball was a resurrection of the days when tights, masks, wild gaiety and seemingly unlimited supplies of wine ruled at many of the large public dances. Of the 4,000 women present more than one-half were in fancy costume, abbreviated skirts or no skirts; there were bare-foot dancers and extremely decollette gowns were so numerous as to fail to attract attention."

Tights Galore and Wine Ad Lib

Continuing, the World, without comment, says: "Amid the swirl of gleaming shoulders, silken hose and fluffy short skirts moved several hundred East Side shop girls, who varied their working dress by pinning up the skirt a few inches and wearing gay paper hats. One of the mysteries of the affair was the suddenness of the revival of risque display. There had been no booming of the affair as anything unusual and visitors were amazed at the sight that greeted them as they reached the scene. There were little girls in long skirts and women in short skirts. There were pink tights, blue tights, white tights and black tights. Nor were the risque costumes confined to the girls. One of the men wore a costume that seemingly consisted of a barrel. There were men in bathing suits that would be frowned upon at Coney—native warriors garbed as in the jungle. One girl wore a crown made up of small electric lights illuminated by means of a concealed battery. Dancing began sedately enough at 9 o'clock. After a few visits to the refreshment rooms the dancing became more lively. By midnight the waltzers were showing some whirls, and at 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning the dance floors were the scenes of impromptu Apache, Bowery and skirt dances. A flock of wine agents came with the dawning of St. Patrick's Day, and the waiters could hear nothing but wine thereafter. Freddie Kernochan, who has led many cotillons in places far removed from Third avenue, for the third time led the grand march at a Mulligan ball, his partner being Mrs. Mulligan. Mr. Kernochan described the ball as the 'greatest ever.' As the milk wagons began to rattle past the members of the overworked orchestras began to ask if any one was ever going home, but 6 o'clock in the morning found the conundrum still unanswered. In fact, sunlight brought a crowd of new arrivals, who had just heard the news that the ball was a 'revival' of the old days and who rushed to be in at the finish. Yes, it was a great ball, and there was no kick coming except from the girls who excel in that art." From all of which it is to be inferred there was really a hot time in the old town, the austerity of Mayor Gaynor to the contrary notwithstanding. And not a protest has yet been heard.

John Martin's Generosity

I have just heard of a recent act of generosity on the part of John Martin, the president of the State's big light and power combination, which should not be hidden under the bushel of his modesty. Some time ago Mr. Martin became interested in a dredging project in Colorado which looked so good to him that he not only invested in it himself but enthusiastically urged several of his friends to put their money into it too. Some of Mr. Martin's friends who are better equipped than he with technical information about dredging methods, examined the scheme and expressed dissatisfaction with it. They said it would not turn out as Mr. Martin expected it to and they refused to invest any money. But Mr. Martin had confidence in his own judgment and communicated his enthusiasm to eight of his friends who turned over to him five thousand dollars apiece for investment with hope of speedy returns. The dredging project fell through and all the money sunk in it was lost. But Mr. Martin, himself a heavy loser, paid back out of his own pocket five thousand dollars to each of the eight men whom he had induced to invest.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.

"Well," answered his wife, "that shows he's got a sense of humor anyway."

A Pessimistic Critic

On all sides of us are fastidious literary critics who tell us that while there is book-making ad nauseam there are few if any contemporary writers in this country producing literature of any value. But Mr. Edgar Saltus goes further and says "there is barely a novelist anywhere whose wares will endure, hardly a poet whose verses will survive." Mr. Saltus is deserving of respect as a critic. He is a man of real literary attainments. There was a time, long before he began collaborating with Fra Elbertus and Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the editorial page of the Examiner, when he gave promise of doing something that would entitle him to transportation on the Limited to the Valhalla of literature, but he seems to have lost faith in himself and to have grown pessimistic. It may be, however, that he has merely worked himself into a mood to combat the warmed-over optimism which Mr. Hubbard has sucked out of a reservoir of compounded philosophy to distribute in capsule doses to culturines. At any rate Mr. Saltus sees little promise in literature anywhere save in California. He is looking backward with a melancholy regret that bespeaks a superior mind and also a prophetic soul dreaming of things to come. He has much reverence and gratitude for the worthy dead, but none for the living. And even of many of the dead, whom other critics have appraised as worthy, Mr. Saltus has a very poor opinion. He tells us that Germany has had but three men who could write comprehensively; "and one of them, Heine, was a Frenchman; another Schopenhaner, was a cosmopolitan, while the third, Wagner, was a mountain." This is fine journalistic rhetoric, the chief element of which is surprise, but this is achieved by the sublime art of being supremely silly. To say that a man is a cosmopolitan is not to deny the right of a nation to claim

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him as its own. All genius is cosmopolitan. Furthermore all genius is mountainous in the sense that it towers above the molehills of mediocrity. The author of Faust was a mountain, yet Mr. Saltus is unable to see him. Jean Paul was a range of mountains, yet he has not come within the range of the Saltus vision. But, as Carlyle says, "Richter requires more study than most readers care to give," and perhaps this is the reason that Germany's intellectual colossus is not appreciated by our fastidious critic.

The Renaissance

Mr. Saltus would turn his intellectual light on dim places, but there are corners that escape the gleam of his lantern. He knows nobody in France worthy of mention—not even Anatole France, a man with a mind more nearly approximating that of Voltaire than any that has burgeoned in France since the author of the Philosophical Dictionary passed away. However he is acquainted with such lesser lights as George Moore and Henry James and pronounces them the only great literary men in England. He doesn't even mention George Meredith. Finally coming down to California he praises us for having recognized Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, but says nothing of Ambrose Bierce or of Mark Twain, the most notable living representative of American letters. Here in California, Mr. Saltus thinks, will come the new renaissance. But why he thinks this it is difficult to conceive since he fails to indicate where is germinating the seed from which the flower of literature is to come.

Wantanno—Why do you call that boy of yours "Flannel"?
Duzno—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.

Wheeler's Deserved Self-Appreciation

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has risen to a towering height in my esteem as a result of my reading the Charter Day address with which he moved and edified a large audience in Berkeley. It goes without saying that President Wheeler is endowed with all the qualities that are essential to success in the management of a great modern university. He is above all things a good "mixer." He circulates well where circulation tells, and he keeps his big school in the public eye, drawing prestige to it through the medium of distinguished personalities. Very little more is wanted to satisfy the test of efficiency in university management, and what little more is wanted the amiable Dr. Wheeler supplies. All of which I have known; but the subtlety of the distinguished scholar in the fine art of tooting his own horn by way of accompaniment to a hymn in praise of others has come to me as a belated revelation. Listen to him as he winds his horn:

"Friends of the University of California and members thereof, I wish to thank the students and professors for the excellent way they have taken care of the university in my absence. They have not only taken excellent care of things, but have worked harmoniously and well for the good of the university and its development. I know that they have done this for the love of me, but incidentally they have proved that I am not needed. It is delightful to find that one has got things into such shape that he isn't really necessary any longer."

Thus we see that sweet as the syren's tongue his accents fall as deftly he insinuates praise of himself among encomiums generously distributed among the satellites whose love he knows he has won because he knows it is deserved. President Wheeler would certainly be deserving of our felicitations even though in his modesty he should feel that sufficient for him was the delight that comes from knowing that as a result of his consummate ability he has brought the State University to a state of absolute perfection. So great a man in my opinion is deserving of something more than the bouquets that he flings at himself; a raise of salary, for example.

The Observance of Holy Week

I asked a theatrical man the other day whether there had been any appreciable falling off in the attendance at the local theatres during Holy Week and especially on Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday. He answered me in the negative. It is evident that there are sufficient people in this city to fill the theatres at any time or season, no matter what religious regulations there may be to keep certain sectarians away. In other words the theatres do not have to depend on any particular class of people for their patronage. Many Catholics and Episcopalians refrain from attending the theatres during the Lenten season and many more who do not observe this form of self-denial throughout the rest of Lent, would not think of going during Holy Week. But it seems that there are not enough of these in proportion to our other population to hurt the theatres financially. There was a time in this city when it was different. Then Lent was regarded as a bad time for the theatres and Holy Week particularly bad. If I am not mistaken, for several years Alfred Bouvier closed the Baldwin Theatre during the concluding days of Lent.

Theatres and Churches Both Filled

It would be unjust to say that because the theatres were well patronized during Holy Week, San Francisco is a wicked or irreligious city. San Francisco may be

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the Paris of America, but like Paris she has many churches and again like Paris, they are always well attended. The theatres were filled during Holy Week, but so were the churches. At all the services given by the Catholic and Episcopalian clergy throughout the city there was thronged attendance. This is a manifestation of our city life which is too often overlooked by those who cry out about San Francisco's iniquity. These complainers see too much of the seamy side of our life and not enough of the better side. If they spend their nights in the Tenderloin studying our vice, why do they not spend their mornings in the churches, estimating our religious population? They would find that this city has an enormous body of regular churchgoers which is an excellent offset to the large body of our purely frivolous class. San Francisco is not going to the demnition bow wows as rapidly as some hasty observers think.

"Do you consider it a moral wrong to cheat a lawyer?"
"No, but I consider it a physical impossibility."

The New Orleans Fair Boom

The gentlemen who have undertaken the Panama-Pacific Canal Exposition project have begun to realize that there is a far more troublesome and pretentious rival than San Diego in the field. New Orleans is the city whose claims San Francisco will have to combat. There are others cities in the South that want the exposition, but the probability is that the Solid South will eventually demand that it be held in New Orleans. Some shrewd and vigorous campaigning has been already done in the interest of that city. Its boomers have visited Washington, and President Taft has told them that he knew of no city he should prefer to theirs as the site of the exposition. The boomers moved on Washington with the Governor of the State at their head accompanied by the Louisiana Senators and most of the House delegation. Since then the tip has come out from Washington that the Administration in pursuance of its policy to conciliate the Solid South will favor New Orleans; also that the Administration has no very strong affection for a certain city in the Far West which is now booming for Governor a gentleman who has gone out of his way to hurl insults at the President from public platforms. The New Orleans boomers, it should also be stated, are doing some campaigning in the North and have obtained some favorable expressions from influential papers. The New York Sun has been persuaded not only to advocate the claims of New Orleans but to knock San Francisco, which, says that journal, is "a city of boundless joy and immeasurable possibilities, but too far from the rest of the country and from Panama." It is evident that San Francisco must be up and doing.

Is the Machine Behind Johnson?

The Examiner credits Editor George H. Rhodes of the Ukiah Times with having "developed the unique theory that Hiram Johnson is the real low down candidate of the Southern Pacific, and that Alden Anderson is merely a mask to be thrown aside when the time comes to produce Johnson's smiling face." Far be it from me to attempt to deprive Editor Rhodes of even an infinitesimal fraction of such credit as may be given him for evolving a unique theory, and I hope that I shall not be suspected of harboring such a design when I assert that as soon as the Lincoln-Roosevelt League chose Mr. Johnson for its standard bearer I observed that the selection would not be likely to alarm the octopus. In Town Talk of February 26th were printed these words: "Mr. Johnson is temperamentally so safe and sane that despite the promises he will surely make to paralyze the railroad and burst the ignominious bonds that bind we shall not be amazed to find him receiving the support of the machine"; also, "The machine moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform." It is perhaps needless to say that my calculations were based on Mr. Johnson's public record as a reformer. Editor Rhodes is perhaps better qualified than I to enlighten the public.

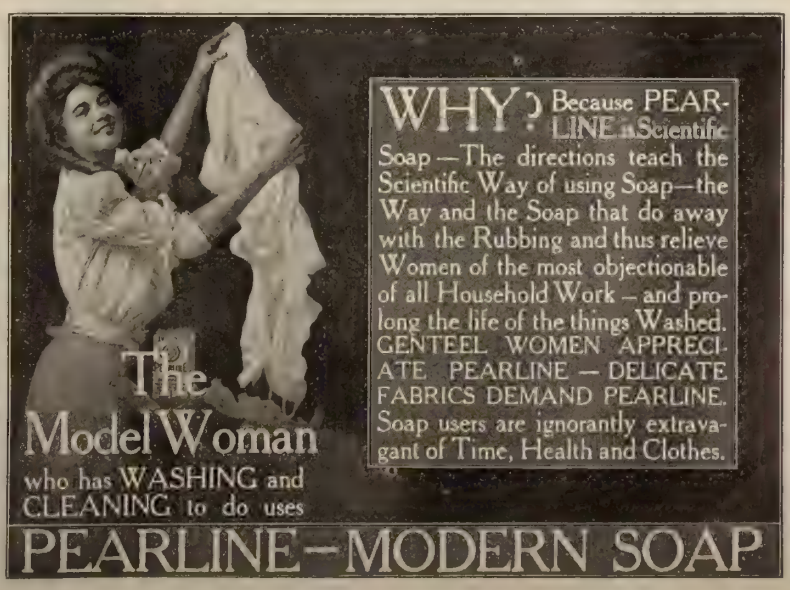
Our Young Champion

City and County Attorney Long confessed recently that he was unable to draw a permit under which the United Railroads could operate the Sutter street cars on the outer rails of Market street without jeopardizing the interests of the city. If Mr. Long had made a similar confession at the time he was undergoing examination for admission to the bar he would have been sent back to spend a little more time preparing himself for the exigencies of his profession. Yet Mr. Long is a very fair specimen of the kind of professional talent which ingratiates itself into public favor. It is the kind of talent which finds public office more profitable than private practice, and it is for that very reason that it embarks upon a political career. If Mr. Long's legal ability was on a level with his talent for politics he would be one of the ornaments of the bar. His case, however, is not hopeless. He is susceptible of much improvement at public expense; and as a man of ordinary mentality cannot spend many years of his life in the office of city attorney without absorbing some useful knowledge the probability is that when eventually he is separated from his job it will be at a time when he will have become able to give the taxpayers a run for their money. Meanwhile though the people have no redress they can extract some amusement from the efforts to be made ostensibly to compel the traction company to relinquish its vested rights but in reality to titillate the dear people with the performance of their favorite play, "The Baiting of a Public Service Corporation, or The Demagogue Raising Hell!"

Guest—Mercy! What's that awful profanity downstairs?
Hostess—My husband has come in late and has fallen over the new Persian prayer rug.

Vice-President McCormick

One of the things for which San Francisco has reason to be grateful these days is the promotion of Mr. E. O. McCormick to the vice-presidency of the Southern Pacific Company. There is no man in the country more enthusiastic about San Francisco than Mr. McCormick. Some ten years ago he came hither, a stranger, in the capacity of manager of the passenger traffic department. He came with the reputation of being the most popular



railroad man in the country, and he wasn't here many weeks before it could have been decided by popular vote that the reputation was deserved. When he was promoted to the position of chief traffic manager of the Harriman system, with headquarters at Chicago, there were many that while rejoicing in his good fortune were grieved that it should necessitate a change of residence. And Mr. McCormick himself left town with mixed emotions. He was reluctant to leave San Francisco, and as he often said, it was his fondest dream that some day he might return. Since his return he has been bubbling over with enthusiasm.

A Poem Published by Request

The following letter has just been received:

Editor "Town Talk," Dear Sir: From time to time you publish poems which interest me so much that I place them in my scrap book. I wonder if you could find for me an old favorite which I have not seen for many years? It is a poem by Saxe telling how an angel stole out of Heaven while St. Peter slept and was found by a husband in the arms of his bride. I have not seen this poem for many years and would be greatly obliged if you would publish it. Sincerely, H. G. W., City.

H. G. W.'s memory is at fault. It was not the celebrated John G. Saxe who wrote the poem in question, but one David Barker of Maine, the author of a number of graceful verses. Barker's poem, however, called forth an answer from Saxe and the two poems have frequently been published together. It is a pleasure to reprint them here. No doubt other readers beside H. G. W. will be glad of the chance to place them in their scrap books. Barker's poem is as follows:

One night as old St. Peter slept,
  He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
  And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
  Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams
  And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
  That when he leaves this world of pain
He'll wing his way to that bright shore
  And find the road to Heaven again.

When Saxe read this poem he felt justly indignant at the implication of carelessness placed to the charge of St. Peter and accordingly he vindicated the fair fame of Heaven's Chancellor in the following lines:

Full eighteen hundred years or more
  I've kept my gate securely fast;
There has no "little angel" strayed
  Nor recreant through the portal passed.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
  Nor left the door of Heaven ajar,
Nor has a "little angel" left,
  And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride, and see
  If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe
  She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
  That should your number still enlarge
You will not do as done before
  And lay it to old Peter's charge.

What Lane Says He Knows

"I know," says Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane, "that President Taft is in sympathy with the claims of San Francisco." Mr. Lane alludes to our claims upon the Administration in respect of an appropriation for an exposition. He made the statement quoted above at a luncheon given by the gentlemen who have taken charge of the exposition project. The statement served to aid digestion. But statements designed to produce elation when made on a full stomach in an atmosphere above normal in temperature may be usually attributed rather to a desire to please than to a passion for disseminating truth. What Mr. Lane says he knows with reference to Mr. Taft's sentiments is in flat contradiction of what Mr. Taft himself has said, as may be learned from a preceding paragraph dealing with the New Orleans exposition boom.

Our Struthionoid Contemporary

Some of the things that were said at the exposition luncheon were not reported in the dailies. Some pertinent observations made by Governor Gillett, for example, were not set forth in type by one of our veracious dailies. Looking Mr. Hornick, manager of the Call and a member of the committee, straight in the eyes the Governor said: "Let me suggest that if San Francisco wishes to obtain favor from Washington it would be wise for certain papers to cease their daily unjust hammering of the Administration. If I were working in the interest of New Orleans I would collect such clippings from the San Francisco newspapers as are cruelly abusive of the Administration and send them to Washington." Evidently Mr. Hornick understood that these remarks applied to the Call, for they were not included in the Call's report of the Governor's speech. This method of flattering the ostrich, which is characteristic of parochial journalism, the Call has frequently had occasion to censure, for with the San Francisco press it is a habit. But the Call does not merely reprehend those vices which it is not inclined to; it assume virtues foreign to its nature by pretending to abominate a lack of them in others.

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Petty Larcenous Journalists

From the Call I learn that when the municipal printing contract was up for discussion before the Supervisors the other day it was suggested that possibly there was collusion between the Post and Boughten Bulletin. There was of course substantial reason for this suggestion as it is well known that some years ago those two journals were in collusion and that they committed a great deal of petty larceny. But it was explained by a representative of the Post to the satisfaction of the Supervisors that there was no possibility of a repetition of this crime while the Post was under its present management. He said that it was under a management twice removed from the present that the Post was guilty of collusion with the Boughten Bulletin, the management of which has remained the same. The story of the collusion between the two journals is an old one. Allusion to it has been made more than once on public platforms, but it was not until last Monday that the details got into the public records. At the meeting of the Supervisors it was authoritatively stated that under the compact by which the Post and Bulletin defrauded the city the sanctimonious Mr. Crothers obtained a rakeoff of 8 cents a square. To what extent Mr. Fremont Older was implicated in this larcenous performance is a matter that has never been divulged. It is known only that he was managing editor of the Bulletin, that he shared in the loot of crime, and that as now he was at once the inspiration and pride of the good Mr. Crothers, the same good Mr. Crothers with whom shoulder to shoulder he has been striving to put crooks into jail.

The Conversion of Crothers

In justice both to Mr. Older and Mr. Crothers it should be explained that the Boughten Bulletin did not pocket the eight-cent rakeoff during the whole life of the printing contract. Kind Providence interposed in behalf of Mr. Crothers' conscience which has never been seasoned and toughened to the power of resistance that distinguishes Mr. Older's. So tender a conscience as Mr. Crothers' must have experienced poignant torment all the while that the rakeoff was coming in to his prehensile fist. Great must have been his relief when his guardian angel recovered him from sin and started him once more along the narrow path of rectitude. The rescue was brought about by a change of management in the Post. When the new manager got on the job, Mr. Crothers came round for his "bit," but was sternly rebuked. "I'd be guilty of a crime if I kept up such a compact," said the new manager, and thereafter he ignored the agreement under which the Bulletin had permitted the Post to get the contract. It was thus that Mr. Crothers suffered the kind of death that St. Paul speaks of, the death that makes possible resurrection into a new life of virtue. Hence the current austerity of the Bulletin.

A Candidate Wanted

That astute director-general of politics, Mr. Gavin McNab, has not yet found a suitable standard bearer for the diminishing hosts of Democracy; at least he has not found one willing to enter the fray. Theodore Bell he pronounces impossible. To attempt to animate a Bell campaign, in McNab's opinion, would be like trying to revive a corpse. Bell has had his funeral and the mourners are not to be rounded up for another journey. McNab, I am told, would like to induce James V. Coleman to become a candidate. Coleman as a standard bearer would certainly infuse enthusiasm into the ranks of the Democracy. He is one of the old-school of Democrats, but he has remained faithful to his party through all its obsessions and aberrations. He was prominent in the councils of the party a quarter of a century ago, and he was almost nominated for Governor at San Jose by the convention that sent E. B. Pond to defeat. Coleman is a man of wealth and a good campaigner, being possessed of a gifted tongue and the power of stirring the emotions.

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The Return of Tartarin

Some verses published by the New York Sun about the time Mr. Roosevelt emerged from the African jungle seem especially appropriate now that Cairo has experienced him in all the turbulence of his most impassioned mood. They are entitled "The Return of Tartarin":

Out of the East on wings of fire
The simoon, with relentless ire,
Howled through the waste, and where it passed
All things bowed down beneath the blast
That shook destruction from its crest;
And then—came one in khaki drest
Bearing a Stick, and at his frown
It quieted down.

The tawny monarch left his lair,
With blazing eyeballs sniffed the air,
Shook his vast mane, and at the world
In thunder tones defiance hurled;
When through the growing shades of night
He saw a Stick leap into sight,
And prescient of the awful whack
He shuddered and went back.

The rivers rush from gorge and dell
The Nile's majestic flood to swell,
That ceaseless through old Egypt's length
Rolls onward with resistless strength;
At least it rolled until one day
The Cloud Compeller came that way
Shaking a Stick, and at his look
It shrivelled to a brook.

The wide earth bends beneath his tread,
Nor man nor beast dare lift his head,
The dictionary pales and quakes,
The alphabet in terror shakes,
The sinful nature faker squirms
Beneath his heel—so now, ye worms,
Back to your holes, no more to roam—
He's coming home.

The Impulsive Teddy

What Mr. Roosevelt did in Egypt was of course characteristic. The Omniscient One is prepared at all times to discuss any old subject and no human power can hold his tongue. He understands the political situation in Egypt better than the people themselves, and as the Universal Oracle he conceived it to be his duty to give them some solid chunks of advice interspersed with time-worn platitudes of the copy-book variety. Though politics is a subject tabu in the University of Egypt Mr. Roosevelt should not have been expected to be under restraint. Mr. Roosevelt is divinely commissioned to spread his gospel over all the earth and the waters thereof. His message is for all mankind. It will perhaps be regarded abroad as somewhat peculiar that Mr. Roosevelt, while considering it the part of wisdom and discretion to eschew discussion of the politics of his own country should have no hesitation in plunging into a discussion of the politics of a foreign country in which he was enjoying the hospitality of the people. But before Mr. Roosevelt gets back home it will be seen that he is essentially peculiar; that, in fact, being a law unto himself he is absolutely lawless.

The Assassinated Pasha

If Mr. Roosevelt's remarks in Cairo were uttered with a view to adding warmth to the reception which is to be given him in England he is likely to be disappointed. The Nationalists of Egypt have many sympathizers in England where there are insurgents as radical as those of this country. The British insurgents have not been lamenting the assassination of Boutros Ghali Pasha which Mr. Roosevelt vehemently denounced. Boutros Ghali had a bad record from any point of view except as a servile mouthpiece of Lord Cromer's curious political morality. He was the confidential friend of the infamous Ismail Pacha. He was the presiding judge of the Deushamai Tribunal. He strengthened the anti-

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press law, a circumstance that probably commended him to the favor of the statesman whose attempt to revive a species of tyranny to punish the New York World is fresh in the public mind. Boutros Ghali will also be remembered as the author of the shocking oasis deportation scheme. His murder was the direct consequence of the oppression instituted by Lord Cromer.

"Bob" Beardslee's Candidacy

While other candidates for State offices are already engaged in the hurly-burly of active campaigning, "Bob" Beardslee of Stockton who is an aspirant for second place on the republican ticket, is quietly attending to his law practice and biding his time. Beardslee is an experienced campaigner and he knows the futility of beginning a fight too soon. So while others are already exhausting their energies at this early date, with the election seven months away, he is doing little more than letting it be known that he is a candidate. Herein, it seems to an outsider, Beardslee is wise. His law practice is extensive and takes him continually to all parts of the State. Being well known all over California on account of his long and efficient service in the legislature, "Bob" has only to announce his political intentions for the coming election to make an impression on the various county leaders. When the time comes for real work he will have enthusiastic helpers in all sections and will enter the field with a strong following, in fine fettle for hard campaigning. Sentiment for Beardslee is encouraging and augurs his election. He has presided over the lower chamber of the State legislature and is therefore equipped for the presidency of the senate by his knowledge of parliamentary procedure. Many of the men with whom he has served hitherto will be in the upper house next year and his popularity will insure the most sympathetic relations with them. The fact that he was chairman of the ways and means committee in the last legislature and prepared a budget which went through without alterations argues his efficiency in financial legislation. Take it all in all, it would be hard to select a more likely man for lieutenant governor. The wise political forecasters are already prophesying his success.

A Hint to the Newspapers

When will our local editors awaken to the fact that they are missing a lot of spicy news by not keeping live correspondents at Reno? The eastern press keeps an alert eye on Reno all the time, for it has realized for lo, these many moons, that nearly all of the big divorce scandals break there, that rumors of contemplated domestic severances can be confirmed there more quickly than elsewhere and that the doings of divorce-seeking residents make excellent reading. The eastern papers learned these things in the heyday of the Dakota divorce mill and applied the discovery to Reno some time ago. But our local papers are slow to follow suit. They are not well served by their representatives in the Nevada town and miss many good stories altogether, getting others only when the parties drop into San Francisco for a little diversion. It would pay the papers to keep just as good men in Reno as they do on the hotel detail in this city.

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By TANTALUS

Help for Mrs. Vanderbilt

One day last week one of the newspapers chronicled the fact that Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, domiciled at the time at the Fairmont, found it impossible to sleep on account of the bad condition of her nerves. Since that innocent fact was recorded Mrs. Vanderbilt's mail has grown to twice its usual size. Every post brings her all sorts of letters from men and women who are anxious to help her cure that insomnia. Some are well meaning cranks who offer favorite remedies which they vouch for as having cured the most obstinate cases. Others are quacks and patent medicine dealers who want to sell their wares, while others are willing to supply Mrs. Vanderbilt with remedies free of charge on condition that she write testimonials as to their effectiveness. It would be quite a feather in the cap of a quack if he could advertise that his nostrum had cured a Vanderbilt of insomnia. But Mrs. Willie has paid no attention to any of her correspondents.

She Heard the Waves at Midnight

From one of my friends who is not averse to a little frolic now and then I learn that one of our toppiest society matrons was a participant in the gayety of the Ocean Boulevard a few nights ago. It was at The Breakers far down the beach that my friend first recognized this lady. Despite the fact that she was heavily veiled, her striking figure and her magnificent jewels betrayed her identity to his observing eye. Later he saw her again at the Casino and it is to be inferred that she was then on the last lap of the giddy round and headed for home. With this matron were two chaps quite prominent in society who showed unfeigned delight in the company of their fair incognita. Well they might, for it is not often that this lady favors the frolicsome resorts along the ocean with her presence. Much more frequently is she seen in the haughty precincts of Burlingame and the exclusive drawing rooms of Pacific avenue.

That Chantecler Luncheon

Accounts of the Chantecler luncheon at Coronado interested me greatly. It must have been an inspiring sight, that of Major and Mrs. Dobson, Miss Eleanor Sears and Dick Tobin with wide-open receptive jaws catching morsels tossed to them from the Country Club piazza. But was it ornithologically correct? From a limited experience with barn-yard fowls I hold an impression that they scratch for and peck at their food. Without deflecting due credit from the spirit of progress which prompted the Coronado feast, may we not see the idea properly carried out? Something after this manner: guests to be assembled at feeding hour on El Cerrito field and the provender thrown to them, whereupon they should be required to secure it in the conventional barn-yard way. After this the Chanteclerette would be a pleasing diversion. This would be sounding the latest cry in the Chantecler craze.

Tableaux Vivants and Morals

The most excited perturbation took hold of the matrons and girls of the smart set of Burlingame who are arranging the historical picture fete when they began scrutinizing the histories of the fair but frail ladies whose wit and beauty exercised autocratic power during the pre-revolutionary days of France. They had all looked so charming in the portraits of the masters—La Pompadour, Maintenon, Du Barry and the other immortelles of the Bourbon dynasty. The pictures had been decided upon. Pompadour, the red-haired, lily-faced beauty, looking so wisely innocent, was in particular favor. One of the Josselyn girls whose Titian hair is of precisely the same tint as that which lured Louis XV, was chosen for the part. Immediately the Pompadour record was

MISS BLANCHE MORRILL

A talented violinist who will give a series of solos at the new Stockton hotel during the opening week. Later Miss Morrill who is only nineteen years of age will make her appearance with the Zech orchestra, playing the G minor Concerto of Max Bruch.

looked up. Pompadour, it will be remembered by those familiar with their history, was the first celebrity to acquire fame by a "corner" in wheat which she and the fond but financially acute king sold to the famine sufferers at fabulous prices, and it was she who kept the king happy by providing him with beautiful young girls, many of whom were kidnapped from the streets of Paris. Worse and more they read, and as they read the girls' horror increased. Never would they stand La Pompadour, not even for one night, in a make-believe picture

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fete. And so it went. Lady Hamilton, the most celebrated beauty of her time, came in for a terrible grilling that must have made the shade of the famous beauty flutter with mortification, provided she is more sensitive than she used to be. So she was no better than she should be? A beggar maid? Eloped with Nelson and hid in his ship at the battle of Trafalgar? Well, she was a game sport anyway, one irreverent pert young thing remarked. So the angel-faced Lady Hamilton was allowed to remain, but Du Barry, Pompadour and the other French hetairai were excluded.

A Beautiful Intruder

Nothing has created such a fever of excitement among the fashionables for a long time as these pictures. Every woman who has ever been flattered for her beauty of face and figure fancied she should be asked for the tableaux. One lady, a bride of some few seasons, and a very handsome woman, imagined that someone telephoned her to go before the august committee of ten to be posed in a picture suited to her beauty. She went, saying that the voice through the phone was so indistinct that she could not make out who it was that spoke. So there she was, looking as radiantly beautiful as a blush rose. The committee, one by one, went into another room. Confusion and surprise overwhelmed them. Who had sent for her? She didn't belong "to our set." What was to be done? It was a situation that taxed their combined mentality. Finally, one of the ladies remarked that the lady was probably a victim of auto-suggestion. This was voted an extremely clever remark. The tension relaxed and the committee returned to tell the lady that they would consider her name and inform her later on of the part she was to assume. The lady is still waiting to hear from the committee.

Gus Muenter's Romance

Before this month is two weeks old a pretty romance of the government service will be crowned by the marriage of Gus Muenter, the zealous collector of internal revenue at this port, to Miss Mary E. Alexander of Washington, a law clerk in the office of the solicitor of internal revenue. Gus Muenter who used to represent San Joaquin County in the State senate, where he won honorable distinction, and whose position now makes him a resident of San Francisco, is well known throughout this State as a most capable young public servant. His bride-to-be is a most remarkable woman. She has been characterized by Secretary of State Knox as one of the three best women lawyers of the country. Miss Alexander entered the government service in the national capital several years ago and her ability has rapidly carried her to her present position which was especially created for her by Congress on the recommendation of the Attorney General, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Miss Alexander could not have occupied this responsible post had she not made a special study of law after entering the federal service. Mr. Muenter met his bride for the first time two years ago when he went to Washington to present the government side of the sweet wine case which was then engaging the attention of winemakers in this State. The romance which began then will reach the climax to which all such romances happily tend when the marriage will be celebrated in the home of one of Miss Alexander's relatives in Philadelphia on April 12. Miss Alexander is described as a woman of charming personality who, despite her public career, is devoted to domesticity. She is of a studious turn and is mistress of several languages. Congratulations have been showered upon Mr. Muenter since his engagement was made public.

Madeline McKissick's Trouble

From army friends I hear that it is quite probable that a court martial will result from the suicide of Lieutenant Clarence Janney, the husband of Madeline McKissick, formerly of this city. Her friends here will be very sorry to hear this, as there has already been scandal enough over the affair. Lieutenant Janney, it will be recalled, killed himself at the home of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert F. Ames at Fort William McKinley in Manila. His suicide came at the end of a dinner party at which the lieutenant and his wife had been guests. A silver champagne cooler was the cause of the quarrel which led to Janney's suicide. The cooler originally belonged to him, but seems to have been given by Mrs. Janney to Lieutenant-Colonel Ames who was of the Twelfth Infantry, the regiment of her husband. Janney recognized the cooler during the dinner and upbraided his wife for having given it away. He insisted that she apologize to him and she did so, the dinner being resumed. A little later, however, he left the room and returned with a revolver, killing himself in the presence of his wife and host. An army board investigated the facts, making a report to Major-General Carter, in command of the Department of Luzon. The general returned the report to the members of the board with the request that they secure additional testimony covering certain features of the case. From this it has been inferred that a court martial is contemplated.

The King and Mrs. Higgins

From a knowing correspondent in the foggy capital I learn that that carefully enclosed section of London society which is composed of King Edward, his bosom friend Mrs. Keppel and a few initiates in the secrets of Grosvenor Place (and which decidedly does not include the Queen), is all agog over the royal recognition recently extended to Mrs. Harry Higgins. Mrs. Higgins, as we must all hasten to know, now that she has been gilded by the rays of regal favor, was formerly Mrs. William Lawrence Breese of New York. Must I identify

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her more particularly? Well, she is the mother of Lady Allstair Innes-Ker and of course we all know who she is. It was at a dinner party given by Lady Savile that the king showed his pleasure in the society of Mrs. Higgins. It was a small and select gathering and needless to say, Mrs. Keppel was there. Mrs. Keppel is always at the dinner parties favored by the king. Edward won't go unless Mrs. Keppel is invited. Etiquette demands that the king and Mrs. Keppel be left rather alone for the breathing spell between dinner and bridge, but on this occasion the king called Mrs. Higgins to the ottoman where he and Mrs. Keppel were reclining and engaged her in conversation. For more than an hour Mrs. Higgins sat at the right hand of the king and conversed while Mrs. Keppel sat at his left in silence. Then he invited Mrs. Higgins to be his partner at bridge and though she is a very poor player and dreaded the ordeal, luck favored her and her royal partner and they won right along. It was a great evening and as a result of the distinction conferred on her Mrs. Higgins has become a somebody in Mayfair and Belgravia has taken note of her existence. Her gowns are now described in the papers whenever she goes out. We may expect to see her photographed with the king at Carlsbad or Biarritz one of these days. On a conservative estimate there are one thousand American women in London who would like to be Mrs. Harry Higgins.

A Berkeley Wedding

One of the most interesting social events of the week was the wedding of Miss Amanda Troplong of Berkeley to Mr. Grant Gordon, well known as the circulation manager of Sunset Magazine. The ceremony was performed on Wednesday morning in St. Mark's Episcopal Church in the college town. The bride who is a charmingly petite brunette wore an empire gown en train of cotele satin, trimmed in rare lace and draped in mousseline de soie, the veil caught up with orange blossoms from the groom's Southern home. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and tulle and wore a necklace of pearls, the gift of her mother. The bride was attended by Miss Ethel McConnell as maid of honor and by Miss Claire Cole and Miss Caroline Koford as bridesmaids, the latter wearing gowns of pale blue messaline trimmed in silver and carrying shower bouquets of pink bride's roses. The bride was given away by her mother, Mrs. Troplong, who was gowned in pale grey, broadcloth and wore orchids. The groom was attended by Mr. Dan S. Hammack of Los Angeles; the ushers were Mr. Nels Kinell, Dr. Albert Home and Mr. Harold Pitchford. After the wedding the bridal couple departed for a tour of Southern California. They will be at home after April 15 at 2501 Chilton Way, Berekeley. The bride is the daughter of the late Justice Octavius B. Troplong, formerly of the Philippine Bench, and Mrs. Emma D. Troplong of Berkeley.

"The Pipe of Desire"

Miss Margaret Kemble will give an interpretative study of Frederick Converse's "The Pipe of Desire" at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday afternoon at three o'clock. Miss Kemble's interpretative studies have been deservedly popular during the past season on account of their sound criticism and informing exposition of the latest musical tendencies. Hitherto she has dealt with European composers, but Frederick Converse is an American, a musical professor of Harvard, and what Miss Kemble has to say of his much discussed work will undoubtedly be more interesting on that account. "The Pipe of Desire" was staged at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for the first time last month. Since that time the critics have been busy with it and musical students of this city will hail the opportunity to hear it analyzed by so sympathetic a musician as Miss Kemble.

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An Interesting Engagement

An engagement which will come as a pleasant surprise is that of Lieutenant George Patton, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Sheridan, and Miss Beatrice Ayer of Boston, daughter of prominent and wealthy people of that city. Lieutenant Patton is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Patton of Pasadena, nephew of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb of this city and cousin of those interesting matrons, Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. John Murtagh and Mrs. James King Steele. Another cousin, Miss Ethel Shorb, is at present in Rome. Lieutenant Patton graduated last June at West Point with high honors. As yet no details have been received in regard to the wedding, but it will take place early in June.

Cap and Bells at the Cliff House

The sixth anniversary breakfast of about one hundred members and guests of the Cap and Bells Club took place at the Cliff House on Monday, March 28. Mrs. M. O. Austin, president of the club, made an address of welcome; and Mrs. Glenn C. Barnhart acted as toastmistress. Responses were made by the members in original rhyme; the subjects of the toasts being: Clubs, present, past, future; Aviation, Halley's Comet; Audibon Society; Progressive Woman; Anti-Noise Ordinance. The following members responded: Mesdames Dugan, Hebbard, F. L. Coburn, Helen Heinsch, Abbie Edwards, L. L. Gage, F. S. Samuels, E. P. Heald, L. D. Foster, Helen Barker, D. E. East. Mrs. U. Grant Bartlett and Mrs. Emil Blankenburg rendered beautiful selections in both solo and duet, accompanied by Mrs. Swan. The affair was one of the pleasantest ever given by the club.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Charles Kohler of Stockton is visiting her grand children, Mrs. Pierre Moore and Miss Sidney Davis on Scott street. Miss Sidney Davis will soon leave for the East on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Warren Childs of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Whitney with Miss Whitney and Miss Shaw, all of Brooklyn, are spending a few weeks at the Vendome, San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Huston with Miss Blanche Huston of Portland stopped over for a few days at the Vendome on their way home.

Mr. Ralph J. Cebian went down to the Vendome for the week end to visit his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cebian.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Krause, Miss Dorethy Krause and Mr. G. H. Krause have taken apartments at the Vendome for the season. Mr. Krause is a banker of Colorado Springs.

Polo on the Potter Country Club grounds made that point a center of attraction on Saturday afternoon, many staying for tea afterwards. Mrs. David Clark was of these, giving a "tea party" for four friends. Among other were Mr. Julian B. Haswell and a couple of friends; Mrs. Charles Perkins who had a party of five; a little group of which Mrs. Hussy of Miramar was the pretty hostess; and Mr. Andrew Kerr who had five or six people with him. Prior to the game a luncheon was given at the club by Mrs. James H. Bishop.

Mr. Edwin Gould and his party, including Mrs. Gould and their two sons, Edwin Gould Jr. and Frank Miller Gould, also Mrs. Gould's mother, Mrs. George F. Shrady, Mrs. C. E. French, Mrs. R. E. Coykendall and Phillip H. Fraser, arrived in a private car "Dixie" at the Porter recently. Mr. Gould is a son of the late Jay Gould, and brother of George J. Gould. They will remain for some time.

Mr. Seward Webb has again taken apartments at the Potter this season. Mr. Webb who is of the Vanderbilt family, is a great railroad man and is partial to the charms of this resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Henderson of Elko, Nevada, who have been making an extended tour of the Southland have returned to their apartments at the Fairmont. Mr. Henderson is

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a banker in his home city and will make a stay of some time in San Francisco.

Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, wife of Captain Wolfe, U. S. A., will arrive from Alaska early in April on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins of Sausalito.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood of San Francisco is at Del Monte with Mr. John Anson Howard of Ottawa, Canada. Both gentlemen are expert horsemen and delight in the scenic beauty of the famous Del Monte drives.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee of San Francisco is at Del Monte for a short visit.

Mrs. Bronte M. Aikens returned during the week from an enjoyable visit to her sister, Mrs. John G. Kirchen at Tonopah.

Mrs. Carrie Borrowe will leave this week for Arizona on a visit to her brother, Daniel Bosquie, who is superintendent of one of the largest mines in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster and their daughters, Misses Marie, Louise and Enid, who have been passing the winter in San Francisco have returned to their beautiful country home, the "Hacienda," in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Lilly Layman will arrive in this city early in May on a short visit. Mrs. Layman will be remembered as Miss Lillie Thompkins, prominent in the early day exclusive set. Mrs. Layman is now traveling in India.

Mrs. George Sperry will leave next month for Alta in the Sierras where she will spend the summer.

The Misses Marion and Elsie Everson of Oakland will soon leave for a lengthy tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Adams Blackmer have taken a cottage in Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges who is at present in Paris will leave in the middle of April for Carlsbad where she will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and her interesting daughters, the Misses Enid and Ethel, will leave this month for a lengthy tour abroad. Miss Elyse Schultz, the intimate friend of Miss Enid Gregg, will accompany the Greggs as Miss Enid's guest.

Mrs. Hayter Reed, wife of the general manager of hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was a guest of the Palace, stopping for a few days in San Francisco en route to her home.

Dr. Ernest Barry is at Del Monte for a few weeks of rest and quiet and finds it an ideal spot for that purpose.

Admiral Uriel Sebree went down from the city last week with Horace G. Platt and is visiting one of his relatives, Mrs. John M. Gilkeson, who has had apartments at Del Monte during most of the winter.

One of the most prominent business men and most expert golfers of Denver, Mr. Fred W. McCartney, is at Del Monte for several weeks' sport on the links.

Several dinner parties made Sunday an interesting day at the Hotel Victoria. Among those entertaining on that day were Mrs. J. M. Vance, Mrs. F. G. Atkinson, Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn and Mrs. A. F. Dixon.

Mrs. B. N. Rowley entertained at luncheon on Monday, a half dozen friends sharing her hospitality at the Victoria.

Mrs. A. F. Thane had a party of friends as her guests for dinner on Sunday evening at the Hotel Victoria.

A party of eastern men, representing the United Manufacturers of Automobiles, are guests at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in town. The group includes E. F. Osgood, E. H. Clark, R. W. Potter, Bert Stevens, E. W. Robinson and P. V. Dowling.

M. D. Thatcher, president of the First National Bank of Pueblo, who is regarded as one of the leading financiers of Colorado, was among the late arrivals at the Palace.

Mr. Maxion Graham of Carmel-by-the-Sea gave an elaborate dinner party Saturday evening at Pebble Beach Inn, Del Monte, to about thirty of his friends.

W. W. Frazier, one of Philadelphia's wealthy business men, was a guest of the Palace during the past week, having arrived from the South in his private car with a party of friends.

H. T. Young, D. Machee and S. S. Bartnett, all of London, have arrived at the Palace, after having enjoyed some excellent fishing at Catalina Island for the past fortnight.

George T. Dexter of New York, vice-president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, was among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont. Mr. Dexter is making a leisurely trip on the coast, renewing his acquaintance with the many attractions which he has not seen for nearly eighteen years.

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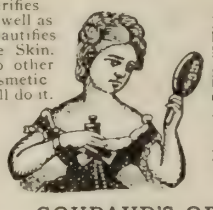

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Stage

Otis Skinner in "Your Humble Servant"

In theatregoers who know and care about acting in its highest and truest forms the announcement of Otis Skinner's engagement at the Columbia Theatre next Monday in his latest New York success ought to excite a thrill of enthusiasm. Otis Skinner is acknowledged to be an exceedingly fine actor, and the high position he holds in the esteem of the public has been achieved by years of conscientious and devoted labor. His new play promises to be a genuine novelty. It comes from the pens of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson and it is described as a realistic picture of stage life of the present day. The title, "Your Humble Servant," indicates the nature of the leading role. Mr. Skinner will appear as "a servant of the public," a touring actor who heads one of those itinerant troupes which visit the small towns and are never heard of in the big cities. "Your Humble Servant" is said to be unique in theme and treatment and Otis Skinner has been provided with a part written in an exceptionally happy vein. It has a touch of poetry and a tincture of philosophy. His leading woman this season is Miss Izetta Jewel who has been especially chosen for the exacting role of Margaret. The rest of the supporting company is of the calibre that may always be expected of an organization bearing the Frohman trademark. Seats are now on sale. A special matinee will be given Wednesday when the best seats are to be $1.50.

Maud Allan, the Great Dancer

Maud Allan, the San Francisco girl whose art as an interpreter of masterpieces of music by means of the dance has given her a world-wide fame and who is said to be the very highest paid performer on the stage with the exception, possibly, of five or six operatic artists, is announced for four performances during the coming week at the Garrick, the dates being next Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, April 5, 7 and 8, and Sunday afternoon, April 10. As the musical portion of the entertainment is of the highest importance Managers Will Greenbaum and Martin Beck who are risking a small fortune in providing this entertainment for our music and art loving public, have engaged the finest and largest orchestra that has ever played in a theatre in this city, aside from the high priced operatic performances. Half a hundred of our best instrumentalists under Paul Steindorff will assist Miss Allan, besides playing some beautiful selections between the star's dances. The whole entertainment will be of the dignity of a grand symphony concert with Miss Allan's marvelous interpretative work as a special attraction.

May Robson Coming

That delightful and extremely funny comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which May Robson offered at the Garden Theatre in New York two seasons ago, will be the attraction that will reopen the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, April 11, remaining there for two weeks only. Since her New York engagement Miss Robson has visited all the principal cities of the Pacific Coast, where she has duplicated her metropolitan success in every particular. Of the play it may be said that it contains just the proper mingling of the grave and the gay, just enough pathos and humor to make it interesting. Aunt Mary keeps you laughing almost the entire evening.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues

The sale of seats for course tickets for the Burton Holmes Travelogues will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's and on Thursday the seats for single lectures will be offered. No more interesting, beautiful and at the same time instructive form of entertainment than these Travelogues could be imagined. For sixteen years they have crowded the Lyceum Theatre in New York every Lenten season and have met with similar success in many other big cities of the East. The smaller towns are rarely visited, as the demand for the entertainments is so great in the principal cities. This will be the fith series that Manager Will Greenbaum has brought to San Francisco. Wright Kramer, the eminent young actor and fellow traveler of Burton Holmes, will do the talking, but the beautifully colored views and the thousands of feet of original motion pictures are what really tell the tales. The subjects this year give scope for some rare photography and colorings. Here is the list: "Our Own Hawaii," "New Japan of Today," "Old Japan of Today," "Java, the Eden of the Dutch Indies," and "More About Paris."

Another Week of "Salvation Nell"

"Salvation Nell" which is announced for a second week at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday evening, has scored one of the most emphatic successes in the annals of that house. The universal appeal of the theme of the play, the realistic setting with which it is invested by the Alcazar management and the high or-

OTIS SKINNER
In "Your Humble Servant" at the Columbia Theatre

der of interpretative power which the principal players have brought to bear upon it combine to make it a most memorable production. In this great dramatic venture the prestige of the Alcazar company is not only maintained, but enchanced. Evelyn Vaughan's conception of the scrubwoman is at once many-sided, human and marvelously wrought. John Ince, as Jim Platt, sacrifices everything to his art and presents a character repellent in its brutality, yet fascinating in its realism.

MAUD ALLAN AS "SALOME"

In this part the California dancer is said to outstrip all rivals.

Indeed hardly a flaw is apparent in the big cast. Not one lay figure is noticeable among the half-hundred players. Of the scenic accessories there is only one opinion—they eclipse those of the original production.

Maud Powell's Farewell Concert

Maud Powell, one of the very greatest violinists that ever visited this city and an artist whose playing arouses her hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm at every concert, will give her farewell program at the Garrick this Sunday afternoon, April 3, at 2:30 p. m., assisted by Waldemar Liachowsky, by far the best accompanist that any violinist has brought us since Ysaye gave us Lachaume. The program is an exceptionally beautiful and interesting one and includes the rare old Italian "Sonata" by Locatelli, the ever welcome Mendelssohn "Concerto," two unaccompanied "Etudes," one by Fiorillo and the other by Paganini, and a group of smaller but brilliant gems, such as the Gluck "Air," one of Mozart's quaint "German Dances," Hubay's characteristic "Zephyr" and the brilliant "Polonaise" in D by Wieniawski. In addition to all this Mme. Powell has consented to add to the offering the two Debussy gems with which she made such a success at the St. Francis Musical Art Society. One of these called "The Golliwaog's Cake Walk" is quite the funniest novelty that this French modern has given us.

Promising Acts at the Orpheum

A delightful musical comedy condensed into a twenty-five minute sketch, but retaining all the brilliancy of a big production, is "The Leading Lady," which will be presented for the first time in this city at the Orpheum next week. The principal roles are entrusted to Marguerite Haney, a pretty vivacious soubrette who scored a hit in "Paradise Alley," and two clever London comedians, Ralph Lynn and Ed. Coleman. To back them up is a sextette of pretty Broadway show girls who introduce a number of catchy songs. The company carries its own stage setting, a beautiful scene representing the interior of one of New York's magnificent hotels. Edwin Holt, one of the best actors on the American stage, will return after an absence approximating a year and a half in George Ade's delightful comedy, "The Mayor and the Manicure," which is on record as one of the greatest hits of its kind in vaudeville. Charles F.

ANOTHER OF THE ALLAN DANCES

The dancer has evolved an interpretation of the "Spring Song" which is said to be inspiring.

Semon will introduce next week a comedy act that is not only bewilderingly original but which fairly bubbles over with genuine fun. T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford will appear in a breezy skit entitled, "The Patent Fakir and the Lady," which abounds in melody and comedy. Next week will be the last of Stelling and Revell, Nonette, Witt's Girls from Melody Lane, and Mlle. M. Corio and Signor Bartoletti in their original Apache dance "La Petite Gosse."

The Third Sunday "Pop" Concert

The third of the Sunday "Pop" concerts by Will Greenbaum's Lyric Quartet is announced for Sunday, April 10, at Kohler and Chase Hall. Mr. Allan Bier, a young San Francisco pianist, will make his debut on this

occasion, playing the difficult piano part in a Schumann "Quartet." The soloist will be Miss Mary Pasmore, the first violin of the quartet, who will introduce to us the recently discovered "Concerto" by Hayden in which she will be assisted by Miss Harriet Pasmore at the piano. The string quartet of the afternoon will be one of Schubert's posthumous works.

Dr. Pauline at the Savoy

"As the Sun Went Down," with Estha Williams and an excellent company, will be presented for the last times at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee one of the world's most fascinating acts will be offered. This is the great Pauline, the wonderful French scientist whose demonstrations of the superiority of mind over matter have been the talk not only of vaudeville lovers of this country and Europe, but also of physicians and psychologists in every city where he has appeared. Pauline is making his first trip to the west, but every one should know of him for he has been the subject of many magazine and newspaper stories for the last year. It is doubtful if any other hypnotist has ever received the publicity and attention given to Dr. Pauline. He is a French physician, graduate and degree holder of many European medical schools, a student of the great Charcot of Paris and is now recognized by medical men as the most advanced investigator into the science of hypnotism and auto-suggestion in the world. Pauline has a personality that defies description. He wins his audience the moment he appears. Pauline will appear at the Savoy with a high-class company of vaudeville artists and during his engagement there will be a matinee every day, when the prices will be half of those at night.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland is unique in that it is the only organization of the kind in the world, the members of which devote their entire time to the perfecting of their ensemble playing. For eight years there has never been a change in the personelle of the quartet and no member has ever played with an orchestra, appeared as a soloist or given a lesson since the first day the organization was founded. This "together" work must be heard to be even faintly appreciated. Greenbaum brings the attraction here to open April 17..

"Message From Mars" at Ye Liberty

The offering of the stock company at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, for the week commencing next Monday evening will be "A Message from Mars," the comedy written by Richard Ganthony which has been one of the most successful plays in England or the United States during the last decade. Its story is a novel one, for as his hero the author has chosen the most selfish man to be found upon earth. He advanced a step or two in astronomy at the same time and introduced a messenger from the planet Mars to teach the man of the earth a lesson in self-restraint and to convey to him the necessity of being considerate of others. The play has the reputation of being, not only interesting and amusing, but remarkable for its great strength in teaching a moral. "A Message from Mars" has never been seen at popular prices across the bay before, so it should be a strong attraction at Ye Liberty. After one week of the comedy "The Squaw Man" will be revived.

MARGUERITE HANEY

The pretty and vivacious eastern soubrette who will appear this Sunday matinee in "The Leading Lady" at the Orpheum.

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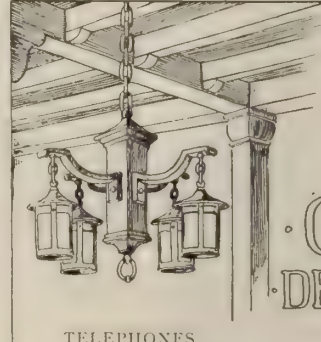

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In the Limelight

William Collier made quite a hit in New York recently with a pamphlet which he called "Collier's Weakly." The comedian smashed many a theatrical illusion by his pointed but amusing editorials and news items.

Mrs. Fiske will come to San Francisco this season with her new plays. One of them is Ibsen's "The Pillars of Society," which she has just presented in New York.

Maude Adams will be here in the latter part of June with her Barrie play entitled "What Every Woman Knows."

Henry Woodruff has made quite a big hit in his new musical play called "The Prince of Tonight."

The final performance of "The Round-Up" will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night.

Grace George will shortly make her appearance at the Columbia in her new play "A Woman's Way." From all accounts Miss George has the best comedy vehicle of her brilliant career.

San Francisco has already seen two of the great hits by the authors who are responsible for Otis Skinner's new play, "Your Humble Servant." They were "Cameo Kirby" and "The Man from Home."

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At Kohler and Chase Hall

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Will L. Greenbaum and Martin Beck Present
THE CLASSIC DANCER
And Her Grand Symphony Orchestra of Forty-Five
Paul Steindorff—Conductor
Next Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Nights, April 5, 7 and 8, and Sunday Afternoon, April 10
Seats, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
Address Mail Orders to Will L. Greenbaum

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Magnificent Colored Views. Great Motion Pictures
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Course B—Tuesday and Friday Evenings, 8:15.
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Oakland Course—Tuesday and Friday Afternoons at 2:30
Commencing April 12, Ye Liberty. Same Prices

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In His Latest New York Success
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In Conjunction with a Splendid Company of
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Edward Sheldon's Divine Drama of the New York Slums
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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c and 50c.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Very little has occurred in Wall street during the recent week to affect security values; in fact the fluctuations in the leading securities have been comparatively narrow, representing chiefly the operations of the professional talent. The holding aloof from the market by banking syndicates has been largely the result of a desire to await the further adjudication of labor difficulties on our railways; also the turn of events in the London monetary situation, which has become somewhat of a menace to the speculation in the chief security of the world. The raising of the Bank of England rate to four per cent may be followed by a further advance to four and one-half per cent the coming week and while such an advance is not likely to affect us much here, it would produce some unsettlement in the speculative position of the market. Railway tonnage is now moving freely and earnings reported in the recent week shows large increases in most instances. Traffic officials are looking for heavier business in the present season; hence we find conditions sound as concerns the future of securities and higher prices should be noted later on.

Wheat—Weather and crop damage reports from the wheat belt have overshadowed everything else and have kept the trade much stirred up. High winds and continued dry weather in the Southwest and dry weather most of the time in the entire winter belt have slightly increase the damage thus far sustained by winter wheat. That the trade does not consider drought a serious condition as yet is plainly evident from the slight net gains in prices and the very modest increase in speculative interest in the markets. Moreover, until more unanimous reports are received regarding the area damaged, it will be hard to figure out anything greater than very moderate acreage losses on the winter wheat area seeded for the crop of 1910.

Corn—Considerable improvement has been seen during the past week in the corn situation. As a matter of fact this was about the only direction for it to go. Cash and May delivery has improved more than the distant months, the shipping demand has grown somewhat better and the offerings from the interior, as is proper when farm operations are in full blast at this season of the year, have been much reduced.

Cotton—Until the last day or two the cotton market has been quite dull but always firm, business until Monday seemingly being limited to the room traders. The congestion in the nearby months is so pronounced and the feeling is one of such great uncertainty regarding the outcome of the manipulation that it was, and is, generally checking business. In this respect the position is a natural one, as it is the result of manipulation. What the outcome will be on these near months is extremely problematical. The bull position is backed, it is stated, by practically unlimited money and by great experience. The bear side is also a wealthy one and the moving of immense lines of cotton from New York and to New York simply shows how serious the fight is. The reports from the new crop are beginning to overshadow the news regarding demand and consumption. The weather map is being studied with great care, particularly the conditions in Texas. The tenor of all advices, aside from there being no rain, appears to be that excellent progress is being made in field work and our former statements of increased acreage seems to have been in no way exaggerated. No doubt this protracted dry spell in Texas, in connection with the hardening of prices in the spot market, is having the effect of putting the new crop at such a high level of prices. Yet we maintain that one good soaking rain will cause an immediate drop of maybe one cent. And our position in regard to the ultimate prices of the new crop for earlier months—October and November—is still maintained and we would go short at the present price, and ride.

Copper—Copper producers and selling agencies are going through a dull period. Few sales are being made. Transactions last week were reported below 13 cents. The large selling agencies and consumers show no disposition to sell metal at concessions, though there was reported one sale of two million pounds of metal for a western wire concern at thirteen and one-half cents and the contract called for delivery in the early part of May. The Anaconda Copper Company last week voted to increase its capital stock from 1,200,000 to 6,000,000 shares. The amount of stock to be offered by the Anaconda companies for properties of other companies is as follows:

Boston & Montana C. C. & S. Mining Co.	1,200,000
Butte & Montana Cons. Mining Co.	300,000
Washoe Copper Company	380,000
Trenton Mining and Development Co.	120.000
Big Blackfoot Lumber Co.	300,000
Parrott Silver & Mining Co.	90,000
Diamond Coal & Coke Co.	100,000
Red Metal Mining Co.	500,000
Alice Gold & Silver Mining Co.	30.000
Making total issue with the original Anaconda	1,200,000
Total	4.220,000

The Amalgamated Copper Co. owns a majority of the Parrot stock and practically the whole of the stock of the other companies transferring their properties, with the exception of the whole of the stock of the Red Metal Co., and a majority of the stock of the Alice Company, owned by the Butte Coalition Mining Co. The Anaconda company will be the owning company and the Amalgamated the holding company. It is figured that the merged companies will have an ownership in the production of 275,000,000 pounds of copper and produce the metal at an average cost of nine cents per pound. This would bring an earning close to $10,000,000 a year. As a result of the introduction of economies made possible through the more unified operations, a saving of nearly $2,000.000 a year is anticipated. In regard to the action of the copper stock market the last few days, and the drop in prices which began with a break in the Boston and New York coppers on the report of Granby possibly passing its dividend and also that Granby's reserve stock was less than half of what had been reported,

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there is evidently more behind this slump in prices which has extended itself to almost as great a degree in the New York Stock Exchange metal stocks, than is shown on the surface. There is up to date no definite news. It may be a bear drive or even a fight among the powers that be. A few days should show the cause when we may look for prices founded more on intrinsic values. Until then we recommend a neutral position.

Local Securities—The local stock and bond market continues to maintain a steady tone without an abundance of trading or many real wide fluctuations. The principal movement for the past week or so has been in some of the more or less inactive listed stocks. City Electric on rumors of an increase in dividends has risen to new high records and also Northern California Power and Pacific Lighting stocks have been in demand at advances. Associated Oil has been rather pegged around $50 as has Spring Valley Water around $49. Alaska Packers has increased a fraction in price to above $90. Hawaiian Sugars stocks and the issues of the Pacific Gas & Electric and Pacific Telephone companies have remained practically unchanged. Among the listed bonds no great changes are shown with the principal activity in Associated Oil 5s, California Gas & Electric 5s, City Electric 5s, Northern California Power Con. 5s, Peoples Water 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Spring Valley 4s and United Railroads 4s.

Odd Things in the World

Does Northborough Church, near Peterborough, contain Cromwell's bones? The only positive evidence to that effect is that of the nurse who saw the hearse containing them driven by night through Huntingdon, not stopping there, as she hoped and expected, but taken further north, and also that of the postboy who said he was paid the mileage fee to Northborough. There is no indication of them having gone so far north as Newbury Abbey, although a stone in the passage there says: "Under this stone rest the bones of Oliver Cromwell," etc., and the facts of Cromwell's widow coming to live here and being herself buried here are in favor of the persistent tradition in the parish that Cromwell was secretly buried here and another body substituted for his on the night that it lay at the Red Lion, Holborn.

It must be at least unpleasant to shoot at a target while snakes are crawling around one's legs, yet that is what the bluejackets in the Philippines have been doing, according to an official report to the Navy Department. Ensign Morrison, who conducted the target practice of the men on the Callao at the naval range at Olongapo, says that it is the most difficult range that can be imagined and when the men were not running through water ankle deep or lying down in two inches of soft red mud, they were beset with insects and reptiles, and when the grounds were dry the timekeepers of the skirmish runs were busy killing the snakes that were crawling around the men lying on the ground firing at the targets. Three typhoons also added an element of excitement and uncertainty while the practice was going on.

Whenever the great Australian musk duck utters its charactteristic deep toned note it at the same time throws up a jet of water on each side of its body by the action of its feet. On one occasion a wounded blue waterhen was observed making desperate efforts to escape the attack of a hawk. Gradually the waterhen approached a musk duck which was swimming placidly in the neighborhood, and when it got close enough sought protection by dodging first on one and then on the other side of the duck. After a few moments the latter began to take an active part in the combat by uttering its loud note every time the hawk made a stoop at the waterhen, at the same moment splashing up a backwardly directed jet of water in the eyes of the aggressor. Three times the hawk received a douche, after which it retired from the combat, leaving both the duck and waterhen in peace. This curious action is not peculiar to the Australian musk duck, but is a regular habit with our common coot when attacked or threatened by a bird of prey; with this difference, that a number of coots will act in concert and make a great splashing with their wings, which has the effect of driving their common enemy away.

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The Editor in His Anecdotage

The Scotch of It

Nothing galls the natural pride of the true-blue Scotchman more than to have his country overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald. His friend cocked his eye and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae son o' hers needs to be tell't to dae his duty. That's just a hint to the Englishers."

Well Done

On old Carlisle bridge in Dublin there used to be a fruit stall kept by Biddy, the apple woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue, and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honors. An American visitor, who had heard rumors of her skill at fence, one day took up a watermelon displayed for sale and said, gravely: "You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size." Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied, in a tone of pity: "Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples!"

Unpardonable

When "Bob" Taylor was Governor of Tennessee he was noted for being as tender-hearted as a woman, and the way he pardoned out convicts was something awful. He was waited upon by a committee of the Legislature, who very flatly and in no uncertain way told him that this "wholesale pardoning must stop." "Gov'nor Bob" looked at the committee, tapped a bell, asked for his pardon clerk, and when he came said: "Make out pardons for every man in the penitentiary." The clerk bowed and withdrew. Then the Governor looked at the committee, who were staring as if they thought he was going mad. "Gentlemen," he said, finally, "I am Governor of Tennessee, and if this committee or any other ever again seeks to interfere with my constitutional right to pardon, I'll sign every one of these pardons which the clerk is making out. Good morning."

Working by the Day

John D. Rockefeller Jr. was talking to his Sunday-school class about industry.

"Our industry," he said, with a faint smile, "should not be of such a nature that the remark once applied to a certain Scot could ever be applied to us.

"I'll tell you what the remark I allude to was.

"Two old farmers were walking down a road near Dunfermline when one of them pointed to a distant field and said, shading his eyes from the sun:

"'That figure over there—I wonder if it's a scarecrow.'

"He stopped and regarded the figure very attentively for a space. Then he concluded, in a satisfied tone:

"'Yes, it's not moving. It must be a scarecrow.'

"But the other farmer had sharper eyes and a better understanding, maybe, of certain types of human nature.

"'No,' he said dryly; 'no, it's not a scarecrow. It's a man working by the day.'"

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

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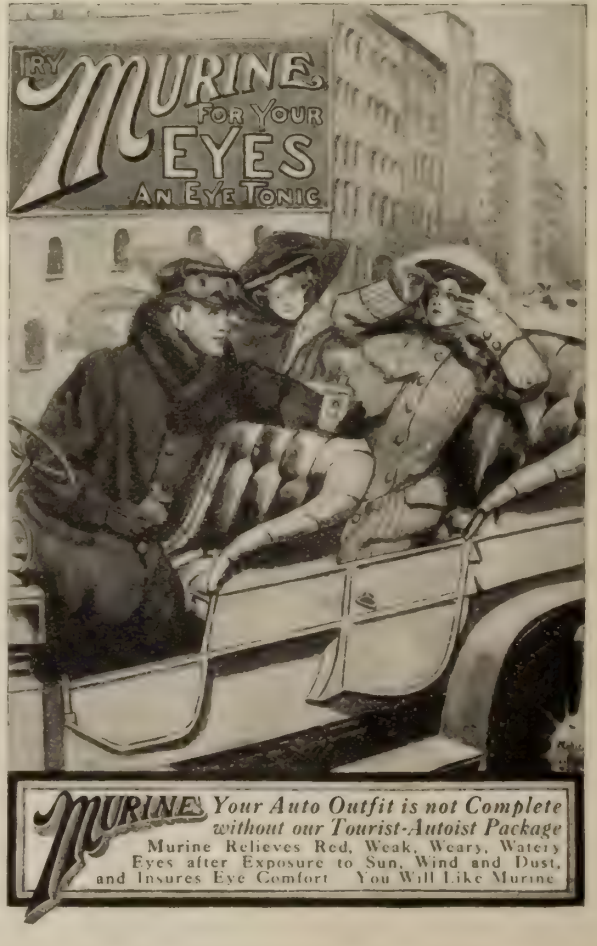

Letters

"By the Bay"

Another of the numerous—one might almost say innumerable—pretty booklets from the press of the Elder Company is entitled "By the Bay." Its contents consist of short poems, none more than the small page in length, and all or nearly all suggested by the varying aspects of the bay and its surroundings. They are the work of Lucia Etta Loring Smith, and the frontispiece is from a bas relief modeled by Bradetta L. Smith. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and the excellent taste and workmanship of the mechanical production will make it an appreciated addition to any one's store of "little" books.

An Interesting History

"Moore's History of the States, United and Otherwise," is less of a history than a running comment on the events which have occurred within the boundaries of this country since Columbus "found it when he was not looking for it and died without knowing he had found it." The volume makes the easiest kind of reading, hence it goes without saying that the composition is the reverse of slipshod, but one who takes it up under the impression that it is going to prove a continuous performance of irreverence and irresponsible joking is apt to discover very soon that there is keen insight and unsparing honesty behind the criticism. Judge Charles F. Moore has had the good taste to avoid stirring up sectional issues and resurrecting ghosts. Fully one-half of the volume is devoted to the events since the accession of McKinley to the presidency, probably covering the period of which the author is competent to speak by reason of personal observation and participation, and a considerable portion of that to our toy war with Spain, or, as he prefers, the Spanish War, since to speak of it as war against Spain would imply a contest and everyone knows there was no contest. The reign of Theodore Roosevelt is the title of the chapter devoted to the administration of the Terrible Teddy, an indication of the trenchant nature of his comments thereon. The "History" is brought down to date, with the debate over the tariff and the discussion of the North Pole controversy. While deserving of the same kind and quantity of appreciation as is given to Irving's "Knickerbocker," this is hardly the thing to put into the hands of the half-baked pupils of our athletic clubs, else it will be but too pat to fulfill its mission as set forth in the preface, that of providing "respectable authority for the misstatement of facts so frequently indulged in by writers and public speakers." Though the reader is cautioned that "Who quotes from its pages must do so at his own risk, for no statement herein is guaranteed by the author," the fact that a remark has once made its appearance in type is but too apt to constitute authority. Young America, who is fairly conversant with the doings of the James boys and blissfully ignorant of the existence of the British monarchs of that name, may, for example, swallow without mastication the whimsical connection of Jamestown, the James river and Jesse James. Moore's History is jam with a pill concealed in it. You may elude the pill but you cannot escape the sweatmeat. Published by the Neale Company.

"The Faith Healer"

William Vaughan Moody's play, "The Faith Healer," probably acts better than it reads, for the book version is not convincing. The story is familiar enough to playgoers. A mysterious stranger makes his appearance in a rural neighborhood and is put up temporarily at a farm house one of the inmates of which is a bed-ridden paralytic. Michaelis believes that he possesses the power of curing disease through faith and exercises his belief with the sick woman who is enabled to rise and walk without assistance. The working of the seeming miracle converts the household, half of whom had at first no confidence in the claim, but "seeing is believing." The rumor that the faith healer was at the farm is sufficient to gather a concourse of the lame, the halt and the blind who constitute almost a mob clamoring for relief of their own disabilities and severely testing the accommodations of the farmstead. Attendant on the sick woman is a clergyman and a regularly graduated and licenced physician, each of whom, in his own way deprecates and belittles the ministrations of the healer who, at first so confident in his powers, now, at a critical moment, has doubts of himself because he has fallen in love with a young girl of the household and feels that he has been tempted aside from his high calling. Rhoda, who has only lately joined the family of her relatives, recognizes in Dr. Littlefield her lover of a former time, and Littlefield signifies his intention of renewing the siege to her heart. The cruical test is the demand of a youth mother that her baby, all but dead, shall be restored to health. Dr. Littlefield, though willing to do what he can for the sick child, believes that aid has been sought too late, but Michaelis, encouraged by Rhoda, regains his own faith in his power, the child recovers, Rhoda is convinced beyond doubt, the flippant Littlefield and the clergyman are route, and the action having now reached the dawn of Eastern morning the healed paralytic goes out to the assembled multitude, a lily in her hand, to testify to the undoubted reality of her cure and the greatness of the healer. No doubt, with suitable stage accessories and good acting "The Faith Healer" can hold it place on the boards but in book form it would appear to be attractive chiefly to those practical students of the drama who are contemplating going and doing likewise. From the Macmillan Company.

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From this down through the periods of the ox-cart, the two-wheeled chaise, of which the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sings so eloquently, to the Brewster buggy and the automobile, seems but a hurried step in the great process of transportation evolution.

In this procession of marvelous development some one car must necessarily blaze the way, and it is not speaking disparagingly of the others to refer to them as "trailers."

As the records of electric car performances plainly point, the "Babcock" is the car which has led the van from every standpoint of efficiency, safety, luxury and economy. It combines the grace, elegance and luxury of this type of vehicle with the comfort and wear-resisting qualities which warrant the purchaser in pinning his faith to this particular make of "electric."

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In some instances, there have been foisted upon the public results gained by the use of specially prepared batteries and freak cars, and manufacturers were not honest enough to tell this fact. It is in this, perhaps, that the "Babcock" has won its meed of confidence at the hands of the public, for almost every record-making test has been accomplished by just the same kind of a car you would purchase if you choose from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

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Auto Notes

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co., is just in receipt of the actual figures covering every national and large automobile show in the United States for the 1910 season. Combining all the shows the totals give Diamond Tires 150 more sets than the next nearest competitor —an increase of 50 per cent over the lead had in the combined count of the year previous.

H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of the White Company, has recently been informed that the City of Portland after trying out numerous makes purchased a White Gasoline car for the use of its Engineering Department.

Mr. G. A. Schelling of Santa Rosa has been appointed agent in that territory for the Ford cars. Mr. I. L. De Jongh, manager of the Standard Motor Car Co. who recently returned from a trip in the northern part of the State, reported that he made arrangements with Mr. Schelling to represent the Ford cars and he also ordered a carload of these machines to be shipped immediately to the new agent.

H. Hushbeck of Alameda recently purchased an Oakland "40" car, delivery of which he has just taken from S. G. Chapman.

Lewis Barnard, an auto enthusiast of Portland, Oregon, is touring California in a new White Gasoline car. He expresses himself well pleased with the machine which is running in fine order.

George B. Polhemus, San Jose agent for the Winton Motor Carriage Company, found last week very prosperous. As a consequence he has just called upon the Winton branch with orders for three cars.

Mr. E. L. Cutting, traveling representative for the Standard Motor Car Co., returned recently from a trip through Nevada and reported that he placed the agency for Ford cars with Mr. J. R. Bradley of Reno, Nevada. Mr. Cutting says: "There are not many cars being used in Reno, owing to the weather conditions. Still the motorists of the sage brush country expect a busy season." Bradley is expected to take a large number of Ford cars this year.

S. G. Chapman has been kept busy since his last shipment of cars arrived making deliveries. That the reputation enjoyed by both the Hupmobile and Oakland has become state wide is shown by the number of orders coming in from all parts of California. Among the recent deliveries are Hupmobiles to Roy Phelps of San Jose, Mrs. Morrison of San Jose, H. H. Shields of San Francisco and three to G. W. Hobson of Fresno. Oaklands "Forties" have gone to Dr. Wallace I. Terry of San Francisco, and J. H. Martin of Coalinga.

The automobile tire is largely responsible for the present development of the motor car, declares C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co. "One of the glaring omissions in nearly every story of the development of the automobile is the entire absence of mention of the part which the automobile tire has played and is still playing in its growth," he said. "Nevertheless, it is an incontrovertible fact that the modern automobile would have been utterly impossible of achievement without the simultaneous development of the tire to the present state of near perfection. The automobile tire is the true foundation of the automobile. When it was figured out that an air cushion should be provided to relieve the strain, it led to the single tube pneumatic tire, since the introduction of which the progress of the automobile has been magical down to the present age of the shoe and inner tube, with such modern luxuries as non-skids and demountable rims. With the present development of the automobile tire, it may well be said that it is possible to make the motor car joltless, jarless and vibrationless."

A few weeks back H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of the White Company, shipped an order of five White cars to British Columbia, and now, after they have been thoroughly tried out so great is the satisfaction given, that a return order for fifteen cars has just been received by telegraph. "This," said Doty, "is the largest shipment ever made from San Francisco to British Columbia. Undoubtedly as I before predicted this season has opened up the White's biggest year in British Columbia, and in fact in the whole northwest."

Did you ever see a big man weighing over 200 pounds trying to get into a modern low-priced roadster and try to look comfortable? A. C. Wheelock, who sells Hudson cars in Fresno, California, always has an example to point out when this question is asked. E. O. Hall, the head of the Consolidated Canal Company of Fresno, is one of the most enthusiastic motor car drivers in that section. Mr. Hall weighs 230 pounds and stands 6 feet 3 inches in height. He covers an average of 100 miles

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every day with his Hudson car seven days in the week. This is over 35,000 miles a year which comes pretty close to the long distance record of any automobile driver. He believes the Hudson is one of the few cars comfortable enough to permit a man to drive this tremenduous mileage.

E. B. Waterman, Fresno agent for the Winton Motor Carriage Co., has just come to town to take delivery of a Winton "6" touring car. He also placed an order for a toy tonneau Winton which will be delivered to A. L. Dingley of Fresno.

H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager for the White Company, reports the shipment of an "0-0" White Steamer to George Brackett at Portland.

An enterprise, decidedly more extensive than anything of its kind before undertaken, has just been launched in Paris by the firm of Shephard and Mann. This company has recently purchased twenty 7 passenger touring cars ten of which are Chalmers and the remaining ten of foreign make. These cars are to be rented to European travelers for touring purposes. They are in charge of chauffeurs thoroughly acquainted with all the continental tours and experienced in the ways of frontier formalities, police regulations and customs requirements. Beside owning the twenty cars the firm controls the use of a great many more and are in a position to take care of a large amount of business. They have offices already established throughout Europe and the United States. The Pioneer Automobile Company is to care for their interests on this coast. The rates charged are $35.00 per day for travel in France and $5.00 extra for other countries. Ninety miles per day is allowed. For anything in excess of this a slight additional charge is made. The use of the Chalmers by this company significantly indicates the American made car's invasion of the European field.

"The East," said Wm. H. Durphy in a recent conversation, "is full of interesting instances of the superiority of motor driven commercial vehicles over the horse-drawn. Just prior to coming west I assisted in placing twenty-five Chase Wagons with the Ewert & Richter Storage and Transfer Co. of Davenport, Iowa. This is one of the genuinely big concerns and they have a stable of eighty-six head of horses. Shortly after beginning our demonstrations I happened into President Ewert's office and he handed me the following letter asking me if it would be of use to our company:

To Whom it May Concern: Having had my doubts about the commercial cars giving service even on our city streets, I had an opportunity today to try a Chase Motor Wagon on a hurry special delivery of a piano for the Robert Smallfield Piano House, the piano being for Mr. Ed. Meirer, living two miles west of Eldridge, Iowa. Weight of load: Piano 1,000 pounds; myself and Mr. Durphy, sales manager, 475 pounds; total 1,475 pounds. We left at 9:10, arriving at 10:20; the return trip we made in 40 minutes, making our actual running time for the twenty-two miles less than two hours. The roads were very rough and rutty which I consider a splendid test, yet the motor never faltered and there was no hitch in the entire trip. It would have taken a pair of horses fully seven hours to make this trip. I am satisfied that the Chase wagon will pull its load over any roads that are traveled by horses, and that it is more economical to keep.

Waiter, have you Gorgonzola cheese?
Yes, sir.
Is it nice and white?
Yes, sir, very white.
And good and hard in the middle?
Yes, indeed, sir, stone hard in the middle.
Thanks; I don't want it. Gorgonzola ought to be green and soft.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Kate Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Chas. L. Thompson, 909 Pacific Building, Corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

ELLA G. BOYNTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Administratrix,
909 Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts., San Francisco. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

EDWARD S. NORTON, administrator of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing the said administrator to sell, at private sale, an undivided one-quarter interest in certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches Southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the Southeasterly line of Howard Street with the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence Southeasterly and along said Southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

And good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said estate show cause, if any they have, before this Court on Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department 9 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County, for four successive weeks next before the hearing of said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 23rd, 1910.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 23rd, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor. 3-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. S. RIPLEY, administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to said H. S. RIPLEY, at the office of HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Esq., Room 900 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

H. S. RIPLEY,
Administrator of the Estate of George W. Baker, also known as James Baker, Deceased.

Dated, March 12th, A. D. 1910.

HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Attorney for Administrator,
900 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Leon E. Prescott, 307 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

SOFHUS LARSEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Dorthea Larsen, also known as and called by the name of Dorothea Larsen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

LEON E. PRESCOTT, Attorney for Administrator,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-26

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Guardianship of the persons and estates of WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, the undersigned, RUBY McKAY (formerly Ruby Harvey), Guardian of the persons and estates of said WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of April, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day at the Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Guardian, Room No. 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of said WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Sutter Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street ;running thence Northerly along the said Westerly line of Devisadero Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Forty (40) feet to the Northerly line of Sutter Street, and thence at right angles Easterly along said Northerly line of Sutter Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. The same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Five Hundred and Three (503).

2.—Commencing at the Southwesterly Corner of Church and 16th Streets, running thence Westerly and along the Southerly line of 16th Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block No. 95.

3.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Thirty (30) feet to the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; thence at a right angle Westerly and along said Northerly line of Elm Avenue One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 78.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross.

Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at the expense of Purchaser.

Dated: March 26th, 1910.

RUBY McKAY (formerly Ruby Harvey),
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of William Hamilton Harvey and Joseph Balentine Harvey, Minors.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Guardian,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-3

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, the undersigned, NELLIE HARVEY, Guardian of the person and estate of said ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of April, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Guardian, Room 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Sutter Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street; running thence Northerly along the said Westerly line of Devisadero Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Forty (40) feet to the Northerly line of Sutter Street, and thence at right angles Easterly along said Northerly line of Sutter Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. The same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Five Hundred and Three (503).

2.—Commencing at the Southwesterly Corner of Church and 16th Streets, running thence Westerly and along the Southerly line of 16th Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block No. 95.

3.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Thirty (30) feet to the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; thence at a right angle Westerly and along said Northerly line of Elm Avenue One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 78.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross.

Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at the expense of Purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, 1910.

NELLIE HARVEY,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Robert Harvey, a Minor.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Guardian,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at his office Room No. 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased.

P. J. MULLER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jean B. Fayard, also known as J. B. Fayard, also known as John B. Fayard, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 26th, 1910.

CHARLES PAGE and EDWARD J. McCUTCHEN, Attorneys for Executor,
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE RENEWED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5272, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LYNCH, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of MICHAEL COSTELLO, Administrator of the Estate of John Lynch, deceased, praying for an order for leave to re-mortgage certain real property belonging to the said estate that it is for the best interest of the said estate that the said real estate should be re-mortgaged.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1910, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be made for the re-mortgage of the said real estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court on the 2nd day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 2, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COSTELLO & COSTELLO, Attorneys for Administrator. 3-5-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Depart No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Emily R. Ferrenbach, the Administratrix of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 11th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the city and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, OTTO FERRENBACH, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, March 1st, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed March 1, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St. opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Charles C. Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE COSGROVE, Deceased—No. 9227, N. S., Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of the said JANE COSGROVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the proper vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his place of business, Room Number 504, in the Kohl Building, at the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being by him designated as the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate. JOHN W. SMITH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Cosgrove, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, California, this 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 504 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE DOWNING, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600 to 604, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased. JAMES A. DEVOTO and
ALBERT J. CASWELL,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of George Downing, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executors,
Rooms 600 to 604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHN MENGEL, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on and after Wednesday, the 20th day of April, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death in and to the following real estate described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Pierce Street eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Eddy Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Pierce Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 432.

Bids or offers for said piece of real estate above described must be in writing and may be delivered for the said Executors at the office of GEORGE H. BAHRS, Esq., their Attorney, No. 604-6-8 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, or left with the said Executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms and Conditions.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to accompany the bid, balance to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Superior Court. Search of title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for said Executors,
604-6-8 Hibernia Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-4

NOTICE OF TIME FIXED FOR HEARING PETITION TO TRANSFER PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright and Edward K. Clarke have filed in my office a verified petition for an order of said Superior Court authorizing and directing Charles G. Lyman, as executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, to make, execute and deliver to said Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright, and Edward K. Clarke, a conveyance of an undivided 279-1000 of that certain property designated on a certain map known as "Map of Fourth Avenue Park, Oakland, Cal., 1908," filed in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County, State of California, which property is situated in the County of Alameda, State of California, and is particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the most southern corner of that certain piece or parcel of land containing 32.56 acres heretofore conveyed by Chas. W. Leach to Elizabeth Leach by deed dated January 16, 1894, and recorded in Liber 527 of Deeds, page 360, Alameda County Records, said point being on the northern line of County Road No. 724; thence along the southwestern boundary line of said 32.56 acre tract North 51 degrees West 10.93 chains; thence North 25 degrees 35 minutes East 4.25 chains; thence North 49 degrees 50 minutes East 1.72 chains; thence North 72 degrees 40 minutes East 3.29 chains; thence South 69 degrees 15 minutes East 5.17 chains; thence North 52 degrees 15 minutes East 2.91 chains; thence North 79 degrees 30 minutes East 1.50 chains; thence South 60 degrees East 2.00 chains; thence South 79 degrees 45 minutes East 4.93 chains to the Northern boundary line of the said 32.56 acre tract; thence along said boundary line South 61 degrees East 4.74 chains to the aforesaid Northern line of County Road No. 724, and thence along said road line South 63 degrees 55 minutes West 13.22 chains South 59 degrees 45 minutes West 6.05 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 18.47 acres and being a portion of the aforesaid 32.56 acre tract.

Except the parcel described as follows:

Commencing at the intersection of the Southwestern boundary of the land conveyed by Wickham Havens et ux to Arthur H. Breed by deed dated September 12th, 1906, and recorded October 10th, 1906, in Liber 1239 of Deeds, page 73, Alameda County Records, with the northern line of 13th Avenue as widened to 100 feet in width and as shown on that certain map entitled "Map showing land to be taken for widening of Thirteenth Avenue or Walker Street from the center line of Hampel Street to the Northern property line of Arthur H. Breed" filed October 10th, 1907, in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County; and from said point of commencement running North 51 degrees 1 minute west along the Southwestern boundary line of said land conveyed by Havens to Breed 695.48 feet; thence North 25 degrees 24½ minutes East along the Northwestern boundary line of said land so conveyed by Havens to Breed 236.5 feet; thence South 32 degrees 14½ minutes East 101.6 feet; thence Southeasterly on the arc of a circle of 1332.69 feet radius concave to the left or Northeast and tangent to the last aforesaid course 524.2 feet; thence South 54 degrees 47 minutes East tangent to said arc 192.7 feet to said Northern line of said 13th Avenue as widened according to said Map; thence South 59 degrees 33 minutes West along said Northern line of said 13th Avenue 151.62 feet to the point of commencement. Containing 2.57 acres of land;

Also excepting a 25 foot strip of land along the Southeastern line of said property taken for the widening of 13th Avenue as shown on the Map of said widening hereinbefore referred to;

And that Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of said Court, Department Ten thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 23rd, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor.
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased. ALBINA AVY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Angelique M. Avy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, (also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, (also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr.), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG, Administrator of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 15th day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at the office of Messrs. Page, McCutchen & Knight, Room 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, at the Southeast Corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place for the transaction of the business of the estate of said deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 19th, 1910.

W. G. MUNTZ,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabella Van Winkle, Deceased

PAGE, McCUTCHEN & KNIGHT, Attorneys for Executor.
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By W. R. CASTAGUETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys at Law, Room 1029 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased.

SARAH BELLE BLOCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of Andrew Block, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1029 Mills Bldg., Bush and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, 509 Chronicle Bldg., City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased.

MICHAEL T. GERAGHTY, and
WILLIAM H. GERAGHTY,
Executors of the Estate of Catherine Geraghty, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 5th, 1910.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executors,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased.

LUIGI VALSANGIACOMO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsangiacomo, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-12-5

Quaint Bits

The Pekin Gazette is the oldest journal in the world. It dates from the eighth century. . . . At the court ball in Berlin recently the Empress wore in her hair the famous jeweled hat buckle of Napoleon I., which fell into the hands of the Prussian cavalry after Waterloo. The stones in it, though not very large, are magnificent. It was originally made for the coronation ceremony in Notre-Dame in 1804. Possibly it has not been used since. . . . The biggest idol in the world is Dia-Buten, the Japanese god, which is over 60 feet high. The image is made of copper, tin, mercury and gold, and has been worshipped for more than twelve centuries. . . . There are 200,000 light-weight shillings in circulation. They were made in Germany. Look out for them, says an English newspaper—likewise for the genuine ones. . . . The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankington bed, near Norwich, in February, 1889. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over thirty-five tons. . . . A correspondent of the Paris "Figaro" has been interviewing the big pawnshops of Paris. He has published a rather curious list of the various articles pledged during the year. The most popular among them were bed sheets, of which 91,194 pairs were pledged; there were 549 eider-down quilts, 254 fans, 392 boxes of mathematical instruments, 1,972 saucepans, 460 sewing-machines, 57 pianos, and 977 looking-glasses.

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Eight Hour Day for Housewives

So exacting and constant is the labor required to keep a household going and to attend to all the requirements of a family in cooking, cleaning, sewing, nursing, and general organization that an "Eight Hours Bill" for domestic workers is impossible, applied to either the paid domestic worker or the unpaid one, the wife and mother. In a certain State there is a unique sort of Industrial School, or rather, a Reformatory Village, known as the "George Junior Republic." It was founded by Mr. William R. George to receive some rough and uncared for lads and girls and to train them, if possible, into useful, hard-working, and law-abiding citizens. Some are sent by their parents, some are committed by magistrates; the young "citizens" are none of them free to leave the village till formally discharged; but they are extraordinarily free within its limits, for it is conducted precisely as a "Junior Republic." The girls all vote as well as the boys, and they elect their own President, Secretary of the Treasury, Police Commissioner, and Board of Health; they make their own laws and administer them; they have jails, a public library, a State bank, and a law court with an elected judge, from whose decisions, however, there is an appeal to a Supreme Court of the Board of Trustees. All sorts of industries are carried on, and wages are earned and used as desired by the wage-earners. The laws are made in general assemblies. Well, some seasons ago, the citizens of the "Junior Republic" learned that New Zealand had adopted an eight-hour law, and this seemed to them good. So they copied the idea; no citizen of the Republic was free to work at his or her trade for over eight hours out of each twenty-four. They forgot that all domestic work in the Republic was duly paid labor! The girls engaged in this business, therefore, rose as usual at half-past five, prepared the breakfasts for half-past six, proceeded with their other work, got dinner ready for one o'clock, and brought their eight-hour day to a close in the early part of the afternoon. The labor reformers had to go supperless to bed! A special town meeting was immediately summoned, and the eight-hour law was promptly repealed. It was the most absolutely unsuccessful law ever made.

John Wesley's Mother

John and Charles Wesley's power as preachers is an interesting illustration of the importance of heredity when both parents are gifted in a particular way. Susannah Wesley, the mother of the Evangelists, was one of the first women to preach. Their father was a Church of England clergyman, and a good preacher, but during his prolonged absence from home on one occasion his curate's "barren ministrations" reduced the attendance at church to twenty or twenty-five; the the rector's wife set up simple evening services in her own kitchen, which was soon crowded out—"over two hundred were present, and yet many went away for want of room." The good lady herself felt some scruples: "Because of my sex, I doubt if it be proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God; but the people begged so earnestly that I durst not deny them." The curate complained to the absent rector, and all poor Mrs. Wesley's representations that "families who seldom went to church now go constantly," as the result of her persuasive preaching, and that the people "live in the greatest amity imaginable," and are "very much reformed in their behavior on the Lord's Day," did not avail to save her from her husband's "positive command" to cease her teachings. But her son John was, no doubt, influenced by that experience to give the support that he did to women's preaching; "Dinah Morris" was only a type of many Wesleyan women who preached with the sanction of the founder of the sect; and no doubt its progress was much aided thereby. All the modern religious developments that have succeeded in gaining great numbers of adherents have without exception admitted women to an active share in their propaganda and government; Wesleyanism, the Salvation Army, the Christian Science Church, and Theosophy, for example.

Talmud Wisdom

First, our passions are like travelers, making a brief stay, then like guests visiting us day by day, until at last they become our masters, holding us beneath their sway.

Get your living by skinning carcasses in the street, if you cannot otherwise, and do not say, "I am a priest, I am a great man; this work would not befit my dignity."

The majority of children resemble their maternal uncles; hence the choice of a wife should be determined by the characters of her brothers.

Amberolize your
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Send us your address and we will send one of our
EXPERT SALESMEN
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French Method of Developing the Bust

Mdme. DuBarrie Explains How the Bust May Be Developed 2 to 8 Inches in 30 Days

"I am explaining for the first time to the ladies of America," says Madame DuBarrie, "the French method of developing the bust. It is much more effective, the results appear much more quickly, the breasts become more firm, plump and symmetrical,

the method is more simple, the effects more lasting, and altogether beyond comparison with the results produced here.

"You know the French people have the development of the bust and form down to a fine point.

"By this French method, the breasts may be developed from 2 to 8 inches in 30 days. This applies to women of almost any age, from young girls to elderly matrons, whether the bust is absolutely not developed at all, or has grown weak and flabby, and hangs, no matter from what cause.

"It is beauty of form that attracts much more than the features. You will always find it so with both sexes.

"I will be only too glad to tell any woman who is interested what this simple French method is, if she will enclose a 2 cent stamp to pay for the postage. I will send an illustrated booklet in a plain sealed wrapper that will explain it all."

We suggest to our lady readers that they write to Madame DuBarrie for particulars of this remarkable French method, enclose 2 cents in stamps for the illustrated booklet and address it to Mdme. DuBarrie, Suite 1608, Quinlan Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Vol. XVIII. No. 919 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 9, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

H-O

Where's That Cook?

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H-O oatmeal consists of all the good of the oats. The delightful aroma will please you; the complete absence of hulls, dirt and grit will convince you of its superiority; the tender, individual kernels will prove to you how easily H-O oatmeal is acted upon by the digestive fluids and its nourishing properties assimilated. You will look forward with eagerness to your breakfast, if H-O oatmeal is included on the menu. It gives zest to the meal.

Do not confuse H-O oatmeal with the ordinary raw oats sold under the name of "Rolled Oats" or "Crushed Oats." H-O oatmeal is never sold in bulk; it is free from dirt, germs and all impurities.

H-O oatmeal is manufactured from the highest grade of selected stock. After removing all foreign matter, the meat of the oat is subjected to a very high temperature, and by our own patented process is cooked for several hours under heavy steam pressure. This steam-cooking dextrinizes the starch and renders the oats easily digestible.

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One of the world's most curative springs, 2½ hours from San Francisco, one of California's best hotels and a delightful place for rest and recreation. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, James Flood Building, any S. P. Agency or Peck-Judah, 789 Market St., San Francisco or 600 S. Spring St., Los Angeles or address manager, Byron Hot Springs, California.

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Accessible resort in the mountains, five miles from Santa Cruz, excellent road to and from, or by electric line to within one mile of ranch. Fine scenery, mountain and valley views, fresh milk, vegetables and fruits, free bathhouse, tennis court, dancing pavilion, etc. Rates reasonable. Write W. J. CRAWFORD, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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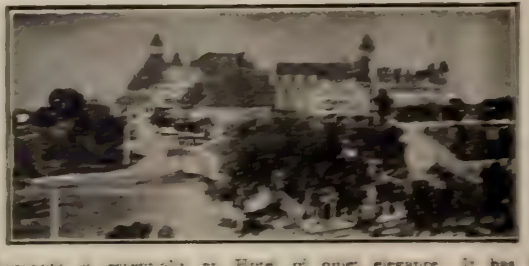
CORONADO, CAL.



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And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table, clubroom, dancing pavilion, bowling, croquet. Rates, $9 and $10. Carriage fare $1.25 round trip. Phone State 81. Send for booklet. MRS. TONY PHILLIPS, Proprietor, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MAY ROBSON

Who reopens the Van Ness Theatre with "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" on Monday night, April 11th.

TOWN TALK

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The Charter Tinkering Project

Some of the more active of our public spirited citizens have come to the conclusion that something must be done toward correcting the imperfections of the organic law of this city. They have resolved that the Charter is in need of tinkering. They purpose infusing into it some of the ideal qualities of a perfect government, and to that end a convention of some kind is to be held at which amendments are to be formulated and recommended to the patient and always equanimous people. Now it is not to be disputed that our Charter is susceptible of improvement, but it may be doubted whether it be worth while to tinker with it. The principal objection to the Charter is that it serves the chief purpose of its maker. It is therefore essentially objectionable in principle. The Charter was designed by the Hon. James D. Phelan to enable the Mayor to build up a political machine. Mr. Phelan being Mayor at the time the Charter was framed and on the crest of the bounding wave of popularity, conceived the idea that if all political power were centered in his office he would be able to construct a political machine by means of which he might control the destinies of the State. There was nothing of the hallucinatory in this idea. Mr. Phelan could see his way clear to a most happy consummation; but on his way thereto the fumes of power went to his head, and he drove his machine into a ditch. The potentialities of his scheme, however, have not been neglected. Abe Ruef availed himself of them, and gave the city a protracted season of the Schmitz style of government. Schmitz and Ruef were the logical consequence of the Phelan idea. And a recrudescence of the Schmitz style of government will always be imminent while we have a Charter that holds out the temptations to a Mayor to make self-interest appear to be a duty and a virtue.

Mr. Roosevelt's Ambition

Now comes the news that the most prolific of living writers, the most versatile of men, as a result of his spectacular African sojourn has been fired with the ambition to write a popular history of Carthage. We are also told that he would rather be known to posterity as a historian and literary man than as a statesman. This preference bespeaks an incredible modesty in a man distinguished for a multitudinous array of talents. There is probably but one thing that Mr. Roosevelt cannot do and that is this: he cannot hide his light from posterity under a bushel. Bewildering are the number of figures that he is destined to cut in the pages of history. So numerous are the roles he has filled, so kaleidoscopic the transformations he has undergone, the probability is he will become as enigmatical a figure as our old friend Lucius Seneca, the religious millionaire of classical antiquity who was at once the benevolent minister of the ferocious Nero and the earnest interpreter of Roman stoicism; who, cited by the Council of Trent as though he were a father of the church, has been pictured on the one hand in the blackest of colors and on the other as a milk white Pagan saint who spoke like a disciple of St. Paul. Already among his contemporaries Mr. Roosevelt has taken on the complexion of a fabulous personage. To no two persons does he present the same aspect. Nay, his personality is even now so bewildering that to one person he has given the impression that he combines in himself two distinct individualities. In the San Jose Mercury, the organ of the Hayes brothers, he was described the other day as a man with many of the attributes of a god "who seemed to have a strange power over the savages of Africa who were eager to follow and to serve him." In one breath we are told by the Garden City prophet of insurgency that Mr. Roosevent is "open, frank, bold and aggressive" and "wanting in craft, smoothness and shrewdness"—in fact, that he lacks all the salient characteristics of the Hayes brothers—and in the next breath we are told that he is the "most consummate politician this country ever knew." This personal paradox is the Hayes ideal of incarnated civic patriotism. The Hayes conception bears out what we have observed with respect to the mystifying character of the universal genius who hopes to live in the affections of posterity as the author of a history of Carthage, an ambition, by the way, with which the Emperor Claudius was seized. With all due deference to the superior attainments of Mr. Roosevelt we respectfully remind him that the ambition of Claudius proved futile, though to make the perpetuity of his fame a cinch he built a lecture hall adjoining the museum at Alexandria and provided an endowment for having his work publicly read once a year.

The Flood Legend

Popular interest in the story of the Deluge has been revived by a tablet brought out of Nippur by archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania. According to newspaper report the discovery of this tablet is a matter of prodigious interest inasmuch as it affords corroboration of the biblical narrative. We are told that upon this piece of hardened clay is inscribed a story of the Deluge more ancient by a thousand years than any hitherto found. The story was written in 2100 B. C. A pretty old tablet, this, and therefore a curiosity, one that will engage the serious attention of inquirers and students who delight in diciphering the mystic symbols that tell the story of human progress in the infant world. As a contribution to the store of human knowledge, however, it is not of so great importance as the daily press would have us believe. We are told that it verifies the bible story of the Deluge. This is hardly true. To corroborate is not to verify. And corroboration of the Old Testament with respect to the Deluge has not been wanting. There are many legends of a Deluge. There is the Chaldean flood-legend, for example, the date of which is anterior to 2000 years B. C. under the early Babylonian empire, and therefore quite as ancient as the tablet in the museum of the Pennsylvania University. Like the Creation Story of Genesis that of the Flood derives pretty complete corroboration from the Babylonian record inasmuch as it is carried back by independent testimony to a very great antiquity. Wise men and cynics have pooh-poohed the Scriptural story of the Deluge; but it is supported by a diversity of traditions among nations and races of the world. While Professor Huxley, speaking in the name of science, pronounced the legend as little worthy of serious notice other scientists not at all bound by any superstitious reverence for the mere text of the Book of Genesis have declared that there is much evidence pointing to a widespread calamity in the nature of a flood.

Our Woful Extravagance

That dismal prophet Mr. James J. Hill has issued another jeremiad on the evils and inevitable consequences of extravagance. Not long ago he warned us that if we did not put a stop to the migration from farm to city we should soon have to import flour and meat. Now he predicts that unless we abate extravagance in governmental affairs we shall drift into bankruptcy. "If the advocates of large bond issues for all manner of internal improvements should carry their point," says Mr. Hill,—"if that resource is not definitely restricted to the emergency of war—we shall be in the condition of Europe, where the motto of every Chancellor now seems to be, 'After us the deluge.'" Mr. Hill produces figures to prove that the proportion of expenditure to national wealth is constantly growing larger. He says that Billion Dollar Congresses have become the rule, and that the infection of large expenditures has spread into the States. Between 1880 and 1890 the total debt of the States increased $13,921,443 or 1.25 per cent, while in the succeeding twelve years the increase was $727,778,393 or 64 per cent. This sort of financiering Mr. Hill calls "profligacy," and he urges "the conservation of capital" as a matter quite as important as any other kind of conservation. To run our government on business principles we must cut down our appropriations and no longer discount the future. This is Mr. Hill's remedy; simple enough but hard to follow. It is hard to follow for reasons that were very well expressed in the House of Representatives last week by Mr. Gillett of Massachusetts. After declaring that public opinion in the United States took no interest in economy he said, "Our constituents want us to do something for them, and so long as we can get our hands into the Treasury they do not care. The man who gets a large appropriation for something in his own district achieves popularity, no matter what his conduct may be in relation to general legislation." This is the truth in a nutshell. Each district wants some of the money in the national treasury, and each congressman votes for every other congressman's appropriation in order to carry his own. The result is that Congress is spending money like a drunken sailor. And there is no demand for economy from public opinion. Public opinion is preoccupied with other things, chiefly with the scrap between the insurgents and the regulars over the pie-wagon which they have come to regard as of the most vital importance to themselves. Not until the people find it expedient to abate their own extravagance will they begin to appreciate the importance of cutting down the cost of government. We have acquired expensive habits; we have cultivated and we are indulging a taste for purple luxuries; we are going the pace that thrills; the practice of economy either in private or public life has become obnoxious, and it will require something more than the exercise of will power to get us back to the simple life and the humdrum, to sanity and security.

More War Talk

According to a cablegram from Manila a Japanese spy was recently caught making a plan of the fortifications at Cavite and Corregidor. Furthermore, according to one of the daily papers, "startling reports of Japanese activity in the islands have come to light," and it is stated on the authority of an army officer that the Japanese are colonizing one of the islands to which they have brought arms and great quantities of ammunition. This is news that ought to cause alarm in Washington, and yet the only perturbation in evidence there is that which is occasioned by the activities of the insurgents. Perhaps our statesmen have been so frequently infected with war scares of the Japanese brand that they have at length become immune. Perhaps, too, they have begun to reckon the probability of war with Japan from the standpoint of Japan's interests. Now it certainly does not appear that it would be advantageous to Japan to plunge into war with this country. As a Japanese writer recently expressed it, "Japan cannot afford to murder her best customer." Japan is marketing 432 million yens' worth of goods abroad every year. This country buys 131 million yens' worth of these exports. Obviously the United States is a customer worth having. Japan is not likely to feel that she can afford to lose her unless it should appear that the loss could be more than offset by the capture of the Philippines or the Hawaiian Islands. But even though the prospect of separating us from our Pacific possessions should appeal to Japan her national debt would certainly give her pause. This debt is expressed in these impressive figures—$1,120,000,000."

Lowell's Favorite Planet

Although the discovery of Mars long antedates written history, it has remained for Professor Percival Lowell, studying the planet's ruddy light from the observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, to give us precise information about its composition and its inhabitants. Mars is a prime favorite with Professor Lowell; he has taken the little planet under his professional wing, so to speak, and has exhausted his scientific ingenuity upon it. There is no astronomer in the world who claims to know as much about Mars as Professor Lowell, and there is probably no scientist in the world who is so cocksure about the object of his favorite research as Lowell is about Mars. A short time ago Professor Lowell stepped ashore at Plymouth on his way to London and to signalize his arrival in the land of Newton and Herschel, he declared of the Martians: "They are not human beings. The comparative size and the conditions, every known factor in the planet, point to something very different. They are intelligent organisms, but not in the least like men." This is very interesting information. If we are to take it as authentic it places us in possession of news for which the world has been waiting for many years. We learn, in the first place,

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that there actually are Martians; and in the second place, that while they are not human beings, they enjoy organic and intellectual life. Statements of this sort Professor Lowell has made before, though never in such positive terms. Unfortunately, however, he has never supplied anything in the remotest degree resembling proof to back them up. This is too bad, for if Lowell has discovered what he asserts he has, he should produce his proofs and put to death once and for all the corroding specticism and the unhealthy derision with which his findings have been too often received. Like all great discoverers Professor Lowell has been a good deal flouted by his fellow-scientists. The incredulity with which Dr. Cook's assertions were received is strikingly similar to the scientific attitude which other astronomers, no doubt jealous of his achievements, have maintained toward Lowell. Some of his scientific opponents have declared that Professor Lowell is the dupe of optical illusions. It has been stated that he has the unique advantage of seeing things on Mars that nobody else can see; it has been intimated that he is predisposed to find the Martian phenomena for which he seeks. These insinuations have been directed principally to his study of the Martian canals; as to his findings in regard to life on the planet, they have been treated with open contempt. This contempt may or may not have been excited by passages like the following taken from Professor Lowell's book on "Mars and Its Canals": "That Mars is inhabited by beings of some sort or other we may consider as certain as it is uncertain what those beings may be. The theory of the existence of intelligent life on Mars may be likened to the atomic theory in chemistry, in that in both we are led to the belief in units which we are alike unable to define. Both theories explain the facts in their respective fields and are the only theories that do, while as to what an atom may resemble we know as little as what a Martian may be like. But the behavior of chemic compounds points to the existence of atoms too small for us to see, and in the same way the aspect and behavior of the Martian markings implies the action of agents too far away to be made out." When it is kept in mind that no other astronomer has seen some of the Martian markings on which Professor Lowell bases this curious argument, the necessity for discounting his conclusions will be manifest. Astronomers who have seen some other markings on Mars are not convinced that they have seen them aright. Striking experiments have been made to prove the ease with which the eye may be deceived in studying a planet through the telescope. But these considerations do not daunt Professor Lowell. The far-fetched analogy between the theory of life on Mars (which is not a scientific theory in the real sense of the term) and the atomic theory of chemistry is sufficient for him. He is convinced and he has the courage of his conviction. Boldly he has carried the war into the enemy's country, for England must be regarded as inimical to his views. English scientists do not make theories out of whole cloth. And they regard Mars coldly, with none of the warm love shown by Professor Lowell for his pet planet. In England the question as to the existence of life on Mars has not been answered, because there is no data to answer it with as yet. Yet there is every incentive for English astronomers to solve the problem. It was an Englishman, Sir John Herschel, who started the discussion by writing in 1783: "The analogy between Marts and the Earth is perhaps by far the greatest in the whole solar system."

At Parting

The time has come when o'er the placid stream
  Of things that were the portent of a change
  Is imminent. We try to rearrange
Our vision and gaze backward; thus we deem
Ourselves enabled to retain our dream.
  Awhile we play our foolish game, and strange
  New pleasure take in old past joys that range
The lengthy gamut through. We try to seem
  Contented, sorrow waiting at the door!
    Inexorable Time demands his pay,
  Postponement is not reckoned in his lore;
    Our payment must be made. Each previous day
  We grudgingly expend—we have no more—
    Then bankrupt stand and face the parting way.

—Ada Fischer.

Perspective Impressions

There is nothing like satiety to ease one's conscience.

It is not wise to discuss your own virtue. Look proper at an improper moment, and it will be discussed by others.

It has been suggested that Mr. Roosevelt be empowered to serve abroad as the universal Apostle of Peace. The humor of the suggestion will become more excruciating as he moves along.

Mr. Hearst is an advocate of social democracy for his own country and benevolent despotism for Mexico. Mr. Hearst is adept in the art of adapting his principles to suit his property interests.

John Callan O'Loughlin, the journalist and politician who acted as a go-between in Rome in the Roosevelt-Vatican episode, appears to have all the qualities of a professional Catholic.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney is still giving testimony of the power of the San Francisco weekly press. In his Eastern interviews he credits the weeklies with having alienated public sentiment from the Graft Prosecution. So it is evident that Mr. Heney tells the truth once in a while.

"Mr. Taft has lost the confidence of the people," says a muckraking journal. Which means that the people believe all they read in the journals that thrive off the assassination of character.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(This narrative has a two-fold interest inasmuch as it is both historical and romantic. A tale of wild adventure, it is also a simple history of the things that were done in the name of law and justice in San Francisco in the stirring days of '56 when the Vigilantes were in power. The author was one of the men upon whom the Vigilantes attempted to wreak vengeance. He published his narrative in the form of a pamphet in 1857, immediately after the disbanding of the Vigilantes, when all the events which he describes were fresh in the memory of men. The purpose of his work he explained in his preface: "I thought that perhaps I might turn to some account, in the way of a lesson to unthinking fanatics, the history of the sufferings to which fanaticism has subjected me. Conscious that I did not merit at the hands of my persecutors their cruel treatment, and equally conscious that I had nevertheless been the recipient of it, I for the first time in my life became painfully aware to what extent injustice may be carried even by men with tolerably good intentions. Here then was my opportunity to be of some use to the world by communicating my experience. In submitting the following pages to the reader I have been prompted less by a desire to gratify the morbid appetite for the wonderful—so characteristic of Californians—than by a heartfelt conviction that from this simple and true narrative a lesson may be derived whose teachings in future years will serve as warning beacons to any misguided men, who, mistaking the voice of passion for the call of duty, may be tempted to assume the fearful responsibility of setting the laws of the country, and even the Constitution itself, at defiance, enlisting in their unhappy cause a reckless mob whose responsibility they afterward vainly rely on for support, and whose fury they idly attempt to control." Our reason for reprinting this narrative is that it has long been out of print. Trace can be found today of not more than three volumes. It is therefore not accessible to lovers of history to whom it will appeal not more strongly than to lovers of wild adventure. This narrative is never dull; it never stands still, but moves with a freedom of adventure which is not surpassed in the realm of fiction.—Editor's Note)

Chapter I.

It will be remembered that, some time in the fall of 1855, James King of Wm., who for many years had been a banker in San Francisco, and in the latter part of his business career connected with the defunct firm of Adams & Co., having by the reverses of fortune been reduced to bankruptcy, commenced the editing of a newspaper called the Evening Bulletin. The tenor and style of his editorials are too well remembered by the people of California to be here descanted upon. Suffice it to say, that while they apparently aimed at the correction of abuses which undoubtedly existed in the San Francisco community, it was thought by hundreds of our best citizens, that the example of unbridled license set by this paper to the press, was far more dangerous in its tendency than even the evils it sought to eradicate; and it was well known that I, among others, entertained this opinion, having frequently and freely expressed it.

The boldness, arrogance, and not unfrequently reckless mendacity which characterized this sheet, as might have been expected, awakened in due season a feeling of disgust, not unmingled with resentment, in the breasts of many of our citizens. Day after day this self-created censor fulminated his abuse indiscriminately on the innocent and the guilty; making shuttlecocks of the reputations of some of the best and most enterprising men in the State, till emboldened by impunity, his apparent zeal in the cause of reformation ran into the wildest fanaticism, at whose insane bidding many a proud and honorable hope was forever blighted, and many a happy heart was broken never to be healed.

It was while the Bulletin was in the zenith of its career of slander and detraction, and when all men were in dread lest every day should bring the fearful ukase which was to herald them to the world as scoundrels, and place its indelible blight upon their reputations, that some person, doubtless considering that before the people should be expected blindly to believe and obey the teachings of this new monitor, it would be well for them fully to understand what claims it had to the public confidence, published a card in relation to the present editor of the Bulletin, Thomas S. King, a brother of James King of Wm., and to a certain extent engaged with him in the conduct of that sheet. The communication was signed Caliban—a nome de plume it was well known I had sometimes adopted, and hence, perhaps, the pretty general suspicion at the time, that I was its author. It so happened that the article in question was not written by me, as any one at all conversant with my style, may by a careful perusal easily perceive.

It was published in the San Francisco Sunday Times, a newspaper edited by James P. Casey. As the reader will perceive, it was not very personal, and certainly, under the circumstances, not severe enough to be looked on as requiring a bloody atonement. It appeared on the eleventh day of May, 1856, and was as follows:

(Communication)

The following communication finds place in our columns, because we believe some good may be effected by its publication. "There must be some fire where there is so much smoke."

Editor Sunday Times:—Although you do not make so much parade of your courage and independence as some others in your profession, yet I, for one, believe that you have as good a share of these qualities as generally falls to the lot of even editors. In my opinion, he who assumes the tripod and squats in the editorial chair, assumes a responsibility of such magnitude as entitles him to the strictest scrutiny of that public whose opinion he affects to direct. Acting on this assumption, I beg the use of your columns to state briefly my present object.

One of the chief traits in editorial management I take to be consistency, without which the editor loses prestige and becomes a mere object of ridicule; for the higher a man climbs the more noticeable he becomes. I propose, therefore, to test somewhat the consistency of the editor of the Bulletin. In his issue of today, Friday, the editor exhibits a most marked favoritism for Mr. Latham in his editorial remarks recently made by him. The Bulletin says:

"If in making his appointments, Mr. Latham, instead of selecting his own personal friends, has appointed indiscriminately from all factions, we doubt very much whether the use he has thus made of his official patronage to harmonize the difficulties in the Democratic party will injure him in the slightest particular with the authorities at Washington. According to our way of thinking, it is wrong for Mr. Latham or any other public man to appoint any other than good men to office, and we cannot approve of some of those charged on him by a 'Purifier' in another column today."

Contrast this language with the sweeping, persecuting tone of the same paper in reference to the appointment of Mr. Clarkson by the Governor, and Mr. McDuffie by the President, without taking notice of others of a more insignificant character. Day after day the Bulletin has inveighed in no complimentary terms against some of the persons named in the "Purifier's" communication; day after day has that paper held them up to public notice as the worst men in the country, and yet mark its tone now that Mr. Latham has enlisted their services to fight against the honest expression of public opinion through the ballot-box. Now, Mr. Editor, the question arises, whence this great monstrous sympathy for Mr. Latham? I will tell you. Mr. King, James King of Wm., has a brother who holds a lucrative position in the Custom House under Mr. Latham, and this brother is one of the proprietors of that consistent, courageous, independent and immaculate sheet, the Bullet; "hinc illae lachrimae." Another point to which I desire to call the attention of your readers, is this: the brother I allude to was an applicant for the office of U. S. Marshal for California at the same time with Mr. McDuffie. Is it not possible, aye, even probable, that the bitter, unrelenting and malicious persecution of that gentleman by the editor of the Bullet was instigated by motives of revenge for the defeat of his brother, who I say is a large share-holder in the Bulletin?

Yours truly,

—Caliban.

A personal acquaintance with the writer of the above communication, induced us to give it place in our paper; but until we read the article we knew not that Mr. King had a brother in this country. Our readers will judge and comment for themselves.—Ed. Sunday Times.

On reading the above, Thomas S. King called at Casey's room, which was at the house of John Burns, a deputy sheriff, and demanded of him the author. Casey

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Insurgent Leaders

A Few Remarks About the Personal Characteristics and Grudges of the Men Who Led the Movement to Deprive Speaker Cannon of His Autocratic Power

By Robert McTavish

Judge Norris who represents the Fifth District of Nebraska in the House of Representatives, is in thorough accord on one point with the late Senator Ingalls of Kansas. It will be remembered that Senator Ingalls wrote a sonnet on Opportunity. Being a Kansan, Senator Ingalls took a rather pessimistic view of his subject and enlarged on the importance of rushing out and greeting Opportunity the moment that visitor knocks at the front door. Senator Ingalls intimates that if you overlook that knock Opportunity will never return. It is possible that the Nebraska idea of Opportunity is not quite so pessimistic as the Kansan idea embodied in immortal verse by the late senator. But at any rate Judge Norris of Nebraska agrees with Senator Ingalls of Kansas that you shouldn't neglect Opportunity. Acting on this belief he opened his desk in the House of Representatives a short time ago, extracted an innocent looking little resolution and sent it to the clerk to be read. Judge Norris had seized an opportunity and when the smoke of battle cleared away and the congressmen staggered out of the House toward their beds, Judge Norris had the scalp of Speaker Cannon dangling at his belt.

It was a fortunate thing for Judge Norris that he knew his opportunity when it appeared. It is not every day that the House is in the humor to spike the gun of Speaker Cannon. Besides, if Judge Norris had not seized his opportunity, it would have been merely a question of time when another opportunity would have come to "Red" Hayes of California. We know this because Mr. Hayes has been at considerable pains to tell us so. It seems that he had a little innocent looking resolution in his desk too, and if he had not gone outside for a little solid refreshment for the inner man, he would have done what Judge Norris did. It is probable that "Red" Hayes entertains notions of Opportunity as pessimistic as those of the late senator and sonneteer. Certainly he has reason to, for that opportunity is gone, never to return. Speaker Cannon can only be deposed from the rules committee once in a lifetime. In the book of fate it was not written that "Red" Hayes should do the deposing.

Congressional warfare is conducted on the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth principle. If you accept that principle, you will find it eminently fitting that the insurgents should have deposed Speaker Cannon, for Speaker Cannon has quite a long record as a deposer of insurgents. Deposing insurgents from committees was one of the easiest and, apparently, the pleasantest things Speaker Cannon did. Take the case of Judge Norris for instance. Mr. Norris used to be a member of the classy Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. It is a pleasure to belong to that committee. It gives a congressman standing. Standing is what Judge Norris was eager for, because he has his eye fixed on the senate and is going to try for Senator Burkett's toga next fall. But Judge Norris did not stay on the committee. He was penalized for his insurgency. Of course it is just as natural for Judge Norris to be an insurgent as it is for Speaker Cannon to be a stand-patter. Judge Norris used to be a country lawyer; then he became a country judge. He has never won any political preferment without a hard struggle. He was elected a judge with only three votes to spare; when he went to Congress he had a plurality of twenty-two. Is it any wonder that Judge Norris should have the insurging habit? And is it any wonder that Speaker Cannon should punish him? Not if you know Speaker Cannon. "Uncle Joe" took a sweet revenge on the Nebraskan by transferring him from the classy committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to the dinky Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures. That committee might hold a meeting occasionally if its chairman, Representative McKinley of Illinois, were not also prominent in the Congressional Campaign Committee. Even if the committee did meet, it would be useless for Judge Norris to insurge in the committee room. Chairman McKinley has him bottled up.

Victor Murdock, another insurgent leader, comes from Kansas and like all other Kansans, he knows Senator Ingalls' sonnet by heart. He is on the important Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads and while still a junior member of that committee, he heard the knock of Opportunity and responded by doing a little knocking on his own account. Mr. Murdock discovered that through an "error" in calculation the government was paying the railroads about $5,000,000 too much for carrying the mails. The senior members of the committee had no time to bother about this little discrepancy discovered by the junior member and they told him so in a very patronizing manner. So Mr. Murdock told President Roosevelt about it and the little "error" was corrected without the senior members of the committee getting any credit for the correction. Speaker Cannon did not depose Murdock from the committee; he merely demoted him. Although Murdock should by this time be within three seats of the chairmanship of the committee, he finds himself number eleven on the list. That is demotion and it came as a rebuke for Murdock's excessive zeal for economy. Demotion did not make Murdock an insurgent. Like Norris he is of an insurgent disposition; but since he was demoted, he has insurged more energetically than ever. Just why Murdock should be an insurgent is not hard to explain. He has curly red hair and he used to be a newspaperman. When Murdock was a police reporter in Chicago, he was noted for his red hair and his smile. When he took the red hair and the smile back to his native State, he became a managing editor and began to insurge and he has kept it up ever since. He is a living proof of the fact that a man can smile and smile and smile and still be redheaded insurgent.

Henry Allen Cooper of Wisconsin has been in Congress for twelve years and he is the bittest enemy that Cannon has in the House. It was a sweet moment when Cooper had a chance to help depose Cannon from the Committee on Rules and it would have been sweeter still if he could have seen Cannon deposed from the speakership. He was one of the nine irreconcilable republicans who voted with the democrats to throw Cannon out. There is a deposition story behind all this bitterness. Cooper was a great friend of President McKinley. When the Spanish War broke out the Committee on Insular Affairs was established in the House and Cooper was made its chairman. He did good work there. When he began to insurge, however, he was removed from the committee.

And so it goes. Congress is giving the best exhibition of the eye for an eye principle in modern life. The visits of Opportunity that are most appreciated in that body are those which enable one member to take a smash at another member. Figuratively speaking, there is a constant shower of brickbats flying through the air. Some of them come from the Speaker and some of them are aimed at the Speaker. The shower starts every morning as soon as the chaplain has finished making his prayer for peace and goodwill.

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San Diego Flouts San Francisco

Relating How the Little City of the Sundown Sea is Laughing Behind the Scarlet Skirts of Her Big, Frail Sister, and Jeering the Pretense of Importance Assumed by the Land of Cocaigne, Otherwise Named "The Paris of America"

By Democritus

Somewhere in the Good Book there is something about somebody who stole the ewe lamb of somebody else. San Diego feels that San Francisco is trying to steal her ewe lamb—if the larceny has not already been accomplished. San Diego conceived the idea of celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal with an exposition, specifically local to Southern California and the Southwest, but also semi-international in that it included invitations to the countries of the Pacific and Oriental littoral to place their industries on exhibit. This San Diego project was organized last September and immediately capitalized for $1,000,000, the full amount of which has been subscribed. It was also decided to bond the city for another million and the preliminary steps in that direction have been taken.

Everything was sailing smoothly on the San Diego main when down swooped a long, low, rakish craft and laid the peaceful galleons aboard with pikes and cutlasses, after the most approved manner of the old buccaneer. The pirate was San Francisco, C. C. Moore commanding, and M. H. de Young on the poop handling the halliards of the Jolly Roger. Now it is cut and thrust between the contending crews with all the odds in favor of the pirate because he is bigger, and brawnier, and better fitted for the cruel work in hand. It is feared that in the bitter end San Diego will have to walk the plank.

In the meantime San Diego is putting up a gallant fight to save her precious cargo. She is demanding in no uncertain terms and tones that San Francisco shall first redeem her promise of $5,000,000 for a working basis of her "world's exposition." Down here in this land where it is always afternoon, where the fragrance of the lemon mingles with the warm breath of the desert and the sweet ozone of the offshore wind, where the mocking bird sings his multi-melodies in palm gardens of gul in their bloom—down here where men live and laugh for the very joy of living, a community of Allan Brecks are saying that it is a bonnie fight. Like Owen Wister's Virginian they are "saying it with a smile"; and they are demanding that San Francisco shall smile as she says it. Down here they insist that San Francisco is taking herself too seriously in this matter; that she has no sense of the intense humor of the situation in which she has placed herself. It is pointed out by these irrepressible jesters of the Southland that San Francisco never cracked a smile when all the world was laughing consumedly over Secretary Meyer's answer to San Francisco's demand for a warship in which to carry C. C. Moore and M. H. de Young and the other boosters around the world to solicit the patronage of all the crowned heads and petty potentates. They declare that San Francisco was as self sufficiently serious as the three tailors of Tooley street with their "State wide conference" at Santa Barbara, in which a cut-and-dried program was carried out with all the precision of a Santa Cruz convention. Roaring with laughter that almost drowns the tumult of thunder and surge on the brown ribbed sands of Coronado, the San Diegans look upon the perfidious alliance between the conspirators of the metropolis and "Rubicon" Otis of the Los Angeles Times to put San Diego off the map and back in the place she occupied when the water came up to the old mission. They say down here that San Francisco is only half as witty as Falstaff because while the fat knight was not only witty in himself but also the cause of wit in others, San Francisco is only the cause of wit in others.

If San Diego goes down in the strife she will go down laughing—at San Francisco. But San Diego is determined to fight it out. She has nailed her colors—yellow and blue—to the mast, and they will stay there until the scuppers are full of her blood or until the last armed foe expires. She will flaunt her "prior right" in the face of the insolent invader; she will continue to demand that San Francisco shall "put up or shut up" precedent to her own demands upon the State legislature and Congress. Why, ask these dwellers in the eternal sunshine, have the denizens of the fog belt called upon the wide wide world for sustenance before they have passed the hat around among their own citizenry of the misty mid-region of Wier? The world helps those who help themselves. The purse of the other man is only at the behest of the solvent debtor and the highway robber—and San Francisco may be a pirate but she is not a highwayman.

San Diego is going to have an exposition all right. It may not be a "world's fair" like the one that San Francisco is planning on a promise of $5,000,000 if somebody else will put up $45,000,000; but it will be a show worth the price of admission, and it will be open from January 1, 1915, to December 31 of that year. It doesn't matter what San Francisco attempts, San Diego knows what she will do. And it may be stated now, once and for all, that whether San Diego wins or loses in this hand-to-hand combat; whether she ever attains her vaulting ambition to become "the first port of call north of the canal"; whether she establishes herself as "the gateway of the Southwest" or not, she will not aspire to rival San Francisco as "the Paris of America." She will not even hope to be a Monaco in the meaning that all the world has placed upon Mayor McCarthy's designation of San Francisco, notwithstanding the Riviera climate of the San Diego coast section and the temptation of the Coronado Islands within two hours' sail of the City Hall, across the Mexican line, or the contiguity of the bull ring and the cockpit of Tia Juana. San Diego plumes herself on her excess of magnanimity in this regard. Think of the attraction of a vast and untrammeled casino on the islands; and picture to yourself the invincible attraction of Tia Juana at its worst! How easily could San Diego advertise her exposition as the concentrated essence of all that is wicked east of Suez. Yet she leaves that dubious distinction to San Francisco, knowing that she is thereby pouring the wealth of the world's night life into the lap of the lady of easy virtue who sits serene, indifferent to fate (and scandal) beside the Golden Gate, peering solicitously through her lattice like an odalisque of the harems of Tunis or smiling a welcome upon the passerby like a sultana of the Red Bazar of Cairo. It is not in the mind of San Diego to deprive San Francisco and Mayor McCarthy of the opportunity to monopolize for their "world's exposition" all of the pleasure, profit and doubtful prestige they may get from a Midway Plaisance replete with Yoshiwaras and bayadere cafes of Port Said and Singapore.

San Diego says to San Francisco: "Go to it, fair but frail sister; you need not put on the soft, soft pedal, nor cease to talk so loud. Swing wide your widest door to your wide open town, crying, 'I love my wife, but O you once-in-a-while!' Let your joy and your morals be unconfined. On with your dance of death, and when you are surfeited and satiated with these things come to us and we will make you whole again. Come to us and we will receive you like a prodigal of prodigals, and put you in shape to resume your wayward course recuperated, rejuvenated and remorseless."

The trouble with San Francisco, however, is that she is a supreme, superb and irredeemable egotist and has not the gift to see herself as others see her. It is just as well that it is so. Nothing is so disheartening, so akin to despair, so hopeless for the human heart, as disillusion.

The Spectator

Roosevelt on the Anxious Seat

The lives of great men remind us that fatal indiscretions are often born of trivial impulses and that they are like the thief that comes in the night. And now that Mr. Roosevelt has emerged scathless from the midst of the ravenous fauna of the African jungle and braved the less disquieting dangers of the Methodist Scylla and the Catholic Charybdis, perhaps it remains for his biographer to dwell upon the tremendous twist that was given to the fortunes of his hero by what seemed to be so insignificant an adventure. We are assured by many of Mr. Roosevelt's friends that the occurrence is of no importance, but this assurance is not strengthened by the obviously profound anxiety of the ex-President himself. If Mr. Roosevelt thought the occurrence was of no importance he would not have cabled a message of several hundred words to his dearly beloved American people for the purpose of affirming his confidence in the soundness of a judgment which he knew would approve his conduct.

His Eloquent Appeal

So keen was Mr. Roosevelt's anxiety that in his haste to avoid figuring as the motif of an ugly sectarian controversy he addressed a most solemn and somewhat ridiculous appeal to all classes to take a calm, dispassionate view of the whole matter. "The important consideration," he says, "is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among good men"; also, "The respect and regard of those of my fellow Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants"; also, "Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense are not only profitless but harmful." And furthermore, by way of upholding his reputation for tolerance he tells us that in his journey through Africa he was so absolutely impartial that he didn't draw the line at Catholic missions but gave them the honor of his presence just as he did with respect to the Protestant missions. At the same time he confesses that it would cause him "a real pang to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends whatever their religious belief." Beautiful sentiments, these, and kindly expressions of good feeling, but—well the tone is certainly not that of a politician insensible of the unpleasantness of being one of the central figures of a religious imbroglio.

Significance of His Conduct

This Roosevelt-Vatican contretemps could be considered of no importance in certain circumstances different from those that appear to exist. If it were reasonable to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt was out of politics then it would not matter much whether there was any likelihood of his conduct being misunderstood. But the indications are that Mr. Roosevelt has a vigilant eye on his political fences. Indeed the contretemps derives importance from the very circumstance of the significance imparted to it by Mr. Roosevelt's apparently intense anxiety. There is but one conclusion to be drawn from his manifestation of anxiety, and that is that he has formed designs which are in danger of frustration.

His Breach of the Proprieties

Mr. Roosevelt's friends must necessarily deplore the unfortunate mix-up, for they cannot have failed to perceive that he has involved himself in a disagreeable controversy. It would certainly have been much better for him had he excluded the imperial city of the seven hills from his unique itinerary. But having rushed in where Fairbanks had not feared to take his lanky form it would have been better for him had he refrained from exposing himself to the biting criticism of the Vatican. It appears that as is usually the case when the impulsive Mr. Roosevelt becomes a party to a contretemps, attention is diverted from something that is salient. This was the case when he fell out with "Dear Maria" as a result of his indiscretion in backing Archbishop Ireland for the College of Cardinals. The significant thing about that controversy was Mr. Roosevelt's Machiavellian method of putting a woman in a false light. This significant thing was never revealed until after the public lost interest in the controversy, when Mrs. Storer published all of her correspondence. In the current discussion of the Vatican episode Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to accept the prescribed conditions upon which he would be received is treated as though it were the whole point of the story, and several important points are hardly dwelt upon. For instance but casual mention is made of the fact that surprise was expressed at the Vatican when it was learned that Mr. Roosevelt had given out for publication the text of the messages exchanged with Monsignor Kennedy and that in addition to divulging private correspondence he suppressed one of the messages which he had received. Now to say the least Mr. Roosevelt is guilty of a serious breach of the ordinary amenites of polite society. His correspondence with the Vatican was of his own initiative, and it should not have been given to the press without the permission of the Vatican.

A Bigot Heard From

Mr. Roosevelt's wishes regarding this imbroglio are not to be realized. "The important consideration," as he says, "is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among men," but it is already quite evident that the passions of bigots have been aroused. As soon as the news was received Bishop H. Greer of the Episcopal diocese of New York rushed into print to give the keynote of anti-Catholic sentiment. The American people,

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he said, would regard Mr. Roosevelt's experience with the Vatican as a national affront "no matter how much Colonel Roosevelt or others attempt to deprecate the incident." Bishop Greer evidently is a fine specimen of the old-fashioned bigot, a hold-over from the days when it was deemed an act of piety to crop the ears of heretics, but he is not at all singular in his day and generation. There is the good Mr. Tipple, for example, who promptly took occasion to flourish a firebrand not only to the discomfiture of Mr. Roosevelt but to the disgust of self-respecting Methodists. There are others who will be glad to regard the action of the Pope as a national affront. Of course they will not be able to explain why, but they will be none the less vehement and vociferous. The Pope certainly has the right to prescribe conditions upon which he will receive visitors, and it certainly is not at all remarkable that he is averse to receiving anybody who affiliates or is likely to affiliate with the only one of the jarring sects that considers it good Christian policy to proselytize in Rome by means of lampoons designed to bring discredit on the head of the Catholic church. The Pope explains that his attitude is not inspired with religious intolerance. He draws the line at no Protestant church save the one that conducts an offensive propaganda against the Vatican. Of course it is the privilege of the Methodists to promote the interests of Christianity by this means, but at the same time it can hardly be denied that it is the Pope's privilege to exhibit his displeasure thereat in the way that he has seen fit. The Pope's attitude is precisely the attitude the Emperor of Germany would take if he believed there was a possibility of an expected visitor from America entering into friendly relations in Berlin with a body of socialists who were heaping upon him diverse brands of personal abuse.

As Roosevelt Sees It

Though it is not my purpose to encourage discussion of this unpleasant topic I feel that a few more words thereon may not be taken amiss. These words have reference to the probable sentiment of Catholics. I fear that many of them, like Bishop Greer, may feel that an affront has been given, but that, unlike Bishop Greer, they may construe it as an affront to their church. Of course no sensible Catholic will dispute Mr. Roosevelt's right to refuse to visit the Pope on the conditions prescribed. But there is a possibility of Catholics resenting Mr. Roosevelt's attitude as revealed by his address to the American people and in his authorized interviews. In his address he appeals for approval of his own conduct and asks that the matter be treated as merely personal. In an interview when asked why he had not replied to the last message which he received from the Vatican he said he wished to keep the door open "not for his own sake but for the sake of the Catholic church in America." Thus it is clear enough that Mr. Roosevelt implies that the Vatican was guilty of something so discreditable that the Catholics of America would be made to suffer some kind of penalty. From this it must be inferred that Mr. Roosevelt conceives that what occurred was something in the nature of lese-majesty, and that it would be bitterly resented by the people. Letting the people understand that such is his conception of the matter is not a shrewd way of averting ebullitions of religious bigotry.

From the Catholic Standpoint

So far representatives of the Catholic hierarchy in this country have treated the incident with becoming calmness; in a manner to indicate that they are disposed to view the matter as Mr. Roosevelt would have them view it. But in view of the imprudent efforts of Mr. Roosevelt's friends and sympathizers to glorify him at the expense of the Vatican there is likely to be a radical change of sentiment among Catholics generally. It would not be surprising were they to protest against the curious conception which Mr. Roosevelt himself and his newspaper touts have of the position occupied by communicants of the Catholic church in America. It is apparent that they conceive that American Catholics must be held responsible for the temporal policies of the Pope, and that anything which the Pope may do in anywise distasteful to a religious sect or a political party in this country will justify reprisals against Catholics. That this strange and un-American conception is prevalent is evident from the many expressions of sympathy for American Catholics uttered by Protestant clergymen and from the circumstance that they have wondered how far the Vatican will have to go before American Catholics revolt and split into a few more jarring sects. That Mr. Roosevelt holds this view of the position of Catholics in America is evident from his explanation of why he didn't answer the last communication from the Vatican. A radical change of sentiment among Catholics is also likely to follow as a result of the efforts of friendly newspaper correspondents to make it appear that the Vatican has been guilty of a tremendous blunder. They are not conciliating American Catholics by the old trick of quoting imaginary personages for the purpose of insinuating sentiments favorable to Hr. Roosevelt and discreditable to the Vatican. Thus: "An eminent ecclesiastic is reported to have said, 'It is not the church but the private act of the Spanish Secretary of the State against the Colonel of the Rough Riders in Cuba.'" This sort of bosh is rather poorly calculated to assuage religious partisanship. The words attributed to an eminent ecclesiastic are taken from an Associated Press despatch to the Chronicle of Wednesday. Now let us come to the inspiration of it. In the Examiner of Tuesday appeared the following: Giornale d'Italia (organ of ex-Premier Sonnino)—"The incident between the Spanish Papal Secretary of State and the ex-Colonel of the Rough Riders who became so popular in the war against Spain demonstrates that Cardinal Merry del Val's permanence in the Borgia appointment will not augment the cordialty between the Vatican and the United States." Here we have at a glance the psychology of the ugly fabrication. Is this damnable sort of fake journalism likely to do Mr. Roosevelt any good? Are the Catholics of America to be expected to tolerate this species of strategy in his interest?

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The Battle of the Women

The placid sun-kissed town of Santa Barbara is to be the scene of a furious battle during the next few days, a battle of Amazonian cohorts which have been breathing defiance against one another for quite a long time. The line of battle will be formed when the ladies of the California Federation of Women's Clubs meet in the dreamy mission town to hold their annual elections. It will be a woman's battle, conducted with strictly feminine strategy, but it will be a horrid fray just the same. The dear ladies may smile and smile as they hurl their barbed shafts, they may preserve their looks of limpid innocence as they plot destruction for the enemy; but let nobody make the mistake of believing that there is not bitter feeling at the bottom of it all. Delusive is the smile of the clubwoman bent on battle; a thing of show merely, a superficial sign for the confusion of her opponents. No such mistake will be made by any of the ladies attending the meeting; they go prepared to give and receive blows. They go to fight for Mrs. James B. Hume of Oakland or to fight against her.

The Center of the Storm

Mrs. James B. Hume is one of the most distinguished members of the swagger Ebell of Oakland; also she is president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. James B. Hume will be the center of the storm which the weather bureau will report in the region of the Potter Hotel within a few days. By her opponents Mrs. Hume is charged with the awful crime of harboring a vaulting ambition; they whisper hoarsely that Mrs. Hume seeks to revolutionize the federation in her own behalf, that she would so amend the constitution that she may be able to accept the presidency for two years more. Mrs. Hume, they add, sees the possibility of national greatness gleaming on her horizon. She would like to be president of the National Federation in 1912. But there is more than this to Mrs. Hume's offending, in the opinion of her opponents. They have discovered a deep dark plot formed by Mrs. Hume to turn the federation over to the suffrage movement. For these reasons a goodly number of the delegates who will represent the 17.000 members of the federation at Santa Barbara are determined to thwart Mrs. Hume. They declare that Mrs. Waters of Los Angeles is the logical candidate for the presidency, as it is the south's turn to enjoy that honor; and they asseverate by all that is clubby that Mrs. Waters, not Mrs. Hume, shall be the next president of the federation.

Is Mrs. Hume a Suffragist?

To the charge that she would turn the federation over to the suffrage movement I understand that Mrs. Hume enters an emphatic denial. But those who make the charge are not convinced. Is not Mrs. Hume going to England soon? What can be her reason for going to England, unless to study the suffrage movement in the suffrage capital? So the dear ladies argue. And again, has not the federation, under Mrs. Hume's regime, devoted itself to the Roosevelt policies instead of to domestic problems? to the conservation of natural resources instead of to the conservation of servant girls? to waterways instead of to babies? What more natural than the step from these great problems to the problem of suffrage? The constitution of the federation forbids the discussion of religion or politics. Suffrage, say the opponents of Mrs. Hume, is a political question. So the battle cry is, Down with Mrs. Hume, the suffragist! It will be a tremendous struggle. The first skirmish occurred last Monday when a breakfast was given to Mrs. Hume at the St. Francis Hotel. Those who did not go saw, as in a glass darkly, the Machiavellian intent of that breakfast. They pitied those who did go. There was as much subtle poison in that breakfast, they whispered, as in an entree on the table of a Borgia. But there will be other breakfasts and luncheons too, at Santa Barbara.

Oletimer—Is your married life one grand sweet song?
Nulywed—Well, since our baby was born it's been more like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every night.

Romance of the Oil Fields

Somewhat akin in substance to the extravagance of fiction with which the fantastic tales of the East fascinate and enthral are the stories that come from Coalinga, the heart of the oil belt, about the fortunes that are there gushing from the bowels of the earth into the pockets of men. The gold fields of Nevada and the Klondyke have been relegated to the background in the interest of fortune-hunters since golden oil began spouting at Coalinga. It has been found that digging for precious ore is less profitable than boring for petroleum. Men are growing rich over night in Coalinga, and those that have not yet struck oil are in a high state of excitement over the prospect. Fortunes have also been made in land since the discovery of oil. Land that was at one time believed to be scarcely worth the taxes that were paid on it has brought great wealth to the owners. Of course everybody that goes to the oil field doesn't strike oil. Fortunes have been sunk in wells. Experience in the oil field is very much the same as experience in the gold field. Some men there are that have bored until they lost patience, and others there are that came upon the scene when patience was exhausted to be rewarded by going to a little greater depth. When the history of the oil field is written it will be found to abound in the same species of romance that colors the tradition of the Bonanza group of mines in Nevada. There are wild-cat schemes in Coalinga as there were in Virginia City, and some of them are trans-

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formed in the course of development. The Mohawk well, one of the most profitable in the oil belt, was started as a wild-cat scheme by three promoters. They incorporated with 500,000 shares of stock, two hundred thousand of which they sold to twenty "suckers" at 10 cents a share. Among the "suckers" were Carleton Wall of the Techau Tavern, and Habenicht, the photographer. Each of the "suckers" paid $1,000 for his stock and each has drawn out $20,000. Not a bad profit for an easy-mark to make in a wild-cat scheme. The promoters of the Mohawk sold their three hundred thousand shares of stock that cost them nothing at prices varying from fifty cents to one dollar and a half to Fred. Meyerstein, John Spring and Gus Umbsen and those gentlemen have made immense profits on their investment.

Reformers Going to Europe

With the gubernatorial campaign on the eve of its first important activities, two prominent reformers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League have announced their intention of departing for Europe. Colonel E. A. Forbes of Marysville, one of the league stalwarts in the Sacramento Valley, is about to start on an extended tour of the world. Former State Senator Charles M. Belshaw of Antioch is also packing his trunks and buying a set of Baedekers. That these two men should see fit to leave California for indefinite stays at this precise time is significant; in fact, as full of meaning as an egg is full of meat. But it is doubtful whether the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders whom they will leave behind will experience much pleasure in deciphering the meaning of their departure. Belshaw, we all know, was the most active of all seekers after the gubernatorial indorsement of the league. He was almost as busy trying to land the league O. K. as Charlie Curry is in seeking the O. K. of the individual voters. Whenever you saw Belshaw those days he was button-holing this leader or on his way to interview that one. But Belshaw was turned down cold.

Dissatisfied Leaguers

Being no Ajax, Belshaw did not defy the lightning that hurtled about his devoted brow; he bowed to the will of the leaguers with as much apparent reverence as though their will was the will of God. If he talked about them afterwards in rather acerbitous terms, that was only natural. And now he is going away. Somebody else must carry Antioch for Hiram Johnson. While the fight is raging here Belshaw will be sitting on London Bridge gazing at St. Paul's in rapt contemplation or bathing his poetic soul in the glories of Sorrento. No matter how many Macedonian cries may be sent forth, he will heed them not. Marysville, too, will lack a league leader, for the genial colonel will be as remote from the battlefield as Belshaw. Colonel Forbes has no axe to grind, but it is no secret that the candidates selected for the league indorsement did not all suit his ideas of politics and reform. His enthusiasm has somewhat waned; he has lost his eagerness for the fray and longs to be off a-sightseeing. Needless to say, the league will miss both Forbes and Belshaw sorely. They are men of large influence in their sections, but they will not be here to swing votes to the ticket.

How Forbes Got Rich

A trip to Europe generally indicates that the traveler is in prosperous circumstances. Belshaw has always been reputed a very wealthy man; not so Forbes, and the manner in which he made his fortune is a good story. About six years ago Colonel Forbes was engaged by William P. Hammon to get a number of deeds into escrow in anticipation of a big dredging deal in the vicinity of Marysville. The two men were thrown together a good deal. One night at eleven o'clock they were standing on the main street of Marysville when the town's "owl car" rattled by. Marysville had a very primitive street car system at that time. It consisted of five cars and six mules to haul them and it ran from Marysville to Yuba City across the river. Its most valuable possession was a perpetual right of way across the only bridge connecting the two towns and its financial condition was not a flourishing one. In fact, when one of the mules wearied of life and committed suicide by jumping into the river, the street car company was almost bankrupted. The government was buying mules at the time and the price was high. Hammon knew all about the condition of the car company and he also knew that Marysville was on the eve of the boom which has since come to that placid community.

A Profitable Investment

So as he stood with Forbes and watched the mule hauling the owl car on its last trip from Yuba City, a sudden idea came into his head and he said: "Let's buy this road." What little money Colonel Forbes had was invested in newspaper properties and he told Hammon so. "Let's buy it anyway," persisted Hammon and asked Forbes to find out how much the owners would

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sell it for. The colonel ascertained that the road was for sale for $16,000—$4,000 down and the rest on any old terms. The owners were eager to get rid of it before another mule developed the suicidal mania. Hammon took Forbes in on the deal and advanced the $4.000. In eight months the road was completely rehabilitated. Four new mules were bought, fare registers were installed in the cars and a switch was put in at the bridge. There was only one loss during the year—a mule shied at an automobile and was juggernauted by his own car. At the end of that first year the road earned $2,250 net. Shortly thereafter Hammon and Forbes sold the road to the Northern Electric Company for $130,000. After Colonel Forbes had paid Hammon what he owed him on the purchase price he had the nucleus of a fortune which by judicious investment he has since run up to nearly $300,000. No wonder the genial colonel thinks that he can rest up for a while by taking a trip around the world.

The Originality of Mr. Kahn

California is represented in Washington by no statesman more skilled in the subtle art of the politician than the Hon. Julius Kahn of the Fourth District. Mr. Kahn is therefore one of the most successful of American statesmen. His shrewdness as a politician is as keenly appreciated at the fountain-head of our government as in the city from whence he hails, as the story which I am about to relate, and which comes to me from Washington duly authenticated, serves to illustrate. Years ago when Mr. Henderson was elected Speaker of the House, after a hot contest in which Congressmen Paine, Hopkins and Sherman were his opponents, a dinner was given in his honor by Senator Perkins. The Hon. Julius Kahn was on hand, as were all the members of the California delegation. Wine flowed and sensibilities were attuned to the occasion when Mr. Henderson assumed the role of toastmaster. One of his first stunts was the introduction of Mr. Kahn. "Gentlemen," he said, "I propose the health of Mr. Kahn of California, the original Henderson man, the—" Here Mr. Kahn interrupted, with a joyful flourish of his hand. "That's right, Mr. Speaker," he shouted. Mr. Henderson resumed: "He is not only the original Henderson man, but the original Paine man, the original Hopkins man and the original Sherman man."

Hewitt—I don't like to be interrupted when I'm thinking.
Jewett—No, it isn't pleasant to have anybody flag your train of thought.

Our Tyrannical Press

For chastening the proud and tyrannical spirit and refining the manners of a newspaper there is nothing to be more strongly recommended than a course of treatment under the eyes of twelve good men and true summoned into a box to administer justice in accordance with the law of libel. It will doubtless occur to many of my readers, as it has occurred to me, that there are coarse and brutal newspapers in this city very much in need of this kind of treatment. In no city in the country are there newspapers so indifferent to the law of libel, so contemptuous of the principle of individual liberty, as those of San Francisco. Nowhere else are newspapers so free from restraint, so reckless in their criticisms of men, so dictatorial or so domineering as those that daily rage and snort in our midst, scattering venom and disseminating slander, wantonly wounding feelings and destroying reputations. Apparently there is nothing that they dare not insinuate against individuals who ignore their behests, no species of personal abuse in which they are constrained from indulging when the mood seizes them. What we are very much in need of is an epidemic of libel suits. There is nothing that a newspaper dreads more than a libel suit. Our local dailies are so afraid of libel suits that they have entered into a compact to discourage them by never mentioning them in their columns, thus hoping to get the idea of invoking the law of libel out of the public mind. This is the only compact that the dailies have ever regarded as sacred, and yet there have been occasional lapses from fidelity thereto.

The Libel Industry

This subject of libel suits was brought to mind by a lawyer from New York who was struck with amazement at the reckless brutality of the San Francisco press. "What this city needs," he says, "is development of the libel suit industry after the manner in which it is carried on in New York." He went on to explain that in New York there are lawyers who make a specialty of libel business. They are not high-class lawyers, he said, being akin to what are known as ambulance chasers,—pettifoggers who solicit clients at hospitals among men who have been injured in railroad accidents. The libel lawyer reads all the newspapers, and visits people who have been written up in a way that brings upon them humiliation and disgrace. Whenever he finds that a newspaper has wandered from the truth he induces the injured person to sue for damages. No criminal prosecutions for him. It is prosecution in the civil courts that the newspaper dreads, for there the rules are more stringent than in the criminal courts. These libel lawyers, though their method of hustling for business is not to be commended, have rendered a valuable public service. They have chastened the spirit of rash editors.

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Some pretty big judgments have been recovered from Mr. Hearst and other publishers who are becoming somewhat tame. In England the libel suit industry is at even higher stage of development than in New York. A Londoner recently donated to charity $500,000 which came to him in verdicts against the Harmsworth papers.

The Calumniation of a Judge

The Mr. Hearst who has became somewhat tame as the result of being mulcted in heavy damages in libel suits is not Mr. Hearst of San Francisco but Mr. Hearst of New York, two personalities as distinct as Jekyll and Hyde. Mr. Hearst of New York is also of Los Angeles where he received some rough handling in a libel suit recently, the consequence being that his Examiner of that city is now conducted with praiseworthy caution and prudence. The Examiner of San Francisco is an entirely different kind of paper. Its spirit has not been chastened for many years. Mr. Hearst of San Francisco has given his Examiner its head and it runs amuck every little while. A notable example of its reckless character was given last Sunday when it published a sensational story designed to destroy the reputation of Judge Ellison of Red Bluff. Judge Ellison was represented as having gone on an excursion with a representative of the United Railroads and the intimation was made that he had entered into an "unholy alliance" with one of the parties to a suit which is to be tried before him. The Examiner could have ascertained by inquiry at Judge Ellison's home in Red Bluff that there was no foundation for the story, but this method of inquiry would not have been in accordance with the policy of sensational journalism. It was preferable to send a reporter out into the night in an automobile in pursuit of a party of gentlemen who were bent upon a little innocent pleasure. By this method the newspaper would be able to impress its readers with its exceeding great enterprise and exploit the boldness, perseverance and masterly strategy of one of its young reporters. The injustice that might be done to Judge Ellison by the publication of a story that lacked atuhentic confirmation was a matter of no importance in the philosophy of Mr. Hearst's brilliant young disciples. So they freaked the story on the front page. The next day they discovered their error and promptly retracted. Did they freak the retraction on the front page? No, they buried it on the third page. Judge Ellison will probably be satisfied with this style of retraction. It is because the indignation of the victims of newspaper malevolence is so easily assuaged that our newspapers have ceased to bother about possible consequences when the opportunity presents itself to bludgeon any person whom they dislike.

She—Isn't it frightful, the number of people who die before they are thirty?

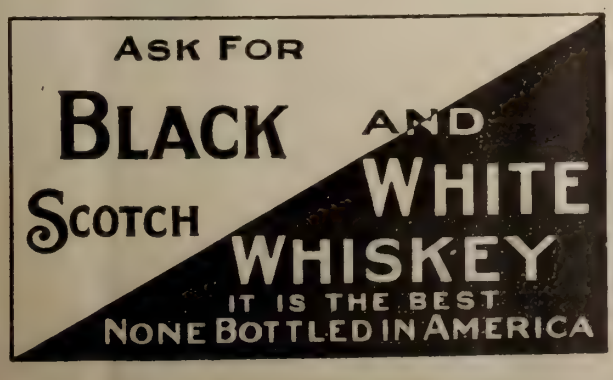
He—Yes. I should think women would own up in the face of certain death.

Spending C. P. Huntington's Money

It may surprise San Franciscans to learn how Archer M. Huntington, the son of Collis P. Huntington, is spending the millions which he inherited. It certainly is surprising New York where Huntington has attained a unique position by his patronage of art and scholarship. Mr. Huntington has founded an uptown civic center covering the large block bounded by One Hundred and Fifty-fifth, Broadway, Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth streets. This center now has four museum buildings, either completed or in process of building, in addition to a Catholic church. All are there owing to the generosity of Mr. Huntington. The first to be built was the building of the Hispanic Society of America. From his boyhood Mr. Huntington has been a student of Spanish history and literature and he is now an authority on the influence of Spain on America. Mr. Huntington presented two lots, next to the Hispanic Society's building, to the American Numismatic Society and there the society erected its permanent home. For the purpose of holding a medallic exposition in the new center Mr. Huntington recently erected a temporary building at a cost of $30,000. A few weeks ago the American Geographical Society began the erection of a building. The Catholic church, now nearly completed, is an interesting structure of Spanish architecture in the style of the classic renaissance. This new civic center is beginning to attract the attention of artists and scholars in all parts of the world and Mr. Huntington has been accorded a great deal of publicity for which he seems to have little taste. He has a handsome estate at Throggs Neck with a library valued at $2,000,000. He has established a fire department on the place to protect his books.

Professor Armes Gives Battle

It is interesting to note that a professor of the University of California is engaged in a tremendous dispute with W. J. Rolfe of Cambridge, the well-known Shakespearian scholar. The professor in question is William Dallam Armes and the crux about which he is disputing is this: When Lowell used the term "Words-



Indigestion is unknown to those who drink a glass of the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white) with their meals.

worthshire," did he refer to the Lake country or to the Wordsworthian state of mind? Readers will at once appreciate the transcendent importance of this question beside which the current problem of the high cost of living dwindles into piffling insignificance. James Russell Lowell, it appears, laid the foundation for this struggle of mighty minds when he wrote of the poet: "He was the historian of Wordsworthshire." That looks like a simple statement, easily interpreted, and Rolfe has interpreted it to mean that Wordsworth made a certain part of England his own by his painstaking description of it in his poems. When he gave Lowell credit for having coined the word, Rolfe sent a copy of his book to the essayist with a page turned down to mark the passage and Lowell made no comment. But Professor Armes knows better. What Lowell meant, he says, was "the mental domain of William Wordsworth rather than any particular locality." From Lowell, says Professor Armes, the term was copied into a guide book from which Rolfe "conveyed" it into a book of his own on Wordsworth. If Rolfe had not resented the use of the word "conveyed," the tremendous dispute would never have arisen. Being a close student of Shakespeare he remembers that Ancient Pistol used the word "convey" as a polite substitute for "steal" and he has asked Professor Armes if he too uses it in that sense. Professor Armes is still to be heard from on this interesting point.

"Turn back," pleaded the maiden, "O, Time, in thy flight, and make me young again, just for tonight."

"Certainly," rejoined Time, affably. "About how far must I turn back?"

"None of your business."

Here's to the Colonel

Though he isn't proclaiming it from the housetops Colonel Andrews is still in the land of the living with as much sparkle in his eyes as was ever emitted from a precious gem in his "Diamond Palace." Colonel Andrews is probably our oldest inhabitant, but not merely as such is he worthy of special mention in this the week of his eighty-sixth birthday and the sixtieth anniversary of his arrival in the old town; rather is it because of his singularity in this,—that notwithstanding the long period of his career in this turbulent community during which he has taken an active part in public affairs, he has never been on better terms with himself than with his neighbor. It is perhaps because of this that age sits with decent grace upon his amiable visage, which, though it wears the markings of years well spent is still as serene and bright as a Lapland night. Age that has stolen vigor from his limb has taken no fire from his mind. Colonel Andrews fought for his country in the Mexican War, he ran with the old machine in the early days of San Francisco, he survived the shock of calamity and burgeoned again into business while hot were the ashes of his old store round which had clustered the traditions of almost half a century. Let us drink to the health of our gallant young hero.

Death of Thomas B. Jeffery

Thomas B. Jeffery, head of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, is dead. The telegram announcing the death of the well-known manufacturer of Rambler cars was received in this city by L. H. Bill, western representative. The telegram stated that death came suddenly while the president and owner of one of the largest motor factories in the country was touring Italy with his wife. The death of Jeffery removes one of the most

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prominent men of the present motor car industry, he having been identified with the making of the Rambler cars since the old bicycle days. Born in Scotland sixty years ago, Jeffery came early to this country and was one of the first to build bicycles. Selling his interest in the old Rambler bicycles, Jeffery established a small plant in Kenosha, where he began to make the Rambler automobiles. Since 1901 he has been identified with the automobile industry and at the time of his death was taking an active interest in the management of the Rambler factory, which is considered one of the largest and best equipped in the country.

A Flourishing Financial Institution

No better index to the state of financial affairs in a large city can be found than that which is supplied by the Clearance House. The reports of the San Francisco Clearance House during the past three years show a steady increase in the volume of business. Equally gratifying are the bank reports that are made from time to time. This week the regular report of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank was made, and it shows that that institution is in a most flourishing condition and entitled to rank among the most solid financial institutions in the country. Its resources aggregate $32,736,681.48 of which amount $10,311, 835.63 is in cash and sight exchange and nearly $5,000,000 in bonds. Its deposits are $23,028,250.20.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 626 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 536 Polk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, March 29, 1910

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	$16,358,801.96	Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds at Par	2,450,000.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,602,306.02
Other Bonds and Securities	1,740,053.25	Circulation	2,450,000.00
Other Assets	219,865.38	Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	1,656,125.26
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	1,656,125.26	**Deposits**	**23,028,250.20**
Cash and Sight Exchange	**10,311,835.63**		
	$32,736,681.48		$32,736,681.48

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SIG. GREENEBAUM, President
H. FLEISHHACKER, Vice-President and Manager
JOS. FRIEDLANDER, Vice-President
C. F. HUNT, Vice-President
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Wild Scurry for Maids

A short time before Mrs. William Miller Graham departed for England where she has many friends in the most exclusive Mayfair set, she gave an elaborate house party at Santa Barbara. A number of the belles of this city were bidden. "I will have room for you and your maid for a couple of days and would like you to come" was about the way in which Mrs. Graham couched a number of her invitations. Of course all the belles who were fortunate enough to be asked were eager to go, but not all of them had maids. Equally of course, none of the belles was going to humiliate herself by going without a maid. What difference did it make if Miss Dash was in the habit of getting along at home without the luxury of a personal attendant? If Miss Blank and Miss Asterisk were going to Mrs. Graham's house party with their maids, certainly Miss Dash was not prepared to go unattended. So there was a wild scurry for maids. All sorts of domestics were pressed into service for the occasion and some of the belles even hired maids for the day or two which they spent at Santa Barbara. To such expedients are people forced when they are clinging to high social position with hooks of plated silver.

A Bell Hop for His Valet

Strangely enough the young men invited to Mrs. Graham's house party also received the intimation that there would be accommodations for their valets. Now valets are rare birds in San Francisco. Some of our most sought after chaps still pronounce the word in the French way, though John Drew made it an English noun several years ago. This is mentioned merely to indicate how benighted we still are in the matter of valets. Everybody who is anybody should have a valet, of course, and it never occurred to Mrs. Graham to suppose that some of her masculine guests were in the habit of "laying out" their own clothes and shaving themselves. Neither did it occur to any of Mrs. Graham's masculine guests to set her right by going to Santa Barbara without a valet. With admirable resolution they all determined, each invited guest in the privacy of his own thoughts, that they would go with valets or not at all. Our young chaps in society are just as proud about such things as the belles are. So valets were forthcoming from all sorts of unlikely places. There was Raymond Armsby, for instance. He took a bell hop of the University Club to Santa Barbara as his valet and nobody at Mrs. Graham's suspected that Armsby's man was a "buttons"; or if anybody did, he kept his counsel. Not so the wags of the University Club with whom Armsby is very popular. Armsby was having a great time in Santa Barbara until a telegram was brought to him. I am told he blushed when he read what his waggish friends had wired: "Send Pedro back at once. The pickling season has commenced. Yours truly, Kate Plunkett."

The Friskiness of Burlingame

What would Burlingame be without Eleanor Sears? Somewhat more otiose, a little more sedate, perhaps, but that is all. The dailies would have us believe that before the coming of the exotic Eleanor Burlingame languished in a sabbath calm that was broken at long intervals by the celebrated village cut-up Mr. Walter Hobart. This is far from the truth. Burlingame has all the color, spice and vivacity of the typical suburban retreat for the fashionable unemployed. There is always something doing at Burlingame, and of some of the things that are done there faint are the echoes that reach the bavardes of the daily press. The fact is that Burlingame has become decidedly Newportish in its manners, modes and moods. In other words it has begun to affect the ultra-conventional airs of smart society, as is evidenced by a frolicsome freedom from the restrictions which are regarded among the common herd as

Photo. H. Pierre Smith

MISS HAZEL LAYMANCE

A popular belle of Oakland who will assist her sisters Mrs. Leslie Rice and Miss Blanche Laymance at a large reception in honor of Miss Hamilton and Miss Baum.

essential to a virtuous and consequently monotonous existence. This generation of B'lingumites has been educated out of the timidity of its forbears. It has adopted a social code that puts no penalty on diversions that are frowned upon by the commonalty merely because something of a hazard is involved. It goes in for emotions and sensations that keep the blood from stagnating; all of which makes it advisable for the dailies to keep as close in touch as possible with our little colony of idle rich, for something worth while from the news standpoint may develop there at any moment.

The Sex Metamorphosed

The popularity of Eleanor Sears at Burlingame is evidence of the progress that has been made by our smart set away from the old-fashioned and commonplace. There was a time when exhibitions such as Miss Sears

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has been giving at Burlingame would have scandalized high society or almost any other kind of society. That was when the ideal young woman was of the Amelia Sedley variety—a shy young person appropriately described as a shrinking violet. Nothing mannish about the young woman of those drab days. A mannish woman would have been regarded as a freak, as impossible in polite society as an effeminate man. Society has undergone a great change of attitude for the reason doubtless that the athletic craze has become universal. It is no longer odd for a woman to pride herself on those qualities that win distinction in out-door sports. If Miss Sears is to be regarded as at all unique it is because she has a little more of the athletic temperament and a little more of the physical qualities essential to athletic

Photo, Scharz

MISS LILLIAN FISK

The beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fisk of Piedmont whose wedding to Mr. Allen Jaeger of Honolulu will take place this month.

achievement than the average female athlete. She is a pace-maker for her sex. Perhaps she may become the mother of a race of athletes.

Society at the Lemolle

To Miss Sears the public is indebted for certain manifestations of the freedom from unconventionality, which, as I have said, has become characteristic of smart society at Burlingame. If Miss Sears had not tramped down the peninsula with a retinue of social celebrities at her heels we should never perhaps have known of the intimacy between Burlingame and the Lemolle House. Direct to this typical French restaurant and into the privacy of its upper chambers marched the fair pedestrian and the young matrons and young men by whom she was accompanied. Nothing wrong about this episode, to be sure, but how droll, how deliciously frank! It was a public event, of course, for Mrs. Carolan, the bosom friend of Mrs. Pat, and all of the young folk chaperoned by her were on parade with the newspaper reporters and photographers on hand to record pictorially and otherwise the details of the great stunt that was being pulled off to the greater glory of Burlingame. These people being above reproach, the Lemolle House was purified by their presence, but the incident is worth mentioning, illustrative as it is of the present-day independence of our smart-setters. In the Vendome San Jose has one of the finest hotels in the State, but the Lemolle House was in every way better adapted to the spirit of the frolic that Miss Sears motived with grace and gusto.

There is some fear that Dick Tobin may be permanently lamed as the result of the accident which he suffered when his polo pony fell on him. The friends of the family are sincerely hoping that this may not prove to be the case.

The Harvey-Baron Engagement

The engagement of Miss Genevieve Harvey to Ward Baron is one to which the trained critics of the social drama should extend unqualified approval. Miss Harvey is a very charming young lady. Unusual gifts of mind and person have made her a great favorite in the circle wherein she has moved since her debut and there are many very eligible bachelors who have been secretly suffering the pangs of disappointment since the pleasant announcement of her engagement. Mr. Baron is to be heartily felicitated on his good luck. His engagement may be taken as a sign positive that the gentle influence exerted by his fiancee has turned his thoughts from the reckless gayety of gilded bachelordom to the calm joys of domesticity. There is no doubt that in the past Mr. Baron has been a heady youth, eager to press the wine of life from the choice vintage of boon opportunity. That was but natural for one placed in his fortunate position; and it is natural too that he should begin to weary of frivolity and yearn for the substantial goods of existence. Mr. Baron is of a very wealthy

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family, so the wedding will signalize the conjunction of two fortunes. It is true that the Harvey fortune has been depleted by unfortunate investments, but it may be confidently anticipated that Mr. Baron will lend his assistance to its rehabilitation, now that he is to become one of the family.

Not Their First Romances

If the gossips of society are to be believed, both Miss Harvey and Mr. Baron have had affairs of the heart before. At one time it was thought that Miss Harvey would become the bride of Harry Stetson and Mr. Baron was very attentive for a season or so to Miss Genevieve Walker who, like his fiancee, is a relative of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Once when Miss Walker was on her way to Philadelphia Mr. Baron accompanied the party to Sacramento and seemed inconsolable during the young lady's absence. The Harvey-Baron wedding will undoubtedly be an elaborate church affair as both are Catholics. Mrs. Downey Harvey, the mother of the bride-to-be, was Miss Sophie Cutter before her marriage and was a convert to the faith of her husband. The late Edward Baron, the father of Ward Baron, was married three times. His first wife was Miss Eva O'Leary of Tipperary. After her death he married Miss Annie Crooks who died at an early age. The third Mrs. Baron has been traveling abroad during the past year with Ward Baron's sisters, the Misses Margaret and Evelyn.

Shorb's Two Fiancees

The heart affairs of Norbert Shorb are complicated and interesting. Few young men could retain two fiancees for a period of several years. If the press reports be true Mr. Shorb has now lost both, and while this would seem an inevitable denouement, the finesse which enabled him to have two at one time should receive recognition. They were not acquired simultaneously. The first won Mr. Shorb's susceptible heart while skating. She was a member of Mrs. Shorb-White's famous skating club and weekly they rolled around the rink together. They became engaged. Later Mr. Shorb permitted sentiment to ooze out and determined to make a new deal. An unpublished statement is to the effect that the pretty fiancee's father declined to countenance an engagement and this fact spurred Mr. Shorb to further endeavor. However in time he became the accepted suitor of Miss Mildred Pierce, daughter of James H. Pierce of San Jose and niece of Mrs. Fred Beaver of this city, while continuing his attentions to the first fiancee. It was a difficult position to maintain. Both engagements were broken several times. The last break, described as final, is said to have taken place at a conclave of all concerned held at the St. Francis. But it leaves Mr. Shorb a record of romantic achievement.

When His Two Fiancees Met

The meeting at the St. Francis, I am given to understand, was arranged by the father of Miss Pierce. Both fiancees were present and each brought with her a large package of letters from the ardent scion of the house of Shorb. When Shorb appeared there was a tempest of hot words and a shower of tears and at the end of the disturbance both young ladies had renounced his friendship for ever and ever. The incident might have ended there had not young Shorb gone to the office of one of the daily papers in quest of vindication, carrying with him a detailed account of his heart affairs. One of his former fiancees got wind of his designs on publicity and also visited the newspaper office. She succeeded in having her name withheld from the story which was published on the following day. Of course everybody is

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wondering who she is. Let it suffice that she is a tall, pretty young woman with a pair of snappy bright eyes and a mind of her own; also that she is not unknown to journalism. I am told that when she met Shorb in the editorial sanctum the air was electric with her comments on his conduct and that his pleas for forgiveness were contemptuously repulsed. Miss Pierce too has become more obdurate than ever. It really looks as though Mr. Shorb's twofold romance has been shattered beyond repair.

"The Peninsula" Reopens

The vacation season of 1910 makes its formal bow on April 5 with the opening of "The Peninsula" at San Mateo on that date. "The Peninsula" has achieved a remarkable success and the outlook this year points to a most brilliant season. This success is fully deserved as "The Peninsula" is undoubtedly one of the finest resort hotels of the State. A large contingent of the society folk of the bay cities have reserved quarters for the entire summer.

In the Social Spotlight

Lavish and beautiful in all its appointments was the charming dinner given recently at the Potter by Mr. E. M. Greenway of San Francisco. The brilliant affair was given in the main dining room and the guests, among whom were many beautiful women in the most dazzling attractive creations, were seated at a large round table, exquisitely decorated with marvelously wrought silver candelabrum, shaded with pink, encircling a central candelabrum about the base of which were daintily arranged maidenhair ferns and pink sweet peas. These bloosoms were strewn over the board to an outer circle outlined with a gold band and interspersed at regular intervals with bouquets of sweet peas. Following the dinner the guests attended the regular Wednesday evening hop in the ballroom. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young, their daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Miss Kathleen De Young, Miss Phyllis De Young of San Francisco, Miss Maguire of New York, Miss Peeks of New York, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Forbes of New York, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Sard and Mr. Chas. De Young of San Francisco.

J. W. Adams, a prominent railroad man of San Francisco, is at Del Monte for a few days.

The members of the Hermoso Cotillion Club will hold another of their enjoyable dances on Saturday evening, April 9, at the St. Francis Hotel. The Colonial Ball Room will be the scene of this affair, which will be one of the most brilliant of the series.

Horse back parties are much in vogue at the Potter. Nothing could be more delightful. With so many places of interest to visit, and so many mountain trails to explore, this method of passing the long spring days will receive a good deal of attention. Mrs. Hardenburg, who is staying at the Potter, was the hostess of a merry party who galloped through the city bound for La Cumbre on Thursday morning.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mr. and Mrs. William G. Volkmann, Mrs. A. F. Holmes, James Irvin and family, M. A. Breen, Mrs. I. J. Talbott, Miss S. M. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Greer, Genevieve A. Greer, Arthur Furber Greer, Mrs. R. H. McCord, Miss T. A. McKee, Robert McCord, Portia McCord, J. F. Reilly, Mrs. M. C. Gile, W. R. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittridge, Mrs. Henry P. Dimond and A. W. Dimond.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Warren of Troy, N. Y., are visiting the Vendome at San Jose for the month of April. Mr. Warren is a prominent banker of Troy, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Volkman of San Francisco are spending their honeymoon at the Vendome.

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Mr. William A. E. Drescher arrived at Del Monte Sunday in his private car "Independence" with his family and Mr. Theodore Drescher and Miss Hilda Drescher, all of Rochester, N. Y. They will spend several days. On Monday they were entertained at a luncheon given at Pebble Beach Inn by Mr. Ransome Prate of San Francisco.

Mr. Leon Ottinger of New York City, who is visiting at the Vendome with his bride, is a prominent real estate operator of New York City.

Mrs. W. T. Jeter of Santa Cruz is visiting Mrs. James McNeil for the week end at the Vendome.

The gayest of spring hats, festive soft hued gowns, decorations of boughs of dainty apple blossoms, an elaborate menu and clever and amusing speeches were some of the leading features of the luncheon given Monday at the St. Francis in honor of Mr. J. B. Hume, retiring president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, by the Federated Clubs of San Francisco. About two hundred of the most prominent club women of the northern part of the State were present and enjoyed a delightful informal afternoon.

John Harris Ingersoll, president of the Ingersoll Watch Company of New York who is making a tour of the west, has been a guest of the Fairmont during the past week. Other arrivals from New York are John T. Kelly and George M. Jones who are touring California.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonhy who have been abroad for several months have returned to the city and have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Among the recent additions to the "Service Set" at the Fairmont are General and Mrs. I. H. Patterson, U. S. A. and Captain and Mrs. E. B. Underwood of Mare Island Navy Yard, and Mrs. Shelden Evans, wife of Lieutenant Evans, U. S. N.

John Carstensen, vice-president of the New York Central Lines who is making an extended tour of California with Mrs. Carstensen, has been the guest of the Fairmont for the past week. The New York Central people are appreciating California as a place for winter travel, a half dozen of their officials having been out here this winter, including President C. F. Daly.

George T. Dexter, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, has been a guest of the Fairmont for the week. Mr. Dexter is combining business with pleasure during his visit to the coast. Recently he was guest of honor at a beautiful dinner given by W. L. Hathaway in the red room of the hotel.

Clarence M. Howard of St. Louis, Mo., president of the Commonwealth Steel Company, one of the best known men in the steel business, was a recent guest at the Palace. Mr. Howard was a member of the Stillman party who have been making an investigation of railroad properties in Mexico and returned home via San Francisco.

Another important group of railroad men who met in conference at the Palace during the past week included United States Senator William A. Clark, president of the San Pedro, Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad, J. Ross Clark, his brother, who is vice-president of the road, and Thomas Kearns, former United States senator from Utah who is a heavy owner in that property. Senator Clark was met at the Palace by his son W. A. Clark Jr. and grandson W. A. Clark, Third, who have been staying at the hotel some time awaiting him. W. A. Clark, Third, to whom the devoted grandfather gave a million dollars at his birth and who has been called the "Million Dollar Baby" on that account is a joyous little lad and attracted much attention as he played about the court and corridors of the hotel.

Piedmont, April 1, 1910.

Dearest Bess:—

After all the rain of last week I am still in love with my hills, proof positive that I have found the one and only place in which to make a home—the Crocker Tract. It didn't seem possible that anything was needed to make this place more beautiful but the rain certainly fulfilled all the forecasts of those who were praying for it, and left everything sparkling like a jewel—in fact a whole bushel of them.

We are starting on our house as I wrote you we should and so awfully busy have I been that you lost a letter last week. I simply could not tear myself away from plans for both garden and house. And when I am not fussing about the place itself I am bhaunting seed shops—my latest purchase in that line being Wistaria plants, big ones, so that next season they will cover a pergola which has already been finished and is awaiting the selection of vines to go over it.

Tom is like a child with a new toy, leaves business an hour earlier to rush out and see if any new seeds have sprouted over night—or the foundation risen miraculously from nothing in the same space of time. Never have I seen him so enthusiastic over anything—even plain every-day vegetables are a source of delight now, and our kitchen-garden, if it lives up to his ideas, will out-vegetable anything of its kind that ever happened. You will be invited to the first salad, I promise, and woe unto your standing with Tom if you don't rave.

Yours as usual,

—Claire.

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Maud Allan's Dancing

A Confession of Disappointment with a Few Discursive Impressions Received from the First Local Exhibition of a New Art Form (So-Called)

By Edward F. O'Day

Until we see Miss Isadora Duncan and are enabled to make comparisons it will be impossible to say whether Miss Maud Allan is a great exponent of the new theories of so-called classic dancing. Miss Allan is the first dancer of the kind who has exhibited her powers in this city and we have nothing to measure her against. So all that we can do at the present time is to record the impression which her dancing makes on our unaccustomed minds. To me it all seemed rather absurd. I do not think that I am burdened with an overzealous sense of humor, yet I could not help smiling at the spectacle which Miss Allan presented. Certainly I have never found a marble or a painted nude ridiculous; I have felt no disposition to grin in the presence of the Venus de Medici or the Venus of Velasquez. But to see a young lady capering about the stage in a scanty garment which revealed her breast, her arms and her legs somehow or other excited my risibility. When Miss Allan appears in public in undress she exposes herself to criticism of a rather intimate kind. Let me say frankly that I think her feet too large to be beautiful—and too flat. In the mind's eye a nymph at play in Arcady is a beautiful object, but in the flesh 'tis another matter. We are far off from Arcady nowadays, it must be regretfully admitted, and we are rather critical of our nymphs. Perhaps too we expect too much pulchritude of them, having made their acquaintance chiefly in the works of the masters. Miss Allan is a pretty-faced nymph with a sweet smile, but she is not bountifully dowered with beauty of form. A woman is apt to look ridiculous when she bares her legs; that of course, and not any consideration of modesty, is why she wears stockings at the seaside. In Miss Allan this aptitude is heightened by the cavortings—the word will out—in which she indulges. If her dances were a series of stately movements executed on tiptoe, the effect would be less unfortunate; but to see her gyrating wildly with uplifted leg or prancing downstage in bewildering and quite unnecessary haste, is to lose the illusion of graceful dancing. The wherefore of it all is rather hard to find. At moments there are suggestions of poetical interpretation, but the moments pass and the sense of the ridiculous remains. I found myself listening to the beautiful music of Mr. Steindorff's symphony orchestra and vaguely resenting the distraction of Miss Allan's capers. She gave at best a superficial interpretation, an illumination of the obvious motives; her dartings and twistings never reached the soul of the divine harmonies of Chopin, Grieg and Strauss. In the Spring Song and the Rubinstein Valse Miss Allan was closer to the meaning of the music, no doubt because the meaning is not too far beneath the surface. But in the rest of her offerings it was difficult to trace the connection between dance and music. She reminded me of a very immature nymph jumping and running in considerable excitement because she heard music and liked it. A very kittenish immature nymph she was, whether she danced to the music of Anitra or the voluptuous strains of the Danube Waltz. Tolerable familiarity with Ibsen and Grieg convinces me that Anitra would not have been carried away by Peer if she had danced the way Miss Allan danced. He would have sent her to her mama. Miss Allan's interpretation of Asa's Death is gratuitous; it has nothing to do with Grieg or Ibsen, so far as I could make out; and as for the Dance of the Gnomes, it seemed to me a senseless, graceless series of contortions, particularly laughable. I must confess that if Miss Allan is a fair representative of the school I am disappointed in the classic dancing. It is not inspiring, it is not interpretative; it tells nothing which a rudimentary musical sense could not extract from the music and it leaves all the best of the music's meaning where it must ever remain, in the soul of the listener. If Miss Allan helped to attune the listener's soul to the soul of the composer and of the player, she would be accomplishing a great deal, but I fail to see that she does anything of the kind. To the seeker for amusement she is a novelty, of course; but to the music-lover she is a distraction. As for the much-discussed morality or immorality of her dances, 'tis a subject which would hardly occur to the primmest puritan spinster watching her. The suggestion conveyed by her undraped figure to the ordinary observer, I repeat, is the suggestion of kittenish immaturity unnecessarily exposed to the cold.

Mr. Skinner and Miss Jewel

Considered in Connection with "Your Humble Servant," with a Remark or Two About Critics

By Edward F. O'Day

Being but a humble hanger-on of the theatre, a sort of annotator appending my faltering foot-notes to the text of dramatic criticism, I am a careful reader of the appraisements of plays published in the daily papers under the signatures of our trained dramatic editors. For their opinions I have the utmost respect, for their characteristic modes of presenting their opinions, nothing but unstinted admiration. Uttering my feeble cry but once a week, I feel my inferiority to the strong voices that ring out day after day in commendation or condemnation of the current theatrical attractions. Theirs is a giant strength of authority and it is but natural that the should use it like a giant, sweetly but firmly tyrannizing public opinion. Yet does it become my duty now and then to oppose to this sweet tyranny an amiable resistance, an apologetic opposition founded on careful consideration but not urged to the extreme of revolution. May I within these limitations dare to differ with the critics on the subject of "Your Humble Servant," the play in which Otis Skinner is appearing at the Columbia? 'Tis a presumptuous undertaking without a doubt and one that will gain me no credit, yet I shall chance it. Mayhap my very insignificance will be my shield against danger; a giant would scorn to crush an insubordinate leprichaun. It is against the radiant targes of Mr. Renaud of the Chronicle and Mr. Anthony of the Call that I feel constrained to dart my minnikin spear and I do it in the character of unappointed champion to Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, the authors of "Your Humble Servant." Mr. Renaud and Mr. Anthony have conceived but a poor opinion of "Your Humble Servant" and they have not hesitated to say so. To Mr. Renaud it is "at its best, a thing of pretty sentiment, and, at its worst, a work of labored artificiality." Mr. Renaud finds that "it tells nothing but a story, and creates nothing but an atmosphere." This, I take it, is a little stronger than damnation by faint praise; also, it seems to me, in somewise contradictory. A play which tells nothing but a story may not be an Ibsen play or a Shaw interlude, but it seems to me that it may be a very good play just the same. A play which creates nothing but an atmosphere may not be a Shakespearian drama or a Greek tragedy, but it is hardly to be despised on that account. I suppose that a play which tells

something besides a story is a play like "Ghosts" which delivers a clinical lecture and that a play which creates something besides an atmosphere is a play like "Hamlet" which created a new school of psychology. But if a play tells a story and creates an atmosphere; if in addition it is at its best a thing of pretty sentiment, it strikes me that it may at its worst show signs of labored artificiality and still be a mighty good play. The story which "Your Humble Servant" tells is an absorbing story and the atmosphere which it creates is a fragrant atmosphere which may be breathed without hurt. Mr. Anthony condemns in more turbid phrases. He finds that "fundamentally" the play is "a poor play," but in the same breath he tells us that "artificially it is saved" by "the art of Otis Skinner." May one humbly ask how, if a play is fundamentally poor, it can be saved artificially by art? This seems a complicated process. Is the artificial assistance extended to this poor play by the art of Mr. Skinner cousin-german to the labored artificiality to which Mr. Renaud refers? And can art save anything artificially in the present state of the dictionary? I am compelled also to disagree with Mr. Renaud and Mr. Anthony in regard to Miss Izetta Jewel. Mr. Anthony calls Miss Jewel a star. I fear that Mr. Anthony's gallantry has galloped away with his usual precision. Miss Jewel is not a star and if she is destined for a theatrical experience similar to that of Mr. Skinner, she will be considerably older before she attains stellar honors. Mr. Skinner has only been a star for a few years, but for very many years he was a much better leading man than Miss Jewel is a leading woman. There is no offense meant to Miss Jewel. She is still quite youthful and has gained considerably in efficiency since the days, not so remote, when she was the leading woman at the Colonial and Davis theatres in this city. Mr. Renaud says that she is "capable of supporting one of the few great actors in America," meaning Mr. Skinner. She is supporting him, certainly, but I question whether hers is capable support. Capable support for "one of the few great actors in America" could only be given by one of the great actresses in America and Miss Jewel is hardly that. Miss Ethel Barrymore would be capable in that sense and the part of Margaret Druce would not be unworthy of her. After all this disagreement with Mr. Renaud and Mr. Anthony, it is a pleasure to express my hearty accord with them in one particular and that concerns Mr. Skinner. What I would say in praise of Mr. Skinner they have already said much more eloquently. Mr. Skinner is a great honor to the American stage; he would be an honor to any stage. I can think of no sort of acting to which Mr. Skinner would be unequal. He was trained in a wondrous school where the training was catholic, neglecting no element of the acting art. His voice is a splendid instrument perfectly subdued to his usage; he can obtain any vocal effect which he desires. His face is plastic, modeling itself to thirty varied expressions in as many minutes. His carriage, his gestures show exquisite poise. One of the greatest of our actors, he plays the part of an indifferent mummer to the life. That is genius. An indifferent mummer Miss Jewel plays the part of a great actress without carrying conviction. That of course is the inevitable result of insufficient training.

Stage

The Wonderful Dr. Pauline

Dr. Pauline, the French hypnotist who is exhibiting his powers at the Savoy, must be seen to be appreciated. To hear his feats described is to remain incredulous. To see him perform them is to acknowledge that he possesses wonderful and unusual control of his fellowman. Just what that control is only the scientist can definitely state. Just where actual control ceases and trickery begins nobody can say without making a special study of his performances. Whether there is any trickery at all in his exhibition is open to doubt. To induce a cataleptic trance is within the power of many; to hypnotise is not uncommon; but to exact obedience from subjects of catalepsy and hypnotism to the extent that Dr. Pauline does, argues either extraordinary control or finished trickery. By what power does a man drive the blood from the human arm, leaving it as pale as the arm of a corpse, and then summon it back with a rush? Dr. Pauline does this or appears to do it, and he claims that there is nobody else in the world who can duplicate the feat. This particular feat Dr. Pauline performs upon a subject who travels with him. There are four subjects who travel with him and he uses them in the performance of his most amazing feats. He explains that he does so because they are easier subjects and it is a plausible explanation; but it does not preclude another not so creditable to Dr. Pauline. To give him credit, Dr. Pauline claims only to give an amusing entertainment. He says there are many names for his exhibition and that some people persist in calling it fakery. He does not attempt to disprove the charge by argument, relying on ocular demonstration. If there is fakery, only a scientist can say where it begins and ends. From experience with other hypnotists we know that they sometimes resort to tricks. Not content with the legitimate exercise of their truly wonderful powers, they work out elaborate surprises which are hoaxes pure and simple. Dr. Pauline may or may not belong to this class. He has a personality that wins respect and it would be difficult to charge him with trickery while under the spell of that personality. But in the calm after thought doubts will rise. Every spectator must resolve them in his own way. Certainly it is worth while seeing Dr. Pauline. Not to see him is to remain in ignorance of a surprising development of a branch of science which is as ancient as the fakirs of India.

—The Sceptic.

MR. BURTON HOLMES AND HIS ASSOCIATE TRAVELER, MR. WRIGHT KRAMER.

Lambardis Again at the Columbia

The second and final week of Otis Skinner's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will commence Monday night, April 11. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday. At the Wednesday matinee the bese seats are $1.50. The Lambardi Grand Opera Company will

OTIS SKINNER
In "Your Humble Servant" at the Columbia Theatre.

play a return engagement at the Columbia Theatre commencing Sunday night, April 17. The engagement is to be limited to two weeks with matinees on Wednesday and Saturdays. During their stay the singers will be heard in no less than twelve operas and "La Tosca" with Ester Adaberto in the title role will be the opening bill. The cast of this production will be a starry one. Other works to be heard are "Rigoletto," "Norma," "Iris," "Mignon," "Madame Butterfly," "Carmen," "La Boheme," "Faust," "Il Trovatore" and the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Guerri and his great orchestra, so well received during the former engagement, will again be heard. Special attention will be paid during the coming engagement to the staging of the various operas in the repertoire. The scale of prices for the Lambardi season will range from 50 cents to $2.00. The advance sale of seats commences Thursday morning.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues

The Burton Holmes Travelogues, delivered by that splendid speaker and fellow-traveler of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Wright Kramer, will commence their season at the Garrick Theatre Monday night. On this occasion "Our Own Hawaii" will be the subject. "Our Own Hawaii" will also be given on Tuesday night and Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 p. m. The school teachers of San Francisco will be the guests of Manager Greenbaum at this Travelogue. On Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon the subject will be "New Japan Today," a truthful, striking and realistic "scene-transference" of the actual Japan of the present time. In Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, "Hawaii" will be given Tuesday afternoon and "Japan Today," Friday afternoon at half past three. "Old Japan" and "Java" will be given the following week.

May Robson at the Van Ness

The attraction that will reopen the Van Ness next Monday night will be Miss May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." The popular comedienne will remain in this city for two weeks with matinees on Saturdays only. The story of the play concerns a maiden aunt who lives in the country and hates the city. Her nephew is attending college and between times manages to get into all sorts of scrapes. His aunt disinherits him, but all is explained and everything ends happily after Aunt Mary's trip to the city during which the "rejuvenation" takes place. The comedy is a ludicrous one and the talented Miss Robson keeps the audience laughing from the rise to the fall of the curtain. An innovation in the scale of prices of the Van Ness is to be given a trial and Gottlob, Marx & Co. announce that there will be three hundred choice orchestra seats to be sold at $1.00.

The Third "Pop" Concert

The third of Will Greenbaum's Sunday "Pop" concerts will be given this Sunday afternoon, April 10 at Kohler and Chase Hall at 2:30 p. m. Mr. Allan Bier, a young San Franciscan pianist of exceptional talent, will make his debut, assisting the members of the Lyric Quartette in a rendition of Schumann's "Quartette" for piano and strings, Op. 47. Miss Mary Pasmore, first

NELLIE NICHOLS
The famous songstress comedienne who will begin an engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

violinist of the quartette, will play the newly discovered violin concerto by Hayden with Miss Harriet Pasmore at the piano, and the string quartette of the afternoon will be Franz Schubert's Opus Posthumous.

"The Chaperon" at the Alcazar

"The Chaperon" which is to be given its first western presentation next Monday evening in the Alcazar, was written by Marian Fairfax for Maxine Elliott, and so favorably was the famous actress impressed by it that she utilized it to open her own New York theatre, where it had a long run. Indeed the metropolitan critics unanimously pronounced it the best medium in which Miss Elliott had ever appeared. But while its leading character, a wealthy young American countess, is most conspicuously in evidence and runs the gamut of the emotions, from girlish drollery to almost-tragic seriousness, "The Chaperon" is not by any means a one-part play. It is comedy that puts everyone in the cast on his or her mettle throughout the three acts, for they appear as real people in situations and settings that might occur in everyday life. Its locale is in the Adirondacks, among an exclusive summer colony of New Yorkers. Everyone can heartily and without reserve relish the bubbling fun of "The Chaperon" because it is clean fun. The well-mannered and well-tailored characters will convey to Alcazar patrons a refreshing change from the uncouthness and squalor of "Salvation Nell." Evelyn Vaughan will have the part created by Miss Elliott, John Ince will play the hero, Howard Hickman the count, and all the other favorites will be equally well bestowed. Each of the three acts calls for an elaborate and picturesque setting which the Alcazar artists and mechanics can be depended upon to construct with the best possible view to scenic effectiveness.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The Flonzaley Quartet, the famous string organization that E. J. de Coppet, the Swiss millionaire, founded in 1903 and for eight years maintained at his "Villa Flonzaley," the members giving up all public work and teaching to devote their entire time to the difficult art of ensemble playing, will be Manager Greenbaum's star offering for April. After seven years' constant practice, playing only for Mr. de Coppet and his friends, the organization has arranged to tour in this country and Europe, de Coppet simply reserving certain weeks when they play at his home. The result of these years of constant ensemble work has made the quartet as near perfect as four great artists, all working with one object in view, can possibly be. Signor A. Betti is the first violin; Mons. Penchon, second violin; Signor Ugo Ara, viola; and Mons. Archambault, violincellist. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 17, at the Garrick. Quartets by Mozart and Schumann and a rare old "Trio" for two violins and violincello by L'Eclaire will be the offering. The second concert will be given at the Novelty on Friday night, April 22, with a Beethoven and a Hayden quartet and movements from works by Max Reger and Smetana as the offerings. The farewell concert will be given at the Garrick on Sunday afternoon, April 24, and a novelty in the way of a quartet by Dohnanyi, another old "Trio" for strings by Smartini and a Mozart work will comprise the program.

Woodruff Coming to Savoy

Dr. Pauline, the hypnotist, with Daphne Pollard and a clever vaudeville company, will appear at the Savoy Theatre for the last times this Saturday afternoon and evening. Next week the McAllister street playhouse will be dark, but it will be reopened Sunday afternoon, April 17, when "The Prince of Tonight," with Henry Woodruff in the title role, will be presented for the first time in this city. Mr. Woodruff is well known here and this, his first appearance in musical comedy, will be watched with particular interest. Seats will be ready Thursday.

Ferullo Band at Idora, Oakland

The programs offered by Fortune Gallo, manager of the Ferullo Band, now at Idora Park, Oakland, are neither so heavy as to be incomprehensible nor so light as to be unattractive to connoisseurs. Everyone therefore who attends the entertainments of this remarkable company of fifty Italian artists comes away with a feeling of satisfaction and a desire to return again and again. Ferullo is no faddist in music. The heaviest classic and the lightest ragtime receive each its due meed of attention from him and all are given interpretations that make them glow and throb with vivid life, a fact which ensures equal delight and satisfaction to all who attend these superb concerts.

"The Squaw Man" at Ye Liberty

Next week the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, present that ever welcome play of Edwin Milton Royle's, "The Squaw Man," the piece in which both William Faversham and Dustin Farnum starred at different times with marked success. In "The Squaw Man" Mr. Royle has written a play in which there is much stirring incident and has mingled the tragic and lighter shades of life in the right proportions. The drama tells a story that is full of throbbing interest and often becomes intense. Its glimpse of English life in the upper circles is followed by a picture of ranch life in our own West that is breezy and natural. Its action is spirited without being overdrawn, the lines are cleverly written and nowhere does it become "talky" or tame. Much of the incident in "The Squaw Man" is entirely new to the stage, and in theme and treatment it is far above most of the recent successes, so far as morality is concerned—all of which has made it an unusually popular play—a play that one can see and enjoy time and time again. It will be produced at Ye Liberty next

SIGNOR DOMENICO PALMA

Trumpet soloist with the Ferullo Band at Idora Park, Oakland

week with the usual care and detail so noticeable in all of Ye Liberty productions, and should maintain its record for popularity. "Salvation Nell" is to be presented after "The Squaw Man."

A Mystery at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Nellie Nichols, the songstress and comedienne who will introduce her medley reviews. She is the only Greek comedienne on the vaudeville stage and at one time was Greek interpreter in the New York law courts. She is gifted with a magnetic personality and has a uniqe way of getting her songs over the footlights. Under the odd title of Al. White's Dancing Bugs a quartette of skillful dancers will present a terpsichorean feature which, judging from reports, is appropriately named. Walsh, Lynch and Company will appear in a one-act melodramatic comedy called "Huckin's Run." It is pronounced a cleverly written piece, combing fun with a touch of pathos and an interesting story. The slang is amusingly contrasts with the rural dialect. The Picquays, Maurice and Ethel, who have but recently arrived from Europe, will offer something new the details of which they prefer not to announce, in order that their act may come as a complete surprise to the Orpheum audiences. Next week will be the last of Edwin Holt in "The Mayor and the Manicure." It will also conclude the engagements of Charles F. Semon, Barnes and Crawford, and Marguerite Haney in the musical playlet "The Leading Lady."

Grace George and her company appearing in "A Woman's Way" have left for the Pacific Coast after a triumphant tour of the principal eastern cities. Those who found enjoyment in Miss George's portrayal of the leading role in "Divorcons" will be pleased to learn that the charming little actress has eclipsed that interpretation with her efforts in the Buchannan play.

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NEW JAPAN { Thursday and Friday Evenings. Saturday Afternoon at 3.
TRAVELOGUES AT YE LIBERTY, OAKLAND
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Second Week—"Old Japan" and "Java."

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The Finest String Quartet in the World.
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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c and 50c.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Operations in the recent week have reflected the unsettled state of sentiment in the Wall street security market incidental to the expected decision of the American Tobacco case. Timid holders of securities have been cleaning house for an adverse report which has caused a generally heavy tone in stocks. What would appear to be substantial buying has occurred in the leading securities in the course of this liquidation with the result that in the closing session a fairly firm tone was exhibited. While the English bank rate was not raised above the four per cent mark, foreign exchange warranted a profit to be shown in gold exports and $2,000,000 of the yellow metal was taken for export and the chances favor further shipments in the coming two weeks. It was a notable fact, however, that stocks did not decline on this incident. The best opinion had it that there would be no decision on the tobacco case Monday. We are believers in higher prices for securities eventually.

Wheat—Last week was a most discouraging one for the believers in higher prices for wheat. Constant additions to the already liberal investments by larger interests were necessary at times to prevent the market from running into more or less demoralization. Non-professional speculators and investors have not been tempted to follow the big leaders and they have been compelled to make their campaign pretty much alone. That there is an apparently inexhaustible supply of new crop wheat still to come on sale has been clearly demonstrated on all the strong spots that the wheat market has developed in the last week. The present big owners have apparently pinned their faith to the theory that there have been enormous crop losses by winter killing this year. The Missouri report shows an April 1 condition of 67.5 as against 70 in April last year. Kentucky shows a condition of 50 as against 84 a year ago. Neither State, however, gives any figures on abandoned acreage. The Oklahoma report makes a condition in April of 92 as against 78 a year ago and says that only one-half of one per cent of the acreage had been abandoned as against eleven per cent a year ago. Official statements by the government on the condition of winter wheat on April 1 were made at noon, eastern time, on Friday. It would require a deterioration of 13.6 points from the December condition to bring the April 1 condition down to where it was one year ago, 82.2. No statement of the acreage abandoned will be made before the government report in May.

Corn—May liquidation was on in corn during the last week with the result that delivery declined a little more than other months. Meanwhile spreaders between the corn and oats markets sold distant deliveries of corn and bought oats.

Cotton—There has been a decided change of sentiment in cotton this past week, due, as we have predicted, to a change in the weather conditions, especially in Texas. As, during the past few weeks, the elements were the controlling factors of the market; so, now for the future will the increased acreage and any good news in regard to the same dominate the trend of prices to the exclusion of anything else. We herewith submit the report of the Bureau of the Census on supply and distribution of cotton in the United States which was issued a few days ago, and think the comparisons are instructive:

Supply	This Season	Last Season
Stocks in U. S. Sept. 1—In Warehouses, at Mills, in Hands of Producers, etc.	1,483,585	1,236,058
Ginned from Sept. 1 to February 28, inclusive	9,974,998	13,029,902
Foreign cotton imported	93,778	98,000
Supply for six months	11,552,361	14,363,960
Distribution	**This Season**	**Last Season**
Exports to February 28	4,599,682	6,556,571
Consumption—North, 1,298,197; South, 1,228,786	2,526,983	2,534,040
Mill Stocks February 28	1,674,331	1,850,033
Stocks in Warehouses, 1,932,521; elsewhere in U. S., 818,844	2,751,365	3,443,316
Total distribution for six months	11,552,361	14,363,960

The report discloses the fact that while takings by American mills to date have been 531,000 bales less than for the same period one year ago, 3,336,000 compared with 3,867,000, actual consumption was about the same during the first six months of the season as last year, only 7,057 less, and while mill stocks on February 28 last were 1,674,331 bales against 1,820,033 on the corresponding date in 1909. Bulls point to the small stocks at the ports, interior towns, etc., bears to the full stocks at the mills, to the accumulation of goods as a result of the big consumption and poor demand in America and to the easiness prevailing in the cotton goods market. The features referred to, however, will be lost sight of in the interest that will be taken in the new crop preparations and reports in regard to the same only strengthen our conviction that, under ordinary conditions, this new crop will be 14,500,000 or more bales. We therefore see no reason to change our opinion that the present price is too high.

Copper—The position of copper metal is consolidating for an advance in the international markets. For a fortnight current production has been absorbed by the markets—almost 4,000,000 pounds per working day. After the Easter holidays the copper and brass working industries of Europe will employ about 87,000 more hands than were at work at the beginning of the month. The Oriental markets are beginning to move briskly in manufactured brass and copper. In domestic markets all the large consumers of copper have gained 25 per cent in the degree of occupation over the business done a year ago. As trade is trending, the General Electric, Westinghouse, Western Electric and the other very large consumers of copper will be at full capacity in July. The American Brass Co., by far the largest copper-consuming interest in the world, is now running full time with three shifts of hands, and in some lines is making more goods than at the height of the last boom.

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The best informed opinion is that by May 1 copper will be a cent a pound higher, which on the present basis of production means an addition of $18,000,000 to North American copper producers for a year's outturn at only one cent a pound above current rates. But when copper begins to climb it will go rapidly upward until 16 or 17 cents a pound in the coming autumn would be a fair price.

Local Securities—The chief interest in the local market for stocks and bonds seems to have been turned lately toward the power stock group where a number of new high records have been made. On rumors of increasing earnings which give promise of larger dividends, City Electric, Northern California Power and Pacific Lighting common have all been taken in hand and advanced by leaps and bounds. Of the balance, Spring Valley Water has quieted down and is selling lower by a couple of points. Associated Oil has been more or less active without fluctuating much one way or the other. Hawaiian Sugar stocks continue to be in favor, Hawaiian Commercial, Hutchinson, Makaweli and Paauhau having the firmest tone. California Wine has lately suffered a decline and Pacific Telephone and Pacific Gas & Electric stocks have remained practically dead. Bond trading during the week has been of rather small proportions and has not displayed any important changes outside of declines in Peoples Water 5s and Market Street Cable Railway 5s.

Odd Things in the World

In view of the approach of the Halley comet and the speculation, even among scientists, as to what may possibly happen should its tail brush the earth, one of Edgar Allan Poe's short stories is of more than common interest just now. It is called "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion" and describes in awful detail the result of a collision between the earth and a comet. The tail of the approaching comet is supposed to contain a certain amount of cyanogen gas, a deadly poison, and curiously enough the end of the earth as described by Poe seems to have been due to its envelopment in a gas of some sort, though the author does not name it. All those who delight in working themselves into a fever of fear over the visitation of a comet should read this tale of Poe's. It is a fearsome thing.

The County Council of Lancashire has found it necessary to appeal to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to grant powers to prohibit the taking of mussels for human consumption from beds known to be dangerously contaminated. When the Council approached the owners of the foreshore they were met by the objection, which had been upheld, that mussels were wild animals, and there was no property in them until they were captured. One hundred million mussels are annually consumed in Lancashire.

Seven cities contend for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, and several towns in Italy claim the right from his association with them of commemorating Guido Monico, or Guido d'Arezzo, as he is more commonly known. The little town of Talla, near Carentino, has set up a monument to mark his birthplace, but it is doubtful if the claim can be substantiated against the claim of Arezzo. It is generally conceded that Guido was a Benedictine monk, and that he was a great writer on music of the eleventh century. The claim is set up that he was born near Paris, and migrated to Arezzo. He wrote the "Micrologus," but Grove discards many of the pretensions which have been formulated concerning Guido's achievements. It appears, says Grove, that Guido invented the principle upon which the construction of the stave is based and the F and C clefs, but that he did not invent the complete four lined stanza itself.

An invention in connection with projectiles to be fired at balloons and airships has just been made by Herr Wagner, landlord of the Railway Hotel at Ensdetten, near Munster, in Westphalia. The projectile is so constructed that when it leaves the cannon four knives in the casing open, thus giving the missile greater destructive power.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 9.)

replied that the person in question was an old man with a large family, and he would prefer withholding his name, or words to that effect, and King, though apparently not satisfied with the answer, left him.

The next day he again called upon Casey at his office in company with John Walton, a deputy Collector of the Port, and repeated his demand, though with no better success than he had met with the day before.

Casey then consulted me, and I told him I thought the matter would end there. I knew by the antecedents of Thos. S. King, that he must be a poltroon, and told Casey that I did not think he ever meant to bring the matter to an issue of arms. Casey, however, differed with me in opinion, and said that he had made up his mind to pretend to be shy of King, to encourage him, if he would, to take further notice of the card. I advised him to let King take his own course in the matter, and to trouble himself no more about it unless again called upon.

In the mean time King consulted with a gentleman, and acting, I presume, under his advice, addressed two or three notes to Casey on the subject. He also published a card in the San Francisco Herald, asking for a suspension of public opinion on the communication of Caliban.

Having received, as I understood, no satisfaction from his correspondence with Casey, Thos. S. King, notoriously connected with a sheet whose every issue teemed with the vilest and most indiscriminate personal abuse, one morning repaired to the pistol gallery kept by Natchez, on Clay street, and had his Derringer pistols cleaned and loaded. He then went in search of Casey, saying to several persons that he was following him, would make him give up the author, etc. He finally met Casey at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery street, next door to the Bulletin office. I happened to be standing near the spot, in a little segar store. King approached Casey and told him that he would give him until ten o'clock the next day to give up the real name of Caliban. Casey replied that he did not desire another minute; that he was himself the author and responsible. Upon this, King said that "he thought the author was a gentleman," and walked away. Better, far better had it been for the community, the country, and the lovers of free institutions all over the world, if, on that morning, King, Casey and myself had all fallen in a street melee, and the seeds of internal discord, afterwards sown so broadcast in the land, had been buried in our obscure graves. But it was not to be so. James King of Wm., provoked to retaliate on the cause of his brother's discomfiture and disgrace, published the next day in the Bulletin a very severe article, in which he alluded in terms of the bitterest opprobrium to Casey's antecedents in New York, and stated facts in connection with his life there, which, being published without any explanation, of which they were to a certain extent susceptible, had a tendency to degrade Casey in the estimation of all good men. The following is an extract from the article:

"The fact that Casey has been an inmate of Sing-Sing prison in New York, is no offence against the laws of this State; nor is the fact of his having stuffed himself through the ballot-box as elected to the Board of Supervisors from a district where it is said that he was not even a candidate, any justification for Mr. Bagley to shoot Casey, however richly the latter may deserve to have his neck stretched for such fraud on the people These are acts against the public good, not against Mr. Bagley in particular, and however much we may detest Casey's former character, or be convinced of the shallowness of his promised reformation, we cannot justify the assumption by Mr. Bagley to take upon himself the redressing of these wrongs."

Casey, upon reading the above, repaired to the editorial room of the Bulletin, and told James King of Wm. that he desired he would not rake up the events of his past life in New York. He said that he was perfectly willing his conduct in California should be scrutinized, and that if anything could be proven against his character here, he was willing it should be published; but with reference to past matters he was exceedingly sensitive; that he was young and inexperienced when the offence, for which he had been imprisoned was committed, and, as the evidence and the record showed, it was at worst but a case of constructive larceny. King replied that he would publish whatever he saw fit, and that, on the next day, he would be still more severe. Casey then told him he must be prepared to defend himself on the street, as he intended to attack him on sight, upon which King ordered him out of his office and threatened to kick him out if he did not go. Casey left the office and immediately arranged his private affairs preparatory to attacking Mr. King.

While all this was going on I was attending to a cause before Justice Ryan of the First Township, for Captain Dodge, of the schooner "Matthew Vassar." About twenty minutes past four o'clock of the day on which Mr. King was shot, seeing that another cause which was being tried was likely to occupy the rest of the afternoon, I asked to have that of Captain Dodge postponed until the following day. This was granted, and after my client and I had stepped out of Court, I saw the Evening Bulletin containing the above remarks with reference to Casey. I had not up to this time even heard that Casey had had an interview with King. I went from the Court-

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room down on to Montgomery street, and stopped in the neighborhood of the Bulletin office. I saw many persons gathered in knots about the streets, and everything indicated to me that a fight was expected. It was now about twenty minutes of five o'clock. While I was standidng on the street a friend informed me that Casey wanted to see me at a bar-room kept in the rear of the City Hall by James Godfrey, Esq. I at once went there and among a great many other persons I saw Casey. He and I immediately stepped into the alley on which the house is situated, and I there learned for the first time what had occurred between him and Mr. King. He was very cool but apparently very angry. He told me that his determination was to attack Mr. King, and that he had finished the adjustment of his affairs, so that in the event of his fall there would be no difficulty about them. He said that he expected the meeting would result in a desperate fight, as Mr. King was greatly his superior physically, and moreover from the daily tone of the Bulletin, as well as from the notice he had given him, he took it for granted that he would be fully armed. He begged me not to be in the street at the time the fight took place, lest, in the event of Mr. King's death, I should be suspected of complicity, on account of my supposed connection with the Caliban matter. He then embraced me and I left him. I was secretly determined notwithstanding his injunctions to see the encounter. Like almost all old Californians, I was accustomed to such sights, and, naturally enough, when I knew that a fight was about to take place, curiosity prompted me to witness it. Accordingly I returned to Montgomery street, and after standing there some minutes, I concluded, as I saw nothing of Casey, that perhaps he had changed his mind about making the attack. I sauntered up Montgomery street, and entered the Bank Exchange on the corner of Washington. Here I met an old Philadelphia acquaintance named Peter Whiteman, and invited him to drink with me. While we were standing at the bar, the boy Butts (whose name appears in the subsequent examination of the case before the Grand Jury) entered the room and said something to Whiteman which I did not hear, and Whiteman immediately left the room. I suspected that King and Casey were about meeting and saw many persons standing about the sidewalks, but seeing nothing of Casey, concluded once more to leave the scene, and started up Washington street, on my way to my rooms on Dupont. As I traveled up Washington street, I was met by Henry B. Truett and Hamilton Bowie—the latter since dead, peace to his ashes! They were riding in Mr. Truett's buggy. Being intimate with both of them, I informed them of what was going on, when Truett remarked, "If such a fight is coming off, it is no place for me." I told them if it did come off I did not intend to witness it, and they drove away in an opposite direction. I continued up Washington street, and on reaching Kearny, I met James T. Green of the police (now Justice Green of El Dorado County) together with John Nugent and Samuel Stevenson, also of the police. We all went into a place called the Boomerang on Kearny street to drink. While we were conversing about my applying to Mayor Van Ness to have Nugent, who had been suspended, reinstated on the police, a man rushed by on his way, as he said to see Mrs. King, informing us that her husband had been shot by Casey. Presently I saw the crowd rushing up Washington street, following Casey, who was in charge of the officers, to the City Hall. From thence he was shortly taken to the jail. I went up to the jail and there found Thomas S. King haranguing the mob in a very excited manner.

I remained there sometime, and then went with a friend to my usual place of dining. After dinner, H. H. Byrne, the District Attorney, entered the room, laughing and apparently exulting over the occurrence of the day. He had, I think, been drinking a little. Presently with a very knowing air, and running his fingers through his locks he exclaimed: "Judge, this is your pistol," at the same time exhibiting a Derringer which he said his brother Lafayette Byrne, a deputy sheriff had taken from Casey. After Casey had shot King, Byrne was the first officer who approached him, and it is said that Casey, believing him to be his friend, slipped this pistol into his hand before entering the City Hall, not wishing to compromise the party from whom he had borrowed it.

I replied to District Attorney Byrne, "If it is mine, give it to me." It was not mine; mine were in my pockets where I habitually carried them. They were gold mounted and are well known to hundreds of men in San Francisco. I wished however to get possession of the pistol, for I thought I recognized it, and considered it no harm to shield, if possible, the party to whom it belonged from suspicion; the more especially as it will be remembered that Mr. King was not shot by a "Derringer," but by a revolver.

Byrne refused to give me the pistol and I said no more about it, taking care to leave him still under the impression that it was mine, knowing that, if called upon, I could easily clear myself of the suspicion. A few days afterward Mr. King died, and Lafayette Byrne swore at the inquest that his brother, the District Attorney, took the pistol saying: "Don't say anything about this, but try to find out the owner. I think some one else is engaged in this, and I want to ferret it out." Since my return from Southern California, he declares to my friends that he did not in that remark mean me. If he did not mean me, believing as he said he did, that the pistol was mine, who did he mean? If he did mean me, why does he, now that I have, contrary to his expectations, returned, so solemnly asseverate that he did not?

It was necessary for him however to keep up a fair appearance of devotion to his duty in this matter. His own safety demanded it. Once convinced of that fact, no feeling of honor could prevent him from turning the full tide of unjust suspicion against one who had ever been his unselfish friend.

The excitement caused by the attack on Mr. King, it will be remembered, induced the sheriff to summon a posse of the citizens to protect the jail against any attempt to take Casey therefrom. I among others was notified to serve, and did so.

On the evening of the sixteenth of May, however, an event occurred never to be forgotten or sufficiently deplored. On that fatal evening, while there was yet hope that the majesty of the law would be respected, and a popular outbreak prevented by an exhibition of firmness on the part of the sheriff and his posse, the Governor of the State, doubtless actuated by the best motives, suffered himself to be influenced by weak counsel, and relying on the bad faith of seditious and designing men, encouraged the sheriff by his countenance if not advice, to admit within the walls of the jail a party of men connected with the band of conspirators then organizing under the name of the Vigilance Committee. From that hour I knew that the fate of Casey was sealed, and believed that nothing could avert the storm that seemed about to burst upon the city. Several of us threw down our arms in disgust and left the jail. I went down Montgomery street and into Barry & Patten's saloon.

(To be Continued.)

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Auto Notes

That the demand for motor cars in this country is far from being supplied is evidenced by the fact that some of the leading manufacturers are unable to accept business opportunities presented to them from the countries of the old world. Only recently the Oakland Motor Car Co. of Pontiac had a chance to make agency connections in Egypt, Turkey, Asia Minor and Peru. They were compelled to decline the offer for the reason that their 1910 output had already been alloted to their American representatives.

R. D. Burris, manager of the Santa Rosa Garage, is in town to take delivery of a Hudson touring car from the Pioneer Automobile Co.

The popularity of Monogram Oil among those who most closely follow automobile affairs was decisively indicated by its use at Wednesday's hill-climb. Of the seventeen competing cars fifteen were using this brand of lubricant. Harris Hanshue who made the fastest time of the day, setting a new record for the annual hill-climb with the Apperson Jackrabbit did so while using Monogram. Hanshue won both the third and fourth events. Of the four remaining drivers who won first places three, Cousins in the Mitchell, Oakes in the Knox and Murray in the Buick "30" were using Monogram. Among the other drivers who placed while using the oil are A. Ruddle in a Ford, McDonald in a Winton, Charles Allen in a Thomas "70," Charles Soules in a Stearns, Hanson in a Stearns, C. O. King in a Maxwell, Walter Morris in an Autocar, Longwell in an Auburn and Shadburn in a Crawford.

"It would be interesting to know just how long the air pumped in a tire by any auto manufacturer will last," said Mr. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co. "We are just in receipt of a letter from Mr. S. D. LeClair citing an exceptional case. Whether this is a record, however, or not, would be pretty hard to determine. Mr. LeClair writes: "It may be to your interest to know that I have a Model 'K' Winton touring car equipped with Diamond Tires. One of the tires still has the original air in it that came from the factory in the early part of 1906, right after the fire, when there were practically no streets in San Francisco."

An announcement that has been received with much enthusiasm by the local auto fans is the one just made by the San Francisco Motor Club to the effect that the next big event to grace the automobile bill-board will be a two days meet at Tanforan track. The dates set are May 29 and 30. Beside the auto races, which will cover every class of car, there will also be several novel features in conjunction that should make the meet the biggest thing of its kind ever held in this vicinity. Prominent among the latter will be a number of airship contests and demonstrations. The meet is a good-roads project, the proceeds to be entirely devoted to fixing the road from the end of the boulevard into San Mateo. Plans for a good road movement for San Mateo County have for some time been under discussion, the parties most interested being the San Francisco Motor Club, the Automobile Club of California, the San Francisco Automobile Dealers' Association and the San Mateo County Supervisors. The coming Tanforan meet under the auspices of the San Francisco Motor Club is a very definite result of these considerations. In speaking of the prospects Tony Nichols, Chairman of the Contest Committee, said: "We certainly expect this project to be tendered a hearty reception by everybody at all interested in automobiles. In the first place we are going to arrange for the best contests attainable and the sport will be fine. Secondly, the purpose of the meet should vitally interest every progressive citizen of either San Francisco or San Mateo counties. We have already engaged George Detrick as secretary of the committee for the meet and preparations are well under way."

The Mays Oil Company of Midway, Kern County, took delivery of a White Gasolene Car last week. After giving it a thorough test on the Kern County roads the driver wrote Frank Davis a letter, reading: "I would have written you a letter sooner but I have been pretty busy riding around the roughest road that I ever encountered. Had a fine trip down from San Francisco. We are about sixty-eight miles from Bakersfield and I have made the trip there and back three times without a bit of trouble. This car is certainly the best that we could have got and it goes up hill just as fast as down. In consideration of the roads we could not possibly expect better service.' When I go to town a crowd, ready with every kind of question, surrounds the car. It certainly has made a hit here."

Mr. A. McAndrew of Nordhoff, Cal., has recently completed a tour of New England, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales and has written The Diamond Rubber Co. that two Diamond Tires on his Pope-Hartford car have covered some 9000 miles without any repair of any kind whatever.

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Letters

Jack London's "Lost Face"

Jack London's first practical answer to the assertion of the Rev. Charles R. Brown, that "Martin Eden" was his last word comes in the shape of a new volume of Alaskan stories the title of which, "Lost Face" is derived from the first of the seven tales which make up its contents. These are not new stories put together after the recipe of Bret Harte, the tramping over and over of one bit of well tried road, but some of the good things which have been reserved for a first appearance now in book form. Mr. London's friends will be only too well pleased to have them at last in permanent form while the class of critics who can enjoy nothing because it is not something else or at the very least, written by some other author, will have the time of their lives picking flaws and discovering that the idea of a man outwitting a savage or freezing to death in intense cold or being the victim of a practical joke is not an original conception of Mr. London's mind. The stories are vigorous, virile, brutal, if you will, but nature herself is not refined and takes little account of delicate sensibilities. "Lost Face" details the scheme by which a Polish renegade, an escape from Siberian exile, determinedly working his way back to civilization, with the lure of the lights of European capitals forever in his eyes, who becomes, with his company of fur thieves, a prisoner of a tribe of savage Indians. The others had been slowly tortured to death. The last of them, Big Ivan, powerful in frame and of such low nervous organization as scarcely to feel a wound which would have disabled an ordinary man, is now reduced to a whimpering mass of suffering, and Subienkow, forced to look on while awaiting his own turn, finds himself shrinking not from death itself. "That would be nice. To pass out bravely and cleanly, with a smile and a jest—ah! that would have been the way. But to lose control, to have his soul upset by the pangs of the flesh, to screech and gibber like an ape, to become the veriest beast—ah, that was what was so terrible." In the few brief moments left to him this man, who had come so far and lived so much since his early youth when he dreamed dreams of the freedom of Poland, concocted a scheme by which the credulous old savage who was in charge of the entertainment for his tribe was led to believe that the prisoner held a great and wonderful secret which he would sell for a price. In any case the weapons of the savages would be powerless against this great "medicine," and it would be well for the chief to secure it for himself at the expense of a goodly portion of his material wealth. The terms of the bargain having been accepted. Subienkow annointed his neck with the brew which he had prepared and then, laying his head on a log invited the Nulato to test its efficacy, thus bringing about a speedy and comparatively painless death while the savage chief, having allowed himself to be victimized, was deprived of the name he had held all his life and became known thereafter as Lost Face, in indication of the status he had thus acquired amongst his own people. "Trust" is in a different vein. Fred Churchill was remaining at Dawson while his friend, Louis Blondell, was returning to Seattle. As the steamer left the dock Blondell recalled a message concerning a small satchel which he had left behind, and in the confusion of the departure the bit of property acquired a fictitious value. Later on Churchill took it into his possession and after incredible hardships in course of which he more than once risked his life, he discharged his trust, delivered the heavy bag to its owner, only to discover that its contents, instead of being virgin gold or something approximating its value, were only a rusty revolver and some ammunition. "To Build a Fire" recites with graphic force and particularity the fate of an inexperienced prospector who lacked the gift of imagination and despised the dear-bought wisdom of the old-timers as an old-wife's tale. He set out alone, in the intense cold, with the mercury at minus seventy-five, and the details of his freezing to death, after having failed to build a fire, are given with convincing minuteness. "That Spot" is a dog story and a good one, too. Thanks be! Spots are not too numerous but no one who has owned as many as half a dozen canines in the course of a lifetime is apt to have escaped him altogether. There is a grim and ghastly humor in "Flush of Gold," which puts it in a class with the ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene" and "The Passing of Marcus O'Brien" is another bit of fooling that passed out of the hands of its projectors. It is a story of Alaska in the days before the Klondike rush, when every community made and executed its own laws and there was none to enjoin. Red Cow banished its murderers, a supply of food varying with the degree of the offence from nothing at all to a fair ration being made to correspond with the civilized plan of a longer or less sentence of imprisonment. Marcus O'Brien was the judge of the community and had often visited the punishment on others. Having imbibed too deeply, with some of his comrades, it occurred to them to set the judge adrift down the Yukon without provisions in the boat. They expected him to return the next day, sobered but "mad as a hatter." When O'Brien awoke into sobriety and found himself alone on the wide expanse of the river, with nothing but an open boat and a pair of oars he immediately recognized in himself a victim of the law's execution. He must have killed some one, perhaps more than one, and without justification. He could dimly remember some of the incidents of his carouse but not enough to assert or deny anything. All he could conclude was that he had merited the full rigor of the law. Fortunately for him the season was in his favor and he escaped wreck and eventually made his way to San Francisco to live under another name, while his fate remained forever a mystery to Red Cow. "The Wit of Porportuk" is another Indian tale. "Lost Face" is the twenty-first volume put forth by Jack London during the few years since his first story, "To the Man on the Trail," was published in the Overland. This, like the majority of its predecessors, is from the press of the Macmillan Company.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby giver by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased.

LUIGI VALSANGIACOMO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsangiacomo, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his Attorney, Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased.

BERTIE F. RADFORD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Sarah Radford, also known as Sarah Quinlan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 9th, 1910.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adiudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said pronerty be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco 3-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

EDWARD S. NORTON, administrator of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing the said administrator to sell, at private sale, an undivided one-quarter interest in certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches Southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the Southeasterly line of Howard Street with the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence Southeasterly and along said Southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

And good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said estate show cause, if any they have, before this Court on Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department 9 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County, for four successive weeks next before the hearing of said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 23rd, 1910.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 23rd, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at the office of Messrs. Page, McCutchen & Knight, Room 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, at the Southeast Corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place for the transaction of the business of the estate of said deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 19th, 1910.

W. G. MUNTZ,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabella Van Winkle, Deceased.

PAGE, McCUTCHEN & KNIGHT, Attorneys for Executor.
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. S. RIPLEY, administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to said H. S. RIPLEY, at the office of HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Esq., Room 900 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

H. S. RIPLEY,
Administrator of the Estate of George W. Baker, also known as James Baker, Deceased.

Dated, March 12th, A. D. 1910.

HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Attorney for Administrator,
900 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Charles C. Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Chas. L. Thompson, 909 Pacific Building, Corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

ELLA G. BOYNTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Administratrix,
909 Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts., San Francisco. 3-12-5

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of Five Cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, New York

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Guardianship of the persons and estates of WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, the undersigned, RUBY McKAY (formerly Ruby Harvey), Guardian of the persons and estates of said WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of April, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day at the Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Guardian, Room No. 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of said WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Sutter Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street ;running thence Northerly along the said Westerly line of Devisadero Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Forty (40) feet to the Northerly line of Sutter Street, and thence at right angles Easterly along said Northerly line of Sutter Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. The same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Five Hundred and Three (503).

2.—Commencing at the Southwesterly Corner of Church and 16th Streets, running thence Westerly and along the Southerly line of 16th Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block No. 95.

3.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Thirty (30) feet to the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; thence at a right angle Westerly and along said Northerly line of Elm Avenue One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 78.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross.

Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at the expense of Purchaser.

Dated: March 26th, 1910.

RUBY McKAY (formerly Ruby Harvey),
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of William Hamilton Harvey and Joseph Balentine Harvey, Minors.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Guardian,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-3

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, the undersigned, NELLIE HARVEY, Guardian of the person and estate of said ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of April, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Guardian, Room 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Sutter Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street; running thence Northerly along the said Westerly line of Devisadero Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Forty (40) feet to the Northerly line of Sutter Street, and thence at right angles Easterly along said Northerly line of Sutter Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. The same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Five Hundred and Three (503).

2.—Commencing at the Southwesterly Corner of Church and 16th Streets, running thence Westerly and along the Southerly line of 16th Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block No. 95.

3.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Thirty (30) feet to the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; thence at a right angle Westerly and along said Northerly line of Elm Avenue One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 78.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross.

Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at the expense of Purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, 1910. NELLIE HARVEY,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Robert Harvey, a Minor.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Guardian,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at his office Room No. 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased.

P. J. MULLER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jean B. Fayard, also known as J. B. Fayard, also known as John B. Fayard, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 26th, 1910.

CHARLES PAGE and EDWARD J. McCUTCHEN, Attorneys for Executor,
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHN MENGEL, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on and after Wednesday, the 20th day of April, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death in and to the following real estate described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Pierce Street eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Eddy Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Pierce Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 432.

Bids or offers for said piece of real estate above described must be in writing and may be delivered for the said Executors at the office of GEORGE H. BAHRS, Esq., their Attorney, No. 604-6-8 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, or left with the said Executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms and Conditions.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to accompany the bid, balance to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Superior Court. Search of title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for said Executors,
604-6-8 Hibernia Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-4

NOTICE OF TIME FIXED FOR HEARING PETITION TO TRANSFER PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright and Edward K. Clarke have filed in my office a verified petition for an order of said Superior Court authorizing and directing Charles G. Lyman, as executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, to make, execute and deliver to said Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright, and Edward K. Clarke, a conveyance of an undivided 279-1000 of that certain property designated on a certain map known as "Map of Fourth Avenue Park, Oakland, Cal., 1908," filed in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County, State of California, which property is situated in the County of Alameda, State of California, and is particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the most southern corner of that certain piece or parcel of land containing 32.56 acres heretofore conveyed by Chas. W. Leach to Elizabeth Leach by deed dated January 16, 1894, and recorded in Liber 527 of Deeds, page 360, Alameda County Records, said point being on the northern line of County Road No. 724; thence along the southwestern boundary line of said 32.56 acre tract North 51 degrees West 10.93 chains; thence North 25 degrees 35 minutes East 4.25 chains; thence North 49 degrees 50 minutes East 1.72 chains; thence North 72 degrees 40 minutes East 3.29 chains; thence South 69 degrees 15 minutes East 5.17 chains; thence North 52 degrees 15 minutes East 2.91 chains; thence North 79 degrees 30 minutes East 1.50 chains; thence South 60 degrees East 2.00 chains; thence South 79 degrees 45 minutes East 4.93 chains to the Northern boundary line of the said 32.56 acre tract; thence along said boundary line South 61 degrees East 4.74 chains to the aforesaid Northern line of County Road No. 724, and thence along said road line South 63 degrees 55 minutes West 13.22 chains South 59 degrees 45 minutes West 6.05 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 18.47 acres and being a portion of the aforesaid 32.56 acre tract.

Except the parcel described as follows:

Commencing at the intersection of the Southwestern boundary of the land conveyed by Wickham Havens et ux to Arthur H. Breed by deed dated September 12th, 1906, and recorded October 10th, 1906, in Liber 1239 of Deeds, page 73, Alameda County Records, with the northern line of 13th Avenue as widened to 100 feet in width and as shown on that certain map entitled "Map showing land to be taken for widening of Thirteenth Avenue or Walker Street from the center line of Hampel Street to the Northern property line of Arthur H. Breed" filed October 10th, 1907, in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County; and from said point of commencement running North 51 degrees 1 minute west along the Southwestern boundary line of said land conveyed by Havens to Breed 695.48 feet; thence North 25 degrees 24½ minutes East along the Northwestern boundary line of said land so conveyed by Havens to Breed 236.5 feet; thence South 32 degrees 14½ minutes East 101.6 feet; thence Southeasterly on the arc of a circle of 1332.69 feet radius concave to the left or Northeast and tangent to the last aforesaid course 524.2 feet; thence South 54 degrees 47 minutes East tangent to said arc 192.7 feet to said Northern line of said 13th Avenue as widened according to said Map; thence South 59 degrees 33 minutes West along said Northern line of said 13th Avenue 151.62 feet to the point of commencement. Containing 2.57 acres of land;

Also excepting a 25 foot strip of land along the Southeastern line of said property taken for the widening of 13th Avenue as shown on the Map of said widening hereinbefore referred to;

And that Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of said Court, Department Ten thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 23rd, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased. ALBINA AVY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Angelique M. Avy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG, Administrator of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said deceased, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 15th day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,053.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE COSGROVE, Deceased—No. 9227, N. S., Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of the said JANE COSGROVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the proper vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his place of business, Room Number 504, in the Kohl Building, at the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being by him designated as the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate. JOHN W. SMITH,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Cosgrove, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, California, this 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 504 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Leon E. Prescott, 307 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

SOFHUS LARSEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Dorthea Larsen, also known as and called by the name of Dorothea Larsen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

LEON E. PRESCOTT, Attorney for Administrator,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-26

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGUETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Kate Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

Feminine Work for Men

Cookery is one of the few occupations at which both men and women have worked from time immemorial. The cooks of ancient Greece and Rome appear to have been male slaves, and down to the present day many boys, especially of French nationality, choose this as their life's wage-earning work, and deliberately prepare for it by apprenticeship to a man cook of established skill—that training being all-too-seldom enjoyed by their feminine competitors. But while we all know cookery to be man's work as well as woman's, it is a surprise to learn that lace-making also was at one time a common employment for men. So we are informed in Mr. Alan Cole's introduction to Mrs.. Hungerford Pollen's new book on lace. In the rules laid down by St. Benedict for his monastic order (the well-known liqueur, by the way, is a sort of domestic product closely associated with the same order) the monks were instructed that they must be "expert both with the pen and the needle—as they were for centuries." Mr. Cole says that there were lace-schools attended by boys in Devonshire in the seventeenth century, and that it was long "the custom for English laboring men to make lace in their spare time."

It is a point in the case that in those centuries, of course, men wore laces, even more than did the women of their day. Curious indeed it seems now to see in portraits stern warriors such as "the fighting Veres" of Jacobean days, and brave men like the Cavaliers who fought for Charles, wearing lace collars on their coats, and lace frills on the turned-over tops of their soft leather knee-high boots, and lace drawn up as rosettes on their indoor shoes. It is curious to note the evolution of ideas under which by degrees men came to leave all such smart decoration to women; it is not so in the lower animals, where the male is invariably the more showy. Perhaps one day the wheel will turn again, and men will once more become wearers of lace and fine brocades.

Talking again of cookery as a business for women, I wonder what is absolutely the highest wage that any woman cook is earning? Probably not over five hundred a year, even when she combines the duties of housekeeper with the cooking. King Edward's cook, M. Messager, has $5000 a year, and the King of Spain has just taken into his service, at the same wages, the chef from a leading Paris club. Is there any other occupation in which the wages of men and women differ so greatly, and why is this so? Probably because the men cooks who obtain large salaries are trained from boyhood very thoroughly, going up from the lowest class of kitchen-work onwards in a regular apprenticeship; while girls do not realize that they ought to be steadily taught and trained, and if they go to learn at all, imagine that a dozen lessons at a cookery-school are all sufficient. Chefs are dreadfully extravagant, too. This is another reason why they are in a better position—they simply insist upon being allowed to spend enough to obtain their results. Nobody who wants to be cooked-for economically dreams of employing a chef, and often it is ill-timed parsimony that spoils the cuisine, and gives the unfortunate artist of the pots and pans a bad name.

—The Gossip.

A Statue for Mme. de Stael

An English committee has been formed, with Lady Grove as president, to cooperate with a French movement for erecting a statue in Paris to Mme. de Stael. Certainly that great thinker and ardent politician deserves recognition, the more so as she was the subject of much insult and suffered exile and loss in her own day because of her patriotism and commanding mental ability. The insults were chiefly directed to her appearance. She seems not to have been at all beautiful; but, then, highly intellectual persons rarely are so—Nature is no cruel stepmother who concentrates all gifts on one favored child—the beauty is rarely of brilliant intellect, and vice versa. Even on the stage, where beauty is so important an aid in acquiring fame, it will be perceived on reflection that the most successful and powerful actresses are those who are highly intellectual, but by no means perfect models of regular beauty. The men of Mme. de Stael's day, all the same, found it the easiest stone to throw at her, when opposed to her opinions, that she was not lovely to look upon. When she made her chief friend of the most beautiful woman of her time, Mme. Recamier, the greatness of soul and superiority to petty jealousy thus indicated was not admitted, but it was declared merely to be an illustration of her vanity. Yet it is to the credit of the men of her own day that there were not wanting a considerable number ready to admit the superior attractiveness of such a great and active intellect over mere prettiness of face. She married a second time, too, when she was nearly forty-five, a very handsome young man of twenty-three, and, in the recently published Memoirs of her friend, the Comtesse de Boigne, we are assured that, "strange as it may appear, all the love was on his side; Mme. de Stael felt only gratitude at the affection offered to her"; and when she died, after six years of marriage, he was inconsolable. Her luminous and thoughtful writings have placed her in so high a position in French literature that it is a wonder that she has not earlier been "memorialized" in some way.

Talmud Wisdom

Blessed is he who gives from his substance to the poor; twice blessed he who accompanies his gift with kindness.

Do not worry thyself with the trouble of tomorrow; perhaps thou wilt have no tomorrow, and why shouldst thou trouble thyself about a world that is not thine?

There are three who are especially beloved by God: he who is forbearing, he who is temperate, and he who is courteous.

Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it a shadow of a tower or a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No; it is the shadow of a bird in his fight—away flies the bird and there is neither bird nor shadow.

"If your God hates idolatry, why does He not destroy it?" Rufus, the Roman, asked Rabbi Akiba. "Would you have Him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish people who worship the sun, the moon, or the stars, that are but the servants of God?" Akiba replied.

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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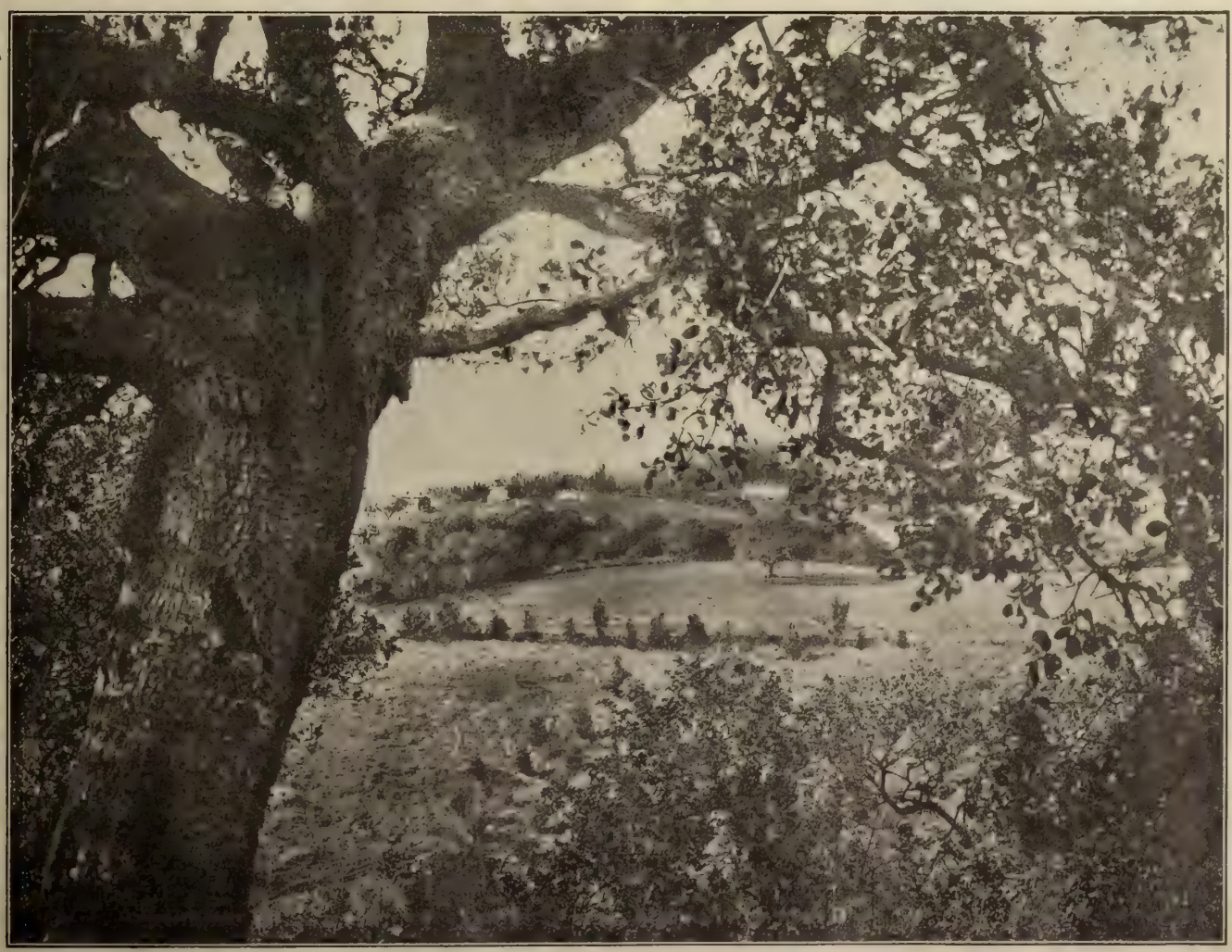
SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, April 16, 1910 | No. 920

HENRY WOODRUFF

One of America's foremost stage favorites, who will make his musical comedy debut here in "The Prince of Tonight" at the Savoy Theatre.

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Amendments That Please Mr. Hearst

The Examiner warns the Charter Revision Convention not to attempt too much. "The hour has not come for a complete new charter," says the Examiner"; It may be that the city needs one, but there is not time to perfect such an instrument before the next election." In the Examiner's judgment it will be sufficient for the present to tinker with the charter with a view to the simplification of the initiative, referendum and recall, the elimination of partisanship from politics and the prevention of franchise grabbing. In other words the Examiner deems nothing so important as the propagation of fads and fantasies to the end that the influence of the press be strengthened. The Examiner is an ardent advocate of all the crazy schemes of government by which the affairs of a community can be perplexed and the servants of the people rendered servilely subservient to a truculent press. The amendments which the Examiner considers of vital importance do not even remotely touch upon the defects and imperfections of our charter. All but one of them concern nothing but the machinery of politics. They are urged by men who delude themselves with the notion that you can approximate perfection in public office by making the caprice of the multitude supreme. The Examiner heartily approves them because the caprice of the multitude is Mr. Hearst's principal stock in trade. He almost has a monopoly of it. By increasing the importance of public caprice Mr. Hearst increases the importance of himself. Subject our municipal government absolutely to the fickleness of the multitude then will the times be incessantly out of joint and the people holding elections once a month to set them right in accordance with the prescription of a fastidious and querulous press. Heretofore the Examiner has not proved itself a safe guide in matters pertaining to the welfare of this community, but doubtless the enlightened people will continue to give heed to the Monarch's roars. It will not of course be remembered that the Examiner was more dogmatic than any other journal in its affirmations with reference to the charter which is now considered sorely in need of tinkering. When that charter was before the people for consideration the Examiner told us it was the most perfect instrument of the kind ever invented. Furthermore everybody who complained that the charter gave too much power to the Mayor was denounced as a rogue by the Hearst organ.

Return of the Native

How proud we ought to be in contemplation of our Greatest One! Is it not a sight for gods and men—this kowtowing of the crowned heads in the Mighty Presence? this royal genuflection as the Simple Democrat passes by? And did you observe how the Only One flouted the Pope? Did you see the flashing scorn of those glistening teeth unlipped to fling defiance at the Holy Office? Talk of Martin Luther shaking his fist at the Diet of Worms, or nailing his immortal pronounciamento upon the door of Wittenberg! Rather let us think of the Crested Jayhawk of the Mountain before the coming of the truculent Bald Headed Snipe of the Valley. Oh, but it was terrific, this fearless fronting of the terrors of excommunication, this Ajaxian defiance of the thunders, nay, of the fiercest lightnings of the vatican. Let Savanorola live in the pallid halo of his martyrdom. Let Huss and Bruno and the rest of them that perished for their principles and suffered for their conscience's sake enjoy their placid, passive immortality niched in some out-of-the-way alcove of the Temple of Fame. Nothing of this tame, unresponsive, subjective heroism for our colossus bestriding the world, upon whose broad, commanding brow flames the fierce spot light that beats upon thrones and their occupants as it illumes the stars of the stage world. With what ease our Fellow Citizen hobnobs with the greatest of earth, dwarfing them by his towering personality and crushing them beneath the ponderous contempt of his implacable democracy; What are kings and potentates and petty princelings to one who was born great, achieved greatness and finally had greatness thrust upon him? Even as the hookworm that walketh in humility and is the lowly beggar's boon companion. They say that he is coming back from Elba. Back from Elba! Not on your life. Elba would imply exile, whereas this Man of Destiny has found a welcome and empires for the taking wherever he has gone on his long hike through the jungles of barbaric lands and the sweet-scented salons of the effete civilizations. Would you say "Back from St. Helena!" thereby implying that our Conquering Hero had met his Waterloo? Back from Gaul if you will; back from Persia or Asia Minor if you are looking for petty historical comparisons with puny historical personages; but not back from something that spells defeat and presages disaster. Oh, no; back from Africa as Scipio came; back from Rome as Attila came; back from Paris as Alaric came; back from Berlin as Germanicus came; back from Egypt like another Moses; back from victory and conquest like great Caesar and mighty Charlemagne. But what will he do to us when he is back? For behold, we are in the hollow of his hand, and his will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen!

What is Going to Happen?

The Great American is coming home. Do you realize what that means to him and to us? Coming home! Our times are out of joint and it is far from cursed spite that he should set them right. In truth it is all in strict accordance with the trend of the inevitable. It has long been taken for granted that Providence moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and while it cannot be said that the movements of this special American Providence are mysterious, the exception cannot but prove the divine rule. The American people are only children, after all. They are subject to all the ills that childhood flesh is heir to including childishness and colics and fits. They require the strong fatherly hand and frequent sessions in the woodshed. They are often in condition requiring motherly application of the maternal slipper or grandma's remedial doses of soothing syrup. The only doubt in the minds of those who know how to think is concerning the manner of the Home Coming. That it will be portentous is beyond all question. Already the start is like a Roman triumph; the progress is royal to beat any mediaeval band; and the finish will surely be all the gods can bestow. That the welkin will ring is a foregone conclusion. That the plaudits of the multitude will outroar the shouting of the captains, is a safe guess based on our knowledge of

the amount of noise that may vociferate from the throats of a multitude comprising a noisy democracy incited by noisier demagogues. But in what guise will the Great American appear in the presence of his howling admirers? What attitude will he assume? Will he condescend or patronize or merely radiate approving affability? Or will he come like a Thing of Wrath—an up-to-date Scourge of God? Is he pleased with his helotry or is he boiling with indignation at the way we have conducted ourselves during his long absence? Will he commend us for the manner in which we have invested or failed to invest the talents he left with us when he went hunting in Africa? Or will he roar his maledictions upon us like a Nairobian lion for our malfeasance, our unthrift, our incivism, our utter disregard of the Roosevelt precept and the Roosevelt example? Will he spare the big stick or will he spoil the child as he has spoiled the Egyptians? These are vital matters. They should give us long and anxious pause. What will the Master say when he returns to the plantation? How will he treat his peons?

Where the Fires of Bigotry Burn

The Ministerial Union of Los Angeles by a vote of three to one has rejected a proposal to invite the Religious Education Association to hold its next annual convention in the metropolis of the sun-kissed South. This action must not be taken as an indication of the prevalence of an irreligious spirit in Los Angeles. There is no city in California possessing more religious zeal than Los Angeles. It is a city of prosperous churches, it is steeped in all vintages of Christianity, it is never without a moral movement, its clergymen are never apathetic but always engaged in crusading against evil and promoting plans for restricting temptation and making virtue compulsory. The action of the Ministerial Union is therefore not to be justly ascribed to anything in the nature of local prejudice against the spirit of religion. The fact is that the Religious Education Association is not wanted in Los Angeles because, as one member of the Ministerial Union expressed it, the Association would be likely to "unload a lot of liberal theology on California." To be more specific this worthy defender of the faith added, "It will bring a lot of men here who will lower the Christian standard." Another gentleman, a Presbyterian minister, attempted to throw further light on the subject by solemnly affirming, "Thou shalt not yoke the ox and the ass together." But this observation must be regarded as somewhat vague since the gentleman failed to inform his associates as to which animal they were supposed to symbolize. The aim of the Religious Education Association, it is said, "is to spread the gospel of Christ by methods of teaching that shall attract the young and make the church work more helpful, more far reaching." These methods though approved by ministers of the Congregational, Methodist and other churches are repugnant to the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles because the members of that body being in touch with the secret dispensations of Providence and muffled up in the infallibility of their faith are not to be prevailed upon to give countenance to anything that savors of liberal theology. So we see that prejudice against modernism is not peculiar to the Catholic church. We also see that manifestations of intolerance are possible in the holy, enlightened city of Los Angeles as well as in the priest-ridden benighted city of Rome. The Protestant clergy of Los Angeles appear to be even less liberal than Cardinal Merry del Val, who was quoted the other day to the effect that he believes all honest men of every denomination are on good terms with God, and who draws the line at only one of the jarring sects, the one whose liberality is carried to the extreme of supporting an anti-Catholic paper in Rome of such complexion that it is tabu in polite society. The Methodists of Rome as well as the clergymen of the Los Angeles Ministerial Union would doubtless be offended were they told that they confounded bigoted narrowness with holy zeal, but that is precisely what they are guilty of. The Methodists of Rome are conducting a crusade against the Pope, yet the Pope is the head of a Christian church, the principles of which are the essentials of all Christian doctrine. Catholics believe in the existence of a deity; they believe that he made the world and governs it; that the most acceptable service to God is doing good to man; that our souls are immortal, and that crimes will be punished and virtue rewarded. These are the primary truths of all religion. Now the duties of any religion sincerely and regularly performed will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest and curb the most profligate. How absurd then for the ministers of one religion to make war on the ministers of another! How ridiculous is the figure that the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles cuts in its attitude of hostility to the Religious Education Association! The decalogue that these men stand for is the one that is written in the blood of the victims of bigotry, a decalogue rooted in the fantastic puerilities of theology, in the aberrations of fanaticism. Preaching the religion of reconciliation, they practice the religion of hatred. All that differ with them they would send to that gehenna where the worm dies not, the fire is not quenched. We are right, say they, and you are wrong; we have grace and you have none. These enthusiastic pietists though they believe that heretics are to be burnt through all eternity in the next world, would also burn them by a slow fire in this.

The Canadian Lure

Though the United States and Canada have been contiguous many years our discovery of our northern neighbor is an event of yesterday. It was the high cost of living that brought Canada to our attention. There are points where Canada and the United States are divided by a narrow river, and the price of the necessaries of life on the Canadian side is one-half the price charged on the soil that is under the beneficent domin-

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ion of Uncle Sam. Chiefly on this account, but for other reasons too, American citizens by the thousands have been lured over the border. Large sections of Canada are being colonized by self-expatriated children of the glorious land of liberty. Which reminds us that it was the consuming passion for our Republican institutions which was at one time supposed to impel people to the United States. To that passion was attributed the preference for this country that was shown even by Britishers who set out for the New World in quest of opportunities. Now it appears that the passion for republican institutions is not sufficiently strong to hold within our borders people who have observed that there are superior advantages to be had under the rule of the British Crown. More people are now rushing into Canada from the United States than from any other part of the world. This is a phenomenon of somewhat disquieting significance not to be ascribed exclusively to the high cost of living. Canada has many attractive features. It is not as was once a popular conception a vast unexplored region covered with forests of gloomy pine and wrapped for more than half the year in a mantle of frozen snow. The field which it affords for profitable farming is unequaled. Whole districts of many square miles in extent are composed of alluvial deposits from thirty to eighty feet deep, of soil in some places so rich as to bear good crops of wheat for several successive years without fertilization. In Canada are to be seen all the indications of a country rapidly emerging from a state of nature into one fitted for the abode of a great people. Deep forests are traversed by the electric wire; dismal cedar-swamps are crossed by huge railway bridges; and blackened stumps and gaily-painted cottages stand in close juxtaposition in spots which but a few years ago were known only to the wandering Indian. The potentialities of material development in Canada are incalculable, but its attractive features are not merely those with which it has been endowed by nature. The Canadians have a form of government the merits of which cannot be depreciated even by the most passionate and fanatical lovers of republican institutions. In no country has the municipal system of self-government been brought to a state so closely bordering on perfection as in Canada. Framed in imitation of similar institutions in this country and in England, it combines the special excellences of both. There is no muckraking, no graft in Canada; nor is the pernicious demagogue troublesome there. There are free schools in Canada, and though the people cannot possibly be so enlightened as we are according to our own irrefutable testimony, yet they are neither addicted to hysteria nor susceptible to the influences which on this side of the border keep the multitude in a state of agitation. Denied though they have been the benefits of divinely constituted republican institutions, the Canadians suffer none of the pangs that are gendered in the clash of classes. Furthermore, notwithstanding the allegiance which the Canadians owe to the British Crown there is greater individual liberty in their country than in ours. The individual in Canada is not held in restraint and terror by a tyrannical press, nor is he enervated by any of the communistic hobbies of a paternal government. Despite the comparative unenlightenment of the people they have not suffered themselves to be agitated by Puritans who would puritanize the world or tormented by the aggressively righteous who would regulate taste and appetite according to the maxims of their ascetic philosophy. Broad in their religious views, they have not deemed it proper to retain among the institutions of their country an official Church Establishment. They have ignored the example of their mother country, and will not submit to dictation in the matter of ecclesiastical polity. So on the whole Canada is a pretty attractive country. It has been frequently predicted by chauvinists of this glorious land of freedom that some day Canada would apply to Uncle Sam for annexation, but at present the fulfillment of this prophecy appears to be as remote as the millennium.

Out of Sight

"Do you think of me in my absence, sweet?"
He asked, as he sprawled at her dainty feet,
And the maiden gave him the soulful gaze
Which interiors masculine ofttime craze.

But she spoilt the gaze by her thoughtless say,
Which ran in a feminine, heedless way:
"I think of you in your absence, yes,
But more in your presents, dear, I guess!"

—The Punster.

Perspective Impressions

My wife made me.—Andrew Carnegie. A true son of Adam is the Laird of Skibo.

It is but one step from moral enthusiasm to moral fanaticism.

If wives didn't ask embarrassing questions there would be fewer liars in the world.

The higher-ups in Pittsburg are going to jail because they haven't had sense enough to have themselves prosecuted by a revengeful millionaire and a personally conducted cabal. Yet the San Francisco object lesson is free for all.

The Bulletin has a special correspondent in Pittsburg. From which it is to be inferred that Crothers and Older are still on the leg.

The despatches tell us that the Hon. James D. Phelan has called upon Mr. Roosevelt. Doubtless to felicitate him on snubbing the Pope.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney has been telling reporters in the East that the elements in this community that elected Schmitz to office are responsible for the present administration. But he has not been frank enough to add that after the Schmitz administration came the Spreckels-Phelan oligarchy and then the reaction that always follows a storm of popular disgust.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(The first chapter of this sensational serial history of the days of the Vigilance Committee of '56, written by the man whom the Vigilantes hounded through the State was printed in last week's Town Talk.. In that chapter was given the details of the bitter personal controversy that culminated in the killing of the Bulletin's editor together with the circumstances that led to the organization of incivism for the purpose of wreaking bloody vengeance under the banner of law and order.)

Chapter II.

As my narrative has now brought me to the organization of the Vigilance Committee, before proceeding further it may not be amiss perhaps, in connection with the current events of which I write, to state one little fact. Not with a view of injuring the gentleman on whom it in some sort reflects, (for I believe had be been gifted with more natural firmness his own heart would have made him more consistent) but from the illustration it affords of the hollowness and instability of the foundation on which the so-called "reform movement" was based. The evening before the rencounter of King and Casey, I was in Barry & Patten's drinking saloon on Montgomery street in company with J. C. Cremony Esq. of the San Francisco Sun, and Mr. Casey. While we were drinking at the bar we were joined by Frank Soule Esq. of the Chronicle, and another gentleman also, I think, connected with that press. The subject of conversation when they joined us was the braggadocio and threats of the King family, and the "white feather" shown by Tom in the Caliban matter that morning. Mr. Soule stated that he had been persecuted by James King of Wm. and had even gone so far as to procure a double barrelled shot gun for the purpose of killing him, and that nothing but the entreaties of his partner had prevented him from doing so.

The evening of the shooting of King, Mr. Soule called upon Casey in the County Jail, and taking him by both hands shook them heartily, saying that the people would thank him for what he had done. The day after the shooting of Mr. King, the fifteenth day of May, it will be remembered that the Chronicle advocated "Law and Order," but by some mysterious influence best known to the Chronicle and its patrons, "a change came over the spirit of its dream" before the setting of the sun, and on the following morning it was among the most rabid of the Vigilance press.

I have not thus digressed for the purpose of gratifying any petty spite entertained toward Mr. Soule or others; but merely because I think it due to those who have suffered by the acts of that damnable league of hypocrites styling themselves the Vigilance Committee, that the world should know exactly how much of sincerity and how much of self interest there was in the professions of purity made by that great engine the press, by whose powerful aid the unhealthy fever was so long kept up and by far the greater part of the treason perpetrated.

But to return to the thread of my narrative. As before stated I left the jail and went down town, and into Barry & Patten's drinking saloon. While there some one told me that the Committee were organizing, and that they intended to send me a notice to leave. I replied that "whoever brought it had better provide himself with a coat of mail," or something to that effect, intending to give the bearer of such a document, whoever he was, good cause to repent his mission. In the course of the evening I returned to the jail and remained there till nearly daylight. While I was down town I had ascertained that one J. L. Durkee, a member of the police (and afterwards so notorious as Captain Durkee of the Vigilance Committee police who was tried for piracy in seizing the arms of the State) was a spy upon the sheriff in the jail under pretence of being there on duty. I got an opportunity to notify James Herbert and another person whom I recognized on the top of the jail of this fact. Going around the jail I discovered a guard stationed in the rear of the building and saw Charles Doane, afterward Marshal of the Vigilance Committee, apparently in command. I remained in the vicinity of the jail till near morning and then retired to my bed.

I had by this time begun to regard it as prudent to keep out of the way. I had received many intimations from various sources that I was suspected of complicity in the shooting of King, and well knew what I had to expect at the hands of an excited mob, in the event of Mr. King's death, whether I was guilty or not. Madame Show, the lady at whose house I had rooms, received that morning a note in a disguised handwriting, stating that my life was in danger. It was supposed to have been written by a German who had joined the Committee. On Sunday, the eighteenth day of May, I rose late and went cautiously and well armed to a different barber's shop from the one where I had been in the habit of getting shaved. On coming out I observed the housetops in the vicinity of the jail crowded with people, and ascertained that a demonstration was about to be made by the mob. I secured a position, where unobserved I could witness all that occurred. The events of that black day will never be obliterated from the memories of those who witnessed them. After I had seen them lead poor Casey from the jail and place him in the carriage which was to convey him to his death, I left my place of observation and returned to my rooms. Here I was shortly visited by a few friends, one of whom was the bearer of a message to me from Casey, who desired me to leave town, as he knew the Committee intended to take me. I remained within doors the whole of that day and the next, and had my meals brought to me by Mr. Thos. Finlay, formerly one of the police, while my friends were on the qui vive and in constant communication with me. On Monday night I removed to the opposite side of the street. Here I received secret messages from persons who had friends connected with the Committee, begging me to be on the alert and trust to no one. My whereabouts was known to a German named Schmidt, and a Frenchman whose name I have forgotten—both members of the Committee, also to a Jew cigar vender, one of their corporals, named Wasserman. I also received many offers from persons who knew where I was, to take me into the country. I listened to all but accepted none, and kept my own counsel.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of May, the tolling of bells throughout the city announced the death of James King of Wm. I knew that they pealed the death knell of Casey, and with the unjust suspicions then aroused against me, perhaps of myself. I changed my room in the house I was in, and sent to a friend by a sure hand, a note I had received from one of the Vigilance Committee advising me to get out of the way. My friend supplied me with money and I prepared to leave the city.

Arrangements had been made that on the evening of the day on which I was supplied with money some of my friends were to call and go with me to a spot where a pair of horses and buggy were in waiting in which one of them was to accompany me into the country. There was a woman named Mrs. Eliza Greenwood who had some little things of mine, and before my departure I wished to call and get them, and also to bid her good bye. She was a friend of John M. Freeman, Esq., of Freeman's Express, a leading member of the Vigilance Committee, and afterwards a captain in what they called their Light Brigade. Freeman was absent on duty, and about five o'clock in the evening I called at

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her rooms which were in the same building with mine. While I was conversing with her, I heard footsteps on the stairs. A friend who had called with me, immediately escaped from the room by a window opening upon a balcony, and she begged me to do the same. I asked her to see first who it was, and she replied, "It is John." While I was reflecting that it was too late to escape, and he was but one man at any rate, the door opened and he stood before me.

On seeing me he appeared very much surprised, and even startled. He presently recovered himself, however, and said to me, "McGowan, I don't think you are a very bad man." I replied that "I hoped I was not as bad as my enemies would have it appear." He then said, "You are in my house, and hospitality forbids that I should betray you." He told me that I was hunted, and if others knew what he then did with regard to my whereabouts, my life would be of little value, and offered to give me an asylum at his rooms on Montgomery street. I declined the offer, and apologized for my presence there, telling him that I had only called to say good-bye, preparatory to my leaving town. The remains of a bottle of champagne which we had been drinking were on the table, and Freeman sent for another, pressing me to remain and drink it with him. All this time the lady of the apartment was signaling me to go out. I heard the sound of footsteps! Freeman told me not to be uneasy; that he would protect me while there. I thanked him, at the same time thinking that a knife, revolver, and pair of Derringers with which I was armed, were a better protection. I took a parting-glass of wine, and got out on the balcony which overhung the court-yard of the building, and so along it to my own room. My arrangements to leave were all made, and I lay down on the bed awaiting the arrival of my friends. Presently they came, four in number. I immediately put on a covered California hat, and accompanied them into the street, and high time it was that I did so. The bloodhounds had struck the scent, and were on my track. As I afterward learned, fifteen minutes after I left the neighborhood was surrounded, and some ten or fifteen braves entered and searched the premises. They were armed with sabres and pistols, and ransacked every hole, nook and corner, making a terrible to-do and clatter among pots, pans and kettles, but the bird had flown. They were very curious, and the lady before referred to was very furious, and spoke her mind in no measured terms, while Mr. John Freeman sat a mute spectator of the scene. My friends and I pursued our way through the streets which seemed to be alive with people toward the spot where the horses waited; but before we reached there, the heart of the friend who was to drive me out failed him. He dare not risk incurring the displeasure of the Star Chamber, and we bent our steps toward Commercial street. The rooms of an old friend, Mr. James P. Rynders, were on that street, opposite the "Polka," and forthwith I appropriated them. Mr. R. was himself absent in Sacramento, and knew nothing of the unceremonious manner in which I had taken possession of his lodgings.

The next day the Coroner's inquest was held on the body of James King of Wm., and a few hours afterward I was indicted by the Grand Jury for being accessory before the fact. The news of my indictment spread like fire—several members of the Grand Jury were sympathizers with the Committee, and afterwards members of it—and simultaneously with the finding of the bill against me, the Committee were made acquainted with the fact; ten or fifteen minutes afterward I was myself notified of it. Then came the "tug of war." The exertions of the Committee to get me, and those of myself and friends to keep out of their bloody fingers.

Thomas Finlay was arrested and imprisoned in the Vigilance rooms, where I learned they used entreaties, threats and bribes to induce him to disclose to them my place of retreat, but in vain. Finding him at length utterly impracticable, they discharged him after two days' imprisonment. William Mulligan, whom they had also arrested, was offered his liberty, I learned, if he would assist them to capture me, but he indignantly spurned the offer, and suffered banishment rather than tell them where he had last seen me. He had called on me only two days before his arrest. I remained ten days in my hiding-place in Commercial street. As may be supposed, the hunt for me had waxed sufficiently hot, as I had been unable to execute any manoeuvre by which to delude my pursuers into the belief that I had left town. After the first few days my friends began to be afraid to come near me, and I actually consulted with one of them as to the propriety of giving myself up to the authorities

(Continued on Page 32.)

WHERE CASEY AND CORA WERE HANGED

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

Oklahoma and the Negroes

A resolution of the Oklahoma legislature, providing for an "initiative" petition calling for a constitutional amendment that will prevent the negroes of the State from voting on future constitutional amendments has been signed by Governor Haskell. This is Oklahoma's second attempt to disfranchise the negroes. When the State constitution was framed a provision for this purpose was strongly favored but was left out for fear that the President would take adverse action on the admission of the new State. There is no excuse for denying negroes the rights of citizenship in Oklahoma. The whites outnumber the blacks overwhelmingly and the blacks have an opportunity for advancement greater than in nearly all other States. There should be no negro problem in the State, but the politicians of the State are principally from neighboring Southern States and they have brought their Jim Crow prejudices with them.

The Mullah Beats Great Britain

Contrary to military precedents established centuries since the British government has decided to haul down the flag in Somaliland and leave the country to the irrepressible Mad Mullah. Only two or three small garrisons on the Gulf of Aden coast will be maintained. The British troops will evacuate the rest of the Mad Mullah's domain and the punitive expedition which was projected when the Mad Mulah made his recent outbreak has been countermanded. The London press is not pleased with this action of the Government. It is feared that it will weaken British prestige in northeastern Africa and it is regarded as a hard blow to British pride in the military prowess of her sons. But the government is tired of trying to hold Somaliland. Millions of money and many lives have been sacrificed to keep the flag flying over this undesirable country, but now it will come down and the Mad Mullah will have undisputed sovereignty over the ferocious Somalis and will probably wreak his vengeance on the Italian colonists, the Abyssinians and the tribes that were friendly to the British. Thinking it cheaper to buy the Mullah than to fight him, the British some time ago offered him $10,000 to keep the peace, but the wily old fighter refused all overtures and the subsequent actions of the British government indicate that he realized the strength of his position. Henceforth Somaliland will be as sore a subject to the English as Abyssinia is to the Italians.

Apropos the Roman Methodists

Under the heading "A Roman Sunday, a Glimpse at Conditions Not Irrelevant to the Recent Event," the New York Sun quotes at length from the Saturday Review of London a description of an anti-papal demonstration which occurred recently in the Eternal City. The Saturday Review is a Protestant paper devoted to the Established Church of England, hence it cannot be accused of Catholic partiality. The demonstration was participated in by many who, it has been charged, are in sympathy with the attacks upon the Pope made by the Methodists of Rome, Asino, the obscene paper of which mention is made, has commended Methodist attacks upon the Vatican. We quote from the article: "On the afternoon of this day (Sunday, February 20) a rowdy procession was formed of between 10,000 and 20,000 persons, among them, according to the Temps, an unusual gathering of Italian functionaries, of members of Parliament, of notorious rather than celebrated journalists and lawyers, and of almost every noted Freemason in Rome bearing his masonic emblems. These people were one and all anarchists and revolutionaries, anti-clerical and anti-everything. They carried banners which bore blasphemous and seditious inscriptions and the number of revolutionary flags was so great that we are assured 'they looked like a river of blood and fire pouring down the streets through the modern city to the city of the past.' . . . . Here revolutionary speeches of a most violent description were delivered, notably by Podreca, the editor of the unspeakable Asino, and by Barzilai, a wealthy Jew Socialist member of Parliament. These violent attacks on the Pope, the Church and the monarchy were endorsed by Mayor Nathan, who expressed on behalf of the municipal bloc his hearty sympathy with the demonstration. . . . . Then came the usual cries of 'Down with the Pope!' 'Death to Religion!' 'Down with Austria!' 'Death to Christ!' 'Neither God nor Master!' 'Death to the King!' 'Death to the Queen!' . . . . In order that his holiness should hear their opprobrious cries several scoundrels used horns and megaphones, and in the course of the evening a searchlight was thrown into the windows of the Pope's private apartments the better to attract his attention to the outrageous illuminated inscriptions that appeared above their meeting house. The Italian police never interfered and the beastly crew were allowed to insult and annoy the Pontiff for over an hour in a manner which would not have been tolerated had he been a private individual, however criminal and obnoxious."

High Prices Due to the Tariff

Specific instances in proof of the assertion that the Payne tariff law has helped to increase the cost of living were given to the congressional committee investigating food prices a few days ago. The instances were supplied by Wallace Pierce, a wholesaler of Boston. Mr. Pierce cited among the articles of common use on which prices had been advanced, due to the Aldrich-Payne bill, olive oil, imported cheese, sardines, teas, coffees, macaroni, wines and liquors and cigars. On macaroni and olive oil, Mr. Pierce testified, the increased cost was traceable to jokers that had found their way into the tariff bill. In the case of macaroni one-half a cent a pound was added to the cost under the guise of a tax on the paper in which it was shipped, and in the case of olive oil an advance of one-half per cent more per can was made necessary by the added tax upon the can. Mr. Pierce stated that during the last fifteen years imported goods had advanced in prices about one-fourth, part of which was due to the tariff.

First Night Rider Conviction

The first conviction in the notorious night riding cases of Kentucky has just been obtained, the convicted man being one who was arrested and indicted with one hundred others for a raid on the town of Dycusburg two years ago. These cases have proved very hard to try, but now that a conviction has been obtained at last, others are expected to follow and it may be that the raiding and whipping outrages in eastern Kentucky will be brought to an end.

The Chartreuse Fraud

By the decision of the British House of Lords the right of the Carthusian monks of Tarragona to the trade marks under which they market their celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse has been finally vindicated. When the home of the Carthusian monks at La Grande Chartreuse was dissolved in 1903 the monks established

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A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature making it a misdemeanor for a judge in open court "to make any adverse criticism of a jury or its members

on account of the verdict in any action." From which I infer that Judge Frank Dunne and Judge William P. Lawlor have counterparts on the bench beyond the borders of California. The two blinding lights of the local bench are intolerant of juries that do not see the facts of a case as they see them. They seem to be laboring under the delusion that it is their function to judge the evidence as well as the law; yet if their apprehension of the facts of a case is no better than their conception of the law it is the reverse of being an aid to justice for them to trespass on the domain of the jury. Indeed occasionally the conceit that prompts them to censure juries not only defeats the ends of justice but increases the cost of our judicial system. The other day Judge Dunne frowned upon a jury for not agreeing on a verdict in the case of a man charged with murder, and uttered himself in a manner to indicate that he was very much incensed. Now as in presiding over the trial he had taken no pains to conceal from the jury his sentiments toward the defendant it is more than likely that when the jury did come to an agreement it was because of a disposition on the part of certain jurors to comply with what they believed to be the wishes of the stern functionary on the bench. The jury found the defendant guilty, but the probability is that he will be granted a new trial by reason of the judge's improper conduct. Perhaps the jury would have agreed even though the judge had not contributed the weight of his influence to the prosecution, but it is the duty of the appellate court to determine whether he was tried in accordance with law, and if it be found that the judge did not act impartially the defendant will be given a new trial. Does it not seem from all that occurs in our courts that it would be wise to restrain our impetuous and intemperate judges by making it a misdemeanor to violate the fundamentals of the jury system?

Celestine—Has Mr. Pryor's church a small congretaion?
Ernestine—Yes, indeed. Every time he says 'Dearly beloved' you feel as if you had received a proposal.

The Versatile Miss Jewel

It was very interesting, and no doubt very soothing to local pride, to read in Sunday's Call the enthusiastic expression of her love for San Francisco conveyed by Miss Izetta Jewel to Mr. Walter Anthony. Miss Jewel who returns to this city as the leading woman of Mr. Skinner's company, complained to Mr. Anthony that no notice had been taken of the fact that she was the first leading woman in the burnt district after the fire. Her evident pride in this fact misled Mr. Anthony into thinking that Miss Jewel was a San Francisco girl and it was with considerable difficulty that he extracted from her the confession that she was not a native daughter. "Are you a San Francisco girl?" he asked. "No," Miss Jewel answered after a while. "Maybe from Portland," pursued the inquisitor. "No," said Miss Jewel. "Oakland?" "What do you want to know for?" countered Izetta. I have Mr. Anthony's authority that Miss Jewel regarded his questioning with suspicion, but nevertheless he extracted the admission that she is a product of New Jersey. Ruefully she asked him if he would print the confession and implacably he informed her that it would have to be done. Finally the young lady told him that she was going to organize a new society to be called the "Adopted Daughters of the Golden West." All this is amusing. It becomes, however, somewhat bewildering when compared with Miss Jewel's attitude toward Portland. Miss Jewel loves Portland too. In fact she loves it so much that when en route to the coast she sent a letter from Salt Lake to the Spectator of Portland, enlarging on the delight she experienced in nearing that city. She refers to Portland as "Our City" and gossips of the Portlanders whom she has met on her travels as one to the manor born. She expresses the fear that she will be homesick for Portland and glows with the thought that she will soon be shaking hands with her old friends. Miss Jewel, it appears to me, is a very largehearted young lady. I wonder whether she will also organize a society to be called the "Adopted Daughters of the Webfoot State."

A Nuisance and Its Defenders

Not for the present are we to look forward with any degree of assurance to the abatement of the nuisance by which transportation in the Sutter street electric cars is interrupted at Sansome street. This nuisance having been resolved into a question of political expediency the interests of the dear people must be subordinated to those of private individuals. But as the deplorable situation calls for nothing more than the exercise of patience on the part of the public that tough old beast of a thousand burdens may be depended on to maintain its philosophic calm and composure. From one point of view the situation is not without redeeming features. To the cynical and the wise who can extract amusement from everything that exemplifies the stupidity of the sovereign people it has positive and irresistible charms. For example the appeal to the cynical temperament made by those tireless champions of the people, the Hon. Paul Bancroft and the Hon. Oscar Hocks, by vir-

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tue of their zeal in corporation-baiting for the diversion of the gallery is of peculiar potency. These illustrious patriots by the enthusiasm with which they affect a virtuous determination to protect the interests of the people while harassing an unpardonable public service corporation and maintaining a public nuisance are as funny to persons of acute sensibilities as a pair of trick elephants in a circus.

Are They Making Good?

The supposition is that our parochial press has so effectually befogged the controversy between the corporation and the demagogues that Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hocks are accepted by the unsophisticated general at the appraised value which they would have placed on themselves; in other words that as politicians they are "making good." But if this supposition be well founded then the purblindness of the people is an affliction that has come on them since last November. It will be remembered that the Supervisors who based their claims to recognition as champions of the people chiefly on their cantankerousness in this very matter of the street car nuisance were repudiated at the polls. It is true that Mr. Hocks and Mr. Bancroft were re-elected, but those gentlemen were formerly much less aggressive in the corporation-baiting role than they have been under the present dispensation. They had many friends in business circles who vouched for their sincerity and who were certain they would give all corporations a square deal. Even Mr. Bancroft, it was said, would be in sympathy with property owners and merchants on Sutter street, and he was not opposed by them though there were some that had not forgotten that he was started on his political career by the Phelan-Spreckels machine shortly after serving on the Schmitz jury.

The Franchise Controversy

This squabble between the Supervisors and the United Railroads is not the result of complications so confusing as the corporation baiters would have us believe. It is certainly clear enough that the right of the railroad to operate cars under the Sutter street franchise from Central avenue to the Ferry is not disputed. Even Mr. Bancroft does not dispute it. On the contrary, he would give it official recognition by resolution, the only dispute between Mr. Bancroft and the corporation being with respect to the rails upon which the Sutter street cars should be operated between Sansome street and the Ferry. The company insists upon using the outer rails which were laid in accordance with a franchise that has not expired. Mr. Bancroft insists upon having the cars operated on certain inner rails, not because the outer rails are a nuisance but because the space occupied by them may some day be wanted by the city for a municipal railroad. In other words Mr. Bancroft conceives, or at least pretends to conceive, that as a franchise once granted by the city may some day operate to the city's disadvantage the municipal authorities have the right to amend or abrogate it at their pleasure without paying the slightest deference to the vested rights of the owner of the franchise. Mr. Bancroft affects the belief that there is nothing more required to justify one in taking away the property of another than to desire it oneself.

The Taciturn Long

Of course Mr. Bancroft argues that the railroad doesn't need the outer rails, but his judgment in this matter is hardly conclusive. The judgment of the average Supervisor is not any better than his morals. But admitting that the corporation is holding the outer rails to defeat competition by the city, how does that circumstance tend to invalidate the franchise? This is a question that none but Bancroft's fellow champion Percy Long can answer, and Percy would rather look wise than expound problems in law. Concurring with Mr. Bancroft in the theory that devotion to the dear people is best evidenced at present by circumventing and harassing public service corporations Mr. Long has objected to the issuance of a temporary permit for the operation of electric cars on the outer rails, saying that it might embarrass him in certain litigation. Asked how embarrassment could possibly ensue, and whether on the contrary it might not be hazardous for the railroad company to accept a temporary permit which might be construed as an acknowledgment of the futility of its franchise, Mr. Long promptly swallowed his tongue and gave a sign of distress by wagging his ears. In justice to Mr. Long it should be explained that he is different from the average corporation baiter being defective rather in his head than in his heart.

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?"

"Why, Hamlet held the skull and said: 'Alas, poor Yorick! You are not the only deadhead in the house.'"

Arthur Scribner Down and Out

How many people in San Francisco remember Arthur Scribner? And of those who recall him, how many have ever stopped to wonder what may have become of him after he left this city? It may excite a moment's sensation of regret in some of his old friends here to learn that Arthur Scribner is fallen on evil days. When he was at the head of one of our leading banks, the confidential representative of London capitalists, Arthur Scribner was one of the greatest favorites in clubdom. A big handsome man, ever dressed immaculately to the moment, he was a prime favorite at the Pacific Union, the Cosmos—the "exclusive Cosmos," it was called then—and at other clubs. His entertainments were tasteful and delightful; it was considered an honor of no mean kind to be invited to his select parties. Fortune smiled on Arthur Scribner in this city and he shared her bounties with his friends. But there came a turn in the tide; he lost his banking position and reluctantly left this city for London. Since then he has descended to narrow straits and only at intervals have a few of his old companions met him in the English metropolis, for

Milo

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he does not frequent the good society in which wealthy San Franciscans staying in London are sometimes privileged to mingle. But despite a hard fight with poverty Scribner always maintained his membership in the Pacific-Union Club. Regularly there arrived his check for dues, the money saved, no doubt, with difficulty and privation. Now that tie is severed. An assessment of $100 was recently levied on all the members of the club, the money being devoted to the building fund. Scribner was unable to meet the assessment and sent his resignation. When some of his old friends learned of this they regretted that they could not have forestalled that action by paying his assessment for him. Their regret is the last tenuous thread that connects Arthur Scribner with the life of the old San Francisco of which he was once so distinguished a participant.

Stanton's Vaulting Ambition

Phil Stanton has begun his campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. He is industriously gumshoeing the Los Angeles end of the State on behalf of his ambition. Phil is a very able politician and there are people in the South who insist that only lack of fair opportunity has thus far nipped in the bud his ability to be a statesman. These people want to give him the opportunity by making him Governor of California. Personally I am willing to concede the Stantonian ability, because the concession at its limit does not exceed the average statesmanship of modern America. And in passing I will say that the present affords the best opportunity in the history of this country for any ability capable of exercising real statesmanship untinctured by self interest and rank demagogy. Stanton may be a statesman in the modern American definition of the term; but I object to him for Governor because he is inclined to hold himself aloof from the people; because he lacks confidence in their discretion; because he is subservient to the rule of men not entirely great; and because he is the custodian of a State secret that has long since outlived its usefulness to an autocrat who has since developed into a colossus bestriding the world. I am not sure that these objections are sufficient to debar Mr. Stanton from serving the commonwealth as its Governor, but I am sure that I would not like to be compelled to vote for him while laboring under them.

A Statesman's Dead Secret

We have not forgotten the awful cataclysm threatened by Stanton while he was Speaker of the last legislature. He told us at the time that unless we ceased our effort to conduct our school affairs in our own way Japan would come over and wipe us off the map. We asked Speaker Stanton what his authority was for this conditional debacle. We also asked him why we would be unable to defend ourselves against the destroying Jap. He refused to answer either question. It was a State secret entrusted to him by One Who Knows It All, and he would not betray the confidence for all the wealth of all the mines of California. At that time he would have sacrificed his ambition to be Governor of California before he would have revealed the reason why we should do the belly act in conjunction with the ordinary kowtow to the Master of the Orient and the Master of the Occident. At the same time, and for the purpose of fooling some of the people some of the time, Speaker Stanton promised to clean his breast of this State secret some day. He has thus far refrained from redemption of this promise. I now call upon him to tell us what he had in mind on the occasion of his grand stand bluff before the people of California when we "stood on the precipice" as he called it, and were rushing headlong to the demnition bow wows. I call upon him now to tell us all about it as a condition precedent to his further candidacy. He can do as he pleases, of course, and I have not the slightest doubt that he will try to operate his candidacy upon strictly Stantonian principles; but I warn him that unless he proceeds at once to unburden himself of that State secret, he will hear from me again in this relation vociferously and in no uncertain terms. I do not propose to have a candidate going up and down the land bearing a secret so portentous. Stanton must unload or take his finger off the trigger.

"When I grow up, grandpa, how shall I keep from marrying the wrong woman?"

"You won't!"

Trouble About the Boy Mayor

There was trouble in the Board of Education last week over the silly boy mayor project which has been sponsored by the Columbia Park Club. President Thomas Bannerman characterized the scheme as "part and parcel of this state of municipal hysteria," which was not a half-bad way of putting the matter. What particularly excited Bannerman's ire was the fact that a number of school principals had proceeded with the elections while the question of sanctioning the project was still before the board for settlement. This amounted to the principals taking the matter into their own hands; it was a flouting of the authority of the Board of Education and the president of that body intimated that he did not like it a little bit. But School Director Payot poured oil on the troubled waters, suggesting that the board had best let well enough alone. Herein was Mr. Payot the soul of discretion. When the project of electing a boy mayor was broached by the various committees which have been co-operating with the Columbia Park Club, it was suggested immediately that the permission of the Board of Education would have to be obtained. That sounded reasonable to everybody, but there was a strange reluctance on the part of the various men and women to carry the matter to the board. One after another declined, until finally it was decided that the

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proper person to handle the negotiations would be Mrs. Henry Payot, chairman of the publicity committee. Mrs. Payot is the wife of School Director Payot and no doubt it was thought that she would wield more influence with the board than a mere outsider. But Mrs. Payot did not appear before the board to request permission to hold the elections. Nobody appeared; hence the wrath of the president of the board. Just why Mrs. Payot did not go through the formality entrusted to her is a mystery, but it is easy to understand why Mr. Payot acted as a pacifier when Mr. Bannerman seemed inclined to investigate the snub to his authority.

Jinks—Have you selected a trade for your boy?
Winks—I shall make a plumber of him.
Jinks—Has he a bent that way?
Winks—He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week.

A New Orleans Man on His City

A citizen of New Orleans who signs himself "Sazerac" has been unburdening his mind in the New York Sun on the subject of the campaign which his home city is making for the Panama Exposition of 1915. Sazerac is not in sympathy with the desire of New Orleans to get the world's fair and he swings his pen trenchantly in explanation of his state of mind. The letter which was published in the Sun on April 2 is a column and a half long, too long to be quoted in full, but it is an excellent campaign document for San Francisco. Sazerac complains that New Orleans is suffering from "exposition fever" which he regards as a most deadly and vitiating malady. He says sarcastically that when the Panama Canal has been completed, New Orleans is destined to become the metropolis of the world and that London, Hamburg, New York, San Francisco, Liverpool and Galveston will be mere flag stations for vessels on their way to New Orleans. "Whenever a citizen of Creoleville," writes Sazerac, "refuses to indulge in these wild and fantastic dreams he is unceremoniously termed a 'knocker' and in many instances his mental health is questioned."

The Reason for the Fever

Sazerac finds the wherefore of his city's exposition fever in the desire of real estate dealers to get rid of a lot of unsalable land. It seems that a lot of marsh land on the outskirts of the city has been drained and put on the market and that the crop of suckers who responded to the cry "Own your home" was not large enough. So the real estate men want the city to take this land off their hands for an exposition site. Sazerac opines that this is "the slickest land booming that ever happened" and speaks of the "maddening fury" with which the attempts to secure the exposition are being made. Of an association for the development of New Orleans known as the Progressive Union, Sazerac has little that is complimentary to say and he makes fun of the Union's delegation which went to Washington and claimed to have secured Taft's approval of the New Orleans claims. So little respect has Sazerac for this association that he calls it the "Mutual Admiration Society."

Facts About New Orleans

Sazerac then proceeds to the meat of his argument by detailing conditions in his home city. He says that "though it is one of the most highly taxed cities in the United States, the people of New Orleans enjoy fewer municipal improvements and advantages than any other people in the Union." Of the New Orleans streets he paints a depressing picture. It seems that many of them become "veritable quagmires" in the rainy season and that the whole city then takes on a "Venetian aspect." "After a heavy downpour," he writes, "the

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FAY C. BEAL, General Manager

residents of the rear of the Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards are forced to remain at a downtown hotel" or "to wade through water knee deep and sometimes waist high." The electric cars, we learn, are put out of commission by reason of the water flooding the motor boxes and the Fire Department frequently pleads its inability to cope with fires on account of the impassable condition of the streets. The astounding statement is made that many residents of the city are denied free mail distribution "because of an order from the Post Office Department that mail carriers shall not deliver mail unless there are banquettes or sidewalks safe for them to walk upon; and this right in the city limits too." Again, "Sewerage and drainage yet remain to be installed in a great many parts of the city. Gas either as fuel or as an illuminant is denied many sections of the community because the mains are laid only in certain streets."

Fun at the Expense of Business

Sazerac thinks that New Orleans has cultivated the fun-loving proclivities of its inhabitants at the expense of its commercial prosperity. He tells how its supremacy as a cotton market has been wrested from it by Galveston and how buildings in Canal and other of the principal streets are tenanted by cheap kinetoscope shows and exhibitors of nude pictures. "Just prior to President Taft's last visit," he tells us, "some one suggested that all the 'for rent' signs should be taken down during the stay of the nation's Chief Executive. This wise individual explained that Mr. Taft might form the opinion that the town was not prosperous if he saw so many 'for rent' signs." Only when a Mardi Gras is in preparation or progress, it seems, does the city by the delta shake off its lethargy. And even then, says Sazerac, the city cannot boast of its climate which he thinks the worst in the world, with the possible exception of Liverpool. This is the sarcastic manner in which Sazerac brings his remarkable letter to a close: "The dirty and impassable muddy streets, the stagnant gutters, the declining cotton trade, the vacant commercial properties, the small and ill paid police force, the inadequate fire fighting facilities, the lack of sewerage and drainage, the increased rate of taxation, the railroad rate discrimination, the dock labor troubles, the decrease of factories have nothing to do with the question of exposition. Hurrah for New Orleans in 1915! Welcome to the Winter Capital of America!"

Senator Clark's Financial Methods

The fact that Senator Clark was in town recently reminds me of a story illustrating his financial methods. The Montana multi-millionaire is an investor and never buys anything for speculative purposes. In consequence he has complete confidence in the soundness of all his big concerns. When the Salt Lake road of which he is president was practically wiped out of existence by the recent storms in the south and southeast, Clark was in New York. On the morning that the news reached him of the stroke of misfortune which meant the loss of millions, he was in his office bright and early. The bonds of the road, I believe, are not listed on the exchange, being held principally by banks and other big financial institutions and they were quoted at 92¼. All that day Senator Clark spent at the telephone, conversing with uneasy bondholders who feared that they faced ruin and wanted an early tip from Clark to save their fortunes. To every investor Clark said the same thing. Yes, he had heard the news of the washouts and he did not think that it was exaggerated. If they would send their bonds to his office he would buy them at 92¼. Very few investors sold and although the damage is not yet all repaired the bonds still stand at 92¼.

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formed in 1903 to insure Clark the presidency of the line for ten years. The voting power is divided between the Harriman and Clark interests. The Harriman stockholders have six votes and the Clark stockholders have an equal number. The thirteenth vote is cast every year by a New York trust company which holds Clark's proxy and for seven years now he has been elected president by that casting vote. The unique arrangement will last until 1913. By the way, I am told that Senator Clark is going to Biarritz to meet his beautiful young wife who has been spending some time at that fashionable resort on the west coast of France. When they return they will open the Clark palace in New York and there will be a new record made in entertainment.

A Palace Tradition Gone

One of the papers noted a few days ago that the waiters who used to balance dinner trays on their heads had been banished from the new Palace. That is too bad. Oldtimers would like to see those skilled equilibrists gliding along the corridors, carrying steaming meals on their heads without ever once touching the perfectly poised trays with their hands. It was a picturesque sight and there would have been no harm in perpetuating it. And now I find that another tradition of the old hotel has gone. The Market street entrance to the Palace is kept open nowadays until a quarter past one in the morning. In the old days it was closed promptly at a quarter after midnight. According to the rule of the hotel it should have been closed at midnight, but it was kept open for years for the additional fifteen minutes for the convenience of Dr. John Gallwey. Dr. Gallwey was one of the best liked guests of the old hostelry and every night, with the regularity of clockwork, he passed through the Market street portal at a quarter past twelve. After he passed through, the door was closed. The main entrance to the Palace, now as in the old days, is on New Montgomery. William C. Ralston planned the hotel that way for two reasons. Knowing that Market street was destined to be the busiest thoroughfare in the city, he thought that if the coach entrance to the grand court was on that side there would be danger of collisions between cabs and street cars. He was afraid too that the west wind would blow the dust and dirt of the streets into the court and destroy the white walls. So the Market street door was made a side entrance and is so today. By the way, how many people knew that alongside that Market street entrance was an ordinary old-fashioned bell pull which rang a bell in the upper court? Kirkpatrick learned of its presence there a couple of years after he became manager of the hotel, but never could ascertain why it was installed. Of course it was never used.

The Dewar Prize Bowls

The Robert Burns Anniversary Banquet of the St. Andrews Society was the auspicious occasion at which the Dewar Prize Bowls were presented for contest on the green of the Golden Gate Scotch Bowling Club. Mr. James S. Webster to whose efforts the success of the Harry Lauder week and St. Andrews' Banquet was largely due, made a suitable reference in his address at the dinner, to the friendship of Sir Thomas Dewar for Mr. Harry Lauder and to Sir Thomas' handsome trophy of a box of prize bowls to be contested for on the Green of the Golden Gate Scotch Bowling Club.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 626 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at Nos. 536 Polk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8071, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATILDA WOLFF, Deceased.

William Wolff, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes and in the manner therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said William Wolff, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased MATILDA WOLFF at either private or public sale and as prayed for in said petition as shall be necessary for the best interests of said estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, April 11th, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 11th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for Estate, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Leon E. Prescott, 307 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

SOFHUS LARSEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Dorthea Larsen, also known as and called by the name of Dorothea Larsen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

LEON E. PRESCOTT, Attorney for Administrator, 307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Czar's Plans for Next Season

It is officially announced, by no less an authority than Mr. Greenway himself, that a Junior Assembly is to be organized under his colors, which are True Blue. This series will be in addition to the other Assemblies which will henceforth be known as the Senior Assemblies. That is to say, there will be two dancing sets at the Fairmont next winter under Greenway's management. The czar announces that he will no longer assume a tolerant indulgence toward other aspiring social leaders. "They all try it, and after a spasmodic winter or two, give it up. So what is the use? I'm going to have everything my own way hereafter and end all friction," he stated the other day, in discussing his plans for next winter. He made public another project. He is determined to lead the fashionables back to the simplicity and early hours of our grandparents. "Dances should be pure fun and gayety. Instead, we've been making hard work of them, beginning our dances at midnight when they should be well over. No more dances at dawn under my management." There will be thirty-seven debutantes next winter, with Miss Ethel Crocker leading them. Many, I might say the majority, plan to make their debut at the Greenway dances. In anticipation of this Mr. Greenway will spend the summer abroad gathering ideas on the latest frills and furbelows with which to brighten the Assemblies. The Junior Assemblies are to be made very pretty affairs, and for these favors and decorations will be purchased, as the cotillon, once so popular, is to be revived.

Mrs. Carolan May Be the Leader

Apropos of the next season, it is whispered that Mrs. Carolan is planning to assume leadership. As this lady has the time, the means, the zeal and the knack of such a position, everyone is hoping that the rumor has some basis in fact. Mrs. Carolan who is not particularly interested in dances, plans to interest society in the salon idea, and for this purpose intends to initiate a series of afternoons at which distinguished artists will be seen and heard. The ordinary afternoon tea, as every grown-up of average intelligence will admit, is an insufferable bore, to which it is almost impossible to get men to come. With nothing but trivial talk allowable under the rules of the game men and women of live mentality must necessarily feel as woodeny as they look. Now Mrs. Carolan has original ideas about afternoon entertainments and has the independence of mind to carry them out. The leisure class in local society is a large one. Two generations of travel gives versatility to a mind naturally acute and alive. This class, which usually spends its summers abroad is awakening to the fact that California, like Europe, has many charms. Travel abroad ceases to have a fascination after the sixth or seventh trip. But what to do at home is the question. Mrs. Carolan thinks she can solve the problem. So do her friends. They are willing to try and everyone hopes the resolution will burgeon into reality.

The Chauffeur and the Chauffeuse

Along with the coming of the automobile as a new factor in modern life came the chauffeur as a new object of interest to women of a certain temperament. The affections of some women are influenced more by the occupation of a man than by the man himself. It is by reason of this peculiarity that chauffeurs have figured in romantic elopements and in domestic scandals. But heretofore nothing much has been heard of the wives of chauffeurs. Until the recent activity in newspaper circles of a chauffeur's wife I never heard of a chauffeur that had a wife. I supposed they were all philanderers; that none of them were husbands. That the lady to whom I refer has not been brought to public notice is not because of indisposition to celebrity on her part. As the story comes to me she wants to be written up, and the newspapers will not gratify her passion. She wishes it to be known that the son of one of our millionaires regarded her as his affinity. And he, being a married man, has been fearful that the story might come out. The scare that he has received will probably cause him to mend his morals.

Photo, Erickson and Henry

MISS JUANITA WATERMAN

A charming girl who was prominent in one of the cotillon clubs during the past season and who is now in Munich completing her musical education.

It Brought Only Ninety Dollars

That San Francisco society which waxed so wildly enthusiastic over the tableaux vivants is interested in the art of the past rather than in the art of today was made very apparent last Saturday night when an oil painting by Frank McComas was auctioned at the Fairmont and brought only ninety dollars. Considering that the painting was disposed of in the cause of the Columbia Park boys—surely a worthy charity—the mean price which it brought might possibly be set down to economy rather than to artistic indifference. And yet considerations of economy seem out of place in an assemblage where fortunes are counted in seven figures. The ball at the Fairmont was not very well attended, yet when the dancers gathered at suppertime there was a good representation of our gilded aristocracy. Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge was chosen to auction the McComas picture and enlisted every charm of his honeyed eloquence in behalf of the Columbia boys. But it was a thankless

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task. The bidding started at twenty-five dollars and went on sluggishly until it reached eighty dollars where it stopped short. In desperation Mr. Shortridge raised the bid to $90 on his own account, but every effort he made to extract a higher figure proved futile and he had to knock the picture down to himself. After buying it he very gracefully presented it to the ladies of the committee, to be raffled. I wonder how Frank McComas felt when he learned that one of his characteristic desert

Photo, Bushnell

MISS LETA MECARTENY

An attractive belle of Oakland as she appeared at a recent fancy dress ball at the Claremont Country Club.

pieces brought only ninety dollars in a fashionable gathering? I will indorse any remarks which he may make on this subject.

Mrs. Carolan Made a Sensation

The quintessence of quality rallied to Mrs. Francis Carolan's banner on the occasion of this ball. Rarely has there been a ball this season at which such lavish display of gowns and jewels was made. When Mrs. Carolan entered, a perceptible hush came over the folks in the ball room. She created a sensation. Her gown, resembling a vast tongue of gas flame, glowed like blue fire. The corsage flashed, blinked and glowed as the changing humor of light was caught and reflected in the facets of the dark stones in the gold embroidery about the bodice, forming a crest of smouldering brightness to the luminance of blue in which the rest of the gown was fashioned. To emphasize this illusion of iridescent light, Mrs. Carolan trailed a cloud of blue tulle about her, its length flowing into the long pointed train, outlining her figure like an irregular halo of thin blue light. Through this shimmer of gauze, her diamonds flashed mischievously, a high collar of them about her throat and a string of them hanging to the waist. Her sombre coal-black hair was coiled up over her head and was held in place with two large diamond-set pins.

She Amazed Lady Wilson

Lady Sarah Wilson of London, Capetown and the rest of the world, strolled by to have a peep at the gayeties, coming with Mrs. Fenwick, Captain Fenwick, Major Wilson and young Captain Wilson, and when the English visitors beheld the flame-blue vision, they were visibly startled out of their British reserve. Lady Wilson who has the easy-going air of a thoroughbred Bohemian, took out her lorgnette and gazed through the glasses with the most deliberate scrutiny, evidently relishing the incident as an unexpected delight. She herself, coming from dinner at the Fairmont, looked the picture of typical English femininity. Her gown, a fluffy thing of black Chantilly and chiffon, brought into relief every coppery tint of her abundant curly hair which was done up into a high knot, a blue satin band holding the curls in place. She always wears these filets of ribbon about her head, their artful artlessness suggesting youthful coquetry. Incidentally she is a great friend of Lady Duff-Gordon, the "Lucile" of the Sunday supplement whose new dressmaking shop in New York is the rendezvous for the fashionables from all over "the States."

A Duff-Gordon Gown

Speaking of Lady Duff-Gordon, one of her famous gowns was worn at the tableaux vivants by the tall and handsome Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe whose relative, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, is the pet chum of the new arbiter elegantiarum in the fashionable world. Mrs. de Wolfe has just returned from New York, having gone there to select materials for the Charles A. Baldwin home in Colorado Springs. Since the Baldwins have sold their home down the peninsula to the Carolans they have decided to take

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root at the Springs. But to return to Mrs. de Wolfe. Her dress was the oddest thing in that gathering of fashion. It was made of soft, black velvet, without a curve to indicate the waist-line, and yet it was by no means the shapeless baggy thing of two winters ago. The skirt was hardly more than two yards around. It was a dress of amazing simplicity. The bodice was draped in a sort of fichu design, with kimono sleeves cut in with the rest of the bodice. Like all of Lady Duff-Gordon's pet models, this one was collarless. The effect was one of girlish youthfulness which, naturally, was very becoming. On another evening the same lady wore another "Lucile" gown, this time of hand-tucked chiffon made over satin figured with lavender wistaria. The bodice was made in odd kimono style and looked as if it were simply draped on the wearer. The lower part of the scant skirt was of white satin which hung on the floor all around for several inches, making the wearer look tall and slender, like a Burne-Jones figure in a cathedral window.

Miss Jennie Crocker Dazzled

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring, the girls and women have been blossoming into the most adorable gowns during the past week. It must be in the air. Miss Jennie Crocker came out as a bluebell the night of the ball at the Fairmont, wearing a gown which for daring and dazzle exceeded anything that shy young person has ever appeared in. It was made of silver gauze, over which was draped bright blue chiffon, engirdled with a broad band of brilliants or possibly they were diamonds. I cannot tell. When millionaires wear sparklers on their gowns, they may be real or imitation—no one is any the wiser, and one makes as much of a show as the other. The tunic of blue was hemmed up with a row of the twinklers, and the corsage was outlined with a broad band of them that made the petite lily-faced girl a gleaming glittering figure.

The Ladies Smoked in Public

Those who lunched at the Cliff House last Saturday were given a glimpse of approved European manners and found the sight piquant and interesting. Lady Sarah Wilson, the noted English doer of big things, lunched at the Cliff House with a party of friends among whom was Mr. John Ross of the Southern Pacific Company. After luncheon all the ladies produced their cigarette cases in a very matter of fact way and regaled themselves with their dainty Turkish cigarettes. There was no suspicion of pose in the act, no sign of self-consciousness in the ladies. They smoked as naturally and unaffectedly as they drank their black coffee. That they created something of a sensation among the other lunchers cannot be denied, but they were entirely oblivious of the excitement about them. Many of our ladies smoke in private, of course, but they have not the courage to show their zest for tobacco in the presence of strangers. Some of those present envied the insouciance with which Lady Wilson and her English friends flouted, all unknowingly, the conventionality of the west.

An Anti-Bridge Club

Bridge is not universal among women of leisure. This statement will be questioned but in support of it permit me to point to the Anti-bridge Club of West Point, New York. The members of this unique organization of reform are army women. They meet weekly to do otherwise than play bridge, possibly to do tatting. On this detail I am not informed and it is a minor one of little importance. The point to be dwelt upon is that they do not play bridge and that over their tatting, or not improbable discussion of votes for women, they rejoice in their freedom from the game's thrall. Mrs. Kerr Riggs, wife of Lieutenant Riggs of West Point, was one of the club's founders. It is of local interest to know that Mrs. Barry, wife of General Thomas Barry of Fort Mason who has been ordered to West Point, is eligible to membership. Mrs. Barry does not play bridge and has frequently said so. A bridge party mistakenly attributed to her, which in reality was given by Mrs. Berry, wife of Admiral Berry, called forth a statement of her position on the bridge question. It may be that the West Point women are pioneers in a larger movement which will result in anti-bridge clubs like anti-suffrage societies be-

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ing formed all over the country much as anti-tuberculosis leagues—but the comparison is becoming pathological and odious.

A Word About Those Tableaux

It may seem discourteous and even irreverent for me to express anything but praise of the beautiful women who placed their charms on view for the sake of charity at the St. Francis last week, but just the same I am going to admit that I was a good deal disappointed in the tableaux vivants. In the first place it struck me as rather remarkable that the first tableau of all should be marred by an anachronism which a high school girl would be capable of pointing out to the good ladies who arranged the entertainment. Watteau's Le Fete Galante is a charming picture indeed and admirably suited to the exploitation of the varied pulchritude of our society ladies, but just how Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court came to be associated with a Watteau picture is beyond my comprehension. Watteau never dreamed of depicting Marie Antoinette for the simple reason that Marie Antoinette was still unborn in his days. If my memory serves me he was sleeping in his grave full half a century when Marie Antoinette came to the throne of France. So historical accuracy would have been better served if Mrs. Henry T. Scott had chosen a later painter than Watteau for her tableau. Plenty of artists depicted the unfortunate Austrian girl during her brief sad reign and it was not necessary to flout chronology to arrange a suitable picture. Why did not some of our well-read bavardes who followed the arrangements of the tableaux call the attention of those in charge to this palpable mistake?

As to Their Fidelity

Mrs. Henry T. Scott is a very charming woman, but I must say that she does not in the least remind me of Marie Antoinette. This however is a criticism which might be applied to most of the tableaux. I cannot see wherein Mrs. Peter Martin resembles Madame Lebrun. Miss Keeney has nothing in common with Le Breton's peasant girl. Miss Alice Hager is so robust and athletic that she cannot be blamed for having failed to convey the illusion of Winterhalter's Lady of the Camellias; surely a more fitting subject might have been found for her. Similarly Mrs. Kohl failed to remind me of Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire. Mrs. Carolan is thought by some to bear a likeness to Mrs. Pat Campbell but neither Mrs. Carolan nor Mrs. Campbell looks a bit like the great Siddons as Reynolds painted her. Miss Sears is too much herself to look like Lady Manners or any other of the beauties whom Sir Joshua painted. And so on through the whole list. It was interesting to see our exclusive society women on review; it was splendid to note how many real beauties there are among them; but it was distinctly disappointing to make comparisons between them and the masterpieces which they strove to reproduce.

The Maclean Musicale

On Sunday last Mr. Donald Maclean gave one of his regular monthly musicales at his studio, 1613 Green street. Mr. Maclean has inaugurated the custom of presenting one of his more advanced pupils at each of these recitals and on this occasion he was assisted by Miss Florence Warden whose rich soprano showed in its fullness of tone and evenness of register the excellence of method of her teacher who is a De Rezske pupil. The "Hymn to the Sun" with which Mr. Maclean opened his program proved one of the most interesting numbers. This is one of the test songs of the Paris Conservatoire and demands above all things nobility of voice. Mr. Maclean sang it superbly, showing mastery of the old as well as the modern French music, the interpretation of which he studied under the most famous teachers during his three years of study in Paris. In "Geduld" by Richard Strauss, the singer showed himself equally at home in the intricacies of the modern German lieder. This remarkable song which contains three ascending climaxes was sung with an intensity which at the close left the audience thrilled and breathless. A group of English songs completed the program.

In the Social Spotlight

Among the business luncheons recently given at the Fairmont may be mentioned the beautiful affair given by Mr. J. K. Wilson in honor of Mr. G. M. Reynolds, president of the First National Bank of New York City. Also that of Mr. Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California to the same distinguished gentleman, and his party.

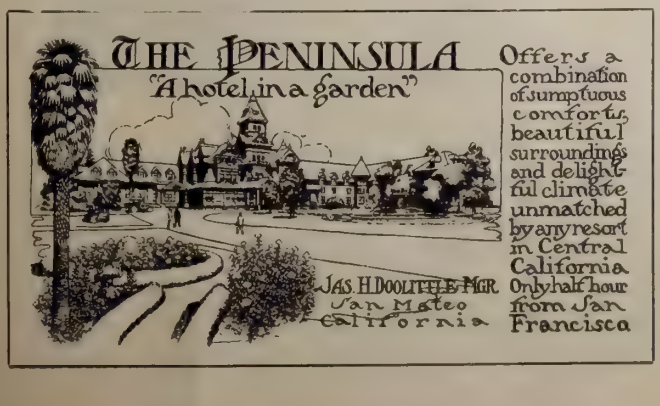
Mr. George T. Dexter, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company was guest of honor at an elaborate dinner given by W. L. Hathaway in the Red Room of the Fairmont on Tuesday and on Thursday returned the compliment by giving another dinner in honor of his district managers and representatives on the coast.

Mr. C. A. Coffin of New York, president of the General Electric Company, was the honored guest at a splendid dinner party given by Dr. W. A. Addison of this city to fifty of the most prominent men connected with the electrical business in this city. The Red Room of the Fairmont, which has been the scene of so many beautiful affairs, has held none more delightful than this.

With the arrival of Judge Lovett's party at the Palace the roster of prominent railroad men who have been its guests is complete. Judge Lovett came west in his special train, accompanied by his vice-presidents and assistants on a trip of inspection and to hold conference with President E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fe Railroad, who, in company with his officials, had preceded him to the Palace.

With President Lovett were the following Southern Pacific officials: G. W Goelet, C. C. Stillman, Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation, H. Neill, J. W. McKinley, L. H. Cornell, E. O. McCormick, assistant traffic manager. They were met at the Palace Hotel by J. C. Stubbs, director of traffic who arrived a few hours before them. In the party accompanying President E. P. Ripley were W. H. Hodges of Chicago, vice-president in charge of purchases; General Manager A. G. Wells of Los Angeles; Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager John J. Byrne of Los Angeles; Assistant General Passenger Agent H. K. Gregory; General Superintendent I. L. Hibbard of Los Angeles; Captain A. H. Payson, assistant to the president; Assistant Freight Manager Edward H. Chambers; George F. Nicholson, vice-president in charge of traffic; A. J. Black, passenger traffic manager; T. B. Houghton, freight traffic manager, all of Chicago.

Mrs. W. A. Vanderbilt Jr., who has been making numerous flying visits since her arrival at the Fairmont some weeks ago,



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has left her children, their governesses and maids at Del Monte while she comes back and forward to the city as business or social occasions demand.

Major F. A. Gill of London, who has been in California for the past two months as a leading member of the English polo team, has been a guest of the Fairmont during the past week, prior to his departure for England.

Friends of Mrs. Loughborough and Miss Bessie Zane are welcoming them back to their apartments at the Fairmont, after their extended visit to New York and the East.

Illustrative of the popularity of the Palace facilities for handling social affairs, just two evenings out of a week may be noted: On Friday, the golden ballroom was the scene of the splendid cotillon given by the Entre Nous Cotillon Club, one of the oldest dancing organizations in the city, this particular cotillon being the twenty-sixth which has been held in the Palace. At the same time the banquet room was occupied by the alumni of the University of Michigan, which met at its annual dinner; while the small reception room was the scene of the meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, in their regular session.

Again on Saturday, the annual banquet of the Phi Alpha Kappa Chapter was held in the golden ballroom and the annual banquet of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity took place on the same evening in the Grey Banquet room.

The Palace has been the scene of nearly all the important fraternity and sorority banquets of the year and is in high favor with the men of these societies.

Among the permanent summer guests who have arrived at The Peninsula are Mr. A. S. Whitney and two sons, L. D. St. John, of San Mateo; Mrs. J. M. Purrington of Oakland; Dr. W. C. Chidester of San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grow of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Julius Ach of San Francisco; Miss Bertha Baden, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hart, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Whitwell, Boston; Mrs. Spencer Ashlin and Mrs. R. B. Lindsay, San Francisco.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included R. W. Ring, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Dodge, Thomas B. Owen, Mrs. Marcus Stone, Mrs. H. W. Hyman, Mrs. F. Baruch and family, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Gordon, Thomas Mirk and A. W. Jackson.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge are not going to Europe, as was recently reported in the daily press.

The final arrangements for the wedding of Miss Renee Kelly and Edward Alexander Palmer have been completed. It will be celebrated on Monday afternoon at 6 o'clock, April 25, at the residence of the bride's parents in Devisadero street. Mrs. John G. Ewing (Ethel Kelly) will be the matron of honor while Miss Louise McCormick will be the bridesmaid. Clinton Kelley Judy of Los Angeles will attend the groom as best man. Rev. Father Touey of the Paulist Fathers will be the officiating clergyman.

Mrs. A. B. Tower and Miss W. T. Haggerly of Springfield, Mass., are spending the month in San Francisco, and are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree (retired) and Mrs. Sebree who have made their home at the Fairmont for the past two months, left on Monday for an extended visit to San Diego, Mrs. Sebree's home. The admiral has been taking lessons in the "navigation of an automobile" and is preparing to invest in a machine of his own as soon as he becomes sufficiently experienced.

Among the well known people who arrived at the Palace when the Siberia came into port were Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Matthews of Philadelphia, James McCandless, Charles F. Murray and M. B. Young of Honolulu. Mr. Matthews is a prominent business man of Philadelphia and the latter three are all well known in business circles on the islands. Mr. McCandless was en route to the gathering of the Shriners at New Orleans, being a delegate from the Honolulu Temple.

The Palace is the favored rendezvous of visitors from Sacramento. Among those seen there recently were W. E. Gerber and Geo. Peltier of the California State Bank, Dwight H. and G. S. Miller, well known business men, Jos. Terry, the lumber man, State Printer W. A. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hall and L. E. Bontz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fisher, U. S. N., of Mare Island, are at the Vendome on their bridal tour.

Mr. A. B. Ayre of Portland, one of Del Monte's most frequent visitors who for several years has spent part of the winter here, arrived last week with Mrs. Ayre and Mrs. Henry E. Jones, also of Portland. They are touring the State and came up from the south, but found nothing there, as Mr. Ayre says, to equal Del Monte with its wonderful gardens.

Mrs. J. G. Cobb of San Francisco is at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin and Miss Frances Moffiitt of Denver. All of the party are famous golfers, and the McLaughlins make annual visits to Del Monte, attracted by the beautiful links.

Paul Bonnet of Paris and Axel Aygaard of Copenhagen, Denmark, who are identified with the wine industry in Spain and France, arrived at the Palace recently after an extended trip through Mexico. They will make an exhaustive study of wineries and wine making in California.

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The card party given recently at the St. Francis by the members of the Chrysanthemum Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital was a great success, both socially and financially. There were three or four hundred guests in the rooms at the hotel, where bridge and five hundred were the order of the hour. Several hundred dollars were the net proceeds of the day and the sum is to be devoted to the hospital fund. The Keith painting was awarded to Mrs. Paul Bancroft. The president of the Auxiliary, who worked earnestly for the success of the benefit card party, is Miss Edith Bull, and among her capable corps of assistants were Mrs. J. Stewart Fairweather, Miss Mabel Hogg, Miss Lalla Wenzelberger, Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mrs. John Chase, Mrs. G. H. Umbsen and Miss Anita Bertheau.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of F. W. Sawyer, attorney for said Executor, Room 319, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased.

LAWRENCE H. BITHER,
Executor of the Estate of Frederick Lewis Bither, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 16th, 1910.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Estate,
Room 319 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St., San Francisco. 4-16-5

Miss Robson and Her Play

By Edward F. O'Day

It would be extremely nice to find the world in which Aunt Mary and her nephew Jack had their being. Perhaps Professor Lowell, the Martian expert, could find it for us if he searched the universe with sufficient zeal. A pleasant place to live it certainly must be and the only wonder is that Aunt Mary ever needed rejuvenation. How could she possibly grow old in such a paradise. It is a world of money, of course, for money is the root of all theatrical felicity, but there are many other delights in it besides mere dross. It is a world, for instance, where a young fellow may have three chums. Jack had three chums, on the authority of the program, and he was on equally good terms with all of them. This indicates what a different place that world is from ours. It is a world where all the youngsters—for there are no old men in it except servants—not only wear clothes of Kuppenheimer faultlessness but also pose continually in Kuppenheimer attitudes. It is a world where youthful roysterers can shoot cooks, fracture the skulls of cabmen, get themselves "fired" from college and entangled in breach of promise suits without serious consequences to their own peace of mind. It is a world where the pocketbook yields the balm for every hurt, where love is a sight draft honored without question and where life and champagne sparkle as merrily as Miss May Robson's smile. It is not the world which has been exploited in most of the recent plays written by authors with corrugated brows and if Sairey Gamp were asked for an opinion on it she might declare that there ain't no sich place. However we have the authority of Miss Anne Warner, the writer of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," that there is sich a world and it ill becomes us to question the veracity of a lady playwright. Besides, Miss Robson makes this world very much worth while. Every time Jack or one of his chums raises doubts as to its existence Miss Robson wrinkes her nose, wags her chin and the matter is settled. A very winning champion of improbabilities is Miss Robson, an insinuating pleader for belief in implausible things. I am willing to take Miss Robson's word for everything she says and does. I would take it even more gladly if she did not emphasize all that she says and does quite so energetically. Many of Miss Robson's points I caught the first time she made them, but just the same she drove them home by iteration and reiteration. I am not going to say that Miss Robson is the bond-servant of the obvious, because that would have a harsh sound and would be a little less than the truth. Rather, let me put it, Miss Robson is the thrall of Miss Warner's idea which is not entirely exempt from obviousness. Miss Robson is a mummer with unusual gifts of mugging, if I may be allowed to couch a compliment in uncouth words. Her face is a large part of her theatrical fortune, not so much because it is a pretty face—which it assuredly is—but because she has every muscle of it under control and can make it portray things which Miss Warner is incapable of putting into words. I am inclined to think that Miss Robson is a player who plays with her play. She seems to frolic with Miss Warner's comedy as a cat frolics with a mouse. She pretends to let it get away from her and calmly stops it at the critical moment. I'll bet she feels inclined once in a while to wink at the audience. She is "on to" Aunt Mary and takes her just about as seriously as Aunt Mary should be taken; that is to say, she hardly takes her seriously at all. Miss Robson can do this because she is a well-trained actress, a woman of great experience on the boards, a judge of what is good, bad and indifferent in dramatic vehicles. Miss Robson surely has her own opinion about Miss Warner's play. No doubt she has her opinion about the young men who play the parts of Jack and his three chums, too. They are very young men, too young to be good actors, too young perhaps to realize how young they are. If I were a young actor I should not care to play one of these parts. I would rather play a pair of overalls with Otis Skinner or some other experienced and great actor than a Kuppenheimer dress suit with Miss Robson. I beg Miss Robson's pardon, because I do not mean to depreciate her. But these young actors must learn their difficult business from actors and not from actresses and there is no real actor in Miss Robson's company. There is a real actress, however, so the very young lady who plays Jack's sweetheart is to be felicitated on her opportunity of learning the best traditions by association with Miss Robson.

Following the Lambardi Grand Opera Company at the Columbia will appear Grace George who will be remembered for her fascinating performance in "Divorcons." Miss George is this season presenting a new play called "A Woman's Way" and from all accounts has created nothing short of a furore.

The entire afternoon of Thursday, May 12, will be taken up at the Columbia with the presentation of the list of acts to appear at the benefit to be given on that occasion in aid of The Actors' Fund of America. All the theatre managers of San Francisco have been hard at work for some days past preparing for the affair which will be the biggest undertaking of its kind ever known in the west. Society amateurs will vie with tried professionals for honors in the program of the day.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

Stage

Impressionism in Musical Criticism

In order that our local music critics may infuse a little refreshing originality into their work, the critical method of Von Bulow is recommended to them. One day he heard his pupil Laura Rappoldi playing Liszt's "By the Spring" and said to her: "By the way, today I heard you playing Liszt's 'Au bord d'une source,' and

ELIZABETH STEWART
Leading lady at Ye Liberty.

should like to hear you play it again. I play it slower." While his pupil was playing he made various remarks about the different colors of the water. For instance, at the modulation into E major, he said: "Here the water takes a tinge of blue, while in the following passage in E flat it sparkles with a silvery sheen. The water is illuminated by the light of the sun, the different keys give it varying hues and shifting tints of the rainbow, of course through chromatic changes." Then, we are told, he played it himself with a clearness and transparency that made her think of pearls of crystal which the slightest touch would dissolve into water. Now here is a good idea for our critics. By adopting it they would not only make their reviews more interesting but would also impress the uninitiated with their keen analytical ability. All that is necessary is for the critic to note the chromatic changes and use his imagination in attaching colorful significance to them. The use of this critical method need not be confined to music. It could also be applied to dancing, especially of the Maud Allan sort. Every twist of that lady's limbs could be interpreted. When she dances "The Spring Song," a turn of the ankle could be made to express the twittering of a sparrow; when she gives us "Peer Gynt," the sight of an undraped calf might be considered symbolical of sunrise. There is no end of possibilities in this sort of impressionistic criticism. Anyone who fails to appreciate it may be called a philistine. Will the musical critics please take notice?

The Lambardi Repertoire

Impresario Mario Lambardi and his operatic company returns to San Francisco Sunday evening. The season will open at the Columbia with "La Tosca" on Sunday evening. The cast will include Madam Adaberto as "Tosca," Attilio Maurini as "Cavaradossi," and Giuseppe Maggi as "Scarpia," said to be his greatest role. "Il Trovatore" will be produced Tuesday evening with Madam Adaberto as "Leonora." Alessandro Scalabrini, tenor, will be heard as "Manrico." Angelo Antola is expected to sing the role of "The Count di Luna." "Madam Butterfly" will be presented Monday evening and at the Saturday matinee. There is a possibility that Madam Cecilia Tamanti Zavaski, coloratura soprano, and a great favorite here, will be heard as "Cho-Cho-San." Marina Calvi, however, will sing at the Saturday matinee and if Madam Zavaski is not heard, she will sing also at the Monday evening performance. The title role in "Rigoletto" will be interrupted by Giuseppe Maggi, baritone. Madam Zavaski will be heard as "Gilda." Giovanni Nadal will sing the tenor role of the "Duke." "Migon" will receive its only presentation Thursday evening. The cast for this opera has not as yet been announced. Mascagni's music drama, "Iris," will be presented Wednesday evening with Marina Calvi in the title role, supported by Attilio Maurini, Angelo Antola and Vincenzo Viola. "La Tosca" will be repeated Friday evening and "Madam Butterfly" at the Saturday matinee. The same casts will interpret both of these operas. "Aida" with Madam Elvira Bosetti, Alessandro Scalabrini, Giuseppe Maggi, Madam Dolores Frau and Antonio Sabellico, will receive its only presentation Saturday evening. Opening the last week's engagement will be the "Masked Ball." The balance of the operas will be announced later. The symphony orchestra is under the direction of Maestro

MAY ROBSON
In "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" at the Van Ness Theatre

Guerrieri who has won both press and public by his wonderful interpretations.

"King Saul" by the St. Ignatius Boys

St. Ignatius College, in the course of the last two decades, has attracted unusual attention by the character of the dramatic productions sponsored by its faculty and given by its students. The histrionic talent displayed in some of them has received warm praise from competent critics while the elaborate stagings have won the admiration of some of our best local managers.

IGNATIANS IN "KING SAUL"

An interesting scene in the biblical drama which the young men of St. Ignatius College will present next week at the Valencia Theatre.

It has become a St. Ignatius custom to give a play every year and in more recent years the plays have usually been original compositions produced for the first time. These events therefore have a great deal of significance; they are worthy the serious notice of dramatic writers and they have been seriously considered. This year the drama to be presented by the young men of the Catholic college is "King Saul," a biblical play from the pen of a Jesuit. It is said to be of unusual merit and to afford big opportunities for dramatic ability. That it will be adequately staged admits of no doubt, considering the past achievements in this line of the college thespians. The premier of "King Saul" will be on Monday evening, April 18, and the other performances will be given on April 19, 21 and 22 with a matinee on April 23. All of these performances will be given at the Valencia Theatre. The opening night will be "alumni night" and on that occasion most of the theatre will be occupied by the graduates of the college. The proceeds from the Thursday night performance will be devoted to the necessities of the sister college of Santa Clara which recently suffered from a disastrous fire.

The Extra Allan Performances

So many hundreds were unable to gain admission to the Maud Allan performances that Manager Will Greenbaum has offered her a big bonus to cancel her trip to the Northwest and will offer two more performances in this city and one in Oakland. On account of the big stage required to produce certain dances these performances will be given at the Valencia Theatre, the dates being Saturday night, April 23, and Monday night, April 25. On these occasions Miss Allan and an increased orchestra will give two beautiful programs and one of the numbers will be her most talked of work, "The Vision of Salome" which Miss Allan has no hesitancy in submitting for local approval. No one who has seen Miss Allan will admit that there is anything offensive in the dances which she has given. "The Vision of Salome" is not supposed to be danced before Herod but is the dream or vision of the young girl after the terrible sight she beheld when Herod commanded the execution of the Baptist. The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co. The Oakland performance will be given Tuesday night, April 26, Mr. Bishop having again consented to lay off his company for one night. The sale in Oakland also opens Monday morning.

"The Prince of Tonight" at the Savoy

Henry Woodruff, last seen here as the star of "Brown of Harvard," will reopen the Savoy this Sunday evening in "The Prince of Tonight," the latest musical play by Adams, Hough and Howard, authors of "A Stubborn Cinderella" and other successes. The piece is a musical oddity, inasmuch as it begins as a musical comedy of ingratiating sentimental interest and then, for the consolation of a broken-hearted hero, passes from the realm of lyric realities and topical jests into the wonderland of extravaganza. A first act of comedy at Palm Beach, where all the girls are lovely and all the men have money—but one; a transition scene of nymphs and blue and silver ballets; a second act of moon witchery and fairy lore, and a third act that reconciles dream and fact, bringing the cold-hearted girl and the warm-hearted prince-fellow into each others' arms. Such is "The Prince of Tonight" in rough outline. Over sixty people are carried, with a famous beauty chorus, and some of the members of the cast are Ruth Peebles, Erminie Clark, Margaret McBride, Jack Evans, John C. Leach, Arthur Aylesworth, Lew Lawson, Edward Beck and the greatly discussed "broilers" from the Princess Theatre, Chicago. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The finest string quartet in the world, "The Flonzaley Quartet" of Switzerland, is to be the star musical attraction of the coming week and Manager Greenbaum is confident that our music lovers will enjoy it. The first concert will be given this Sunday afternoon at the

WILL M. CRESSY

Who will appear next week only in "The Wyoming Whoop" at the Orpheum.

Garrick Theatre and the program will include the Mozart Quartet in C major, Schumann's Quartet in A minor and a quaint old "Sonata a tre" by Leclaire for two violins and violincello. The second concert will be given Friday night, April 22, at the Novelty Theatre. A Beethoven Quartet and a Haydyn Quartet and movements from works by Max Reger and Smetana will form

DOLORES FRAU
Contralto with Lambardi Grand Opera Co. at the Columbia Theatre

the program. The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 24, at the Garrick with still another program of works by Mozart, Dehnanyi and Sanmartini.

Second Week of May Robson

The second half of the fortnight's engagement of May Robson at the Van Ness will begin Sunday night. The engagement will continue up to and including next Sunday night, April 24. The only afternoon performance is announced for Saturday. The next attraction announced for this theatre will be Charles Frohman's special company in Henri Bernstein's powerful drama of modern times "The Thief." In sending this play to San Francisco Mr. Frohman has at the head of his company the two well known stars Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon. The engagement is limited to two weeks beginning Monday night, April 25.

"Under Southern Skies" at the Alcazar

Replete with atmospheric charm is "Under Southern Skies," which is to be started on a week's run in the Alcazar next Monday evening. It was written by Lottie Blair Parker as a starring medium for Phoebe Davies who for several seasons alternated it with her other successful vehicle "Way Down East," by the same author. "Under Southern Skies" conveys an ingenious and cleverly-drawn story that is redolent of magnolia-bloom and vocal with the drone of honey bees. Its scenes are laid in rural Louisiana, and the period is ten years after the close of the Civil War, while the South was in process of reconstruction. The central figure of the plot is eighteen-year-old Lolia Crofton, who lives with her father in the home which was desolated by his wife's elopement when the girl was in infancy. She has two suitors, Burleigh Mavon, a worthy young fellow, and Steve Daubney, handsome and rather unscrupulous. Between their families a feud has long existed, and it is intensified by their rivalry for the girl. Evelyn Vaughan will be seen as Lolia Crofton, John Ince as Burleigh Mavon, Will R. Walling as Steve Daubney, Louis Bennison as Major Crofton, Howard Hickman as Colonel Daubney, Bessie Barriscale as a charming ingenue, Grace Travers as a Southern belle, and Lillian Elliott, Anne Lockhardt, Beatrice Seamans, Burt Wesner and Walter Belasco as servants.

Cressy at the Orpheum

Next week there will be two new headline acts at the Orpheum, Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, and "Gus Edwards' Night Birds" with Nellie Brewster and a company of twelve singing and dancing youngsters. Next week and next week only, Mr. Cressy will appear in "The Wyoming Whoop" which is one of his cleverest and most diverting efforts. Miss Dayne will render him efficient support. "Gus Edwards' Night Birds" is the most pretentious production yet staged by that prolific composer and inventor of vaudeville novelties. It is a singing and dancing ensemble in which Nellie Brewster, a clever and fascinating comedienne, and a company of twelve singing and dancing youngsters appear. Gladys Lockwood and Paul MacCarty will present an act of their own contriving which has proved a great hit during the present season. MacCarty is a clever musician and Miss Lockwood possesses a delightful personality and has a quaint manner of delivering her songs which is very effective. The Lancton, Lucier Company, which includes Theodore Daly, will introduce a one-act play entitled "A Fool's Friend." Sunday matinee and night the remarkably interesting series of motion pictures depicting "Old Market Street" will be exhibited and Monday matinee and the balance of next week a series of motion pictures which have but just arrived in this country entitled "Roosevelt in Africa" will be presented. Next week will be the last of Al White's Dancing Bugs, The Walsh, Lynch Company, The Picquays and of the famous songstress comedienne Nellie Nichols.

SIGNOR PALLADINO
Trombone soloist of the Ferullo Band at Idora Park

The Burton Holmes Travelogues

The Burton Holmes Travelogues delivered by Wright Kramer are drawing splendid houses to the Garrick Theatre and are interesting audiences composed of our most intelligent citizens. This Saturday afternoon "New Japan" will be given for the last time and in the evening by request "Our Own Hawaii" will be repeated.

Next Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon "Old Japan Today" will be given. Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon will be devoted to "Java."

"Salvation Nell" at Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, have an unusual attraction in store for their patrons next week in "Salvation Nell," the wonderful play of New York life in which Mrs. Fiske starred last season. Nothing will be spared by Ye Liberty management to make the presentation of "Salvation Nell" the most notable ever offered at the theatre. Its presentation is limited to one week, after which "Strongheart will be revived.

Attractions at Idora

In Signor Francesco Ferullo and his big Italian band of fifty pieces, Idora, "the park beautiful," in Oakland, has an attraction that is drawing the music lovers of the bay cities every afternoon and evening. The Ferullo organization, now beginning the third week of its five weeks' engagement, has created a musical sensation among the thousands of Idora patrons. Programs of exceptional merit, rendered as only as Italian band can play them, have made the Ferullo band the most popular organization the Idora management has ever presented. Many new amusement devices have been installed and those who crave thrills and sensations can find them in abundance. For the benefit of San Francisco patrons the Key Route runs trains direct to Idora.

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Next Thursday Afternoon, April 21, at Ye Liberty

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES
Delivered by Wright Kramer
This Friday Night and Saturday Afternoon, "NEW JAPAN TODAY"; Saturday Night—FIRST EXTRA—"HAWAII."
Next Week, Monday and Tuesday Evenings and Wednesday Matinee, "OLD JAPAN"; Thursday and Friday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, "JAVA."
Seats, 50c, 75c and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's, and at the theatre one hour before performance.

Oakland—Ye Liberty
Tuesday Afternoon at 3:30, "OLD JAPAN"
Friday Afternoon, "JAVA."

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Great Programs including "Vision of Salome"
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Tuesday Evening, April 26 at Ye Liberty

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The week's security market has been subject to much manipulation by certain active market interests who took advantage of technical conditions to advance prices early in the week and then break prices sharply at the close. Such manipulations were only warranted as a result of technical conditions in the monetary market, produced by gold exports. However, the decline in values produced a large crop of hysterical rumors from irresponsible people in the financial district and as a result nothing but extreme pessimism prevailed. Certainly there was nothing in the government crop report on wheat to warrant such adverse sentiment and there is every reason for a bountiful harvest this year. Labor difficulties are past, being adjusted on the leading railway and industrial institutions; hence we find little or no menace from this factor. The belief has become quite general that the tobacco decision will not be handed down until the end of May, though there is a chance it may be heard from any Monday. We feel that any decision in this matter has been largely discounted. We can hardly share in the pessimistic utterances of Wall street and believe that stocks taken on moderate decline will later in the season show good profits.

Wheat—Crop disaster and manipulation are now the hopes of the believers in present or high prices of wheat. Close scanning of the horizon discloses no other reason for holding old crop wheat at current levels or the new crop above a basis that will take at least a modest portion of the prospective production off the domestic market. The government crop report, however, confirmed some extreme views of crop damage in the large producing states in the Southwest, but even at that failed to bring the prospective total down as low as the enormous winter wheat crop of last year. The world's stocks of wheat are the largest at this season since 1906 when they were 207,000,000 bushels. Now they are 202,430,000 bushels, an increase of 594,000 bushels in March. A year ago they decreased 9,792,000 bushels. There is an excess of 32,000,000 bushels in supplies over a year ago. America has 97,454,000 bushels or 10,403,000 bushels more than last year, the reduction last month being only 718,000 bushels while in March last year it was 8,122,000 bushels. Stocks afloat and in Europe are 95,220,000 bushels or 15,000,000 bushels more than last year.

Corn—There was severe liquidation of corn last week both for the account of shippers and speculators. The long period of small demand ultimately proved too much for both. The speculative owner had overstayed his opportunity and the shipper was made to feel the weight of a big crop pressing on the one hand and of balky buyers refusing to lend support on the other. The process of liquidation is still on.

Cotton—The weather question which was so much a factor on the last advance, particularly on the October delivery, has now been eliminated even more than at the time of our last weekly letter and the conditions so far as the crop prospects are concerned have radically changed, compared with two weeks ago. The technical situation in the market has also been changed to some extent. The decline has shown that May has been relatively firm compared with July and this is taken as indicating the maintained control over May. Bulls are confidently claiming that the position in May is just as congested as ever and that whenever the reins are tightened again the shorts will be forced in. To offset this possibility the bears are ever ready with statistics and facts regarding curtailment which may hinder or at least keep back, until the last moment, any sensational rise in the nearby deliveries and seventeen or even sixteen cent cotton, which all the bulls have been predicting and a great many of the bears have been fearing, may not again be brought forth even as a prediction, let alone be seen in reality. There is no question that there has been a superbundence of rain throughout the cotton belt and that there is great rejoicing among the growers. One of the biggest crops in the history of cotton is everywhere predicted. We now know that the crop has been and is being seeded under most favorable conditions and that the germination will be rapid. In fact all probability, if not possibility, of creating a hedge by being able to advance the new crop positions deprived the bull clique of public support. According to a wire just received the bulls have their hands full taking care of what they own rather than in taking on more cotton even on a decline. No support is being offered the market except in the way of profit-taking; therefore we still hold the opinion that the price for the new crop of cotton is too high.

Copper—The prices of all grades of copper passing between first and second hands here and abroad have ranged themselves throughout the year at above the rates set forth by certain alleged metal exchanges which have not at any time, within their life sold collectively half of one per cent of the world's copper. The copper market now beings to show a hardening tendency. While sales are not large there are a number of bids for large blocks of the metal at prices ranging between 13¼ and 13½ cents a pound for electrolytic. A representative of one of the large companies states that certain interests are bidding 13½ cents per pound but that the important sellers do not care to make concessions. Consumers have now been out of the market for the past six or seven weeks and their stocks are reported as being low. One producer estimates that the copper consumption in this country is now running at the rate of 750 million and 800 million pounds a year. This increase in consumption is attributed largely to the more general uses of copper on account of the low prices that have prevailed during the last twelve months. While copper stocks have been soft in Boston, copper mining has been making strides in the south and west. The principal mines have been shipping larger tonnages of late. Old Dominion and Balaklala have made a great strike of ore. Advices from the Lake say that the sixth level has entered good copper ground. The Champion Mine of the Copper Range is back to its old record of twenty-

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eight pounds of ingot copper per ton of rock. Victoria is shipping good rock and Nevada Consolidated put out six million pounds last month and so on down the list of better class mines. Another thing we would bring to the attention of those interested is the reduction in the cost of operations among the big companies. Although the copper market offers great opportunities for scalping, we look for better prices for the standard stocks founded on the fundamental conditions. Still we would advise a neutral position for the present, especially until the New York stock market adjusts itself.

The Editor in His Anecdotage

Limited Service

A local church dignitary while visiting some friends not long ago, tucked his napkin in his collar to avoid the juice of the grape-fruit at breakfast. He laughed as he did it, and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed into a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can I get lunch here?"

"Yes," responded the waiter in a dignified manner, "but not a shampoo."

The Same Result

A well-known bishop of Tennessee was taking his customary stroll through the park the other morning. He happened to sit down on one of the benches there. Now the bishop is a very great man, not only in the Methodist Church, but in embonpoint as well. His weight proved too much for the bench, which collapsed, spilling him on the ground. About this time a little girl, rolling a hoop along, saw the reverend gentleman prostrate and offered her assistance. "But, my little girl," said the bishop, "do you think you could help such a great heavy man to his feet?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl. "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he's been even drunker than you are."

The Reason Why

I heard a story the other day of a negro living in a sparsely settled portion of a certain Southern State, who was informed by a fellow negro that it was rumored that their town was to be made the terminus of a branch railway system.

"I don't believe no sich repo't," observed the first darky, decisively; "I's traveled, and I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout. Them railroad people can't build no line in dis here flat country."

"What makes you think dat?" asked the second negro.

Whereupon the other, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter, replied:

"Can't yo' see dat dere ain't any place around here to run tunnels through?"

Gladstone and the Peerage

The elevation of Mr. Herbert Gladstone to the peerage recalls to my mind his father's words in declining the offer of an earldom from Queen Victoria in 1885. Writing in the third person to his sovereign Mr. Gladstone said: "It has never formed part of his views to enter that historic chamber, though he does not share the feeling which led Sir R. Peel to put upon record what seemed a perpetual or almost a perpetual self-denying ordinance for his family." Gratefully declining the offer of a peerage immediately after Peel's death, Lady Peel wrote that "a paper in his own handwriting has just been given to me, in which he expressly desires that no member of his family will accept (if offered) any title, distinction or reward on account of service he may have rendered in Parliament or in office." The Peel precedent is doubly inapplicable to Mr. Herbert Gladstone's case, since he becomes a viscount not for his father's sake but for his own.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 9.)

under my indictment; but I have now no doubt that a calm reconsideration of that matter saved my neck from the fingers of the Committee's hangman. I requested my friends not to visit me any more, and indeed the request was almost needless, for there was a ban upon me, and by this time it seemed to them that my very touch was leprosy, and my breath was poison. I bade them have no fears of my being hung, as I never intended to be taken alive. I had no less than ten shots and a good knife always about my person. They embraced me, and bid me good-bye, all but one, who still stood by me, and a faithful negro boy who brought me my meals. In a miserable state of mind I remained here several days, eagerly watching for the first chance of escape, and reading the surmises as to my whereabouts in the daily papers. One day I feared from an incident that occurred, that my hopes and fears were about to be brought to a speedy termination. I heard at the door the usual signal made by my friends when they visited me, (three knocks)—I opened it, and found a strange Frenchman who asked me in his own language where Gustave was? I answered that he was down stairs. From the scrutinizing manner in which he eyed me, I felt sure that he was one of the Committee; and notwithstanding my disguise, which consisted of a Mexican or California hat, face browned, and hair and mustachios blacked, I feared, if he had ever seen me before that I was detected. He soon left without further conversation. He had no sooner gone than I quitted my room, and entered a water-closet which was at the head of the staircase, and commanded it.

Knowing it to be impossible to escape by the street, and fearing that my hiding place was known, I here determined to make a stand, and if any armed body ascended the stairs to take me, to commence shooting and sell myself as dearly as possible. I remained here about an hour, when hoping that I had not been recognized, I left my position and entered the room of my friends adjoining the one I had been in, taking care to hide the food and other evidence of my having inhabited it. I got under my friend's bed and remained there till night. When he returned home I told him what had occurred and he appeared to be very much alarmed. He informed me that bands of the Committee were hunting me high and low in all parts of the city, and that one H. P. A. Smith (former member of the Legislature from Marin County) was among the most industrious in the search and loudest in his denunciations of me. It now struck me for the first time that after all it might be more for a desire to wreak political vengeance in certain quarters that my pursuers were so eager after me than from any honest belief in my complicity in Mr. King's death. It is not for me, in this relation of my wrongs to make any specific charges against any one nor do I now do it—but my reasons for my suspicions were simply these: This fellow Smith it was well known was a warm advocate of the claims of a certain distinguished gentleman to a high official position, while I was an equally zealous friend of his principal opponent. Perhaps then it was the hope that I was in the possession of some political secrets which if divulged would be destructive of my friend's interests which induced this man and others of his kidney to pursue me so diligently in the expectation that threats of death or banishment would wring them from me. How shrewd my suspicions were, I leave to certain political gentlemen to say who appeared most patriotically to sympathize with the so-called reform movement. But a few days before, this man Smith had requested my influence to secure his nomination for one of the San Francisco seats in the Legislature, pledging himself to support my friend as well as his own for the position above referred to. I courteously declined helping him for good and sufficient reasons, and now he was at the head of a squad of "Reformers," seeking my life!

It so happened that the information of my friend was verified that very night, for about two o'clock a. m., it being very dark outside, I was standing in my friend's room without a light and with the window raised, and actually heard a party of my pursuers talking about me on the street below! Among others I heard Smith, whose voice I recognized, exclaim, "The d——d old rascal, I'll have him before five days more!" When I remember the fawning manner in which he had asked my assistance only a few days before, and the entirely inoffensive way in which I had refused it; when I remembered the confidence with which he had even borrowed from me the poor sum of his passage down the Sacramento, knowing that though a political enemy and almost a stranger he would not be refused —when I remembered his truckling protestations of good feeling notwithstanding political differences, and then with my own ears heard him speak thus of me to the pack of sleuth-hounds of which he was the leader, I confess that for a moment there was murder in my heart. Instinctively I grasped my knife to rush down and kill him, even though it were my own last act on earth; and I believe that in the fury of that moment nothing staid me but the timely reflection that I would bring destruction on an innocent friend whose roof sheltered me. If his eye falls on these pages, let him not deny the truth of what I have written, for so sure as he does his trembling lip will betray to his hearer the lie it utters. He knows how truly I have spoken, and his own heart best knows the motives that prompted his conduct.

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But let him pass. It may be of some interest now to him to know all who composed his audience on that night, and how near he came to meeting with a round of applause to which his modest merit would of itself never have aspired. I dismiss him to the guardianship of his own conscience, and the mercy of its reproaches.

While lying under the bed in my friend's room, I had observed a false face or mask, such as is generally used at the fancy balls given by the French Artistes in San Francisco. I had been out of my retreat once before, disguised as a policeman; and afterward discovered by the papers that I had been recognized. My object in incurring the risk, was to get possession of some private papers I had left in my office, but I was unsuccessful, the Committee having been there before me, and taken everything they could find. I was now very anxious to get possession of some correspondence which had passed between a gentleman (one of the foreign consuls) and myself, in reference to a lady, a countrywoman of his; I had left this in a little dressing bureau in my rooms, and fearing that if it fell into stranger hands it might injure him, I determined to make a second sortie if possible to get it. For this purpose I availed myself of this mask. My fool hardiness may be wondered at, but the gentleman was my friend and wrote me the notes for my own protection. I should have destroyed them, but not having done so my duty in justice to him was if possible to get them. I cut the nose out of the mask, blacked it and putting it on with my California hat, sallied out. I reached my rooms unobserved, and saw the landlady. At first she did not recognize me until she heard my voice, and then she was very much frightened, the mask gave me such a horrible expression. I took off the nose to convince her that it was I, but she refused me admittance, telling me that the Committee had been there and taken everything, and it was useless for me to incur any further risk in trying to secure any of my papers. Finding it impossible to even get access to my rooms, I returned to my hiding place, very fortunately attracting no observation.

Since my return from the lower country, the Vigilance Committee have restored to me my papers, but this correspondence is not among them. I trust if among the members of the Committee there are any of that gentleman's countrymen, into whose hands these papers have fallen, they will return them to the source from whence they originated.

The time had now come when it was absolutely necessary for me to remove from Commercial street. I could not hope much longer to escape detection if I remained in the city, and it was far better if I had to be captured, that it should be done when I might have a remote chance of escape by flight, than to be taken like a bird from a cage. Beside, the friend who fed me had gone to the Atlantic States, and to remain there longer was impossible, as every one else who knew where I was, were watched night and day. A very kind friend who had faithfully stood to me through everything, cast about him day after day to secure me a place of safety, but in vain. I even agreed to the proposition of a friend to take me to his room on Montgomery street, next door to the room of No. 33 Secretary of the Committee. This, however, was overruled by all my friends who were consulted.

At length a retreat was found for me with a pious old lady who lived a short distance from the city on the Mission Dolores road. The difficulty now was how to get me there. The outlets of the city were surrounded by armed horsemen continually on patrol, relieving each other at stated hours, night and day, and all on special watch for me. In a word, escape seemed impossible.

Such was the state of the public mind with regard to me, and such had been the measures adopted to prevent my escape when the time arrived for me to attempt it. After much time had been spent in consultation among my friends as to the best plan to be pursued, it was at length decided that my own proposition was the best—which was to disguise myself, and walk boldly forth through my enemies. Accordingly arrangements were made for me to leave my hiding-place just at lamp-light on the evening of the third of June. My friend was to send some one to me, and not come himself, as it was considered dangerous for him to again visit me, he being by this time very narrowly watched. He applied to at least twenty persons to come and make with me the arrangements, but none of them dare come near me, and he was at last obliged to do it himself. He came, and it was agreed that he should meet me with a carriage on the Mission road. Before he left I struck a light and asked him if he would know me? He appeared astonished at my disguise, and said he would not. My face, hair, and moustachios were blacked with pomatum and shoe blacking, my stomach was drawn in and confined with a pair of French stays, and over my clothes I had an overcoat with a Derringer in each pocket. I also had on my slouched hat, and a pair of Derringers in my pantaloons' pockets, together with a six-shooter and a knife in my belt. Thus armed and disguised as soon as my friend had left I sallied forth alone. It was just in the dusk of the evening as I walked up Commercial street toward Kearny, on my way to the Mission. I passed several whom I knew standing in front of Whipple's club-house, and afterward on the road I met Mr. Dan Sweeney and Sandy Marshall. None of them however recognized me for a moment. I walked boldly out Kearny street, and as I went found many a fearful reminder of my peril in tramping hoofs and clashing sabres. I could not forget in a thousand centuries the feeling of mingled hope and horror with which I walked that evening an unjustly outlawed man through the hosts of my enemies.

It was not the fear of death itself that made these moments terrible, for death I could face, and had faced before. But it was the thought of such a death as awaited me in the event of my capture, and the reflection that myriads of tongues would ring into the ears of my children how ignobly their father died, but none would tell them how unjustly. The star-light that glistened back from the sabres of my enemies was not more quick and sudden in its coming and its going than the changes of my thoughts from hope to fear, and back again from fear to hope, as, marking every incident around me, I walked unquestioned and unheeded through the meshes of the net my persecutors had thrown about me. Thanks to a kind Providence, I at length was enabled to draw a long breath on the Mission road far beyond the outmost sentinel. I here met my friend with the carriage, who was surprised to see me out so soon. I talked and laughed with him for it appeared as though a mountain had been lifted from my soul in the last half hour. He reproved my ill-timed merriment in his anxiety for my safety, and told me I had been so long an outlaw I must have got used to it. I told him I did not intend to die but once. May he never undergo the agony of mind necessary for him fully to appreciate my happiness at that moment. We turned around and went back toward the city to the place which was to be my refuge during the rest of my stay in the neighborhood of San Francisco. This as before stated, was the house of a pious old lady, a member of the Baptist church. She lived on the Mission road, with no companion but one sweet little daughter about ten years of age.

(To be Continued.)

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Auto Notes

With the introduction of the Anhut Six, which is one of the latest arrivals on automobile row, comes a further manifestation of the progress which has been made in the manufacturing and developing of the motor car. The strongest features of the Anhut Six are standard, as accepted by experts. The car is being handled by the Durant Auto Sales Company, of which R. C. Durant is the Pacific Coast manager. Durant is not a stranger to the coast, and as the son of W. C. Durant, general manager of the general motors, is in a position to thoroughly understand the motor car and its advantageous qualities. The Anhut Six has attracted a great deal of attention, for a popular priced car, it has already won a place among those who know. Durant has recently returned from a visit to the east, and it was while there that he discovered the Anhut Six, whose lines and construction appealed so strongly to him that he visited the factory. He had a car placed at his disposal and put it through a rigid test to determine whether it would be suitable for the western country or not. For over a week, the Anhut Six was tested on hills, rough roads, and sandy stretches, during which it was driven from Chicago to Detroit, over almost impassable roads.

The car stood up perfectly, demonstrating its ability to withstand rough, hard usage. An economy test was also indulged in which showed that the Anhut Six would average from 14 to 18 miles on a gallon of gasoline, under trying conditions. A number of leading mechanical experts were interviewed, and favorable knowledge gained from their recommendations. The Anhut Six has a four cycle, six cylinder motor, cylinders cast in pairs. The dimensions of the cylinders are 3½ inch bore, by 4 inch stroke, developing 36 horsepower. The engine, clutch and transmission are built in one unit with all moving parts inclosed and running in oil. The lubrication system is the circulated splash system, the oil being forced into the crank case by means of a plunger pump. The car comes in an attractive roadster, built on graceful lines, and in pony tonneau, with seating capacity for four, and plenty of room. The wheel base of the Anhut Six is 110 inches, the same chassis being used for both models. The Durant Auto Sales Company is Pacific Coast distributer for this popular make of car, and already Durant has closed with a number of agents to handle the product. A shipment of cars is now on the way, in which will be seen the pony tonneau, with double doors. The company is at present located at 382-384 Golden Gate avenue, but will move into permanent quarters when they can be secured. Walter A. Grant is associated with Durant in the company.

Joe Matson left San Francisco recently with his exhibit. His first stopping place was Santa Rosa where he spent three days, then he went to Sacramento, and thence to Stockton and Chico, from which last place he will ship through to Portland. This is Mr. Matson's first trip to California and he is much pleased with the reception given him, especially in San Francisco, where, he states, more interest has been shown in the exhibit than in any other city in the west. "I have had the same men visit the exhibits here in San Francisco," he said, "spending from one to three hours a day. These men were chifly owners or prospective purchasers of Chalmers cars who wanted to learn its mechanism and were pleased to find how simply the cars were built. I am questioned a great many times as to whether this chassis is the same as the one we are delivering to customers. We are prepared at any time to prove this but it has not been necessary to do so up to the present time."

"Because of the unprecedented call for Hupmobiles," said S. C. Chapman, "the factory has plans under consideration for even greater enlargements than already arranged. They de-

ANNOUNCEMENT

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High grade 6-cylinder car at a lower price than is usually asked for 4-cylinder cars of like quality

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We have closed nearly the entire State but we have a little open and we want a few Real Live Agents who are desirious of handling a car that will be a credit to them. Write to us for information about a successful car and write quick if you want to make money. Watch the Anhut Six and if you don't be surprised we will

DURANT AUTO SALES COMPANY

382-384 GOLDEN GATE AVE. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

clare the supplying of the Pacific Coast one of their greatest considerations. I have been constantly harrassing them with calls—a great many by wire—for additional shipments of these little cars. Every car put out seems to sell more. From every locality where we have placed the Hupp for the first time there have come back innumerable inquiries. At the present rate our future business looms up beyond possibility of estimation. During the past two days we have sent out six Hupmobiles on delivery. Two of these have gone to E. Oppenheim of Sacramento, one to Dr. J. W. Peck of Berkeley, two to Geo. C. Young of Modesto and the sixth to R. D. Mayes of Dixon. These are in addition to a carload shipped to the Ray Machine Company of Visalia."

A remarkable trip has just been made by Mr. A. G. B. Ridley, demonstrator of the Standard Motor Car Co. who went from San Francisco to Bakersfield in the unusually fast time of 17 hours and 30 minutes or an average of 19 miles per hour. The fact that this trip was made at night time and over a poor country road shows the durability of the Velie machine which Mr. Ridley drove. Mr. Ridley reported that the car was running just as smoothly as it did at the start.

Rev. Bradford Leavitt who owns a Hudson Roadster, is very much enthused over a recent performance of the little car. He drove to Fresno and returned a few days ago, making a total distance of 400 miles. The roads were in extremely bad condition and some of the stretches were reported impassible when he made inquiry before attempting them. In places the roads were plowed just before the late rains which converted them into seemingly bottomless holes of mud. Despite all this the car made the trip without one adjustment and returned home without a single loosened bolt, having averaged 20 miles in this kind of going for each gallon of gasoline.

A. P. Harris, a representative of the Meyer Cord Company of Chicago, has just taken delivery of a Hudson Touring Car. Mr. Harris is in the novelty sign business and he intends to feature it with his automobile. This is becoming one of the latest possibilities in progressive advertising.

Mr. E. L. Cutting, traveling representative of the Standard Motor Car Co., returned recently from an extended trip through the interior of the State and reported that conditions are unusually favorable for a good season in the motor car trade. Mr. Cutting sold a number of Ford cars in the vicinity of Fresno and says that the crops through the San Joaquin Valley are going to be such that the farmers will buy a great many machines this season. He will leave for a trip through the northern part of the State, including Napa, Healdsburg, Santa Rosa and other points where the Standard Motor Car Co. are interested.

A very interesting instance of the automobile's varied uses is given by John W. Neal of Hudson, Kansas, who not only uses his White Steamer as a conveyance but also as a stationary engine. The rear wheels are jacked up, a drum is attached to the hub of one of them and a chain transmits the power. A corn shiller, a corn cutter, a buzz-saw, and a large churn are some of the devices operated. The machine is a 1904 model and is in perfect running condition today. "We find," says Mr. Neal, "that shelling corn, for instance, by power furnished by our Steamer is a wonderful convenience and an economy, because more work can be done in a shorter time and only one man is required where otherwise it would be necessary to have three."

J. L. Whitmore, the Stockton agent for the Pioneer Automobile Company, has just returned home after a visit to town. He drove back in a Chalmers "30" of which he took delivery while here. He also left orders for two more Chalmers and two Hudson touring cars which speaks well for the Stockton automobile trade.

James Jordan of San Francisco accompanied by a party of friends has just returned from a ten days trip to Southern California in his big White Steamer car. William Slimmons who drove the car, in speaking of the trip said, "On the way down we found weather conditions ideal and roads except in spots, where they were newly plowed in process of repair, good. On our way back, however, we had to contend with driving rains and the meanest possible roads all the way. Gutters were furrowed on each side of the roads and it was impossible to keep the machine from skidding and sliding into them. They were all of twelve inches deep causing the car to tip dangerously at times. Between Solidad and Gonzalis, where the roads had been plowed there seemed to be almost bottomless mud. At Coopers Garage in Salinas I found three cars bound for San Francisco, but the passengers had taken train and the drivers were waiting for good weather and improved roads before proceeding. The San Juan side especially in places was very dangerous going. From there on to Oakland the roads were good and we arrived home safely with a mud bespattered car but a perfect score."

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The only oil that is really non-carbonizing, so pure, free and clear that it feeds regularly under all conditions of heat or cold. Made in the one grade only, which never varies—produced in only one place in the world—sold only under the name Zerolene.

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Letters

"The Danger Trail"

"The Danger Trail" is the second novel by James Oliver Curwood, whose former venture into the realm of fiction dealt with that little known episode in American history, the Mormon colony at Lake Michigan, which, but for the vigorous action of the United States government, might have furnished a rival problem to that of the Utah settlement. "The Danger Trail" takes us into the far north, in the region of Hudson's Bay, an environment which the author knows well and his descriptions show clearly that his is no library acquired learning hastily gotten up for present purposes. "The Danger Trail" is a breathless narrative abounding in unexpected incidents and mysteries and the reader, like the hero, is kept in the dark until the last chapter. John Howland, a civil engineer in the employ of a Chicago company, has been sent forward to take charge of the building of a railroad in Northern Canada to relieve two other men, capable and competent as well as ambitious but who, for some reason which no one can even conjecture, are desirous of "quitting the job." Their attitude is so out of keeping with their known characters that Howland is kept busy in trying to reach some conclusion in the matter. On the night of his arrival at Windsor his own adventures began, for looking out on the deserted streets of the little town at an hour near midnight, he was surprised to see a young and beautiful girl looking in at him, and later, having strolled into the Chinese restaurant which thinly disguised an opium joint he was still more surprised to see the same girl enter unaccompanied and give him unmistakeable reason to assume that she had some communication to make to him alone. The upshot of this rendezvous was that, accompanying her to a little distance beyond the town, he was set upon and nearly killed, his life being saved by a powerful half-breed who, next morning, on his recovering somewhat, visited him with a reiteration of the warning given by the girl on the previous night, that on no account must he proceed. Croisset added that his message came "from the little Meleese," but would give no further information. Naturally, to a man who had fought his way upward all his life, and coming on the heels of the discouragement of the other engineers, Howland's determination was strengthened and he proceeded on the next stage of his journey. At Le Pas he was met by Gregson, one of the retiring engineers, and was surprised and shocked to discover him a nervous wreck. Gregson either could not or would not give him any definite information, and when, on arriving at the construction camp, he found Thorne physically as well as mentally demoralized, he was more than ever at sea. Both at Le Pas and near the camp he met again the strange girl, but no one there seemed to know either her or the half-breed Croisset, though the latter, having conceived a liking for the engineer, despite his conviction that no death was too terrible to be inflicted on Howland, still continued to bring him warnings from "the little Meleese." Both Gregson and Thorne had told Howland that the opposition, the series of disasters which dogged their heels, had made it evident to them that the objection was not directed against the work but against them personally, and on inspection Howland was agreeably surprised to find that a really enormous amount of work had been accomplished and the camp in first class condition in every respect. Why two such competent men should have been discouraged became more than ever a mystery. Meanwhile Howland's own series of disasters was put in train, some of them disclosing a fiendish ingenuity, and there was always "the little Meleese," the half-breed Croisset, and others not yet disclosed, lurking in the background. The culmination of the plot came when Howland was kidnapped and carried into the wilderness by Croisset. At bottom the two men, both energetic, brave and fearless, had an admiration for each other, but under the conditions it would hardly be expected that they would be warm friends or trust each other over much. Croisset had at first the upper hand, and imprisoned Howland in a deserted hut, but on his return, some few days later, he was overpowered and compelled, at the muzzle of a revolver, to lead his erstwhile captive to that mysterious "north" where he was not to go and to face his unknown enemies. Follow many more hair-breadth escapes and narrowly missed calamities when Howland, finally in the hands of his persecutors and up to now entirely in the dark as to the motive for it all, has been condemned to death and is at last made acquainted with the reason for the persecution. The story takes a leap backward of some sixteen years, when one of the Hudson Bay posts was visited by an American and his son. The man committed a dastardly crime, and the factor, his wife being dead, pursued the criminal only to be shot down by his son, leaving his four children orphaned of both parents. The men, for the most part half-breed French, unaccustomed to any laws save those they made and executed themselves, made the cause their own. They vowed vengeance on the heads of those who had injured them, and it mattered nothing to them how long execution should be delayed. In the end it was sure. It happened that the ravisher and murderer, father and son, bore the name John Howland, and it had never occurred to the simple minded children of the snows that the name might be born by others as well, in the big world outside. The elder Howland had already paid the price at the hands of Croisset and it remained now only to bring the son to an accounting. The children of the dead factor had now grown up and of course "the little Meleese" was the four year old baby, the only white girl the voyagers had ever seen and the pet of their community. To the youngest brother had been given the task of discovering the whereabouts of Howland and he, having learned that a man of that name was an employee of the Chicago firm who were constructing the railroad, conceived the plan of so harrying Thorne and Gregson in their work that they would be eager to abandon it when Howland, being next in line, would be sent out to fall an easy victim into their hands. It was only at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour that he discovered his mistake in time to avert the catastrophe and a comparison of data showing that the condemned prisoner was only a small child at the time of the trouble corroborated the other evidence. Meanwhile, of course, there has been a love story running its rapid course along with that of the adventure and it will need no great amount of perspicacity to discern that a wedding will unite instead of a funeral dividing the only girl in the book and its hero, though to be sure, the half-breed Croisset is every bit as much of a hero as Howland even if he doesn't marry the heroine. Illustrations in color by Charles Livingstone Bull are more than usually attractive and the volume is a credit to that enterprising firm, the Bobbs-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for Estate,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 5260, Dept. No. 10, Probate.
Honorable Thos. F. Graham, Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 15th day of March, 1910, in the matter of the estate of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, the undersigned, executor of the last will of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the confirmation by said Court, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Ivy Street with the Easterly line of Webster Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Webster Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly, ninety-two (92) feet; thence at right angles Southerly, twenty-five (25) feet to the said Northerly line of Ivy Street; and thence at right angles Westerly, along the last named line, ninety-two (92) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-five (285), together with the improvements thereon.

Second—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street with the Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, to said Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and thence Northwesterly along the last named line, seventy-five (75) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of One Hundred Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and forty (240).

Third—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon, one hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches (137 feet 6 inches) Westerly from the Westerly line of Buchanan Street; and running thence Westerly, along said line of Oak Street, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet six inches); thence at right angles Southerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the Northerly line of Lilly Avenue; thence at right angles Easterly along the last named line, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet 6 inches); and thence at right angles Northerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288), together with the improvements thereon.

Said sale will be made on Thursday, the 12th day of May, 1910, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of that day, at the real estate rooms of Madison & Burke, Number 30 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Terms of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale, and the remainder of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated, April 12th, 1910. VALENTINE J. SMYTH,
Executor of the Last Will of Teresa Murphy, Deceased.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910.. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

EDWARD S. NORTON, administrator of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing the said administrator to sell, at private sale, an undivided one-quarter interest in certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches Southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the Southeasterly line of Howard Street with the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence Southeasterly and along said Southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

And good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said estate show cause, if any they have, before this Court on Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department 9 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County, for four successive weeks next before the hearing of said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 23rd, 1910.
J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 23rd, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor. 3-26-5

NOTICE OF TIME FIXED FOR HEARING PETITION TO TRANSFER PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright and Edward K. Clarke have filed in my office a verified petition for an order of said Superior Court authorizing and directing Charles G. Lyman, as executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, to make, execute and deliver to said Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright, and Edward K. Clarke, a conveyance of an undivided 279-1000 of that certain property designated on a certain map known as "Map of Fourth Avenue Park, Oakland, Cal., 1908," filed in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County, State of California, which property is situated in the County of Alameda, State of California, and is particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the most southern corner of that certain piece or parcel of land containing 32.56 acres heretofore conveyed by Chas. W. Leach to Elizabeth Leach by deed dated January 16, 1894, and recorded in Liber 527 of Deeds, page 360, Alameda County Records, said point being on the northern line of County Road No. 724; thence along the southwestern boundary line of said 32.56 acre tract North 51 degrees West 10.93 chains; thence North 25 degrees 35 minutes East 4.25 chains; thence North 49 degrees 50 minutes East 1.72 chains; thence North 72 degrees 40 minutes East 3.29 chains; thence South 69 degrees 15 minutes East 5.17 chains; thence North 52 degrees 15 minutes East 2.91 chains; thence North 79 degrees 30 minutes East 1.50 chains; thence South 60 degrees East 2.00 chains; thence South 79 degrees 45 minutes East 4.93 chains to the Northern boundary line of the said 32.56 acre tract; thence along said boundary line South 61 degrees East 4.74 chains to the aforesaid Northern line of County Road No. 724, and thence along said road line South 63 degrees 55 minutes West 13.22 chains South 59 degrees 45 minutes West 6.05 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 18.47 acres and being a portion of the aforesaid 32.56 acre tract.

Except the parcel described as follows:

Commencing at the intersection of the Southwestern boundary of the land conveyed by Wickham Havens et ux to Arthur H. Breed by deed dated September 12th, 1906, and recorded October 10th, 1906, in Liber 1239 of Deeds, page 73, Alameda County Records, with the northern line of 13th Avenue as widened to 100 feet in width and as shown on that certain map entitled "Map showing land to be taken for widening of Thirteenth Avenue or Walker Street from the center line of Hampel Street to the Northern property line of Arthur H. Breed" filed October 10th, 1907, in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County; and from said point of commencement running North 51 degrees 1 minute west along the Southwestern boundary line of said land conveyed by Havens to Breed 695.48 feet; thence North 25 degrees 24½ minutes East along the Northwestern boundary line of said land so conveyed by Havens to Breed 236.5 feet; thence South 32 degrees 14½ minutes East 101.6 feet; thence Southeasterly on the arc of a circle of 1332.69 feet radius concave to the left or Northeast and tangent to the last aforesaid course 524.2 feet; thence South 54 degrees 47 minutes East tangent to said arc 192.7 feet to said Northern line of said 13th Avenue as widened according to said Map; thence South 59 degrees 33 minutes West along said Northern line of said 13th Avenue 151.62 feet to the point of commencement. Containing 2.57 acres of land;

Also excepting a 25 foot strip of land along the Southeastern line of said property taken for the widening of 13th Avenue as shown on the Map of said widening hereinbefore referred to;

And that Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of said Court, Department Ten thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 23rd, 1910.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco. 3-26-5

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHN MENGEL, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on and after Wednesday, the 20th day of April, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death in and to the following real estate described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Pierce Street eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Eddy Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Pierce Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 432.

Bids or offers for said piece of real estate above described must be in writing and may be delivered for the said Executors at the office of GEORGE H. BAHRS, Esq., their Attorney, No. 604-6-8 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, or left with the said Executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms and Conditions.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to accompany the bid, balance to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Superior Court. Search of title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, A. D. 1910.
CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for said Executors,
604-6-8 Hibernia Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at his office Room No. 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased.
P. J. MULLER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jean B. Fayard, also known as J. B. Fayard, also known as John B. Fayard, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, California, March 26th, 1910.

CHARLES PAGE and EDWARD J. McCUTCHEN, Attorneys for Executor,
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at the office of Messrs. Page, McCutchen & Knight, Room 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, at the Southeast Corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place for the transaction of the business of the estate of said deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 19th, 1910.
W. G. MUNTZ,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabella Van Winkle, Deceased.

PAGE, McCUTCHEN & KNIGHT, Attorneys for Executor.
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE COSGROVE, Deceased—No. 9227, N. S., Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of the said JANE COSGROVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the proper vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his place of business, Room Number 504, in the Kohl Building, at the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being by him designated as the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate. JOHN W. SMITH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Cosgrove, Deceased.
Dated San Francisco, California, this 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 504 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG, Administrator of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 15th day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his Attorney, Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased.

BERTIE F. RADFORD,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Radford, also known as Sarah Quinlan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 9th, 1910.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Charles C. Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGUETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Kate Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

What Will Women Wear?

What will the woman of a century hence wear? It was one of the questions discussed by Mme. Melba recently in the course of giving her opinion as to the results of the wider outlook for women. "Woman will always be woman," said the great singer; and thence she opined that a woman will always love her home, and care about her looks. "Freak fashions will die out," the speaker prophesied, "but there will be graceful sweeping effects, fine color harmonies, and daintiness of manner and speech, while the greater use of her intelligence will spiritualize her face." I discussed this opinion with a lady doctor, a woman fashion-artist, and a woman of business, and we all agreed that the working woman of the future is more likely to establish for herself a severe and strictly rational dress, while about her work at all events. Mme. Melba is a working woman too, of course, but the character of her profession protects her from wind and weather; she does not know, as the rest of us do, what it means to have to go out about one's business in rain and snow and storm; to do serious work that needs steadiness of eye and hand, or a brain on the alert to observe and remember and reflect in the midst of rush and noise, and how desirable it is then to be not fretted by needless constrictions or weights or any sort of inconveniences of attire. For my part, I think the woman of the future will have a working dress and a playing dress as distinct and different as are now, for instance, a judge's robes from his shooting-suit. We are, in fact, well on the way to this arrangement already, for a trim but quite loose and simple tailor-made coat and a short skirt are steadily kept in fashion year after year for wear on the occasions that demand such a costume, while we are none the less devoted to grace and color in our ever-fluctuating fashions for evening wear or for smart day occasions. Women will always be women, as Mme. Melba reminds us, and will love daintiness and adornment when circumstances allow.

—The Gossip

Some Famous Gems

The splendid effect of the new Crown diamonds, as worn by the Queen of England at the recent Court functions, is being much talked about. The largest of the two handfuls of brilliants into which the famous Cullinan diamond cut up is pear-shaped, and nearly the length of the forefinger of a lady's hand; the next in size is almost square in shape and as big as a large greengage plum. Both are set so as to show no gold; and as they were worn by the Queen in the form of a pendant, one under the other, apparently the great lucid drops sent forth their thousand coruscations attached to her Majesty's neck by magnetic attraction alone. The effect, as may be supposed, was superb. It seems, by the way, as if these two splendid brilliants, marking, as it is hoped and expected that they do, the contented adhesion of the Transvaal as a whole to the British Empire, ought to have names bestowed upon them more worthy of their significance and their beauty and value than the ungainly style and title, "Cullinan No. 1" and "Cullinan No. 2," by which they have been hitherto known. Would it not be appropriate if they took their place amongst what the King has described as "the jewels that form the historic heirloom of the Crown," named after the present monarch and his beloved consort? The "Edward the Seventh" and "Queen Alexandra" crown diamonds would be appropriately named for historical reference and preservation.

Many of the famous diamonds of the world are called after their most illustrious possessors. The greatest of the many splendid stones owned by the Russian monarch is "the Orloff," bought for an immense sum by the Prince of that name for presentation to his royal mistress, Catherine the Great. "The Regent" was the most splendid of the crown jewels of France, and was so called after the Duc d'Orleans who held the reins of government during the minority of Louis XV. The Regent is said to have given $1,225,000 for this treasure, which came from India; the sum was so large, even for a Prince in command of the revenues of France, that it was paid in installments at intervals extending over several years. The "Koh-i-Noor," the largest of our own crown diamonds until these new ones were added, is of course a fanciful name, "the Mountain of Light." Both of the new Cullinan diamonds greatly surpass the Koh-i-Noor in size; "No. 1" is not far short of five times the weight of the older famous gem, and "No. 2" is nearly three times as heavy as the Koh-i-Noor.

It is impossible to compute in money the value of such splendid gems; they pass out of the area of market competition, which is what can be measured by gold coin. An Indian Princess is said to have expressed this fact in picturesque language. The story is told in one of the letters of the late Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General of India, that if a man were to throw four stones, one to the east, one to the west, one to the north, and one to the south, and then another as high as he could into the air, and all the space between them were filled with gold, it all would not equal the value of the Koh-i-Noor. After this, to be told that the two Cullinan diamonds are believed to be worth two and a half millions of pounds sterling seems quite a commonplace method of computation.

"Why do you always go out on to the balcony when I begin to sing? Can't you bear to listen to me?"

"It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to take me for a wife-beater."

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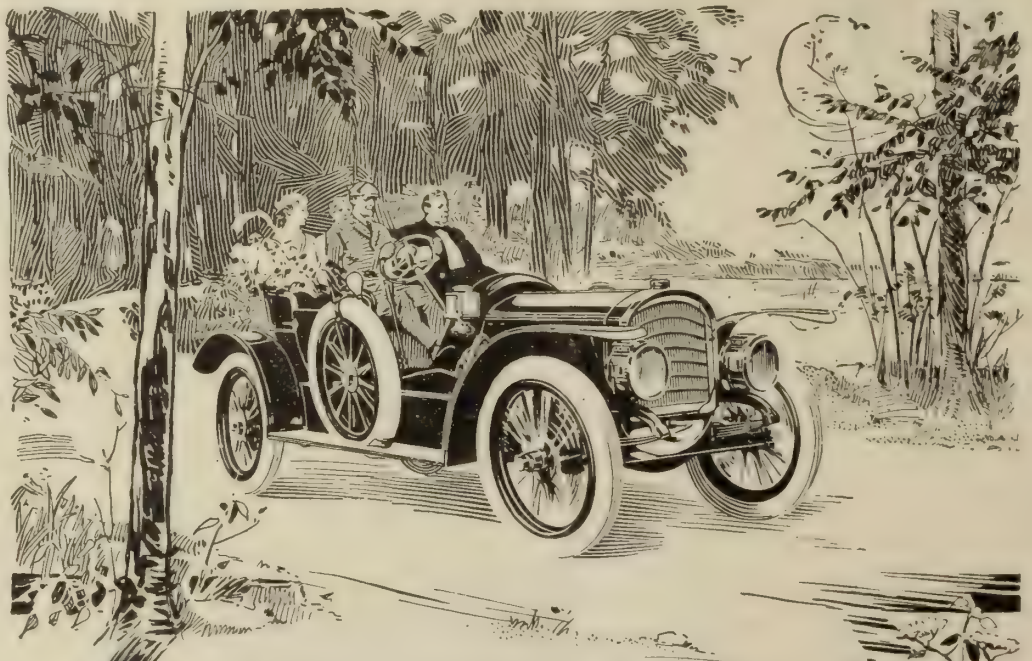

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SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

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H-O

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H-O oatmeal is manufactured from the highest grade of selected stock. After removing all foreign matter, the meat of the oat is subjected to a very high temperature, and by our own patented process is cooked for several hours under heavy steam pressure. This steam-cooking dextrinizes the starch and renders the oats easily digestible. H-O oatmeal is ready for the breakfast table after from ten to fifteen minutes' boiling, and provides an inviting dish of sweet, clean, separate, tender kernels in place of the sticky, soggy, indigestible mass obtained in cooking the usual "Rolled Oats"

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII San Francisco, April 23, 1910 No. 921

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McCarthy and Gaynor

It is a singular coincidence that at this moment the Mayor of New York and the Mayor of San Francisco are resenting unjust criticism of conditions in their respective cities. Both gentlemen are in an indignant mood because of the slanders that have been put in circulation for political effect. Mayor Gaynor says that criticism of conditions in New York is inspired with the most vicious motives. Mayor McCarthy says the same thing about criticism of conditions in this city. Mayor Gaynor's complaint is against the preachers of New York, "who," he says, "make more noise about reform than all the rest of us put together and do less of it than any other body of men." He invites them to come forward generously, not to entrap but to assist. "Don't lie in wait," he says, "to see some evil done that you may deal harshly with it, but be helpful." Mayor McCarthy's complaint is against certain newspapers that are intent upon discrediting his Administration. He does not ask for help from them knowing as he does that improvement of conditions is not what they want. His enemies would rather see San Francisco converted into a sink of iniquity while he is on the job than to see it transformed into a Platonic community. If he were to make the city approximate their descriptions of it they would be supremely happy. They are well aware that San Francisco in the matter of morals is no better and no worse than it was when Dr. Taylor was blinking at vice and affecting a holy horror of unrighteousness. The newspapers that are abusing Mayor McCarthy are the newspapers that had strings on Dr. Taylor and that kept him jumping like a marionette. They supplied him with ideals for preaching purposes; they encouraged him in his smug self-satisfaction; and all the while they regulated vice in ways which they conceived to be most conducive to the political interests of a little coterie of pseudo-reformers. The Taylor administration served as a fine exemplification of the advantages of Pharisaism. Affecting virtues that he had not Dr. Taylor was accepted at his own valuation, and there were many people who believed that during his Administration the whole town went to bed with the chickens. Mayor McCarthy, by reason of his frankness is less fortunate than his predecessor. He has not affected intolerance of the pastimes that are inseparable from life in a large city, and his enemies taking advantage of his frankness are trying to create the impression that in his case liberality is synonymous with licentiousness.

The Arctic Pole Question

Now that the summit of Mount McKinley has failed to yield anything in the nature of evidence corroborative of Dr. Cook's story of his achievement as a climber we are justified in applying to him the familiar maxim falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus. But the question about the discovery of the Pole is not to be settled with a maxim. Nor is it a corollary of the maxim applicable in this instance that to be truthful in one instance is to be truthful in all. Though Lieutenant Peary may have told the truth about Cook it does not follow that he told the truth about himself. Lieutenant Peary has yet to produce proof that he discovered the Pole. And he cannot expect to have presumptions indulged in his favor except by partisans. If he has not yet been proved a liar, he is at least handicapped by the suspicion that he is not a gentleman, and a man that is not that has not the slightest difficulty in deviating from the truth. We know that Peary had no hesitation in pronouncing Cook a faker at a time when he could not have known that such was the fact. We have testimony that he extorted two hundred blue Arctic fox skins from a man who held them in trust for Dr. Cook. We know that he seized a meteorite belonging to the Eskimos which he sold for $40,000. We know that his behaviour on his return to civilization was such as to disgust men of ordinary sensibilities. And knowing all these things we are inclined to assume toward the thrifty explorer the attitude of the sceptic from Missouri. Lieutenant Peary is unfortunate in the matter of his instincts.

The Philistines of Berkeley

Great is the humiliation of the faculty of our State university. To the infinite shame and mortification of the gentlemen who have consecrated their lives to the advancement of the arts and sciences it has been found that all their efforts to diffuse sweetness and light among the people of Berkeley have been in vain. Philistinism is rampant in the college town. There has vulgar Puritanism prevailed over estheticism and sentenced art to outlawry without benefit of clergy or a protest from President Wheeler. This is a severe blow to intellectual pride. If there is one place in the State to which we might have looked with absolute confidence for sympathy with the aims and purposes of art it is that place which is within the shadow of our university; and yet here we find a community that has never been irradiated by the sacred lamp of learning, a benighted community that has never been inducted into the mysteries of the cult of beauty and that is shocked and scandalized by things that might stir the thoughts, the feelings, the dreams of men generation after generation. In short the people of Berkeley are intolerant of the nude in art. A sculptor employed to fashion a gate for the university ornamented it with symbolical figures, and the face of the community at once took on the complexion of Halley's comet. In the symbolism of the sculpture there was no appeal to the Philistines of the college town. They saw nothing but naked effigies of the human biped, and these effigies excited in them feelings that they ought to be ashamed of, but they had not the modesty to conceal the nastiness of their minds. They demanded that the sculpture be banished, and prompt was the deference accorded to their stupid intolerance. It is evident that something must be done for Berkeley. Heretofore Berkeley has been preoccupied with reform in San Francisco, and to this fact may perhaps be attributed its neglect of itself. Our university professors

should devote themselves at once to the task of raising the standard of taste in the college community. Berkeley is in need of refinement. It should be educated out of its coarseness. It should be made clear to the citizenry that they have ill treated the creations of an artist which they have judged according to a standard repugnant to all clean-minded persons. They should be enlightened with respect to the test of decency in art. They should be taught the object of art, and have explained to them the difference between matter-of-fact nudes labelled with the names of gods and goddesses and nudes that give us a new and poetic conception. It would benefit them greatly to learn why the nude figure so far as sculpture is concerned is the most abstract and idealized medium of expression; why nudity is in itself not vulgar and why it does not excite sensual emotions in persons whose minds are more receptive to pure than to impure ideas. This subject is broad enough and important enough for a course of lectures. President Wheeler should attend to the matter at once.

The Darling of the Mob

Do we desire honest men in public office? The popular supposition is that we do, but popular suppositions are usually popular fallacies. We make what we conceive to be our common interest our standard of virtue, and demand of our public servants that they adopt it as theirs. In other words we expect them to do rather what we believe to be to our advantage than what they may believe to be just. This is not a wise policy, the consequence of it being that we encourage demagogism, and the arts of the demagogue are immoral. Let us consider by way of illustration the attitude of certain public servants toward the United Railroads in the matter of the Sutter street franchise. Here we find men pretending to believe that a temporary permit to operate electric cars over the outer rails on Market street might result in the forfeiture of certain rights which the city might have on that thoroughfare. Now it is unreasonable to believe that these men really hold so absurd an opinion. No man of ordinary intelligence believes that these officials are honest in their assertion of this opinion. About the meaning of the word "temporary" there can be no argument. In the granting of a temporary permit for anything the authorities can fix the time in which the privilege granted shall cease. Now this is as clear as the sky on a cloudless, sunlit day, and yet we have public servants pretending that there is something about it vague, uncertain and susceptible of misconstruction. This they are doing ostensibly in the interest of the people and apparently the people are approving their conduct. The supposition is that by the practice of this species of dishonesty, which is akin to blackmail, our public servants may succeed in extorting certain rights from the United Railroads and thus derive some advantage for the city. All of which is of course immoral. Is this species of immorality repugnant to the people? Experience teaches that it is not. The people are governed in all their conduct by the different modifications of self-interest and the passions commonly classed as selfish. Of course it is not to their interest to encourage immorality in public office, but they persuade themselves that whatever is for their benefit is right, losing sight of the fact that the elemental principles of justice are not to be modified for expediency or convenience without incurring some penalty. The public official who does wrong to gratify the people is not likely to scruple at doing wrong to gratify himself. The demagogue in office does wrong for the people not because he loves the people but because he wishes to gain the favor of the people. He coddles the people that thrift may following fawning. The relations between him and the people are those of grafter and higher-up, and the ballot box is the medium through which he receives the bribe he solicits.

Hearst's Impending Flop

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst, our most distinguished prophet of disorder, the most agile acrobat in the political arena, has made announcement of a disposition on his part to renew once more his allegiance to the Democratic party. This announcement is perhaps a matter of some significance. From it we may reasonably infer that Mr. Hearst, who is ever engaged in trimming his views as a sailor trims his sails, ever on the alert to catch each vagrant breeze of popular favor, according to his lights sees much in the signs of the times to justify confidence in the immediate future of the Democracy. This is a reasonable inference. Even though it be correct, however, it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Hearst is eager to join the Democratic party again for the benefit of that party. Nor does it follow that he wishes to make that party the instrument of his own political ambition. Mr. Hearst does not play the game of politics solely for the achievement of political ends. He is moved by considerations more important in the philosophy of a man of his temperament than those which preoccupy men who are concerned only about their political interests. Mr. Hearst is a business man, with extensive business interests in Mexico as well as in this country and these he can best advance by political power wielded not in his own propria persona but through the medium of others. Of course we do not pretend to know the nature of Mr. Hearst's present designs. It is for us but to suggest that there is always a great depth beneath the surface of Mr. Hearst's pretensions and professions. He tells us that he is actuated entirely by principle and that he regards "principles as the question of first importance in any campaign." Now this is a sentiment that may be somewhat misleading. While Mr. Hearst is a stickler for principle, he has no superstitious devotion to any set of principles. It is as easy for him to change his principle as his collar. The good principle of today becomes the bad principle of tomorrow in Mr. Hearst's code of political ethics. Mr. Hearst is above all things progressive. His ideals are

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as elusive as quicksilver. He gives himself credit with his tongue and pen for many fine sentiments which his actions belie, but this is because he is not a logical machine. His principles and impulses are not in strict unison; on the contrary, they are eternally at variance. But we do not impugn Mr. Hearst's sincerity. We realize that were we to judge of his sincerity by the proportion between the degree of the patriotism he professes and teaches and that which he practices we might be constrained to regard him as a hypocrite, but we are mindful of the fact that if to do were as easy as to teach others what were good to be done chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. Nevertheless viewing the impending consummation from all conceivable standpoints we find ourselves constrained to withhold the felicitations which at first blush we might have been inclined to bestow upon the Democratic party.

Trial by Newspaper

In an address on "Evils and Remedies in the Administration of the Criminal Law" delivered some days ago in Philadelphia by Samuel Untermeyer, one of the leaders of the New York bar, there are some valuable suggestions for the restriction of newspaper utterances on pending judicial cases. Mr. Untermeyer is not of the temperament of most of our Californian law reformers who find no fault with the code except that it supplies a man charged with crime with too many technicalities. Apparently in their judgment it is better that ninety-nine innocent men should suffer injustice than that one guilty man should escape. They have great reverence for the English judicial system and would borrow from it every practice that is in any way conducive to verdicts of guilty, but they take no note of the English safeguards against the oppression of the individual. One of the most important of these safeguards is the vital principle of English jurisprudence—the absolute independence of the man on the bench. He is as far beyond the influence of the Crown as he is above the clamor of the mob. Another important safeguard is that by which newspapers are prohibited from publishing anything concerning a case that is in the courts, other than a verbatim report of the proceedings in open court. This is the great principle that Mr. Untermeyer would have us incorporate in our code. Furthermore he is in favor of the English rule "prohibiting any prosecuting officer under penalty of removal and punishment for a misdemeanor, from expressing or suggesting for publication an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of a person accused, or from disclosing any of the proceedings of a grand jury." "When we consider," says Mr. Untermeyer, "the far reaching effect of these press campaigns against persons under criminal charges, such regulations should be regarded as very mild compared with the evils that are sought to be remedied." He adds that the expense to which the State is put in securing impartial jurors is alone more than sufficient to justify the reasonable precaution which he suggests. The people of this State know something of the evils to which Mr. Untermeyer alludes. They have seen newspapers as well as prosecuting attorneys affirming the guilt of accused persons far in advance of their trial. They have seen newspapers and prosecuting officers raging against accused persons, exciting the fury of the mob and even intimidating jurors. Trial by newspaper is a common occurrence in this State. It is an evil that should be abated. There is no reform more urgent than that which has been suggested by the distinguished New York lawyer.

The Dead Faith

She made a little shadow-hidden grave
  The day Faith died;
Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,
  And smiled aside—
"If less I ask," tear-blind, she mocked, "I may
  Be less denied."

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,
  The day Faith died—
"Now glad," she said, "and free at last, I go,
  And life is wide."
But through long nights she stared into the dark,
  And knew she lied.

Perspective Impressions

Why shouldn't the census man be thrown out, going about as he is demanding the age of every woman in the land.

The Hon. Percy Long says that Judge Ellison's decision puts an end to all obstructions to the building of the municipal road. Somebody has been lying to Percy again.

There are men in Berkeley who are so modest that they cover themselves with a sheet when they take a bath. It is not surprising that they should be shocked by nude statuary.

Professor E. A. Ross having taken up and approved the endowed newspaper scheme originally promulgated in this paper it does not look so good as formerly. Ross might become the editor of an endowed newspaper.

According to statistics of the graduating class of Wellesley College, 228 strong, only eight "intend to be married." Which means that there are 220 conservative maidens prepared to pose as bachelor girls by temperament until opportunity comes along.

It is easy to find fault with President Taft if you judge him by Roosevelt standards after the manner of the muckrakers. These standards are as popular today as were the standards by which Nero was judged in his day. Nero was the most popular of the Caesars.

The most militant of our newspaper editors says that his enemies have entered into a conspiracy to blacken his character. They might as well try to paint the lily, gild refined gold, or attempt anything else that savors of ridiculous excess.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(In the preceding chapters of this serial history of the days of the Vigilantes the narrator tells of the circumstances that led to the assassination of the Bulletin's first editor by James P. Casey, of the organization of the Vigilance Committee and of the manner in which he eluded the men who were eager to lynch him for a crime in which he had no hand. At the close of the last chapter the fugitive from injustice was in hiding in the home of a woman in the Mission.)

(Third Instalment)

I remained with this good old lady about four weeks, during which time nothing worthy of note occurred. My friend who visited me twice a week, brought me all the papers, and I had the pleasure of reading all the kind and good natured things that were said of me, and also all the profound surmises as to my whereabouts.* It was while I was at this house that I received the agreeable though rather surprising information that I was in Carson Valley. A kind friend had started the story for the purpose of throwing my pursuers off the scent, and I here beg to tender him my most heartfelt thanks for his good offices.†

I knew more of what was going on inside the Commitee rooms—except the Executive room—than many who belonged to them. The Law and Order party had their spies in the Vigilance camp, as doubtless they had theirs in ours. I used frequently to see the Light Brigade drilling, with John M. Freeman and Frank Baker in command. One day I distinctly heard John give the word of command—"Trot!" The first day I saw them, although as I afterward learned they numbered but a hundred men, they looked very numerous, and I thought they had come to surround the neighborhood. I was about to get into my hiding-place under the floor, but after looking at them a few moments longer, I saw that they were only exercising. A pretty looking set they were! charging and slashing around, and mowing down fictitious enemies with the most brilliant gallantry imaginable. I could not help wondering how long some of those heavy-set Dutchmen and tape-selling Bayards would have kept their clumsy seats if charged upon by half a dozen well mounted and determined men. They "were a motley crew." Most of them appeared to have quite as much on their hands as they could well attend to in managing their sabres and bridle reins, and sticking to their saddles, without the additional trouble of attempting to learn cavalry manoeuvres. Oh, puissant warriors! Could you only have known that one weak old man, whose imaginary sins had awakened your terrible wrath, and marshaled you in that awful battle array, was calmly amusing himself by looking at you at the distance of a few hundred yards, what a gala day would it have been for you! You would have dismounted and given up your ridiculous attempts to ape the soldier, and most incontinently then and there proceeded to tie a rope around my old neck, and hang me up to the first telegraph post. And in good sooth it were an occupation better befitting your natural gifts and tastes than that of endeavoring to play the part of chivalry, which, in order to be successfully done, requires some modicum of the gentleman.

While I was in this place, I lived in hope from day to day that the lawless proceedings of the Vigilance Committee would be put a stop to, either by force of arms or otherwise. I understood that the Law and Order forces were preparing, when they had a sufficient number of arms, to compel the Committee to disband. And, although it was generally understood by their best military men, that matters had been, and were being managed very badly for them, still I shared the hope entertained by many, that something would finally be done. The fatal mistake was that of leaving their forces and arms scattered about in various defenseless armories where they could at any time be taken in detail by the Committee's superior numbers, instead of going at once into an encampment, and thus concentrating their strength and forming a nucleus, around which their friends from the mountains could rally; and to this mistake the Vigilance Committee may attribute their undeserved success. The proper orders, however, did not come from headquarters, and the junior officers had only to lie on their arms and swallow their chagrin. My friend had promised me that if a fight took place I should be notified of it in time to participate. When, however, the man Hopkins was stabbed by Judge Terry, and the Committee availed themselves of the occasion to take the arms of the State, my hopes died within me. The effects of the wretched policy that had been pursued were then, as had been predicted, felt when too late to remedy them, and the supporters of the constitution and the laws were left not only powerless to maintain their cause, but exposed personally naked and defenseless to the pitiless storm of treason and fanaticism that swept over the city. I became disgusted and disheartened, and begged my friend to set his wits to work to devise some means by which I could leave the county of San Francisco. It mattered not to me where I went, so that I could but go and go speedily. I not only was in peril of my life by remaining, but, had I not been, I no longer desired to breathe the polluted air of the Doomed City. At length matters were arranged and the plan formed for my departure.

Friday evening, the 27th of June—the day that Judge Terry's trial before the Vigilance Committee commenced, and while the Executive Committee were busily engaged in that gentleman's case—was the time fixed for my flight from San Francisco. I was to endeavor to make my way home to Philadelphia by the southern

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* Still After McGowan.—Quite a number of members of the Vigilance Committee, with perhaps some of the police, were keeping close watch upon and around a block fronting upon Stockton street yesterday afternoon. It was finally concluded that they were upon the wrong scent. If Ned be in the city, he has firm and shrewd friends who know how to conceal him. Among so many reports as to his whereabouts it is impossible to say which is true, or whether any be true.—Chronicle, June 10.

* Aquatic Sports of the Committee.—Towards the close of yesterday, considerable excitement prevailed. The Committee having received some information that McGowan had been conveyed on board of some vessel which was to put to sea this morning, chartered the steam tug Martin White, Captain H. A. Cheever, and started in pursuit. At an early hour in the afternoon the Martin White got up steam and cleared. The chase was anxiously viewed from Telegraph Hill. Two schooners were observed crowding all their sail to make the Gate. The Martin White puffed and labored, and appeared to gain on the schooners steadily. The chase became exciting. The schooners were the Queen of the West and the Francisco. In a short time the Martin White came along side. The schooners were overhauled, but as the sequel will show, no discovery was made. By this time the excitement in town became intense. It was rumored that McGowan had been captured, and a rush was accordingly made to the wharves to obtain a glance at the ubiquitous individual, about whose whereabouts so much had been said. At length the Martin White hove in sight. The people rushed. She came along side the wharf. A large number of the parcels of the Committee came ashore. They brought with them an ominous looking box, about six feet in length, wrapped in blankets. The rumor was immediately circulated that the aforesaid box contained the mortal remains of the ubiquitous McGowan. It was general believed. The box was placed on a cart; it was conveyed to the rooms of the Vigilance Committee; it was carefully brought up stairs; five thousand people witnessed the sight. In concluding this account of the aquatic sport of the Committee, we would state that from all the inquiries that we have made on the subject, we are of the opinion that the box over which so much parade was made did not contain the remains of McGowan, and that it was filled with tower-muskets, warranted by the maker not to explode.—San Francisco Herald, May 27.

† Ned McGowan near Carson Valley.—This notorious individual is said to have been met by a Mr. David J. Barnes, from Missouri, at a place called Silver Creek, just below Carson Valley. Mr. Barnes had been wintering at Bear river, on his way to this State, and on his way across the mountains met a man at Silver Creek called Judge McGowan, who, in company with five other persons, was spending his time in hunting. From an article in reference to the discovery of this noted character in the Sacramento Spirit of the Age of yesterday, and telegraphed to the Evening Bulletin, we glean the following:

Says Mr. Barnes: "After I camped in the evening, I went down to their camp, some four or five miles off the road. They had lost one of their horses. They (four men) came to my camp next morning. One of them said: 'Judge McGowan, you can send that saddle to Placerville by this emigrant.' The men reported that they were hunting and sometimes prospecting."

Mr. Barnes brought the saddle with him to Placerville, and endeavored to leave it at a hotel as directed, but the landlord refused to accept it or Barnes either. He then brought it to this city, and left it at the store of Heard & Osborn, where it remains, subject to the order of Judge McGowan.

Mr. Barnes reports that when he asked what name he should leave with the saddle, McGowan answered: "No matter what name—just leave it there till called for." McGowan's party were apparently out of provisions.—Daily Town Talk, June 25.

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route through Mexico. I did not much like to start on a Friday, inasmuch as it was hangman's or Vigilante day; and I have never been entirely free from superstition. However, as the journey was not properly to commence until the following day, I overcame my scruples, and prepared for the start. My friend called early in the evening to inform me that all was arranged, and the horses, together with a guide who had been provided, (James Dennison), and a companion, were in waiting at the Mission Dolores, so that all I had to do was to go there, mount and ride for life.

I bid an affectionate farewell to the good and kind lady who had sheltered me, and thoroughly disguised stepped out into the night, and accompanied by my friend bent my steps toward the Mission. Having arrived there, and found everything in readiness, I put on my spurs, embraced my kind friend who had been more than a brother to me—may God reward him—and mounted the good horse who was to carry me, I trusted, safely from danger.

I felt sad, very sad, not only at parting with my true and faithful friend who had been so constant and so kind throughout my many perils, but also at leaving the City of San Francisco. An hour before I was all anxiety to turn my back upon it forever, but when the time of parting came, involuntarily my mind recurred to the many happy days I had passed there, and the many friends whose cheerful smile and pleasant laugh I was, as I supposed, on that evening bidding farewell to forever. I kissed my hand to my friend, and turning my head toward the city, notwithstanding the dreadful plague-spot that marred its beauty, I bid it a sorrowful, yet affectionate "good night."

That night we were only to ride to Dennison's rancho at Half Moon Bay, a distance of about twenty-five miles from the Mission, in what is now the county of San Mateo. We had to traverse a rugged mountain road, bad enough in the day-time, but at night, except on the surest-footed beasts, almost impassable. Our object was to keep off the main roads as much as possible both night and day. However, we got on pretty well till within about three miles of our stopping-place, when my horse, who was quite a colt, and full of spirit, knowing that he was approaching home started to run and threw me. I fell very heavily, and was badly hurt. Indeed, I thought for a time that my back must be broken. He did not run far, however, before the Californian who accompanied us caught him. I could scarcely walk, my back pained me so dreadfully. I knew, though, what I had to go through in the journey before me, and thinking it too soon to begin to complain, I again mounted with great difficulty, assisted by my companions, and rode on to the house. It was daylight when we reached the end of our ride, and right glad I was to have an opportunity to rest. I went to bed and slept until eleven o'clock a. m., when I arose, and while I took breakfast Dennison and the Californian—who by the way was his brother-in-law—caught the horses that we were to take with us for the journey. The Californian, whose name will figure considerably in this narrative, I may as well here describe: His name is Ramon Valencia. He is very dark complexioned, though his skin is as soft and polished as a woman's. He is of medium stature, very well formed, and has most expressive features,—a fine bright and intelligent eye, a great deal of vivacity, and much good sense. He had married the sister of my friend Dennison, but had lost her under most unhappy circumstances. He was very kind-hearted, and many a weary mile he beguiled by his agreeable chat in broken English. I can never forget his kindness to me during my weary pilgrimage, and beg now to offer him my thanks and good wishes for his future. Would that it were in my power to return him even one of his many disinterested and generous acts of friendship to me.

Dennison selected six of his finest California horses, and in another hour we were in the saddle and had commenced our journey. I felt very sore from my fall of the preceding night, but said nothing about it, determined to bear up until I had placed many leagues between myself and danger. Nothing in the way of incident occurred to us during that day's travel. We followed the coast range, always keeping as far as possible the trails, and avoiding the main roads.

The termination of that day's ride was a little Spanish settlement near the coast, called the Piscadero, where we found only a few Californians and two or three Americans. It is some twenty-five or thirty miles south of the ranch of my friend Dennison, which we had left in the morning. We arrived there just before dusk, and found quarters with a California widow-lady. She was, like all her country-women, a most kind-hearted and estim-

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Physician at the Supper Table---I.

By the Sybarite

"That's not insomnia," responded the physician, as two California clubmen sat over a pint of Monopole and some sweetbreads, a la Conde, at the dead of a starless night. "You are too young and too moderate to come in contact with so Mephistophelian a companion. You are merely affected with slight attacks of wakefulness—or, sleeplessness, as it is generally termed."

"Slight attacks! Doctor, you are too clever—too good-natured over another's woes. Slight attacks! Great Caesar's invulnerable phantom! I haven't had a full night's rest for six months, except occasionally after indulging immoderately in stirrup-cups; and then I am compelled to pay for it succeeding nights at usurious rates of interest."

"This is a delicious wine, and properly cooled."

"Some people like their champagne frappe."

"Do you?"

"Doctor!"

"Now, honest?"

"I have indulged in it, once in a while."

"And did you like it?"

"What has that to do with my insomnia?"

"Did you ever read Dr. Hammond's novel called Mr. Oldmixon?"

"What are you going to give me for my insomnia? Yes; what are you going to give me?"

"I remember that that most princely of all snobs, McAllister, recommended champagne frappe; so 'that frozen sheets may appear through it,' a vile trick learned by McAllister from some European gentleman's gentleman, and by said McAllister taught to an inanely vulgar coterie of cads that played at being in society! Alas, indeed! For the true connoisseur of champagne would hold an honest drink of buttermilk in higher esteem than a glass of champagne that had suffered the indignity of frappe. But the leader of New York's Four Hundred died soon afterward. His advice on champagne drinking made all clubdom and all other sensible drinking men shudder—or laugh. Perhaps his own formula killed him. Did you ever read a little book entitled 'See how it sparkles?' I will get it. Excuse me for a moment. * * * Here: 'There cannot be too much respect paid to champagne. In the first place it should be properly cooled but never iced, while nobody but a youngster or an aged idiot would presume to disturb the excellencies of a pretentious repast by serving it frappe, which may be termed a gastronomic blasphemy. It should be poured carefully into a tapering glass, and be drunk slowly, as soon as decanted. The old-fashioned stem glass with a broad top is the best, except that it is too big. Champagne is the most evanescent of all wines. Evaporation of flavor and evanescence of fragrance set

in the moment the wine reaches the glass. Therefore the glass should be emptied at once and completely. There is no breach of manners in this, as, by a slight movement of the hand, the entertainer or serving man is signaled not to immediately refill the glass.'"

"I guess you have forgotten all about my insomnia."

"One would have inferred from McAllister's advice to his Four Hundred concerning the New York method of dealing with the noblest of wines that he and his Four Hundred were still in that stage of social development wherein olives are eaten by the aid of a fork."

"You say my trouble is sleeplessness and not insomnia?"

"Sleeplessness to insomnia is as a mosquito bite to a sword thrust. A little camphor or other embrocation for the one and more critical treatment for the other."

"But you will give me a prescription, Doctor?"

"You will get no prescription from me. I am your friend, and I will give you some advice; advice is free, by the way, which is not the case with prescriptions—that is, generally."

"Well."

"In a few words, then, eat a cracker or two just before going to bed. Indulge as little as possible in fluids; gulp down nothing ice-cold, and don't drink tea or coffee after midday. Keep your feet warm day and night. Ride on a street car, on the outside, or walk half an hour before going to bed. To elaborate: The good old cure for sleeplessness holds through all changes:—an easy conscience and a healthy body. A due portion of fatigue and quiet surroundings may be added as also necessary to induce refreshing sleep, and sleep which is not refreshing is about as unsatisfactory as wakefulness. Nevertheless, by people of a nervous temperament some strictly material rules for courting the balmy god with success are not to be despised. Many little things conduce to sleeplessness, the avoidance of which will remove that trouble. Indigestion, cold feet, overfatigue, tea and coffee taken in excess, excitement generally, all tend to a restlessness of the brain, which prevents calm sleep. Many devices are resorted to to expel such nervousness. The old suggestion, made in ridicule, originally, to read some very dry book or to have some one talk you to sleep is really excellent in practice. The dull monotony of a prosy book, and even more the dull monotone of a prosy talker, usually produces just the dull impressions on the brain which are required to induce sleep. A monotonous train of thoughts often serves. You have probably heard the story of that eminent student of brain disorders who prescribed the constant dripping of water on a metal pan. The regular ticking of a clock frequently sends sleepless persons into the desired state of brain inaction, though in fact all these processes may serve to drive a very nervous person into a wild hysteria of wakefulness."

"So I am to have no prescription? I am just to carry out your advice—no medicine of any kind. Why, the street car men will think I am a crank, or the hold-ups may go after me during some of my half-hour walks. No tea or coffee, no cold feet, no nothing but a few crackers to take to bed with me? Doctor, you are a peach."

"Sleeplessness is always wakefulness in one or more of its multitudinous forms, and the recourse to narcotic poisons for its relief is utterly unscientific and deplorable. It is as clumsy in theory—in so far as it can be said to have a theory—as knocking a man down because he needs rest. What is it that prevents the natural and physicial rest of the body at rythmical periods? The brain is as truly a part of the body as the stomach, and it is as much a fault of the organs of the mind to prevent sleep by mental worry or wakefulness as it is a fault of the stomach to render it impossible by bad digestion. No intelligent practitioner dreams of narcotizing the nerves of the gastric organs to promote sleep. Why in the name of common sense should any medical man for an instant think it legitimate to narcotize the brain because it exhibits some disturbing irregularity in its functions? Sleep is not a special prerogative of the brain. Every organ sleeps, and generally sleep is the aggregate of many sleeps. It is time to protest against this clumsy procedure. If I do so warmly, it is because I feel that the mistake is of common making. It is so much easier to write a prescription or make up a bottle of medicine or a box of pills with one of the rank poisons that mimic sleep, and as they do so deprave cerebral and nerve tissue, than it would be to search out the real and active cause of wakefulness. There are more than a score and a half of known causes or forms of sleeplessness, each one requiring direct and specific treatment, and, yet, as if by common consent, the profession sanctions the abuse of such drugs as chloral and bromide as poisonous sleep producers. No medical man is justified in undertaking the treatment of his maladies. It is impossible that he should so far step out of himself as to be able to form a reasonable judgment of his case objectively; and no practitioner has the justification of science for the recourse to narcotics as remedies for sleeplessness, except when an additional pain is the accidental disturber of a sleep function, or a habit of wakefulness may be broken by an occasional dose of the stupefier."

"But what on earth would become of the multitudes of young physicians that are turned out from our colleges every year if the afflicted can pull through on advice instead of prescriptions?"

"There you are. But I will be confidential. The fact is, the world is possessed with the notion that when a man is taken sick, a terrible ado must be kept up, an alternation of nursing and fussing, while preternaturally wise and whispering doctors, sympathizing friends, tearful relatives and chattering nurses add their contributions to the wrong side, and all because somebody is ill and needs chiefly rest. We have not yet, most of us, gotten rid of the old notion of the ancients that disease is a personality, a something that is in the air, that travels about, enters our dwellings, and finally seizes hold of us—something akin in the minds of the ignorant to a goblin, ghost, fiend, demon or witch, which only pills or potations can exorcise, kill or cure. I am confident that many physicians will say, if the patient will let them, that two-thirds of all the maladies of all the people in the world would disappear in a few hours or days, if left to themselves, with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ. But patients often estimate the doctor's skill by the wonderfully wise look which he assumes and the extent and variety of his prescriptions; and a sick man's friends hate to seem unsympathizing, and are so apt to be officious. It is to be understood, of course, that I am not speaking of extreme cases, but of the treatment of most of the little ills which come upon overworked and worrying men and women, so many of whom we find all around us in this pushing competitive age. Their best remedy, if they can take it, is good air, dietary proprieties, healthful exercise, frequent baths, and occasional recreation and rest. These—"

Waiter—"You are wanted at the telephone, Doctor. There's been an accident—"

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

The Roosevelt Indelicacy

Colonel Roosevelt is in such close touch with the newspaper correspondents who are accompanying him on his European tour that it is a wonder he did not censor more carefully one of the dispatches sent to the papers during the Italian visit. It stated that during the stay of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt in Spezzia they paid a visit to the bed room which they occupied twenty-five years ago on their honeymoon. Almost any man would shrink from having such a fact published broadcast, but as the correspondents apparently published nothing which does not meet with the colonel's approval, it would seem that he saw nothing indelicate in the statement. Foreign papers were much amused when it was announced that Roosevelt arrived in Spezzia incognito—clad in a Rough Rider overcoat of khaki with the insignia of a colonel. That is not the sort of incognito to which Europe has been accustomed.

The Fight into Canada

The commissioner general of immigration has been investigating the exodus of American citizens to Canada and as a result of his findings efforts may be made by the government to stem the tide of emigration. More than 12,000 American citizens with from $1000 to $5000 each, practically all farmers and the heads of families, expatriated themselves between March, 1909 and March, 1910. They went from all parts of the United States but particularly from the Middle West, to take up fertile government land. The full number of persons who went to Canada during this period of one year was 95,370 and on a conservative estimate they took with them $1000 each; in other words $95,370,000 in gold. Of the number 57,576 were American born and 37,794 were aliens. The emigrants are of the best agricultural type, thrifty, skilled and with families. It has been estimated that since 1897 emigrants took from this country to Canada $520,830,000, practically all in gold.

The Cure of Cancer

Two significant incidents in the war which civilization is waging on cancer occurred recently. Dr. G. B. Massey of Chicago demonstrated the efficacy of electrical treatment for the disease in the London Cancer Hospital. Dr. Massey pierced cancerous tissue with three zinc needles coated with mercury and turned on an electric current millamperes. The cancer bleached and then shrivelled. The needles were next placed in healthy tissue surrounding the cancer, destroying the outlying colonies of cancer germs and the lines of dissemination. This first use of ionic surgery in England has created a profound sensation among cancer experts. Within a few days of this experiment President Taft asked the Congress to appropriate $50,000 for the establishment of a laboratory for the study of cancer in fishes. This disease sometimes becomes epidemic in fishes, sweeping them away in thousands, and it is thought that the study of it in the lower organisms will aid the study of it in man.

The Milwaukee Socialists

The victory of the Milwaukee Socialists in the recent election has given capital in the city a bad scare and it has been announced that four big apartment buildings to cost from $30,000 to $100,000 each, which were to have been erected, will not be built this year. The Socialists, however, declare that they will be conservative and will not disturb business interests. This declaration has not altogether satisfied business men and the course of the new city leaders will be watched with apprehension. The party elected the mayor, comptroller, treasurer, city attorney and twenty-one aldermen. During the next two years the party will have the naming of commissioner of public health, inspector of buildings, two commissioners of the board of public works, city engineer, tax commissioner, fire and police commissioners. The victory of the Socialists is attributed to the fact that 7 per cent of the population of Milwaukee is German.

Immigration in March

Immigration figures for the month of March show a greater influx than in any previous March, the actual number of immigrants for that month being 108,286. For February the figure was 44,397. The great increase is attributed to the prosperous condition of the country which is not only bringing new settlers but also drawing back those who fled to Europe during the financial depression of 1907. Still large numbers are expected from now on. The figures prepared by the immigration commissioner at New York show that of those who arrived at Ellis Island in March 1,742 were debarred, including 175 women. The proportion of English, Irish, Scotch and German immigrants was comparatively small. Italy furnished 29,488 persons, mostly men, of whom 13,070 were illiterate. There were 19,488 Austrians, 17,900 Russians, chiefly Jews, 17,712 Hungarians, 4,405 Greeks and 2,611 Germans, including German speaking Swiss. Only four of about 2,000 Englishmen were unable to read or write. Of this cityful of workers only 2,611 came on the mere chance of getting jobs. All the rest have friends or relatives in the regions to which they were bound. New York received the largest proportion of the March arrivals, 32,314, and most of these stopped in the five boroughs of the city. Pennsylvania absorbed 20,564, who went to the mining regions; Illinois took 13,078; New Jersey, 8,063; Ohio, 6,549; Connecticut, 3,392; Wisconsin, 2,198; California, 1,741; Missouri, 1,616; West Virginia, 1,172; Iowa, 1,008; Minnesota, 1,638, and other States less than a thousand each.

A World's Fair in New York

San Francisco should be vitally interested in the news that plans are being formulated for a world's fair in New York in 1913. Coming two years before the projected Panama fair in this city that would be a serious detriment to our success. The plan is to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Manhattan by the Dutch. A citizens' committee headed by Henry Clews called upon Mayor Gaynor a few days ago and asked him to appoint a committee of five hundred to consider the proposition. Mayor Gaynor was favorably disposed toward the suggestion. When the committee has been appointed a dinner will be given and the world's fair will be launched. Two years is hardly a sufficient breathing spell between a world's fair in New York and a world's fair in San Francisco. The New York project should be carefully considered by our citizens.

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The Spectator

The Pot and the Kettle

Men about town equipped with a sense of humor are deriving much amusement from the sporadic ebullitions of hatred by which the Call and Bulletin have let it be known that each believes the other has become a degree more degraded than itself. But a short time ago these two blushless perverts of journalism were, as they should be, on terms of cordiality like birds of a feather. They made of pharisaic righteousness a common cause, and campaigned for decency at a fixed price per column, all the while pretending that they abhorred sinners and lived up to the most exalted ideals. In time they fell out, and as a result of mutual crimination and recrimination honest men are enabled at their leisure to glimpse the infamy of both. When the story of the corrupt compact made by the Bulletin for the purpose of getting a rake-off from the city printing contract came out some weeks ago, the Call gleefully gave it publicity. A little later the Bulletin retaliated by pointing out that the Call had published as news an attack on Hetch-Hetchy that was paid for by the Spring Valley Water Company. Thereupon the Call, having no defense to make, invited Mayor McCarthy to avail himself of its columns for the purpose of expatiating on the pungent odors that emanate from the fragrant Older contaminating the circumambient and menacing the community with a personally conducted pestilence.

The Bludgeon Method

The Bulletin's attack on the Call was characterstically pharisaic. According to the editor of the Bulletin he was offered $450 to publish the article in question as news, but rejected the proposal saying that he would print it only as an advertisement. This is probably true, but it does not signify anything. The Bulletin is probably getting sufficient money from Phelan and Spreckels, the enemies of Spring Valley, to justify it in turning its back on that public service corporation. But the Bulletin would have it understood that it never disguises advertising matter as news. This is of course no nearer to the truth than the boughten journal ever gets when prevarication is more to the purpose of that thrifty sheet. The Bulletin like all our daily papers publishes as news anything that a regular advertiser asks to have published. The Bulletin, furthermore, will suppress anything that a regular advertiser asks to have suppressed. In this respect it is no worse than any of its daily contemporaries. The only difference between the Bulletin and the other dailies is in the matter of the method employed in getting advertising. The semi-respectable dailies solicit advertising matter on a legitimate basis; the Bulletin goes after it with a bludgeon, practicing coercion as was done in the case of the Emporium once upon a time and also in the case of the theatres.

Harvey's Bonds

To get an idea of the length a San Francisco daily will go in the interest of an advertiser consider the case of the Ocean Shore Railroad Company. Some months ago when Downey Harvey was in desperate straits and going about peddling bonds, he conciliated the dailies by throwing money at them with the prodigality of a drunken sailor. Through the advertising columns of the dailies he boomed his bonds, assuring people that as an investment they could not be beaten anywhere under the sun. Everybody on the inside knew that the bonds were depreciating at the rate of a dollar a minute. They also knew that the bonds could be purchased in the open market for much less than the price that Harvey demanded. At that time the truth about the road was told in these columns, but the dailies did more than suppress it; they encouraged the public to buy. They were hardly less enthusiastic about the bankrupt enterprise than Mr. Harvey himself, of whom, to be just, it should be said, he was at least sincere. His enthusiasm was the honest enthusiasm of Colonel Sellers. The truth is now out, but even now one of the dailies—the Call—is booming the road in its editorial columns. The other day in a discussion of the merits of the Harvey enterprise the Call rhapsodized over the valuable terminal facilities in this city. The fact is that Harvey has nothing more than a lease on certain ground, the limited extent of which makes it wholly inadequate for the purposes of the road.

McCarthy and the Examiner

Between Mayor McCarthy and the Examiner there is now in progress one of the bitterest feuds that has ever grown out of the troubled relations of a politician and a newspaper. It is a feud which seems to be only in its incipiency but which will probably proceed for a long time with most unpleasant results. That none but the surface indications of the warfare have become apparent to the general public is not surprising, but doubtless shrewd reckoners have estimated the warmth of feeling behind the open interchanges of the two combatants. For quite a while Mayor McCarthy was silent but observant while the Examiner attacked the policy and acts of his administration in news story, editorial and cartoon. That his wrath was brewing and preparing to overflow might have been guessed. The spilling of his anger in public took place last Sunday at the dedication of the Farragut School. The Examiner, on that occasion, was coupled by the Mayor with his old enemy, the Bulletin, and William Randolph Hearst was scorched with invective. This speech of denunciation was published at length in the Call and the Post of the following day.

A Damaging Campaign

Let it not be thought for a moment that Mayor McCarthy's attack upon the Examiner is confined to a verbal demonstration. If that were the case the authorities in the Examiner office at Spear and Folsom streets would have little worriment. Verbal denunciation may sting but it does little practical hurt to a newspaper. Knowing this fact Mayor McCarthy has selected the weakest joint in the Examiner harness and is battering away at it with deeds, not words. The weakest joint in a newspaper harness is circulation. Circulation is the pulse of newspaper business, the pulse which the advertiser feels before he makes a contract. So Mayor McCarthy has commenced a campaign against the Ex-

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Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

aminer's local circulation. For this campaign he has a formidable weapon in organized labor. I am told that ten days after Mayor McCarthy started this form of warfare friends of his had delivered at the office of the Examiner 4,800 cancellations of subscriptions, "stops" as they are called. One Examiner route has been wiped out of existence and others are crippled. To lose 4,800 subscribers in ten days is a phenomenon of rare and most distressing significance in a newspaper counting room. And mind you, the warfare has only begun.

The Call's Troubles

Mayor McCarthy has made an order barring from his office the reporters of all newspapers except the Call and the Post. These papers he regards as friendly to his administration and he has used them in giving publicity to the denunciations hurled at the Examiner and the Bulletin. It is a strange turn of the wheel which places Mayor McCarthy and the Call en rapport, for it was not so long ago that the attacks made upon McCarthy in the Call brought forth reprisals in the shape of a libel suit and bitter speeches on the stump. Now the lion and the lamb are gambolling together. Not that the Call is in a very frisky mood just now. It has troubles of its own. They have to do with the recently organized solicitors' union. The men who solicit subscriptions organized some time ago and demanded the munificient wage of $18.60 a week. The Call refused to accede to this demand and the solicitors' union put a boycott on the paper. I have been told that the Call has lost 15,000 subscribers as a result of the boycott but the figure is surely exaggerated. If it were divided by three it would still be a very serious loss. The Call is still recalcitrant and has put out a small army of solicitors to regain what it has dropped. It is giving away photogravures as premiums, too. Premiums are usually a sign of sluggish newspaper circulation. So are contests, like the Examiner's "what is she doing" contest.

The Bulletin Too

Mayor McCarthy and the Bulletin are enemies of such long standing that the memory of man scarcely runs to the recollection of their amity. The Bulletin has been attacking the Mayor much more bitterly than the Examiner, but McCarthy is concentrating his retaliatory efforts on the Hearst paper. Nevertheless the Bulletin is feeling the thump of its own boomerang. One day the Bulletin allowed a woman to state through its columns that there are 70.000 prostitutes in this city and that there is not a lodging or apartment house on North Beach which does not harbor some of these unfortunates. Whether the Bulletin's authority meant to say 70.000 or whether that was a typographical slip for 7.000, I do not know. But there were only 72,500 adult females in this city at the time of the last census, so the Bulletin, apparently, maligned nearly every woman in the city. The enemies of the Bulletin have lost no opportunity of calling attention to this. The other statement has aroused the greatest indignation in the Italian Quarter. The Italians take a justifiable pride in North Beach, their particular section of the city, and they have shown in no uncertain terms how much they resent the statement made by the Bulletin. Verily, the running of a daily in San Francisco hath little in common with reclining on a bed of poppy petals.

"What did Mrs. Starlight have on at the opera?"
"I don't know. I didn't look up at her box until after she had sat down."

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

From NEW YORK to LONDON via Plymouth, PARIS via Cherbourg and BREMEN, by one of of the Four Luxurious Flyers..

S. S. George Washington, new. A great favorite of the traveling public. 27,000 tons register, 722 feet long, with every convenience and comfort known to the shipbuilder.

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ROBERT CAPELLE, 250 POWELL ST.

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Spreckels Again Rebuffed

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels sustained his reputation as a consistent loser at the Bohemian Club last Tuesday. The annual election of the club occurred on that day, and it has been pronounced the most spirited election in the history of the club. To our young militant millionaire belongs all the credit for the exceptional vivacity that characterized the proceedings. To him must be attributed the fascinating echoes of the graft prosecution that resounded in the club, firing everybody with enthusiasm and a consuming partisan zeal. Mr. Spreckels' ardent passion for leadership was never more manifest than on this occasion. It overcame the scruples of a modest nature that mildly asserted itself by reason of the dubious methods that were employed in behalf of Mr. Spreckels less than two years ago when he was admitted to membership through a back door. Mr. Spreckels' scruples succumbed to the dictates of a will that never brooks restraint. Some time ago Mr. Spreckels resolved to re-elect John C. Dornin to the secretaryship of the club. It was understood that with Dornin on the board of directors he would be able to prevent certain men whom he dislikes from becoming members. So he conducted a campaign for Dornin. He rounded up all his sycophants and parasites and plunged them into Dornin's fight. From the First National Bank "literature" urging the election of Dornin was sent wherever it might do the most good. On election day Mr. Spreckels was on hand marshaling his forces. With his attorney Charley Wheeler, his electrical engineer, his bank manager, his handy editor, Mr. Older, his personally conducted judges—Lawlor and Dunne—he made a gallant fight; but in vain. Henry H. Haight was elected secretary of the club by a comfortable majority, and Rudie frowned himself back to the bank.

Talbot Clifton is Coming

From "White Hat" McCarthy I learn that Talbot Clifton, the Englishman who invented Burlingame, is once more on his way to pay this city a visit. I would not be a bit surprised if he should make one of that party of a hundred London sports with Lord Roseberry at their head who are crossing land and sea to be present at the Jeffries-Johnson fight. A great sportsman and a true one is Talbot Clifton and his visit here will create more stir than the coming of half a dozen Kitcheners. On his last brief visit Talbot Clifton saw only three of his old friends. He stayed in the city but a short time, announcing that he was here for the purpose of enjoying once more the society of his old pal, "White Hat." I think Joe Tobin and Walter Hobart were the only other celebrities who penetrated his exclusiveness on that occasion. It remains to be seen whether he will be more democratic this time.

John Dewar & Sons Ltd. announce December 1, 1909, their appointment as Distillers to **H. I. M. the German Emperor** and **H. M. the King of Sweden.**

DEWAR'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

Distillers to H. M. King Edward VII.

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, Importers

PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

How He Met "White Hat"

Gone never to return are the good old days when Talbot Clifton romped the nights away to the music of golden guineas. Gone are his coaches, his tally-ho, his tandems, his splendid mounts. Gone too the glorious haunts where he delighted to entertain and be entertained by the gilded sports of the dead town. But San Francisco has new attractions to replace the old and "White Hat" is still here to act as guide, philosopher and friend to the returning Britisher. That was a historic day at the Vendome in San Jose when Clifton and McCarthy met and became fast friends. McCarthy, I think, was down there to break the world's driving record by going four miles in ten-twelve. He was in the Vendome when the Britisher arrived. Going to the register he found inscribed there, "John Talbot Clifton and valet, London, England." So McCarthy wrote under it "D. McCarthy and valise, San Francisco." Somebody called Clifton's attention to the joke and the two men were made acquainted. They were friends from that minute.

Colonel Chinn Wouldn't Fight

A loyal friend indeed was Clifton to McCarthy, as those who were present at the Burlingame Club one memorable night will testify. Colonel Jack Chinn was there and he told Talbot Clifton to be on his guard or "White Hat" would get the better of him in a horse deal. The Englishman stiffened and arose from his seat while a painful silence fell upon the company. "Colonel Chinn," he said with his most deliberate drawl, "Mr. McCarthy is not here to answer that remark. But he is my friend and I am forced to tell you, sir, that you are a liar, in fact you are a d——d liar and if you desire satisfaction from me, kindly name your time, place and weapon, sir." The colonel discounted his fearsome Kentucky reputation on the spot. He "took water." It is characteristic of Clifton that he never mentioned the incident to McCarthy, but of course "White Hat" heard the story immediately from a dozen sources and it cemented the bond between the two friends.

Talbot Clifton's Gifts

During his prolonged stay here Clifton maintained a very expensive establishment. He had rooms at the Palace, a luxuriously furnished suite at Marchand's, a room at the Burlingame Club and a studio in the Crocker Building. Clifton was a dilettante and spent a good deal of time in painting. When he went away he presented everything he owned in California to McCarthy, from his horses and traps to his pictures. All the pictures and other treasured mementoes of Clifton were burned in "White Hat's" home at the time of the fire. When Clifton paid a brief visit to the city later he bought a horse from McCarthy for $5,000 and left the horse in McCarthy's keeping. "White Hat" has the animal still. I think that Clifton is married now but whether he will bring his wife with him when he visits us I do not know.

First Physician—Has he got an hereditary trouble?
Second Physician—Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son.

ASK FOR
BLACK AND WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKEY
IT IS THE BEST
NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

Gunst Tackles the Tobacco Trust

It is not unusual for a Californian to cut a swath in New York either in financial or social circles, but what Mose Gunst is doing in the big metropolis is by no means of a commonplace character. Mose has become of sufficient importance in the financial world to impel the Wall Street Journal to sit up and take notice. According to that paper Gunst is in New York making arrangements to fight the Tobacco trust in the heart of its own territory. For some years Gunst has been ranked among our leading and richest captains of industry, but nobody suspected that he had anything like sufficient money power to warrant him in disputing the big Tobacco trust's monopoly of New York City trade. It was thought that he was putting a dangerous strain on his resources in resisting the efforts of the trust to drive him out of business in San Francisco. But we have seen him fight the trust to a standstill in our midst; and now that he has carried the war into New York we must come to the conclusion that our distinguished fellow citizen is among the topnotchers in the world of finance. According to the Wall Street Journal Gunst has fifty-five tobacco stores on the Pacific Coast and several factories in Cuba and Porto Rico. To conduct his campaign in New York he has organized a $2,500,000 company, and he has already opened a large retail store in West Forty-second street. Evidently Gunst is as game in business as he was formerly when he was better known as a sporting man than as a merchant. In the old days when he owned but one store he devoted no less attention to gambling than to business. On the floor above his store in Kearny street he conducted a poker game the "drop" of which netted him several hundreds of dollars every night. His boon companions in those days were stars of the prize-ring, and

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The Long Distance Service of the Bell System is of special value to the traveler. Sometimes the Bell Telephone makes a trip unnecessary; sometimes it convinces him that a trip would be profitable. Wherever he goes, he feels the need of universal service, and that is Bell Service.

The
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betting his money on them was one of Gunst's favorite pastimes. In recent years Gunst has been a very sick man, a circumstance making it all the more wonderful that he should muster up energy for the tobacco war. He is afflicted with locomotor ataxia, the ravages of which he has stayed to some extent by cultivating abstemious habits.

A Case of Plagiarism

If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, the appropriation of another's ideas and words must be the superlative of admiration. Then should Mr. Ralph E. Renaud, dramatic critic of the Chronicle, regard himself as the object of the superlative admiration of Lynn Ethel Wilson, a member of the staff of the Oakland Tribune who signs her name to theatrical articles. Lynn Ethel Wilson has shown herself to be in wonderful accord with Mr. Renaud on the subject of Maud Allan's dancing. Not only does she think his thoughts about Miss Allan but she also writes his words. It is very interesting to compare what Mr. Renaud wrote in the Chronicle of April 6 about Miss Allan with what Lynn Ethel Wilson wrote on the same subject in the Oakland Tribune on April 7. For greater facility in making the comparison, let us resort to the deadly parallel:

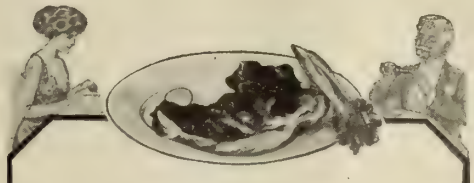
What Mr. Renaud Wrote	What Miss Wilson Wrote
She is a figure stepping delicately from the swelling round of a Greek vase.	A dainty, elusive figure stepping delicately from the swelling round of some old Grecian vase.
Her art is neither moral nor immoral. It is the art of absolute beauty.	Her art is neither moral nor immoral. It is the art of absolute beauty.
Within my time no such personal triumph has occurred here.	Miss Allan's triumph is purely personal.
Her method is Greek in conception, atmosphere and spirit.	Her method is Greek in conception, atmosphere and spirit.
Yet she might be a Dryad, playing in the checkered shade of her forest home, a nymph dallying by still mountain pools.	She might be a Dryad, playing in the checkered shade of her forest home, or a spirit of the clouds dallying by still mountain pools.
Her costumes are mere half-drapes.	Her costumes are mere half-drapes.
And yet the rhythmic harmonies she weaves are infinitely varied and irresistibly alluring.	The rhythmic harmonies she weaves are infinitely varied and irresistibly alluring.
In the dance of the Gnomes, for instance, her arms twined and intertwined like tongues of flame.	In the dance of the Gnomes, a wild, abandoned thing which follows, she creeps and writhes, a living spirit of defiance, with arms twined and intertwined like tongues of flame.

Friction in the Reform Camp

Though the leading job-chasers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are united in the service of the people and animated by the one and only virtuous purpose of snatching the State from the tentacles of the Octopus they are not crusading in halcyon harmony. There is a rift within the lute of their common cause. It requires no cultivated ear to catch the jangling discords that smite the air as they move along through the villages of the plain people, uttering in accents wild their dithyrambic appeals to patriotism and civic pride. This inharmoniousness, I am told, is the result chiefly of the selfishness of the Hon. A. J. Wallace, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor and of Judge Works, candidate for United States Senator. These gentlemen appear to be wholly oblivious of the paramount importance of the Hon. Hiram Johnson. They have yet to understand that Mr. Johnson is the incarnation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt idea, the embodiment of all and sundry principles of reform, the concentrated essence of the political purity for which the whole State is clamoring. When they opened the primary campaign they conceded to Mr. Johnson the blushing honors of a headliner. It was agreed that he should be the last speaker at all meetings. Thus did Wallace and Works indicate their recognition of Mr. Johnson's superior power of attraction; for the supposition is that to hold an audience you must keep the star in reserve. The arrangement agreed upon was therefore an acknowledgment of Mr. Johnson's title to stellar distinction. But it was not long before the gubernatorial candidate realized that the distinction was devoid of substance. This realization dawned upon his intellectuals as night after night Works and Wallace talked their audience into that tired feeling which makes a pillow a far greater desideratum than the melting music of the most gifted tongue. What does it avail a man to have the last say if there's nobody in a mood to give him ear?

He Rides Alone

Works and Wallace, it appears, take themselves seriously as orators. They are prosaic gents, pregnant with words, and when they start flowing they create the impression that they are giving an imitation of the Tennysonian brook. The tide of their eloquence they pour along without the slightest concern for the head-



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liner. They have almost emptied more than one hall before Johnson was given the opportunity to unsheath his palpitant tongue. Naturally the distinguished reformer for revenue is disgruntled. He has been telling his troubles to the telegraph poles while speeding through the valleys and over the hilltops far away. But Johnson is strategic, and he has not suffered with the meekness of a martyr. Of late he has been out-maneuvering his rival chinsters. This he has done with the aid of an automobile. For a time the three candidates rode in this car; but now Mr. Johnson rides alone. Beating his rivals to one-night stands, he has been enjoying a monopoly of attention.

Treachery Charged

Nevertheless Mr. Johnson is not altogether satisfied with himself and his campaign. He has learned that down in Southern California, the stronghold of reform, Phil Stanton is getting the support of Mr. Wallace's friends and admirers. This he regards as a species of treachery, and he is very much worried about it. He feels that if he cannot get the united support of the reformers of the South there is not much likelihood of his winning at the primary. His friends have been calling attention to the fact that the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of Los Angeles is backing both Wallace and Stanton, and they want to know the reason why this combination has been made. Incidentally they are stimulating the spirit of discord by questioning the sincerity of the insurance company as a reformer, remarking that all insurance men are reformers only when the legislature is not in session threatening to enact the right kind of insurance legislation with an eye single to the perennial insurance sack. In further aggravation of this whole embarrassing situation is the circulation of the report that the Hon. Francis J. Heney has absented himself from the State at the instance of Mr. Johnson, who conceives that his old associate on the Spreckels' leg would do him more harm than good were he to take to the hustings at this time. Mr. Heney's friends are warmly resenting what they regard as a foul imputation.

Holding Himself in Abeyance

The only gubernatorial candidate who has yet to begin an active canvas is Mr. Alden Anderson. He appears to be in no hurry to take to the bema. He is maintaining a philosophic calm, waiting patiently for the psychological moment to shed the light of his personality on the proceedings. Wise politicians are saying that Mr. Anderson's inactivity is a masterstroke of genius. He is letting his rivals get on the nerves of the people; he is husbanding his resources for the wind-up, while they are wearing themselves out prematurely. Already it is becoming apparent that Mr. Curry has been unprofitably previous. He has been spending money with a lavish hand, and he will have to call a halt by the time Mr. Anderson gets busy. Meanwhile a good deal of noiseless work is being done in Mr. Anderson's behalf, and the indications are that he is to receive the earnest and aggressive support of the business interests of the State. Conservative men generally are conscious of the importance of keeping the gubernatorial office out of the hands of politicians whose chief qualification is either a talent for "mixing" or a disposition to set the whole State by the ears.

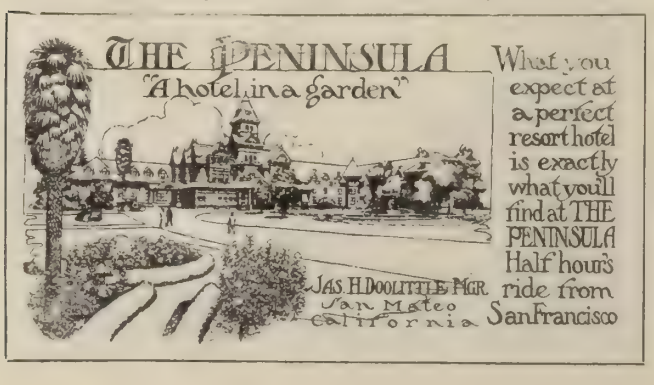
"So he has lost faith in deep breathing?"
"Yes; it wouldn't keep his hair from falling out."

Bradley's Pet Rule

How hard it is to please everybody was illustrated recently in the experience of the telephone company. A rule requiring the operators to respond to all bells with the question "Number please?" was put into effect by General Manager Bradley who is a stickler for courtesy. The rule made a hit. Scores of people congratulated Mr. Bradley on what they considered a happy inspiration, and he was much pleased that the rule should have proved so grateful to the patrons of the company. Not all of them, however, regarded the rule with favor. One day Mr. Bradley was rung up by a citizen who wanted to know why the operators were so polite. He was told that the company wished to promote amiable relations between patrons and employees. "Well, cut out the 'please,' said the man. "As everybody knows that the girls don't mean what they say, why should they say it? Let us have no more of this hypocrisy. It makes me hot every time I get that word 'please' over the wire."

His Pathetic Plight

A new planet swims into our ken. A new star flames on the political horizon. Walter Macarthur, editor of the official organ of the Sailors' Union is in a receptive mood for the nomination for Congress in the Fourth district. Let it not be understood, however, that this distinguished representatives of the Phelan-Spreckels cabal has any yearning for Washington life. Says his sponsor, the Boughten Bulletin: "He would prefer to stay right here and fight municipal evils, but like a good soldier in the people's cause, he is willing to undertake any task to which the people may assign him." In short Mr. Macarthur is in the hands of his friends, a predicament that evokes my profoundest pity. "In the hands of his friends" means that he is in the hands of Crothers and Older. To go from their hands to Washington would be like going from a bawdy house to church.



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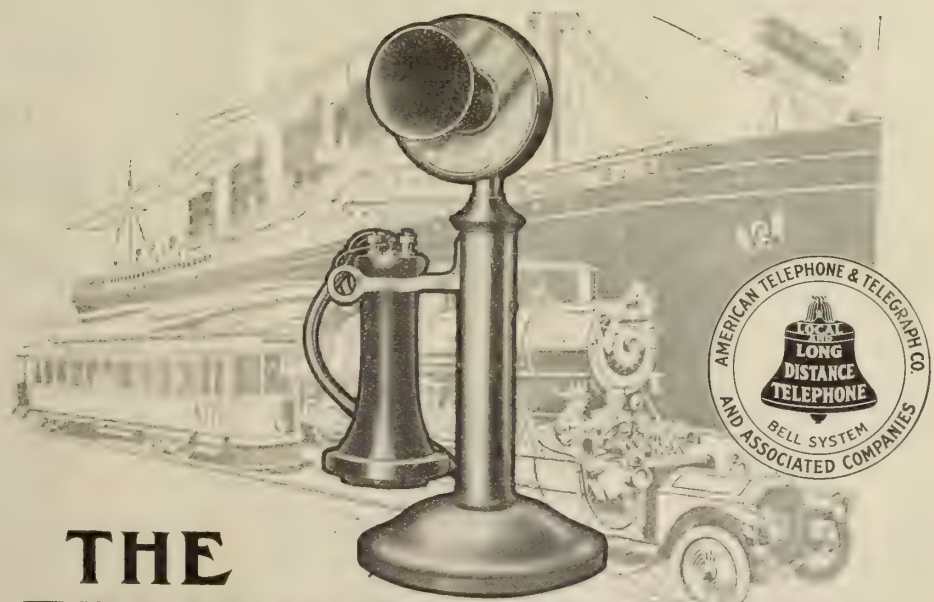
An Obsolete Californian Lingo

Eleanor Gates, whose marriage name is Tully, is writing Rube stories for a cheap eastern publication of nation wide circulation. I am not objecting to Eleanor's method of earning an honest dollar or two; but I do object to her Californian Rube. In her latest story she pictures a gawk named Sheridan Smith making a fool of himself in New York by expressing himself in language that may be accurate in the vernacular of South Dakota or North Oklahoma, although even that is doubtful, but is certainly wholly unlike anything on land or sea in California. It may be argued by this authoress that her "Son" as he calls himself, is an imported Missourian; but she neglects to so identify him in her story. Californians, even those who own 1400 acres of fruit land in the San Joaquin Valley "where the sun shines 344 days in the year," do not use such atrocious grammar as Mrs. Tully puts in the mouth of Sheridan Smith, and they would not stand appalled in the presence of the New York police department as she says he did. In another story this lady author libeled Texas in a similar manner by making one of the citizens of that civilized State gape with wonder upon the electric signs of New York, clearly intimating that as the Rube was from Texas he had never seen anything like it in his barbarous native environment. This sort of thing is going altogether too far as far as California is concerned, and I suspect that Texas doesn't like it any better than we do. Bret Harte has much to answer for in the matter of providing a language peculiar to the Californian of early days; but we of a later period had come to believe that the native son of the fourth generation had profited by his public school education and was sufficiently sophisticated to take even provincial New York as a matter of course and not to be wondered at. Mrs. Tully, however, knows how to write for her market, and she may not be blamed too harshly for selling her adulterated wares to consumers who prefer that brand to anything wearing the pure food label. Still, we are pleasurably aware of the vast improvement that her "Juanita of the Rancho" experienced under the editorial revision of Mr. Belasco.

Sam Davis on Sage Brush

Sam Davis of Carson City is in New York spreading the gospel of sage brush. Although he went east as chairman of Nevada's publicity and industrial commission Sam has shown extreme reluctance to indulge in boom talk on behalf of his beloved State, declaring that it is against his temperament. His reluctance has won for him more publicity than a less skilled press agent would obtain by the most feverish eagerness to break into print. Always when Sam Davis talks it is worth while listening and on the present occasion his talk has been largely on sage brush. There are possibilities in sage brush of which the world has never dreamed and Sam is not yet prepared to publish them all. But a few hints of its golden worth were wrung from him by an insistent interviewer and no doubt more will be forthcoming at the proper time. Until that time arrives we must be content with the information that first of all Thomas Edison and after him a number of university professors have experimented with sage brush and so successfully that the raising of sage brush bids fair to become a Nevada business as important as the exploitation of gold mines and the granting of divorces. "By a practically worked out and economical process," says Sam Davis, "sage brush is made to yield these products invaluable in industries, science and arts: charcoal, acetic acid, wood alcohol, creosote, creton and potassium. After paying for gathering the raw material and the cost of the processes by which sage brush is made to yield these valuable articles there remains a net profit of $15 a ton of sage brush. We have in Nevada three million acres of sage brush which will yield five tons to the acre. That is, the sage brush land of Nevada is now covered with $825,000,000 of gold. Or, if you will, the equivalent



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of gold." That the interviewer was properly impressed may be accepted without question, for he made no reference to Colonel Sellers in his subsequent talk with Sam.

As to Reno Divorces

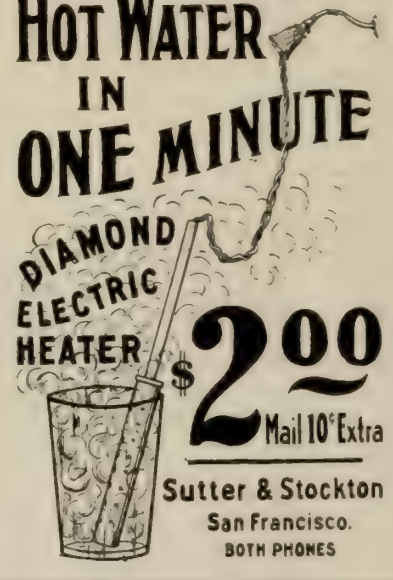
On the subject of the divorce colony at Reno Sam Davis did not wax enthusiastic. In fact he declared that there was no divorce colony at Reno. It is apparent from what he stated on this topic that the fair fame of Reno has been trifled with by the writers for the sensational press. Nothing could be more decorous than the manner in which the divorce problem is handled in Reno. When the interviewer broached the delicate subject this is the way the conversation flowed: "In the name of the prophet—figs!" responded Mr. Davis. "Reno has no divorce colony. Some men, some women, attracted equally by the beauty of Reno and the justness of our State divorce laws, have taken up their residences there. Those of them who are ladies and gentlemen are received into the best society of Reno—than which there is none better in the world—those of them who are not are shunned there as, of course, all such persons in New York are shunned by good society. I assume that the courts grant divorces to those justly entitled to them and refuse when such is not the case. In the meantime those who are there seeking legal residence have their minds broadened by a greater and nobler view of life and their bodies strengthened by the glorious climate of Nevada, wherein to walk requires no inducement—only opportunity."

Senor Wanrell's Loss

Nobody acquitted himself better at the Press Club's "four years after" entertainment last Sunday night than Senor Joaquin Wanrell, the club's favorite basso. He sang with that powerful intensity for which he is noted and brought down the crowded house. And yet Wanrell had every reason for declining to appear. That afternoon a fire broke out in the old Wallace home in Van Ness avenue where Tait's used to be and destroyed Wanrell's studio and living apartments. The singer was away at the time and went home to find that he hadn't a bit of personal property except the clothes on his back. That was why he sang in a brown sack suit and tan shoes. While Wanrell's loss counts up to a big figure it is not by dollars that he measures it. Money can never replace his splendid collection of Ricordi operatic scores, his autographed photos collected from famous artists during twenty years, the compositions of his Madrid teacher, Senor Ynzenga, and last but not least, his fine Scotch collie which was burned to death. Wanrell was offered $500 for the dog not long ago but it was a present and he prized the animal very, very highly. Wanrell had just finished refurnishing his studio at considerable cost when the flames swept it away, but he is far from discouraged. One of the first to place his own studio at Wanrell's disposal was Louis Eaton, the organist at Trinity Church, and this and other proofs of friendship did much to cheer the singer in his misfortune. However he refused all offers of assistance and secured nearby rooms in Eddy street where he is teaching his pupils until he can once again obtain permanent quarters.

The Death of Nadar

Nadar is dead. Who was Nadar? He was nearly ninety years old and all his years were passed in Paris. He bought a story from Balzac before the forties. He was a successful artist before the revolution of '48. In the fifties he originated the idea of a heavier-than-air flying machine. In '63 he carried his wife in a balloon from Paris to Hanover. He started a photographic studio which has been famous ever since. He organized a balloon service during the siege of Paris and was almost shot as a Communist. Seventy years ago he ran a newspaper and published in its feuilleton Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue." His friend Baudelaire read the story and became enamored of Poe's tales. The rest is literary history. Nadar was the intimate of Hugo, of the Goncourts, of Daudet. Unhappy Gerard de Nerval dined with him before going to his miserable death. Nadar was the hero, one of the heroes, of the Gallifet incident. When the Commune was over and General de Gallifet was marching his terrible regulars down the boulevard, a shot was fired from Nadar's house. The soldiers rushed for the entrance, but General de Gallifet dashed his horse in front of the door and made his men march on. Nadar used to say: "Gallifet saved my life, believing that I tried to shoot him." Nadar was the friend of all sorts of men, religious, irreligious. When he went up in his balloon Louis Veuillot, the leader of the militant Catholics, whispered in his ear: "Think of your soul—cast your anchor upward!"



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ENTRANCE GATES TO WEST CLAY PARK.

Handsome Home Tract is Platted

The agents for West Clay Park announce that they are ready to place the lots on the market. West Clay Park was formerly known as the Bunker property, and is located between Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth avenues and runs from Lake street north to the Presidio wall. The owners of this land have spent a year and a half and a very large sum of money to make it a high class residential park. Preparatory to announcing the sale, the land has been graded and laid out in large lots, the average size being about 40 feet front by 115 feet in depth. There are two entrances to the park, one at Twenty-second avenue and one at Twenty-fourth, at both of which points have been erected impressive gates built of white stone from Utah. These gates are most pleasing in design, making a very effective approach. Inside of the park the streets have all been bituminized and stone walks have been laid. There are no unsightly poles, as the telephone and electric light wires are carried in conduits under ground. In addition to these, trees, shrubs, lawn and flowers have been laid out. The lots will be sold with restrictions forbidding the use of the land for any purpose other than for residences, which must not cost less than $5,000 each. Among the other restrictions are the prohibiting of front fences, etc. The subdivision has been carefully laid out, with a view of giving to each lot the benefit of the magnificent views which are obtainable from this point. The marine view is one of the striking features. The land commands a vista of the Presidio, the Golden Gate, as well as the Pacific Ocean and Bakers Beach. Although the property has never been offered for sale or advertised as yet, three lots have been sold to S. A. Born and he has already started the construction of three fine houses on the land. Two other lots have also been sold to private parties, with the understanding that they will at once build artistic residences. Another feature of the subdivision is an automobile drive running to the rear of nearly every lot, as it is quite likely that the purchasers of this class of property will want accommodations for automobiles. Lyon & Hoag, agents for the land, express their confidence in being able to effect ready sales. They argue that there are no other residential parks in the city and that the marine view and the building restrictions will appeal to a large class of buyers. The whole idea of laying out the property was to secure, first, the magnificent views by arranging the lots in such a way that the views cannot hereafter be obstructed and also to make it absolutely safe for a person to invest in a home or residence without danger of annoyance by undesirable neighbors.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate belonging to said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 20th day of May, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in which said City and County said real property desired to be sold is situated.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 13, 1910. John P. Cook, Clerk. By W. E. Adams, Deputy Clerk.

WM. R. GEARY,
Attorney for the Administratrix with the Will Annexed. 4-23-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Walking Fad

Since the automobile has attained such popularity that it is in danger of becoming too vulgar for our exclusives, many of the fastidious cult have reverted to nature, taking to the highways and giving over the evil-smelling buzz-wagon to those who have not as yet penetrated the deeper mysteries of the art of living. Walking has become the greatest fad that ever took Burlingame by storm. The Sears long-distance jaunt was but an outcome of the talk about this fad. While none of the women or girls ever took a continuous jaunt of that length, they think nothing at all of ten or fifteen miles.

Photo, Genaie

MISS MABEL CRAMER

The beautiful San Rafael girl who danced in imitation of Miss Maud Allan at a benefit performance this week.

Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer and her sisters, the Josselyn girls, have organized a walking club among their Burlingame friends. It is a small but very exclusive coterie and just now the attainment of records for speed and distance stirs Burlingame out of its ennuied placidity as nothing in years has done. It was Mr. Spencer himself who started the fad last fall. The giant Apollo and idol of the country club set hikes to San Jose, a distance of approximately thirty miles from his home, between early breakfast and luncheon time and thinks nothing of the feat. His debonnair disregard of his feat has inspired his friends with envy and it was the petite Mrs. Spencer herself who became his first pupil. She is now pacing her girl friends from town. Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Marjorie Josselyn and Miss Helen Chesebrough are among the girls who are devoted to the walking fad.

Here's the Secret

Aside from a desire to get back to nature another reason inspires the Burlingame women to such activity. It is absolutely imperative that you be slender, lissome, like a Burne-Jones damosel. You dare not pinch or pull in the waist, for your clothes must fit easily, like the husks clinging to the tender green corn. Embonpoint is not only passe but positively impossible in the fashionable set. Since the luncheons and teas must be

Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MRS. ROLAND OLIVER

The adopted daughter of Mr. M. F. Smith who left for Australia for a pleasure trip on Friday. Mrs. Oliver inherited all of the first Mrs. Smith's well known collection of jewels. It includes many beautiful necklaces of pearls and one of yellow and brown diamonds with a great pendant set with the same jewels in beautiful design. The picture shows the superb diamond necklace and pendant, the seventh largest in the world.

attended, the only way to fight the approach of deadly adipose is to take to the highways, and if you chance down Burlingame way any morning, lolling along in your easy motor, you may come across a group of short-skirted nimble-footed maids, tripping gaily beside the dew-washed hedges. They belong to the Back-to-Nature cult whose high priestess is the blonde and dainty Mrs. Spencer.

Mrs. Spencer as a Mummer

Speaking of Mrs. Spencer reminds me of the big hit she made recently as "'Op 'O Me Thumb," when this graceful little playlet was given by the San Francisco Stage Society at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Spencer who belongs to the grande monde, several generations

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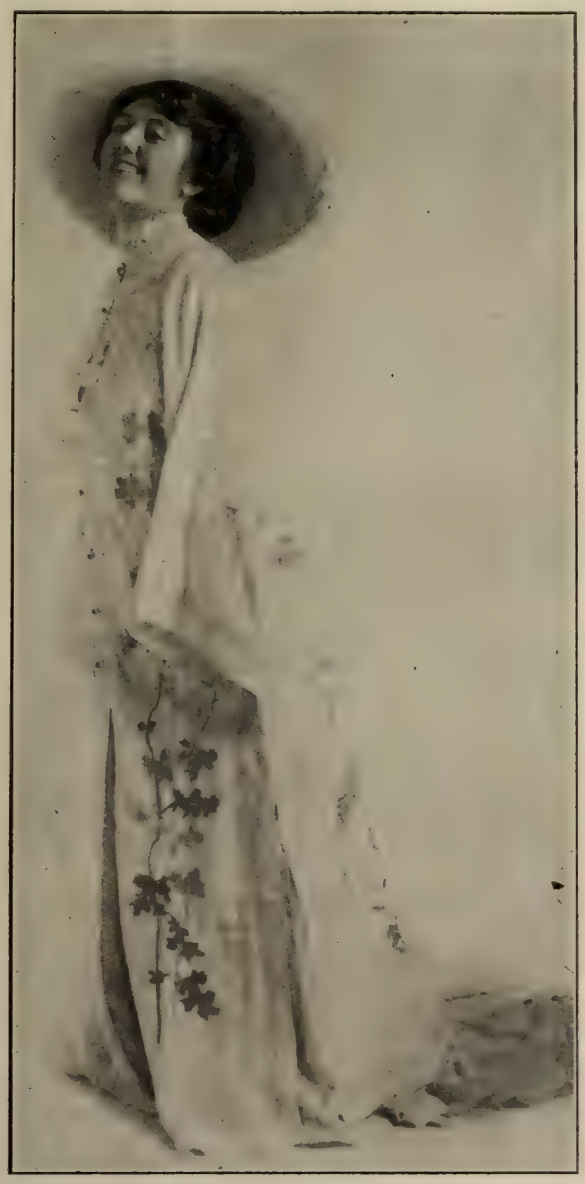
of her folks having been social leaders, donned the humble attire of a laundry-girl, a role raised to the dignity of immortality by Trilby, and in this garb did a bit of character acting that stamped her as a person of high ability. She forgot the audience, becoming oblivious to the gilded surroundings as well as to the lorgnettes through which she was being critically scrutinized. Society roles, where a pretty woman is given opportunities to surround herself with enhancing accessories, are easy enough for the society amateur, but the depiction of poverty and neglect is not readily sympathized with, even when a society leader condescends to be the mummer.



Photo, Terkelson and Henry

MRS. JACK MATTHEIS

Formerly Miss Franc Merchante whose wedding in San Jose was a surprise to her many friends.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle Best

But while I am giving credit to Mrs. Spencer for her histrionic skill let me not forget to state that Mrs. Mark Gerstle was indubitably the best amateur of that particular evening. The difficulties of a cockney role are manifold, but greater still are the difficulties of adequately interpreting a Shavian part. Mrs. Gerstle overcame them with surprising ease. She played the part of the wife in Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" and a professional actress could not have exhibited more poise, more facility, more self-possession. Mrs. Gerstle is a woman of superior intelligence and her intellect shines in her eyes and in her smile. Her part was a very difficult one for Shaw wrote it along the border of burlesque without once letting his pen slip across the line. The ordinary actress would be sure to make it ridiculous and contemptible and it required courage for an amateur to attempt it. Mrs. Gerstle was fully justified by her rendition of the role. Hers was distinctly the overshadowing triumph of the evening from a critical standpoint. I would like very much to see her in a longer Shaw role, Candida for instance. She has the sense of humor which is necessary for the understanding and acting of the Irishman's plays and the only obstacle is the finding of other amateurs who could support her.

Two Millions from Charles Legay

One of the papers published a cable dispatch from Paris recently, telling of the fortune left by Charles Legay, a commission agent, to Mrs. J. C. Wilkins of California. The fortune consisted of two million dollars and was left by Legay to Mrs. Wilkins because she was his niece and he tenderly loved her although he had never seen her. This story is substantially correct, but would have been much more interesting if the paper had told who Charles Legay and Mrs. Wilkins were. Old timers will remember Charles Legay, the stock broker who was one of the most distinguished beaux of the early days here. He occupied a position similar to that of Mr. Greenway in the society of today. After making a comfortable fortune here Legay went to Paris where he lived until his death last year. He had two nieces here, the Misses Boyd. Kate Boyd married Henry L. Van Wyck, a stock broker who amassed a fortune and subsequently took his family to Europe where Mrs. Van Wyck kept in touch with her wealthy uncle. Mrs. Van Wyck returned to this city last year and suddenly died in her rooms at the Granada Hotel. It is said that she was bitterly disappointed when she found that her uncle had left her out of his will. The Van Wyck girls were

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very pretty and interesting. Edna married Arthur V. Callaghan and now resides in Salt Lake. Gertrude was married very quietly a few weeks after her mother's death to a Mr. Potter of Massachusetts, a wealthy man whom she met in the East. The niece to whom Mr. Legay left his fortune is Mrs. Wilkins of San Rafael whose husband was an engineer for the Northwestern Pacific. While Mrs. Wilkins was a very pleasing and cultivated young woman she was not a member of the society set of San Rafael. When the news of her great good fortune came, however, she was given an opportunity to improve her social condition by association with some of the prominent families of San Rafael, but the suddenly conceived friendship of strangers made no impression upon her reserve. No doubt when she returns to California she will be offered another opportunity to enter the social corral. I doubt whether she will accept it.

The Expected Happened

The engagement just announced of Miss Marie Churchill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Churchill, and John Martyn Haenke does not come as a surprise, as the many friends of this pretty young Southern girl have long noted the devotion of the young man which has been marked since their first meeting. I predicted their engagement some time ago. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill have only been residents of California a few years; they belong to a prominent and well known family of Little Rock, Arkansas. Miss Churchill is a brunette with brilliant dark eyes and has been a great favorite in army and navy circles since her debut a couple of years ago. In fact when the fleet sailed away last summer it was thought by many that her engagement to a popular young ensign would be announced. But I always knew that these were on the wrong track. Mr. Haenke is also a recent arrival in this city. He came here from Melbourne shortly after the fire and is a rising young architect. He belongs to the University, Burlingame and El Cerito Clubs. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill have recently moved into an attractive new home in San Mateo where the wedding will take place on Wednesday, June 1, at noon. As yet no details have been arranged. The couple will reside in San Mateo.

A Recent Wedding

The many friends of Miss Franc Merchante of this city received quite a surprise when they were notified of her wedding on April 4 to Mr. Jack Mattheis. Although Miss Merchante's friends were aware that a romantic attachment had existed between this charming young lady and Mr. Mattheis for over a year, the suddenness of the marriage invested the affair with added interest. Accompanied by a party of her intimate friends Miss Merchante motored to San Jose in her big touring car and was met by her fiance with a party of his friends and the ceremony was performed. Miss Merchante is noted for her interest in various charities while her husband is prominent in automobile circles, being head salesman of the local Packard agency. Mr. and Mrs. Mattheis are making their home at 103 Congress street.

Are You Armigerous?

A sanguine gentleman in Chancery Lane, London, is responsible for the "American Armoury and Blue Book." He is John Matthews, genealogist. The work is patterned, remotely, of course, after Burke's Peerage with this fundamental difference. It costs fifteen dollars to get into the Armoury and without payment of the fee no one, however qualified, may hope to see his name there inscribed. Conversely fifteen dollars could not keep one's name out of Burke's record of England's armigerous families if it belonged therein. For twenty years Mr. Matthews has labored to extend the scope of his work which, he states, was founded in 1890. Pursuing this end he now invades local aristocracy with printed accounts of his efforts and sample pages of the Armoury. Already seven San Franciscans count themselves among the publicly proclaimed armigerous persons of America, (it has a horrid sound), while scores of others have received Mr. Matthews' ingenuous appeal for permission to make a "General Search" among genealogical records to determine whether or not their earliest known ancestors belonged to the Burke's Peerage set. Mr. Matthews will do his best, given "any particulars you have of your earliest known ancestor" to prove that he in his turn had ancestors worth recording. Specimen pages of the "Armoury" and other literature concerning it make delightful reading. From one of Mr. Matthews' circulars I learn that the following local people have bought into the record: Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. Arthur D. Cross of Oakland, George E. Hall, William H. T. Huie, Robert D. Hume, Theodore B. Lyman of Alameda, Mrs. W. D. Mansfield, Henry B. Pierce, Horace D. Pillsbury, Lieutenant-Colonel Otis W. Pollock of Alameda and Chauncey R. Winslow.

Sig. Severi at the Tavern

The Techau Tavern has secured the services of Sig. Gino Severi as conductor of the orchestra. Sig. Severi was for a long time connected with the Lambardi Opera Company which in itself indicates to the music lovers of San Francisco the quality of operatic music in which Sig. Severi excells. He will play during luncheon, in the afternoon during shopping hours, at dinner time, and will give concerts after the theatres. In addition to being an eminent soloist Sig. Severi is a very capable leader and inspires his audience with his temperament and magnetism. The management have no doubt that the patrons of Techau Tavern will enjoy his efforts.

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In the Social Spotlight

The St. Francis was thronged with fashionable luncheon parties Monday afternoon. Baron von Shroeder entertained seven of his friends; Mrs. Eugene de Sabla had as her guests several San Mateo matrons and belles who were in town for the day; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster brought together a number of young people to meet their niece, Miss Anna Scott; and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Fletcher Byer, Mrs. J. J. Moore and Mrs. Thomas Eastland were surrounded by groups of friends whom they entertained most charmingly.

Charles Templeton Crocker gave a very pleasant dinner in honor of Robert Goelet of New York at the St. Francis, having as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker and Duane Hopkins.

Ensign Spears of the West Virginia signalized the return of the Pacific squadron to Man-o'-War row by a delightful tea in the White and Gold Room of the St. Francis.

Sherwood Coffin and Edgar Zook entertained at an after-theater party at the St. Francis in honor of Miss Scott and her fiance.

Percy Selby revived memories of the famous Burlingame-Del Monte walk at a luncheon given at the St. Francis on Thursday to Dr. McEnery, S. Bogue Russel and George Parsons.

Numerous pretty supper parties followed the plays of the Stage Society at the St. Francis. Among them was that of Knox Maddox who was host to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Worthington Ames and Dr. Tracy Russell, and that of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu whose guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Willard Barton Jr., Palmer Fuller and Joseph Rosborough.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the week was the dinner given Friday night at the St. Francis by Mrs. Eleanor Martin in honor of Miss Kathleen Weston who is about to leave for Kentucky with her parents, General and Mrs. Weston. Among those who were present and afterwards enjoyed the box party at the Columbia were Miss Weston, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Anna Wheeler, Miss Guinette Henley, Downey Harvey, Charles G. Adams, Arthur Fennimore, Lieutenant Burns and Philip Paschell.

One of the prettiest dinners of the season was that given at the Fairmont on Thursday by Thomas Wilson to fourteen of his friends. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Depue, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rideout, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Miss Carroll, Mr. Hall and Mr. Sims.

N. C. Parsons, a mining man of McCabe, Arizona, was among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. W. F. Main and Miss Julia Main are Chicago visitors who are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. M. E. Lincoln of New York is registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Yates, accompanied by their three children are at the Hotel Victoria. They come from Leod, S. D.

A delightful dinner was given on last Saturday by Mrs. Milo M. Potter in the main dining room of the Potter. After dinner, dancing was enjoyed. The guests included Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Helen Campbell, Miss Beatrice Wetmore, Miss Lilian Inderrieden, Miss Laura Pearkes, Miss Leontine Inderrieden, Miss Nina Jones, Mr. Webb Willits, Mr. Harlow Frink, Mr. Walter Webb, Mr. W. Seward Webb Jr., Mr. F. S. Sterling, Mr. Russell Lard, Dr. Biddle, Mr. L. Clayton, Mr. John Edwards, Mr. Reginald Fernald and Mr. Jere Calef.

W. W. Dodge, accompanied by his wife and youngest son, are spending a few days at the Potter. Mr. Dodge formerly lived in Burlington, Iowa, where he represented his district in the State senate.

Emmett S. Husted, assistant manager of the Hotel Del Monte, arrived at the Potter Hotel during the week.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included J. B. Faget, Charles F. Wilson, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. J. H. Wonderly of Grand, Michigan, Mrs. Henry Payot, H. W. Colson, Joe Harris and H. G. Martell.

Among the many parties enjoying the hospitality of The Peninsula recently were Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Tompkins, the Misses Tompkins, Miss Helen Simpson, Miss Fern Elder and Miss Fitch, all of San Jose.

A very distinguished party of guests at Del Monte includes Dr. W. Seward Webb, vice-president of the New York Central, Mrs. Webb, their two sons, Wm. S. Webb Jr. and H. Walter Webb, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence, all of New York. They arrived in two private cars and brought two or three motor car with them, planning to make the most of the glorious weather and the wonderful scenic drives.

Four of Coronado's most expert golfers were at Del Monte last week for some sport on the links. They were Mr. W. Schuttler, G. Thompson, P. Thompson and Mr. A. B. Daniels, who won highest honors in the recent golf tournament at Coronado.

Miss Julia McPherson entertained at one of the week's dinner parties, a group of friends sharing her hospitality at the Hotel Victoria.

Capt. Arthur Cranston, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cranston are in town for a ten days' visit, and are registered at the Hotel Victoria. Capt. Cranson is stationed at the Presidio of Monterey.

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The Fairmont is the favorite place for luncheon parties and the tables by the windows overlooking the bay and the city in both the main dining room and the grey room are always in great demand. Among the many informal parties noted there during the past week were those of General and Mrs. Long, Miss Buckley, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. William Cluff and Mrs. Harry Umbsen.

Miss Theresa McEnery who has been visiting friends in Burlingame has returned to town and is once more at her apartments at the Fairmont.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont were General and Mrs. Henry W. Sackett of New York. General Sackett is a member of the staff of Governor Hughes of that State and is making a leisurely tour of the west.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Cardinal of Montgomery, Alabama, arrived at the Fairmont on Monday from the southern part of the State. Mr. Cardinal is identified with one of the large railroads of his State.

John O. Reed and M. E. Cooley, professors of Ann Arbor, have been guests of the Fairmont this week. They are accompanied by Wilfred B. Shaw, secretary of the Alumni Association of the university, and all were the guests of the local chapter of that body at their annual banquet in this city.

An interesting party of prominent Japanese merchants and business men arrived at the Fairmont from the steamer Chiyo Maru of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line. They are making a tour of the world in search of new ideas for the development of their business.

William M. Graham, one of the most successful oil men in the State, member of exclusive clubs and a great golf enthusiast, has been a guest at the Palace during the week. Mrs. Graham whose introduction to H. R. H. King Edward by Maxine Elliott last season was the signal for her rapid rise in royal favor, has leased a house in London for the season and is entertaining very extensively there.

R. M. Miller, traffic manager of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. with headquarters in Portland, has been at the Palace for the past few days.

H. C. Page, a commission merchant of the same city, is also a guest at the Palace, as is Loyal B. Stearns, formerly judge of the Superior Court of Portland.

Among the recent arrivals from abroad at the Palace are Count A. de Saint Croix and Jacques de Montesquieu of Paris. These gentlemen have been making a tour of the world and arrived recently from the Orient. Another guest was the German Prince Carol Lippe Bermwald who concealed his identity under a commonplace non de plume until he found the girl of his choice whom he had followed across the world from the fatherland, and married her.

J. C. Ainsworth, president of the United States National Bank of Portland, Oregon, arrived at the Palace early in the week. With him were Mrs. Ainsworth, Mrs. G. H. Flanders, Miss C. W. Flanders, and M. H. Flanders. The party is en route to Honolulu for a short visit.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter and daughter, the very popular and beautiful Miss Nina Jones, have been up from Santa Barbara for a few days and are at the Palace. Mrs. Potter's many friends in this city have prevailed on her to come up and make a visit of some length and she is planning to do so in the near future.

Several dinners made the past week an interesting one at the Hotel Victoria. Among the hostesses were Mrs. J. P. Van Laer, Mrs. F. G. Atkinson, Mrs. Mary E. Heron and Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cornwall of Denver, Colo., with Mrs. M. J. Bosworth and Mr. C. C. Bosworth, are spending the month at the Vendome. They all came from the City of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jackson of Berkeley motored down to the Vendome for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrman of San Francisco motored down to the Vendome for the week end.

Among the parties of charming eastern people who visited Del Monte recently were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Sandon Hoyt, Miss Josephine Sandon, Miss Sarah and Master Sandon Hoyt, all of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin motored down last week and spent a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. H. A. Powell, a prominent business man of San Francisco, was host at a pleasant dinner party at The Peninsula recently given to Mr. Hewlett Benjamin, the Misses Powell and Mr Stanley Powell.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, wife of the great financier, with her daughter and Miss Rhett and Miss Florence Blythe, all of New York, arrived in her private car last week and have been spending several happy days on the scienic drives, lunching at Pebble Beach Inn quite frequently.

Mr. C. A. Laumeister, a capitalist of San Francisco, accompanied by Miss Laumeister and a party of friends, motored to The Peninsula for dinner a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Maxwell of San Francisco motored down to the Hotel Vendome for the week end; also Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones of Oakland.

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Handsome Henry Woodruff

The Star Whose Appearance at the Savoy in "The Prince of To-night" Has Fluttered the Hearts of All the Impressionable Young Ladies

By Edward F. O'Day

"Ambrosial locks" is a phrase which fills the mouth as with the melting sweetness of sugar. No doubt 'tis a good phrase but lacking the sweet tooth I do not like it. Just the same I am forced, in my office of fitting the word to the thought, to speak of the ambrosial locks of Handsome Henry Woodruff. There is no other phrase that properly describes his curls and if the association of ideas immediately suggests that Handsome Henry Woodruff must be a sort of Greek god, I am perfectly satisfied that the young ladies who filled the Savoy Theatre on the night that I had the privilege of seeing him would never think of demurring. Judging from the ecstatic expressions of countenance with which they hung upon the spectacle of his beauty I would venture to declare that for them Handsome Henry Woodruff is Apollo and Adonis and Antinous rolled into one. Where are those who say that this maligned modern world has lost the old Greek love of beauty? If it survives nowhere else, it is at least to be found in the adoration of a miss for a handsome mister beyond the footlights and it was quite apparent to me that in feminine eyes Henry Woodruff is one of the handsomest misters who has ever adorned the local boards. Not being a sympathetic judge of the sort of masculine pulchritude to which the young ladies yield blind devotion I am not going to say a word about the handsomeness of Handsome Henry Woodruff. Rather let me say that I wish he had a more musical voice and a more musical laugh. I would much rather hear Woodruff speak than laugh, but at the same time I found his speaking considerably less than an unalloyed pleasure. Some day too I would like to see him act, a detail of the performance which has been rendered unnecessary by the manner in which "The Prince of To-night" was put together. I'll wager Handsome Henry Woodruff could act pretty well if there were not more than half a houseful of adoring misses to distract his attention from his art by their frank admiration of his gifts of nature. But evidently the authors and the managers know that wherever Woodruff goes the house will be packed with the young ladies, so they have built him a musical show in which he needs only pose.

It's not a bad show at that. It's a modern fairytale, a very modern fairytale in which the princess makes love to the prince instead of vice versa. This revolutionary method is necessary because the prince has no heart—another extremely modern touch that cannot be too much admired. The manner in which young women tender their hearts to the heartless prince is extremely realistic. I understand that the thing is happening every day in Europe where our American heiresses are constantly taking pity on heartless princes. In the play the process is only made possible by a trip to fairyland, but this is a touch of idealism with which no fault need be found. When the heartless prince tells the lady who loves him a fairy tale, he is telling the truth, truth-telling being an essential of the hero in musical comedy (when he is talking to the leading woman only). When the prince in real life tells a fairy tale to an American heiress, of course he is lying. As may be imagined there are many other differences between the Prince of To-night and the princes of today, but they need not be dwelt on here. Henry Woodruff has enough pulchritude to outfit half a dozen Braganzas, Sagans and Castellanes and his pulchritude is the all-absorbing part of him to the principal part of the audience. So why go further.

The play has a very entertaining comedian, John C. Leach, a very pretty leading woman, Ruth Peebles and a mediocre entourage. The broilers are pretty much the same as other broilers, the chorus men ditto. When a bevy of really ravishing broilers comes to town it is an event; when a good looking assortment of chorus men comes it will be the millennium.

Stage

"The Thief" at the Van Ness Theatre

"The Thief," the French society play by Henry Bernstein that Charles Frohman will produce at the Van Ness Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday evening, with a special company headed by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, is a work that has been the topic of much discussion and criticism during the past three or more years in this country and abroad. Though a society drama, the sex problem does not enter into the story at all, neither is it a case of marriage and infidelity. On the contrary, the plot relates the extremity to which a wife goes in order to hold her husband's love which she fears is fading. Knowing his love of dress and finely appareled women she steals some money wherewith to purchase handsome garments in which to charm him. This error leads her into committing another unwillingly, and she then seeks to retrace her steps, but only sinks deeper into the mire. Eventually she is rescued, and there is a general reconciliation. This is the play in brief, wonderfully condensed by the author into three acts, with genius and absorbing interest.

The Allan Matinees

The demand for seats for the Maud Allan performances at the Valencia Theatre has been so large that Managers Will Greenbaum and Martin Beck have succeeded in inducing Miss Allan to postpone her departure for Europe and appear at two special matinees. The first of these extra performances will be a genuine "matinee" for it will be given at eleven o'clock in the morning, Friday, April 29, at the Orpheum. The last appearance of Maud Allan will be at the Garrick on Sunday afternoon, May 1, when she will dance a "request program."

Last Nights of the Lambardi Company

The brilliant season of grand opera by the Lambardi company at the Columbia will be one of the marked successes of the year. The second and last week begins with this Sunday evening's presentation of "The Masked Ball." This opera has not been sung here in a number of seasons and the Lambardi people give it a superb interpretation. "La Boheme" is announced for Monday and Saturday evenings. It is one of the best drawing cards in the company's extensive repertoire and the sale of seats for the forthcoming presentations is very heavy. "Rigeletto" will be heard on Tuesday night for the last time during the engagement and at the matinee on Wednesday the double bill composed of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" will bring out a big house. "Carmen" is announced for Wednesday night with a

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strong cast and on Thursday night "The Masked Ball" will be staged. The one and only presentation during the engagement of "La Favorita" is announced for Friday night. "Iris" will be the Saturday matinee bill and the engagement will close on Sunday night with "Ernani."

"Merely Mary Ann" at the Alcazar

"Merely Mary Ann" which is to be the Alcazar's offering throughout the coming week, was one of the most emphatic successes scored in that theatre last season, its hit being largely due to the artistic acting of Evelyn Vaughan in the title part. Israel Zangwill wrote the play and Eleanor Robson starred in it several seasons. In the cast with Miss Vaughan will be John E. Ince as Launcelot, Will R. Walling as a business man among the bohemians, Burt Wesner as a music publisher, Louis Bennison as a country vicar, Walter Belasco as a Sunday journalist, Charles Trowbridge as a medical student, William Garwood as an automobiling nobleman, Lillian Elliott as the lodging-house keeper, Bessie Barriscale as her daughter, Marie Baker as the impecunious peeress, Ann Lockhardt as her friend, Grace Travers as a young noblewoman and Roy Neill as a footman. The comedy is in four acts, and realistic staging is promised.

Dr. Wullner to Return

Sunday afternoon, May 1, will mark the return of Dr. Ludwig Wullner and his accompanist, Coenraad V. Bos, to San Francisco. The distinguished lieder-singer whose first visit last winter won for him thousands of admirers is to be heard at the Valencia Theatre in three recitals: Sunday, May 1, Friday night, May 6 and again on the afternoon of Sunday, May 8. To these concerts will be added the Greek Theatre recital on Tuesday afternoon, May 3. The sale of seats for the San Francisco recitals will open at Kohler & Chase's Wednesday, April 27. The San Francisco programs will be different from those which Dr. Wullner sang here last winter. Schumann's little heard "Dichterliebe" cycle will be the feature of the opening concert. The sixteen love lyrics which form it afford full play for the many interpretative moods of which Dr. Wullner is master. Entirely different will be the program of Friday, May 6. The "Four Serious Songs" by Brahms will be the most notable feature. The texts are taken from Ecclesiastes and the First Corinthians. Dr. Wullner sings these biblical songs with a reverence and an understanding which demonstrate his right to the title, "exponent of Brahms," which has been applied to him in his own country. The program at the Greek Theatre will introduce Ernst von Wildenbruch's tremendous "Witch's Song" which has been the sensation of Dr. Wullner's recent New York recitals and sixteen other superb numbers. The details of the farewell San Francisco program will be announced later.

ANNA LAUGHLIN

The "Toyland Prima Donna" who comes next week to the Orpheum

Elita Otis at the Orpheum

Elita Proctor Otis who has long been recognized as one of the best actresses in her line on the legitimate stage, will play her first vaudeville engagement at the Orpheum next week. She will present a comedy sketch by Wm. Cary Duncan entitled "Mrs. Bunner's Bun." In the role of Mrs. Bunner, a fond wife who attempts to cure her husband of partiality for drink by emulating his example, she displays her great ability as a mimic. Anna Laughlin, the "Toyland Prima Donna" in chattersongs and dances will be a popular feature. The Five Juggling Normans are said to be in a class by themselves. Marshall Montgomery, the ventriloquist, will give a taste of his skill. Next week will positively be the last of Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne who will appear for the first time in this city in Mr. Cressy's latest comedy success "One Night Only." It is a sequel to his famous "Town Hall Tonight." There will be a final series of motion pictures showing "Roosevelt in Africa." Next week will be the last of Gladys Lockwood and Paul MacCarty, Lancton, Lucier & Co., and Gus Edwards' "Night Birds" with Nellie Brewster.

The Last of the "Pop" Concerts

The last "Pop" concert of the season by the Lyric Quartet will be given next Sunday afternoon, May 1, at Kohler and Chase hall. Miss Therese Ehrman, a pianiste of exceptional ability, will be the assisting artist and will play Mozart's beautiful "Quartet" in G minor for piano and strings with Misses Pasmore, Furth and Dorothy Pasmore; also the "Serenade" for two violins and piano by Christian Sinding, Miss Mary Pasmore and Miss Sallie Ehrman being the violinists. The string quartet of the afternoon will be Tschaikowsky's Op. 11 in D major.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues

This Saturday afternoon, April 23, the subject of the Burton Holmes Travelogue to be delivered by Wright Kramer at the Garrick will be "Java." Next week will be the last of the season. On Monday, Tuesday and Friday nights and Wednesday afternoon "More about Paris" will be the subject. On Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights by special request last year's most popular subject, "Berlin with a trip to the Spreewald," will be repeated.

A College Play at Ye Liberty

The vehicle of the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, for the week commencing next Monday evening will be "Strongheart," the play in which Robert Edeson achieved his biggest success. The piece was written by William C. De Mille especially for Edeson, and is the original of all the college plays—the play that started the run of pieces of this nature—and as is usual in such cases it is by long odds the best of them all. Its story is a gripping one throughout, its scenes of college life are not overdrawn in the least and there is enough love interest and fun throughout the four acts to make its appeal general. Harrison Ford, the juvenile man of

the stock company, is working in conjunction with stage manager Webster in the preparation of the "Strongheart" production, as he appeared in the play for three years with Robert Edeson and is thoroughly familiar with it. Sydney Ayres appears in the title role, Elizabeth Stewart as his "pale-face" lover, and all the other favorites will be seen to advantage. After one week of

HENRY SHUMER

The splendid character actor of the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

"Strongheart" the Oakland stock players will present for the first time in the West, "The Barrier," the successful play made from Rex Beach's story of the North.

The Damrosch Concerts

A whole week's feast of music will be enjoyed when the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch visits us next month. With the assistance of Mme. Sara Anderson, Mme. Nevada Van der Veer, Mr. Reed Miller and Mr. Marcus Kellerman, all eminent vocal soloists and Alexander Saslavsky, violinist, George Barrere, flutist and Paul Kefer, violincellist, a series of programs will be given such as this city has never before known. The concerts will be given at the Garrick Theater and the season will open with a great Wagner Festival on Sunday afternoon, May 3. On Monday night, May 9, a Tschaikowsky program will be given under the auspices of the Kate Murison School Association. Tuesday night will be a symphony night with Brahms' "Second" as the feature. Wednesday night will be under the auspices of the local center of the American Musical Society and the first half of the program will consist of works by American composers and the second half of important foreign novelties. On Friday night, May 13, the Loring Club will assist in a rendition of the music of the last Bohemian Club Jinks, "St. Patrick of Tara," with Wallace A. Sabin wielding the baton in conjunction with a symphony concert under Mr. Damrosch with Mozart's "Jupiter" as the attraction. Saturday afternoon, May 14, another grand symphony concert with Beethoven's "Eroica" and Richard Strauss' "Tone Poem —Don Juan" on the list and in the evening a second Wagner Festival program will be offered. The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 15, when in addition to a program of orchestra works Tschaikowsky's most successful opera "Eugene Onegin" will be given with a chorus of 125 voices trained by Paul Steindorff.

The Flonzaley Quartet

The farewell concert of the Flonzaley Quartet will be given this Sunday afternoon, April 24, at the Garrick. The program will consist of Mozart's "Quartet" in B flat major, a "Sonata a Tre" by Sanmartini and a "Quartet" by Dohnanyi.

Good Music at Idora

Idora Park continues to attract the music lovers with interesting programs rendered by the popular Ferullo Band. But two more weeks remain before this organization will depart from "the park beautiful." Over 150,000 have already visited Idora during the first three weeks and thousands will return not once, but often, during the remainder of the Ferullo engagement. Among the interesting musical numbers on Sunday's program will be selections from Strauss' "Chocolate Soldier," the reigning musical success in New York. The music of the operetta, it is claimed, will rival the popularity of the "Merry Widow." The music has not been heard before outside of the big eastern cities. Mr. Ferullo was presented with the original manuscript through the courtesy of Mr. Lampe, the well known composer.

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Monday Evening, May 9—**Tschaikowsky Night**
Tuesday Evening, May 10—**Symphony Concert** (Brahms No. 2)
Wednesday Evening, May 11—**American and Foreign Novelties**
Friday Evening, May 13—**Bohemian Club Jinks Music, "St. Patrick at Tara."** Loring Club, assisting; Sabin, conductor.
Saturday Afternoon, May 14—**Symphony Concert** (Eroica)
Saturday Evening, May 14—**Wagner Festival** (Second)
Sunday Afternoon, May 15—**Eugen Onegin** with **S. F. Choral Society,** assisting.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The advance in the security market during the recent week has been steadily maintained as a result of substantial buying by important interests on every recession. Operations have not been of the spectacular kind, but there has been a slow appreciation in prices, as a result of the re-arguing of the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases, a factor eliminated as a menace from the world of commerce and finance for a year. In conjunction with this distinctly favorable feature has been the very heavy rains covering a wide belt of the agricultural country which insure a large winter wheat crop and fit the soil for spring planting. We find every promise of a higher range in security prices in the ensuing two or three months as a result of these many favorable conditions, and it seems quite probable that with the adjournment of Congress in June, the way will be clear for the consummation of some important railroad and financial operations that will be the chief factor for much speculation.

Wheat—Cause and effect are beginning to be illustrated in the old simple way in the wheat market. The surplus of last year's enormous crop, denied to would-be eager foreign buyers in the first half of the crop year, is now looking for any kind of purchasers in the last quarter when the shadow of an even larger new wheat crop is hanging over the market. A condition and not a theory confronts the owner of the property. Prices are still far too high for the foreign buyer. Probably the most far-reaching of any of the weak features of the present world situation in wheat is the action taken by the leading wheat importing countries of Europe. These have been actuated by the high prevailing prices of wheat to seed an unusually large acreage. Therefore the world's exporting countries this year will have a much smaller field in which to compete.

Corn—Prices of corn have ranged within very narrow limits during the past week. Persistent covering of short corn for May delivery by the leading shorts who are thus closing up a chapter in what has proven a long and trying campaign, has offset in part the continuous liquidation by longs who, as in other grains, have misjudged and overstayed their opportunities.

Cotton—To illustrate the importance which Europe attaches to prospects for a good crop of cotton at this time of the year and, especially under protection of the statistical positions, as it exists today, the following extract from a Liverpool paper of a recent date is quoted:

"The visible supply figures are not very encouraging to the bulls and with good planting weather the only feature which withholds free selling is the fear of this powerful clique. We are fast approaching a time when the influence of the coming crop makes itself felt. We still think therefore that sales of new crop months on a strong market will pay well."

Much stress has been laid on the smallness of stock of American cotton at Liverpool, but upon investigation it will be found to be comparatively large when measured by the small stock at this date and the previous ten million bale crop of 1903-04. Liverpool is holding 850,000 bales today, including the amount afloat, against 569,000 in 1904, and notwithstanding that the stock of American cotton at Liverpool in the latter year dwindled until it was only 49,000 bales on September 24, prices gradually tended lower from about the current levels of today for spot cotton, until a level of 6½ cents was touched before the expiration of December. It may be asked what brought such a decline in the face of so strong a statistical position and the query is silently answered by the results of a favorable planting and growing season—a large crop. News from New York, however, is to the effect that the bull clique is sure of its position in its efforts to squeeze the shorts in the May option. We therefore continue to advise keeping away from May unless for a short turn, but on the new crop we unreservedly advise the short side.

Copper—While pessimism surrounds the copper market and the metal has been sold at concessions in price, the situation is really improving, because of increasing consumption and decreasing production, a condition that is reducing the accumulated surplus. This is as yet taking place but slowly and the statistics for a single month may show an increase in the stock as was the case for February. At this writing the American statistics for March are not available. The European statistics have shown a decrease of about 5,000,000 pounds for that month. It is well known that domestic consumption is increasing steadily. The latest reliable reports show a substantial increase in consumption by Germany and France for 1909, and as soon as conditions become adjusted in Great Britain a revival of demand may be expected. In the meantime the reports from Germany and France show a steady increase there.

Mr. Chas. W. Fielding, chairman of the Rio Tinto Co. Lt'd, in a recent interview said: "I do not think we need consider the present stock of copper as a very serious menace to the market when we remember that the stocks today are only about in the same proportion to consumption as were the stocks ten years ago and twenty years ago, respectively, to the relative consumption then. The future of the copper market rests entirely in the hands of the American producers and we are confident that consumption would in no way be harmed if moderately higher prices were obtained by the regulation of their output." The copper stocks of the New York Stock Exchange and Boston curb have been erratic in their fluctations, yet we think no mistake can be made in buying stocks of the standard mines whose output or probability of the same, is the best gauge of their value.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the noted English explorer known the world over as "Farthest South Shackleton," is enthusiastic over the manner in which he was entertained in Boston, as in other cities which he is visiting. "Everything is done for me, by jove!" he declared as he entered the big Thomas Flyer touring car which was engaged to meet him at the South Station and pilot him about the city. "The hospitality of your people is splendid, and another wonderful thing is your fine motor cars and your tall buildings. I can't get used to them really."

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 9.)

able soul. There were several houses in the place, but none near hers, and this was our reason for selecting our quarters with her.

Dennison and I thought that, in the event of our being pursued, it was as well to cover up our tracks as well as possible, and give rise to as little surmise as we could as to who we were. Accordingly he told the widow that I was an American priest, traveling through Southern California for the purpose of visiting the various Missions, and obtaining material for a book I was writing concerning their history. At the same time to guard against accidents, he informed her at once that I could speak no Spanish. Of course the Californian Ramon, was in the secret. This introduction was sufficient to insure Padre Don Edouardo—as Dennison called me—a good supper, the best bed in the house, and the attention and respect of everybody great and small about the premises. I was born and educated in the Roman Catholic church, and when the old lady and her daughter, who spoke a little English, were making my bed, I made the sign of the cross—not in derision,—far from it. I thanked God for my safe deliverance from my enemies so far, and repeated the prayers of the church. In the morning I found a very nice breakfast prepared for me, and having finished it we got ready to resume our journey. I asked the widow for my bill, but she replied Nada, nada, Padre, and seemed astonished that I should suppose any charge would be made to a priest in her house. I managed, however, after a good deal of persuasion, to get her to accept a five dollar-piece. All being in readiness, I bid the old lady good bye, and we mounted and commenced our second day's journey.

We were to travel that day as far as the city of Santa Cruz, distant forty miles from the Piscadero. On arriving within about half a mile of the town, Dennison proposed that I should wait outside while he and Ramon went in to reconnoitre. It was desirable if possible to pass Santa Cruz without going through it, the more especially as it was Sunday, and almost everybody from the country was in town. Beside, we had no means of knowing what reports might have reached there with regard to my flight, nor how the people stood affected as to the Vigilance Committee. Accordingly Ramon furnished me with a fresh horse, and while he and Dennison rode into town I fastened him to a fence in a lane near the city, and hid myself in a ditch hard by until they should return. The heat and fatigue of the day had thrown me into a burning fever. There was very little water in the ditch and a great many cattle about it. Nevertheless I had to drink every few minutes, notwithstanding I discovered from the singular taste of the water, that, in the language of Dr. Ollipod, "the cows had been here." Ramon and Dennison did not return for three hours. At last they came, having ascertained the only feasible route without having to inquire while I was with them. They informed me that it was necessary we should travel some fifteen miles further in order to get to a suitable stopping place. Accordingly, all sick and sore as I was, I again mounted and we galloped straight through the town without let or hindrance.

On the outskirts on the other side, we fell in with one of the brothers Castro—a family well known in that section of the State. He was a relative of Ramon, and appeared delighted to see him. Dennison told him the old story about my being an American priest, unable to speak Spanish, which was of course enough to insure me his good will and respect.

This Castro sympathized with the Vigilance Committee. His reason for it was that he thought it was a demonstration against the judges and lawyers. He had been subjected to many vexatious landsuits as he said, and beside disliked "los Yankes" as he called the Americans. One of them had married one of his daughters, and inveigled him into a speculation of building a grist and saw mill by which he had lost several thousand dollars. It stood upon the opposite side of the town; indeed the ditch above mentioned in which I was hid, was the mill race of the establishment. There was not enough water in it to swim a toy boat, much less to turn a wheel for a mill.

We soon parted company with this gentleman and rode on until we reached the Hacienda of his brother, distant some fifteen miles from the city of Santa Cruz, where we stopped for the night. This hacienda was, in itself, quite a little village. The mansion, although built of adobes, was unlike the generality of California houses. It has been built since the acquisition of the country by the Americans. It is a large, well finished, two story house. What particularly struck me about it was the ceiling of the upper rooms, which was composed of most beautiful colored wood. There were, in all, some fifty persons about the premises.

These were the daughters, sons-in-law, and other relatives of the master, together with his dependants, servants, etc. As soon as we entered the house our host embraced his relative Ramon, and welcomed us very kindly. Our horses were cared for, and after we had partaken of a fine repast the old gentleman invited us upstairs into a sort of drawing room or parlor.

Here we found a large number of persons of both sexes, who seemed to be gathered there as at a sort of evening party. Our host directed some of his people to play for us, which they did delightfully. It is seldom that one fails to observe about these large haciendas some four or five musicians, who play upon instruments for the amusement of the household. It being Sunday night, after nine o'clock the dancing commenced.

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My friend Dennison, who is a very fine looking fellow, and perfectly posted in the customs of the country, had brought with him a suitable dress for the occasion, and being a good dancer figured very gaily in the revels. He spoke the language of the country very fluently, was quite a beau, and apparently a great favorite with the dark-eyed Senoritas. Ramon also took an active part in the festivities, while a son-in-law of my host, who spoke English, and myself, entertained each other in conversation. Thus the evening passed off very pleasantly. Long before the dancers had begun to flag, I retired for the night to a good bed and sound sleep.

While at breakfast the next morning, the old gentleman through Dennison, who interpreted, asked me a great many questions. We had dropped the character of the priest, and I found that the title of judge gained for me the respect of all. He asked me, among other things, how old I was. I told him forty-three. He replied that I must be at least sixty. "Why," said he, "I look younger than you, and I am fifty-five." I should suppose from his appearance that that was about his age. He was very large, probably weighing from two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five pounds. I must have looked much older than forty-three, for my beard was quite white, and I had not shaved for six weeks. As there was no necessity, however, for deceiving him with regard to my age, I told him the truth—that I was forty-three. He said that he had observed the Americans to be like women in this respect—that they never told their real age.

We remained at the hospitable mansion of the old gentleman nearly all that day, waiting for one of his sons to get ready, who was to accompany us as far as San Luis Obispo, a distance of two hundred miles. He was going in search of a younger brother who had wandered away from home in company with some Sonorians. He was the youngest child, and they were anxious to get him back. Mr. Castro's family are as fine specimens of the old Californians as one would wish to see. The old gentleman himself, hale, hearty and robust, with a frank, manly countenance, bespeaking the kindness and benevolence of his heart; his sons tall, active and graceful, and withal very intelligent. His wife, a good natured, amiable and lively old lady, still retaining the traces of her youthful beauty, while her daughters are possessed of all the bewitching little graces of mind and body which make the Spanish beauty so irresistible. Long shall I remember the happy hours of respite from sorrow and anxiety which I enjoyed under that hospitable roof, and I here again and again thank them from the bottom of my heart for their kindness to me.

At length, young Castro being ready, and having caught four fine horses for his journey, we bade adieu to our kind host and hostess, and in the cool of the afternoon again departed on our way. We rode that evening some twenty miles, leisurely cantering along the road, driving before us our spare horses, now numbering ten in all. A little after night we stopped at the house of ——— ———, a Mexican, whose name I have forgotten. Here we found tolerable quarters, and were amused by the story of our host's adventures during the war with Mexico. He had been a lieutenant in Santa Anna's army, and in one of the engagements with Gen. Scott's forces was taken prisoner. His strong resemblance to an Irishman who had deserted from the American ranks nearly proved fatal to him. Indeed, he was about to be ordered to be shot, but managed at the last moment to convince the Americans that he was really a Mexican. He lived here on a little ranch of his own, and stated that before the war he had been acting in the capacity of private secretary to one of the Governors of California. He was an important witness in many of the land cases then and now pending.

We retired for the night, intending to make an early start in the morning, and if possible spend our Fourth of July in Santa Barbara, distant three hundred miles. I slept very well, and enjoyed my rest, and after breakfast on the following morning, the first day of July, we left Santa Cruz county and entered Monterey. We rode until dark, and then for the first time prepared to camp out. We had ridden in all, that day, ninety miles.

We pitched our camp near an Indian's hut, and having purchased of him a rabbit and a piece of mutton, we cooked and ate our supper, and laid down to sleep. It was a beautiful summer night, and I slept as quietly under the stars as ever I did under the canopy of a luxurious bed. Nothing disturbed my rest except a curious dream I had toward morning—that the Indians had robbed me and thrown me down a well. At daylight we were astir, and, having eaten our breakfast, and saddled the horses, we started at a gallop for San Luis Obispo.

After we had ridden by the most unfrequented roads several miles, just as the trail we were following turned around the foot of a low hill, we suddenly came upon a band of Sonorians twenty-five or thirty in number. Apparently they were returning from the mines, and having found water, encamped, and were in the act of cooking part of a beef they had just killed, when we came upon them. This was in a very wild and lonely place. I had about my person a large sum of money, and my companions appeared somewhat alarmed. Nevertheless, the best policy was to show no fear; so we rode boldly up and asked them where we could get some water. They pointed to a clump of flags or rushes a short distance from their camp. They were all well armed, and he who was apparently their leader, was a very fine looking and well dressed man. Their horses, which were also very fine, were grazing about them unsaddled. We went to the water, and while there Dennison

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cautioned me not to speak, and above all not to dismount, saying that they were probably banditti, and at any rate had a great aversion to Americans, who sometimes drove their people from the mines.

We found the water very bad. It was as white as milk, being strongly impregnated with sulphur—nevertheless being very thirsty, we dipped some of it up in a tin cup and drank it. As we rode off my companions bid the Sonorians good day, and Ramon, to prevent appearance of alarm on our part, carelessly asked them for a piece of their meat which they gave him, and as soon as we had got a few yards from their camp, we put spurs to our horses and galloped away, very glad to get out of such dubious company.

We rode but a few miles before we stopped to feed, water and change our horses at the Mission of San Miguel. While here, the young horse that Castro was riding was stampeded by some Indians, and three hours were lost in endeavoring to recapture him, but without success. We secured the saddle which he had thrown off in his flight, and went on without him. Without anything of note occurring, we shortly arrived at a large plain or desert, in which was a hot spring. Here we dismounted and took a most refreshing bath. We likewise met here some of Castro's friends, and he, after conversing with them a little while, determined to go back and again attempt to recover his lost horse, and so parted with us. After two or three hours of brisk riding we came to the Rancho Santa Margarita, where we again stopped to rest and change. This rancho was once a mission, but is sadly gone to decay. The old mission building is inhabited by a California woman, who keeps therein a kind of restaurant and liquor store. The place, however, in point of stock and extent of land, is said to be one of the most valuable in the State.

After resting sufficiently we again started and soon completed the remaining twelve miles of our journey, which brought us to the town of San Luis Obispo, making a day's ride in all of eighty miles. I remained outside of the town, while Dennison and Ramon went in to reconnoitre, and find a place for the horses, taking mine with them but leaving the saddle with me to avert suspicion. About dark they returned and reporting that all was right, we went together into the town and ordered supper at a sort of hostelry near the old mission building. While we were seated at the table a party of Americans entered the room and eyed me very closely. I joined immediately in the conversation of my companions, and from certain indications feared that one of the new comers knew me. After supper Ramon and I followed him out, to see if he would make a demonstration, or if any attempt was on foot to arrest me. He entered a place where a number of Spaniards were playing at billiards, and sat down. I seated myself at once beside him, determined to ascertain whether he really knew me. I now became convinced though he looked at me very hard, that if he had ever known me at all he did not now recognize me, and felt greatly relieved. We applied to a blacksmith to get our horses shod, but on being informed that it would require half of the next day to get it done, we were compelled to postpone it until we should reach Santa Barbara. I did not see much worthy of note in the town except the old church. There are no fine buildings there, and after wandering about an hour or two, I became sleepy when instead of going to the tavern, I entered the corral where the horses were feeding, and making a bed of the sweat blankets and my overcoat with plenty of hay, I laid down and slept soundly. This, the second night of my "camping out," was, like the first, marked by a singular dream. I dreamed that I was in Sacramento and that a party of Vigilantes headed by Richard N. Berry, were pursuing me, and succeeded in capturing me, but that I subsequently escaped. What put Berry's name into my head I cannot imagine, for he never was, that I know of, a member of the Committee.

At daylight we started from San Luis Obispo, determined, if possible, to reach Santa Barbara that night. After riding between thirty-five and forty miles without drawing rein, we lost our way, and went at least two leagues off of the road. It was a very sultry day, and the fatigue and heat of the ride had again brought on my fever. Ramon, the guide, said the sun would have cooked an egg in our hands if we could have held it. We could absolutely see the heat in little waves conforming to the surface of the sandy plain. For miles around us it was one scorching, unbroken series of sand hillocks, reminding me of what I had read of African deserts. Not a spear of grass, nothing but the shining waves of sand as the wind had shaped them.

For hours I had not tasted water, and the heat and my burning fever made them appear days. My tongue became thick, my throat parched, and I felt a sensation like choking. Finally, to my great joy, after two hours search, we again found the road, and about two o'clock p. m. we arrived at a place called Los Alamos, distant about fifty miles from the town of San Luis Obispo. Here we changed horses, and endeavored to get something to eat, but without success. We got some water, however, which greatly refreshed us, and then rode on over a bad road to the Mission of Santa Inez. Before we arrived there I quite gave out with fatigue, fever and thirst. I was two or three miles behind my companions, they having ridden on to encourage me to push my animal. I had neither strength to whip or spur him. As I was lagging along the road, more dead than alive, and suffering dreadfully from fever and thirst, I saw some cattle that were ahead of me, leave the road, and at once knew they must be going for water. I followed them and found it, but on attempting to dismount my suffering was so

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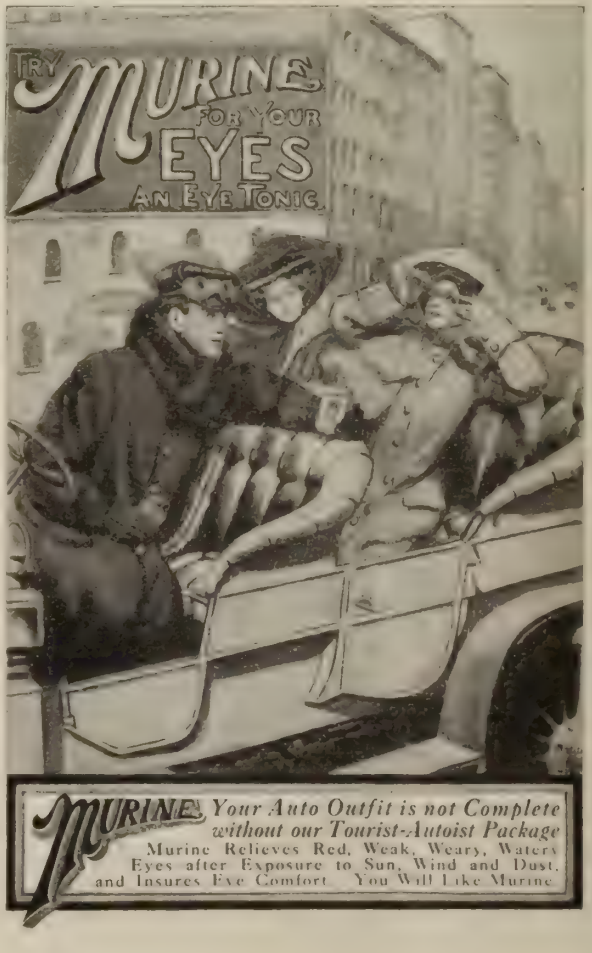

intense that I fairly fainted by the side of the stream. How long I was in that condition I cannot say, but on reviving I found my horse standing beside me. He was very gentle at all times ,but then too tired to stray away. After bathing my wrists and face I took a drink which greatly refreshed me, and again mounting my horse I went back to the road and traveled on. After going some distance the road led me to a crossing place, higher up on the same stream from which I had drunk. Here I found Ramon waiting for me, who informed me that Dennison, fearing something had happened, had ridden back on the road in search of me. After some time he returned, and was furiously angry. I told him what had happened, and he swore like a trooper. I was too much exhausted to answer back. He had gone back six miles in search of me, of course passing me when I was off the road at the water. He told me that he had avoided telling me before a fact which he knew, viz.: that the blacksmith to whom we had applied to get our horses shod at San Luis Obispo, had once worked in San Francisco for a man named Blaidsdel, and had recognized me, and he had been fearful all day that he would get up a party and follow us. He told me that he was responsible to my friends in San Francisco for my safety, and so long as that was the case, I must look to him for water or anything else that I wanted. All this was very true and reasonable, but I also not being in the best of humors after a while found strength to quarrel back at him, and we had a regular swearing match, in which I was decidedly wrong, for the poor fellow was responsible for my safety and was doing all that he could to secure it.

After our spat was over, he pointed to a mountain ahead of us and told me it was Santa Inez mountain, and we must cross it that night if the horses could carry us. The quarrel had waked me up and I had recovered strength. I told him I could cross it if the horse could, and could do anything else that he or any other man could do—poor weak boaster that I was—and thus, refreshed with an hour's rest and water and wrath, we started to cross the mountain of Santa Inez, and what a mountain! To me, tired as I was and not accustomed to anything of the sort, it seemed impossible in the jaded condition of our horses to cross that night.

Before commencing the ascent Dennison told me to recall to my mind the worst hill I had ever traveled up, and then add a hundred per cent to it and I would have some idea of the one before us. I laughed and told him to "jog on." Each of us had to lead a spare horse, but in my exhausted condition I had to relinquish mine before we got half way over. Dennison then led two. It was quite dark before we reached the summit, up to which point I got on pretty well; but in descending the other side I was less fortunate. I was twice unhorsed, probably from not letting my animal take his own way.

At length, after stumbling and sliding down the tortuous trail in the darkness, risking every moment the necks of both riders and beasts, we reached the plain below and rode toward the Refugio Ranch where we arrived about nine o'clock in the evening; having traveled that day more than one hundred miles. Here to our great disappointment, owing to the lateness of the hour, we could get nothing to eat or drink. I had not tasted a mouthful since morning, and, weak, sick and disheartened, I threw myself down in the corral, spurs and all, and slept till daylight.

In the morning, it being the Fourth of July, Dennison brought me a bottle of bad brandy, and after drinking some of it I rubbed myself with the balance. We then got a good breakfast which, as may be supposed, we relished exceedingly. After breakfast we hired fresh horses with which to ride into Santa Barbara, distant but a few miles, and left our own at the Ranch to rest. After we had started Dennison told me that his intention was to remain in Santa Barbara three days so as to thoroughly recruit the horses and give ourselves an opportunity to rest and bathe in the hot springs. On reflection I thought if that was the case, I had better remain at the Refugio. My eye was weeping blood and matter, and paining me very much, and I was otherwise very sick and sore. Besides, the Rancho was a more retired place than the town, and there was less chance of my being identified by the sheriff of the county, or any sympathizers with the Vigilance Committee. Dennison agreed with me, and it was arranged that he should send back on the following Monday for me and the horses. Accordingly we returned to the house to make the arrangements for my stay. He told them that I was sick, and desired to rest there for a few days. This was true, for I was almost worn out. They consented to the arrangement and Dennison and Ramon rode on to the town.

I could not then speak or understand a word of Spanish and considering my condition in other respects, the day bid fair to be a dull Fourth of July to me. Situated as I was, however, I cared little for pleasure of any kind. I was playing the "game of life" and had to keep myself guarded at all points. Pleasures or comforts were secondary considerations with me. Mustering all my philosophy I essayed to revive my drooping spirits by looking about me. At the Rancho Refugio there are three main buildings; all, of course, built of adobes, together with several small outhouses of the same construction. There are probably about the place from forty to fifty persons, all related to a well known and generally respectable family in that county, by the name of Ortego. I became acquainted with many of them afterward, during my long stay in Santa Barbara, which was destined to be much longer than I then anticipated. Little did I dream that morning that I was standing in a county

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whose boundary I would not again cross until I had roamed for seven months among its mountains, a hunted and despairing man, with scarcely life, and less of hope. Had such a vision crossed my mind I should not, as I did, have endeavored to shake off my sadness, and enter into some sort of companionship with the people around me.

The Refugio is celebrated in the history of California as having many years ago been plundered by freebooters. And indeed on looking around on the countenances of some of the residents and frequenters, I could not help thinking that, like our armies in Mexico, the freebooters had left their mark behind them; for many of them looked the freebooter still.

At one of the houses they sold villainous brandy for a dollar a bottle, and an old fellow whom they called Don Miguel Cota, and who appeared to be a man of some consequence among them, had a decided relish for it. Seeing that I was possessed of the means of gratifying his penchant, he assiduously cultivated my acquaintance, and we struck up at once such a friendship as could exist when neither of us spoke a word of the other's language. However, we got on tolerably well, and for want of better employment, I got the old Don as drunk as any patriot on that glorious day could have desired to see him. Without exactly understanding what there was particularly in the day to license unusual excess, he seemed to take it for granted that there must be something very glorious about it, and entered into the patriotism of the occasion with great spirit. Unhappily, however, in getting old Don Miguel drunk, I intoxicated with rage his better half, Senora Cota. She delivered herself of an oration to me, which, judging from the expression of her countenance—by no means beautiful even in repose—and her violent gesticulation, I took to be anything but complimentary. As it was couched, however, in the Spanish tongue, all, save the gesture which accompanied it, was thrown away. That, however, was sufficient, and like the clown in the circus, I understood her very well, though I did not know what she said. She made me understand this much—that if I had anything to give away I had much better present it to her, than spend it to purchase brandy with which to fuddle her lord and master. Finally, however, I managed to conciliate her by giving one of the children a piece of money, and, after a great deal of pretence of not understanding me, I prevailed on her to make me a cup of tea.

I was stopping with another branch of the family who were apparently well off, and lived in the center adobe. Notwithstanding I paid well for all I got, when night came I found my bed made for me outside of the house. They appeared to have certain rules from which they would not vary. All who belonged to the family, and had rights and privileges about the premises could sleep within doors, but those who were not of the family, and had no rights in common with them, had to sleep out, notwithstanding there was abundance of room within.

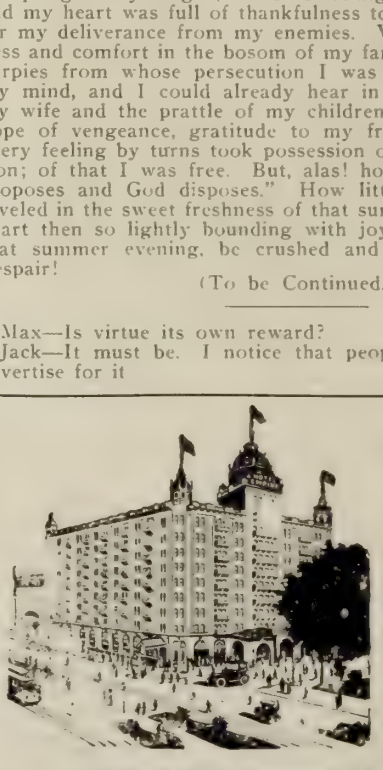
The second day of my stay at the Ranch, several personages, apparently not belonging to the household, made their appearance. Among them were two, who, as they will hereafter figure in this narrative, I may as well introduce to the reader now. One of them was, perhaps, thirty-five years of age, of medium size, well formed, of rather dark complexion, and was named Pedro Ortaga, and resided at a place called Arroyo Honde. The other was younger, and smaller in stature than his companion, with rather a lighter skin; he was said to be well connected in Santa Barbara, and resided at a ranch known as Las Crusas. Both of them spoke English very well. Pedro, as well as old Miguel, was very fond of his "poco cognac," and we very soon struck up an acquaintance. He, as well as his companion, asked me a great many questions concerning myself, all of which I answered as I thought proper. I could not help thinking that, in consideration of our short acquaintance, they treated me more like "downeasters" than the descendants of Cortes. I did not then, however, suspect their object. I told them that I was a drover, and was then on my way to Los Angeles, to buy horses. They said they would like to sell me a horse, and I replied that on my return I would probably purchase of them. Not long after this, the companion of Pedro told me that Don Miguel had said that I had told him, I had five thousand dollars about me. I then began to suspect the character of my gentleman. I knew that he had told me a lie, and took it for granted that he must have some object in it. I asked him how it was possible that Miguel had said I told him so, when he spoke not a word of English nor I of Spanish. This appeared to confuse him, and he was for some time silent. I told him, however, in a very frank way, in order to throw him off the scent, that my money was to come down by the steamer to Santa Barbara; that it would have been too unwieldly to have brought it along the road, and beside, I did not intend to make any purchases until I had reached Los Angeles; but that, on my return, I would probably purchase of him. They appeared very anxious to know how much money I had with me, and Pedro suggested the idea of my loaning him a small sum, only five dollars, and taking an order for it on a gentleman residing near Santa Barbara, whom I knew very well by reputation. The five dollars was a matter of no consequence, but as I suspected it was only a ruse to get a sight at my purse, I politely declined. I bought them, however, as much brandy as they could drink, which was not a little, for they were decidedly good drinkers, and nothing more was said about the money that day. At dark I retired again to my bed outside the house.

I forgot to mention that I had received a message from Dennison, that he wanted me to meet him in the town of Santa Barbara, on Sunday, the sixth of July, instead of Monday, as had been arranged when we parted. I accordingly had my horses corraled the next morning while at breakfast, and having hired a young Spaniard to drive the extra ones for me, was soon ready to start. I made signs to the Senora to know how much I owed her, to which she replied with a shrug of her shoulders "quien sabe," and was apparently much pleased when I gave her six dollars. I then mounted, and accompanied by my guide, started for the city of Santa Barbara. I had now ridden nearly five hundred miles from San Francisco, and certainly thought I had a right to congratulate myself on my escape from all peril. As I rode along that lovely morning, excepting bodily fatigue, I had no feelings but those of pleasure, and my heart was full of thankfulness to a merciful Providence for my deliverance from my enemies. Visions of future happiness and comfort in the bosom of my family, far away from the harpies from whose persecution I was fleeing, flitted through my mind, and I could already hear in fancy the welcome of my wife and the prattle of my children. Joy, resentment, the hope of vengeance, gratitude to my friends, in short, almost every feeling by turns took possession of me, except apprehension; of that I was free. But, alas! how true is it that "man proposes and God disposes." How little did I imagine as I reveled in the sweet freshness of that summer morning, that the heart then so lightly bounding with joy and hope, would, ere that summer evening, be crushed and almost pulseless with despair!

(To be Continued.)

Max—Is virtue its own reward?

Jack—It must be. I notice that people that lose it seldom advertise for it



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C SHARKEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Thomas E. Curran, her attorney, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased.

ANNIE J. SHARKEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of THOMAS E. CURRAN, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased.

PHILIP J. CASSIDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Ford, formerly Maggie J. Cassidy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administrator.
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Auto Notes

The recent remarkable performance of a Columbus Electric Automobile in running 108 miles on one charge of the battery was not a "stunt" performed by a specially equipped car under special conditions, according to W. D. Vance, manager of the Bay Cities Electric Company, agents for the Columbus. "The car was a regularly equipped stock machine and carried one passenger beside myself," said Mr. Vance, "and I will make the same trip, San Jose and return, finishing the balance of the distance in Oakland, any day without previous notice or special preparation of any sort. With Edison batteries, which by the way are a part of the equipment of the Columbus when wanted, there is no doubt but that it will run 175 miles on one charge over the same road. This form of battery, however, has some disadvantages and I believe that the range of mileage already demonstrated with a lead battery gives us an electric which will satisfy the most exacting user."

The Pioneer Automobile Company has received orders for a carload of Hudsons and a carload of Chalmers to be shipped to their branch office at Fresno; also a carload each of Hudsons and Chalmers for the Sacramento agency. These cars are all to be shipped this week. In addition to this the Pioneer Automobile Company have four cars of Hudsons and three cars of Chalmers to be shipped during the week, which will be the largest shipments they have had this season.

The White Steam Car is the one most frequently seen in the Kern County oil fields. As every one knows the road conditions throughout the oil district could not well be worse and the White's popularity in that section is very significant of its ability to negotiate the roughest going. Two White Steamer sales have just been made to Bakersfield purchasers for this traveling in the oil fields. One of the cars went to E. D. Burge and the other to H. G. Parrish. Both machines are seven passenger cars. The two owners left town with their new autos, driving them through to Bakersfield in spite of the bad roads that resulted from the late rains.

Although his term of office has expired, Benjamin Katz, the Boy Mayor of San Francisco, finds numerous public obligations still resting upon him. Among other things he is sending out letters of appreciation, for himself and cabinet, to those who showed them coutesies during their official career. Among other letters there was one mailed to the Pioneer Automobile Company. It reads:

Pioneer Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen: We, the Boy Mayor and Cabinet, wish to express to you our sincere thanks for your generosity in permitting us to have the use of your Chalmers car. If we have ever had enjoyable riding it was in your car during our "reign."

Also, we wish to cimpliment you upon the expert chauffeurs whom you employ.

Again thanking you for your kindness, we are,

Yours very sincerely,

—Benjamin Katz.

S. G. Chapman who unloaded a shipment of Hupmobiles recently is sending them out on delivery as rapidly as he can get them equipped. W. A. Johnson of Martinez, Charles Lamb of Cedarville and C. W. Wagner of San Francisco have each received one of these little machines while a whole carload have been shipped to C. W. Hobson of Fresno. Chapman has also made a recent delivery of an Oakland "40" to Steiger Bros. of Petaluma. All of Chapman's agencies are flourishing. J. H. Martin is placing every Oakland with which Chapman can furnish him in the Coalinga oil fields, and the other agents throughout the State are doing equally well with both Oaklands and Hupps.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co., reports the receipt of nine carloads of automobile tires at the San Francisco branch within the last three weeks

FIRE PROOF SHOP PHONE MARKET 899

A. E. LATTIMORE

Exclusive Auto Painting and Trimming

Blair Auto Top Holder Fine Mohair and Mackintosh Seat Covers
Auto Tops Hood Covers Lamp Covers Upholsterings

GARAGE BUILDING, Upstairs, MARKET ST. AT VAN NESS AVE.

A Name that Stands for Something

LOZIER

THE LOZIER SELLS AT A HIGHER PRICE THAN ANY OTHER MOTOR CAR BUILT

The average price received for every Lozier car sold during the past two years was $5036—the highest average price obtained for any make of car built. In other words, the product of the Lozier factory has commanded a higher price per car than that of any other manufacturer.

The first Lozier model, built in 1904, sold at $5000 and the best Lozier car has since that time never been sold for less.

The Lozier Motor Car is surely worth the price obtained for it or it would not continue to command its price year after year. Other cars have been sold at Lozier prices, or higher, but only for a limited time—a fictitious list price must give way to the law that inevitably forces values to seek their proper level. In spite of the fact that the Lozier car commands a higher average price than any other car built, the business of the Lozier Motor Company during the past two years has increased 167 per cent, a greater percentage of increase than shown by any of the seven leading manufacturers producing cars which sell at $3500 and over.

The value of the Lozier car has been fixed, and has been proven by this splendid increase in business at these prices. Continuous advertising has not done it, for every one of the seven leading manufacturers referred to has spent vastly more money in advertising in the past two years than has been expended by the Lozier Company. What is the conclusion? That the Lozier car continuing in demand at a higher average price than any other motor car, must logically be the best car. We hesitated to use this much abused term, but we sincerely believe that the LOZIER is the one car which proves to warrant the claim being made.

Secure a copy of the handsome LOZIER catalogue.

World's 24-hour record—1190 miles.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

724 to 732 GOLDEN GATE AVE. SAN FRANCISCO

The 100 Mile COLUMBUS ELECTRIC Is Here

Runabouts
Roadsters
Victorias
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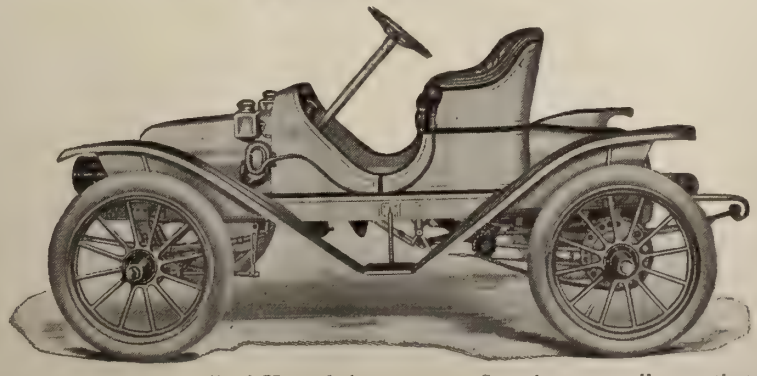

All with from 15 to 25% more Mileage than competitors.

One **Positive Fact** is worth a book full of **Heated Arguments.** So when we tell you that we have just covered a distance of **108 Miles on One Charge of the Battery** with the car shown above, we believe if you are interested at all in Electrics you will take the trouble to investigate this car before buying. If you are too busy to call, Bulletin No. 100 will tell you all about the reason why **The Columbus Can** and the others **Can't.**

BAY CITIES ELECTRIC CO. 1554-1556 VAN NESS AVENUE
PHONE FRANKLIN 1275

1760 TELEGRAPH AVE., OAKLAND, CAL. Phone Piedmont 203

for the spring requirements. Adding to these the three carloads just received at the Los Angeles branch and two carloads at the Seattle branch, with several more carloads en route at this time, will give an idea of the enormous extent of the automobile business on the coast.

G. L. Weathers who recently took the Pioneer Automobile Company's agency in Visalia is in town and reports great interest in the Chalmers from his section of the State. "Improving roads," said Mr. Weathers, "indicate an active touring season down our way and consequently there is increasing activity in the auto business. The Chalmers is easily the most popular car in the vicinity of Visalia. Many buyers are waiting a month or six weeks and even longer for this make of machine rather than take earlier delivery on some other. The only trouble I anticipate with the Chalmers is inability to fill orders."

Weinstock Nichols Co. are having exceptional success in introducing Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires throughout the country districts of the States where muddy or rough road conditions are to be contended with. Their dealers in the larger towns are likewise enjoying an enormous trade. The Diamond Hotel of Chico has recently equipped its large auto bus with these anti-skids.

Few, even of his most intimate friends, surmised that when Frank H. Davis left town last week in a White Gasoline Car he was going on a honeymoon tour. Such, however, was the case and Davis is in line for congratulations. Up at the White Company they are smiling and saying "just wait until he gets back," the significance of which is open to conjecture. Davis, who is a grandson of the late Manuel Torres, the noted Castilian pioneer, has been associated with the White Company for some time and is one of their most valued men on the coast. He knows the auto and the auto trade from every angle and because of his general efficiency fills the position of retail sales manager on the White force. Mrs. Davis is a sister of Leslie E. Burks, the prominent attorney who is secretary of the auto club of California and also secretary of the San Francisco real estate board. Another brother is Chester W. Burks who is secretary of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Even on his honeymoon Davis cannot quite resign the car selling instinct and consequently has sold the White Gasoline machine in which he is making the trip to James A. Keyes of Suisun.

Homer S. King, president of the San Francisco Clearance House, has just taken delivery of a big 45 horsepower Alco which he equipped with 36x5 Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires. The Nobbies add greatly to the car's handsome appearance.

C. R. Zacharias, Modesto agent for the Pioneer Automobile Company, is in town, having with him orders for several cars. Zacharias reports that the roads between here and Modesto are shaping up fine and an active touring season is consequently expected. He also reports that the last two weeks have seen unusual interest in the auto business. Among recent sales made by Zacharias are a Chalmers "40" roadster to W. H. Langdon, a Chalmers "30" touring car to Mrs. M. E. Tucker and a Hudson touring car to Dr. J. P. Fuller.

"The record speaks for itself and Diamond Tires are good enough for me," writes Mr. Sidney Kingsbaker of Los Angeles to The Diamond Rubber Co. In his letter he states that a Diamond tire has covered 18,473 miles to date on his Stoddard-Dayton car and from all appearances is good for several thousand miles yet.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSINA GIESEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Arthur Brand, Room 808 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased.

FRED GIESEN and LOUIS GIESEN,
Executors of the Estate of Rosina Giesen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd 1910.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Executors,
Room 808 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 5260, Dept. No. 10, Probate.
Honorable Thos. F. Graham, Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 15th day of March, 1910, in the matter of the estate of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, the undersigned, executor of the last will of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the confirmation by said Court, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Ivy Street with the Easterly line of Webster Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Webster Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly, ninety-two (92) feet; thence at right angles Southerly, twenty-five (25) feet to the said Northerly line of Ivy Street; and thence at right angles Westerly, along the last named line, ninety-two (92) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-five (285), together with the improvements thereon.

Second—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street with the Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, to said Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and thence Northwesterly along the last named line, seventy-five (75) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of One Hundred Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and forty (240).

Third—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon, one hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches (137 feet 6 inches) Westerly from the Westerly line of Buchanan Street; and running thence Westerly, along said line of Oak Street, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet six inches); thence at right angles Southerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the Northerly line of Lilly Avenue; thence at right angles Easterly along the last named line, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet 6 inches); and thence at right angles Northerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288), together with the improvements thereon.

Said sale will be made on Thursday, the 12th day of May, 1910, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of that day, at the real estate rooms of Madison & Burke, Number 30 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Terms of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale, and the remainder of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated, April 12th, 1910. VALENTINE J. SMYTH,
Executor of the Last Will of Teresa Murphy, Deceased.

F. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

EDWARD S. NORTON, administrator of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing the said administrator to sell, at private sale, an undivided one-quarter interest in certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches Southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the Southeasterly line of Howard Street with the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence Southeasterly and along said Southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

And good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said estate show cause, if any they have, before this Court on Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department 9 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County, for four successive weeks next before the hearing of said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 23rd, 1910.
J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 23rd, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with will annexed of the estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Jacques Escaig, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by undersigned Alfred J. Brandenstein, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. U. Brandenstein, No. 250 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased. ALFRED J. BRANDENSTEIN,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Brandenstein, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

H. U. BRANDENSTEIN, Attorney for Administrator,
No. 25 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of F. W. Sawyer, attorney for said Executor, Room 319, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased.

LAWRENCE H. BITHER,
Executor of the Estate of Frederick Lewis Bither, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 16th, 1910.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Estate,
Room 319 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St., San Francisco. 4-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Charles C. Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Leon E. Prescott, 307 Russ Building, San Franciso, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

SOFHUS LARSEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Dorthea Larsen, also known as and called by the name of Dorothea Larsen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

LEON E. PRESCOTT, Attorney for Administrator,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE OF TIME FIXED FOR HEARING PETITION TO TRANSFER PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright and Edward K. Clarke have filed in my office a verified petition for an order of said Superior Court authorizing and directing Charles G. Lyman, as executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, to make, execute and deliver to said Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright, and Edward K. Clarke, a conveyance of an undivided 279-1000 of that certain property designated on a certain map known as "Map of Fourth Avenue Park, Oakland, Cal., 1908," filed in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County, State of California, which property is situated in the County of Alameda, State of California, and is particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the most southern corner of that certain piece or parcel of land containing 32.56 acres heretofore conveyed by Chas. W. Leach to Elizabeth Leach by deed dated January 16, 1894, and recorded in Liber 527 of Deeds, page 360, Alameda County Records, said point being on the northern line of County Road No. 724; thence along the southwestern boundary line of said 32.56 acre tract North 51 degrees West 10.93 chains; thence North 25 degrees 35 minutes East 4.25 chains; thence North 49 degrees 50 minutes East 1.72 chains; thence North 72 degrees 40 minutes East 3.29 chains; thence South 69 degrees 15 minutes East 5.17 chains; thence North 52 degrees 15 minutes East 2.91 chains; thence North 79 degrees 30 minutes East 1.50 chains; thence South 60 degrees East 2.00 chains; thence South 79 degrees 45 minutes East 4.93 chains to the Northern boundary line of the said 32.56 acre tract; thence along said boundary line South 61 degrees East 4.74 chains to the aforesaid Northern line of County Road No. 724, and thence along said road line South 63 degrees 55 minutes West 13.22 chains South 59 degrees 45 minutes West 6.05 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 18.47 acres and being a portion of the aforesaid 32.56 acre tract.

Except the parcel described as follows:

Commencing at the intersection of the Southwestern boundary of the land conveyed by Wickham Havens et ux to Arthur H. Breed by deed dated September 12th, 1906, and recorded October 10th, 1906, in Liber 1239 of Deeds, page 73, Alameda County Records, with the northern line of 13th Avenue as widened to 100 feet in width and as shown on that certain map entitled "Map showing land to be taken for widening of Thirteenth Avenue or Walker Street from the center line of Hampel Street to the Northern property line of Arthur H. Breed" filed October 10th, 1907, in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County; and from said point of commencement running North 51 degrees 1 minute west along the Southwestern boundary line of said land conveyed by Havens to Breed 695.48 feet; thence North 25 degrees 24½ minutes East along the Northwestern boundary line of said land so conveyed by Havens to Breed 236.5 feet; thence South 32 degrees 14½ minutes East 101.6 feet; thence Southeasterly on the arc of a circle of 1332.69 feet radius concave to the left or Northeast and tangent to the last aforesaid course 524.2 feet; thence South 54 degrees 47 minutes East tangent to said arc 192.7 feet to said Northern line of said 13th Avenue as widened according to said Map; thence South 59 degrees 33 minutes West along said Northern line of said 13th Avenue 151.62 feet to the point of commencement. Containing 2.57 acres of land;

Also excepting a 25 foot strip of land along the Southeastern line of said property taken for the widening of 13th Avenue as shown on the Map of said widening hereinbefore referred to;

And that Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of said Court, Department Ten thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 23rd, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco. 3-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his Attorney, Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased.

BERTIE F. RADFORD,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Radford, also known as Sarah Quinlan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 9th, 1910.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-9-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at his office Room No. 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased.

P. J. MULLER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jean B. Fayard, also known as J. B. Fayard, also known as John B. Fayard, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 26th, 1910.

CHARLES PAGE and EDWARD J. McCUTCHEN, Attorneys for Executor,
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE COSGROVE, Deceased—No. 9227, N. S., Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of the said JANE COSGROVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the proper vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his place of business, Room Number 504, in the Kohl Building, at the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being by him designated as the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate. JOHN W. SMITH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Cosgrove, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, California, this 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 504 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8071, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATILDA WOLFF, Deceased.

William Wolff, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes and in the manner therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said William Wolff, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased MATILDA WOLFF at either private or public sale and as prayed for in said petition as shall be necessary for the best interests of said estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, April 11th, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 11th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for Estate,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGUETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Kate Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

Famous Men and Their Sweethearts

An announcement of particular interest to biographers and students of literature was recently made. It was well known that the celebrated French poet, Alfred de Musset, had a secret love affair. Who the idol of his affections was, to whom he addressed his famous love letters, which, it is announced, will shortly be translated into English, no one knew. The secret is now revealed that it was Aimee d'Alton, wife of his brother, Paul de Musset.

As may well be imagined, the love letters of such a poet tell of his passion in the most beautiful words, a remark which also applies to the love letters of Thomas Carlyle, which were published last year. The Chelsea sage, in his later years, could scarcely be described as a sentimental man, but when he was first attracted by the charms of Jane Welsh, whom he ultimately married, he proved himself a most passionate lover, although differences in temperament ultimately made the marriage a very unhappy one. Judging by the following extract from a love letter written by Carlyle in 1823, however, it will be seen that he anticipated no such unhappiness.

"The only thing I know," he said, "is that you are the most delightful, enthusiastic, contemptuous, affectionate, sarcastic, capricious, warm-hearted, lofty-minded, half-devil, half-angel of a woman that ever ruled over the heart of a man; that I will love you, must love you, whatever may betide, till the last moment of my existence; and that if we both act rightly our lot may be the happiest of a thousand mortal lots."

And it was shortly afterwards that Miss Welsh said in one of her letters, "God bless you, my darling; I am yours ever and wholly."

The story has often been told how Bismarck first met Johanna von Puttkamer; how he was at once smitten with her charms, and being invited to pay a visit to her alone, and finding the whole Puttkamer family lined up to greet him, flung himself off his horse and impetuously embraced Johanna before the whole family. It was an ideal marriage, and Bismarck to the end of his life used to say, referring to his wife, "She made me what I am."

Bismarck's English Love

According to a new Bismarck biography, however, it appears that one of the Iron Chancellor's youthful loves was a Miss Russell, to whom he paid ardent court when he was twenty years old, and to whom he was at one time engaged. He first met Miss Russell at Wiesbaden, in the company of her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of C——, and Bismarck made no secret of his tender fondness for "the British blonde of unusual beauty." A betrothal appears actually to have taken place, but the engagement to the "irresistible English miss" was broken off, "when, where, or why," writes the biographer, "nobody seems ever to have heard."

The manner in which Bismarck demonstrated his love for Johanna von Puttkamer reminds one that Garibaldi fell in love at first sight while in Brazil. On entering a certain house the first person on whom his gaze fell was a beautiful girl. "It was Anita, the mother of my children," says Garibaldi in his autobiography. "We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other like two persons who do not meet for the first time, and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall reveal the secret of their hearts. 'You must be mine.' I spoke but little Portuguese and I said these audacious words in Italian. However, they seemed to have some magnetic power, and I tied a knot which death could only break."

Pretty Proposals

There was something sweetly pretty and pathetic in Oliver Wendell Holmes' proposal to the lady of his choice, as they walked across the Boston Common. "Shall we take the long way together?" Nor was Daniel Webster's proposal less simple and beautiful. As he sat one day holding a skein of yarn for Grace Fletcher to unwind, what could be more natural or more graceful than his significant words: "Miss Grace, you and I have tied and untied a good many knots. Are you willing that we shall tie one which can never be untied?"

When Schumann, the famous composer, fell head over heels in love with Clara Wieck, his master's daughter, his path of courtship was by no means one of roses, for Herr Wieck had no wish to see his only daughter the wife of a penniless musician, and he forbade the lovers to hold any communication with each other. But love laughs at parental frowns, and, as Schumann could not even write to his ladylove, he poured out his soul to her in a series of "Letters to Clara," printed in a musical journal of which he was the editor. When the time was ripe for settling his destiny he made music the vehicle of his passion, and actually proposed to Clara on the piano under her father's nose, without a single word being uttered, and received her joyful assent through the same medium.

Spohr won his wife with dramatic suddenness. After playing a duet at a Court concert with Dorette Scheidler, a beautiful and gifted harpist, and while the tumult of applause was still ringing in their ears, he said to his companion, "Shall we play together thus through life?" For answer "the lady burst into tears and sank into his arms."

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, April 30, 1910 | No. 922

GRACE GEORGE

Who will appear in "A Woman's Way" at the Columbia Theater.

TOWN TALK

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Not Dead But Sleeping

Mark Twain has passed from the ranks of mortality to the immortal society of all creative geniuses. Of no other American writer may one so confidently predict an increasing renown and use in the years that are to come. His literary career was a process of evolution which refined his humor and deepened his philosophy as life unfolded for him its teeming storchouse of experiences. All the world learned to laugh with him while he was learning to weep and if there is a gift of tears in his legacy to mankind, it is because he was too great to let the taste of the bitterness of sorrow linger on his palate. Suffering much and writing much his gifts of laughter and of tears were communicated freshly to a catholic public, an inspiration for right living and clean thinking. What is a great moralists but a master of wholesome laughter and cleansing tears? and what greater impulses can a writer give to humanity than these? His work had its greatest reward in its results; yet is it pleasing to know that it brought him, too, fame and fine friendships and riches. These also are worthy rewards; do we not indict the word when it withoholds them from the great? Like all the greatest he knew the mind of the child and out of that rare knowledge fashioned books for children that men and women of all ages can never tire of. There are two of these which thrill young blood merely, but the old are gripped by their dramatic intensity, their poignant sorrow, their searching satire. He wrote one of the greatest short stories in the world in the later years of his creative work, making it one of the greatest, not merely by the flawlessness of the plot and the perfect artistry of its telling but more particularly by the sure insight into human nature. Yes, he knew the potentiality of corruption that abides in the written word, so he pointed the moral in a tale. But all his work points just that moral; there was no page he would dying wish to blot. Some day he will be compared with France's greatest modern humorist and the comparison will be interesting but disconcerting. Both men wrote of the Maid of Orleans, let us say; but the book of one enhanced his fame by exposing a new facet to the brilliant light of public approval—the book of the other brings a sense of humiliation to those who would fain believe that great truthfulness is a necessary forerunner of great genius. Both men have waged war on shams, but what avails it to fight against the sham if one is not enlisted under the banner of the true? That was where our dead fighter always marched. As the years passed he cared less for the ready laugh and more for the hesitating smile that bespoke a thoughtful sympathy. He always amused but latterly he insisted that we think and the problems to which he turned our minds were solemn problems, the problems of eternity. Never was there a suspicision of cant in his moralizings, never a hint of pharisaism in his virtue. We knew the heroism of the decades through which he toiled toward freedom from a load of others' debts, but not from his lips. Of his weakness he spoke frankly and humorously; he never drew a lesson from his own righteousness. From that first story of Angel's to the autobiography what tremendous output! but written with what singleness of purpose, how admirably co-ordinated! Looking at that row of books it is impossible to think of the author dead. How better could a writer live than in such works? Though his name be now inscribed in the bills of mortality, yet will Mark Twain live forever.

Bryan's Self-Revelation

Many comments, some soberly earnest, others satirical, and not a few of the purely comic variety, have been made on William Jennings Bryan's letter to the Democrats of the District of Columbia on the occasion of their last Jefferson day dinner. But singularly enough the most impressive thing in the letter evoked no comment whatever. We allude to the extraordinary argument by which Mr. Bryan sheds a flood of light on his intellectual processes. In this letter the vociferous tribune harks back to his old quantitative theory of money, advanced in the first 16 to 1 campaign, and calls attention to the fact that President Taft in his Lincoln day speech attributed present high prices mainly to the increase in the production of gold. Says Mr. Bryan: "This unexpected indorsement of our party's proposition in 1896 when we demanded more money as the only remedy for falling prices is very gratifying." And he adds: "We may now consider the quantitative theory of money established beyond dispute and proceed to the consideration of other questions." Thus does the Peerless One, the perennial idol of the masses, the irrepressible doctrinaire statesman at once vindicate his superb mentality and pay homage to the Chief Magistrate of his country. Mr. Taft according to Mr. Bryan is infallible. Because Mr. Taft has indirectly proclaimed the soundness of a theory, Mr. Bryan holds that the theory can be no longer questioned. This is the dictum of a man who has been taken seriously for more than a decade by millions of enlightened American citizens constituting so large a proportion of the whole of the sovereign people as to be able to make his election to the Presidency imminent in three campaigns. It has been argued with reference to Mr. Bryan that he must be a great man since he has commanded the confidence of a vast body of his fellow citizens through a long period of his career. It never occurs to those by whom this proposition is advanced that possibly Mr. Bryan's popularity argues not that he is a great man but that there is a scarcity of intelligence in a very large element of the people.

"The Promise of American Life"

A pretty severe indictment of the American people is to be found in a book recently put on the market by the Macmillans. It is the work of Herbert Croly, and it is entitled "The Promise of American Life." Mr. Croly finds that our institutions are a failure because the one object of every male in the nation is the making of money. He holds that a national civilization that produces only one type, a money-maker, is not to be considered of a high order. Mr. Croly is an original thinker, and he has remedies for our social and political evils, but he does not make it clear how they are to be applied. It would certainly be a good thing to encourage individuality of mind and character as Mr. Croly suggests, but how this is to be done in a nation obsessed with the ideal that all men are equal, and committed to the principle that the masses have not only the right to act but the wisdom for action, it is somewhat difficult to conceive. This idea and this principle form a combination in restraint of individuality of mind and character. It is

conducive to nothing so much as the rise of mediocrity and the triumph of the platitude.

Through British Eyes

The chief benefit to be derived from Mr. Croly's study of American life comes to us in the form of foreign discussion. It is always well to be afforded the opportunity to see ourselves as others see us. Mr. Croly's book has created this opportunity. It has evoked some interesting and instructive reflections from the Saturday Review of London. That journal, acquiescing in Mr. Croly's view regarding the ascendancy of the money-maker in this country, observes that everyone who has met many Americans is aware that the one subject which interests them is "business." Instead of perceiving this to be a defect, a limitation, according to the reviewer, we are proud of it as proof of our practicality and industry. We talk much of "uplifting" by education, draw large cheques to show our faith in education, and pay no attention whatever to the opinion of the educated man. "It is literally true," says the London weekly, "that in no country in the world has the opinion of an educated man less weight in real affairs than in the United States. We are also told that proof of our ignorance is to be found in the contempt that we express with respect to England's idle class. It is this idle class, says our British contemporary, which has given England its pure and gratuitous system of self-government. And it asks: "What would the Americans not give to exchange the London County Council for Tammany Hall; or our justices of the peace for the saloon keepers' judge?" Though the Saturday Review is not an unprejudiced critic of Americans, in this discussion of Mr. Croly's book there is more sincerity than spleen. It has a pretty accurate conception of our failings and the remedies which it suggests are better than Mr. Croly's. For example: "The first thing the Americans have to do is to purify the administration of justice, and this can be done by making all judges, down to the police magistrate, independent of popular election." Again: "There is another thing which ought to be done if it is wished to attract sound and able citizens into American politics—the law of libel ought to be enforced against newspapers and the law of slander against political speakers." Unfortunately though it is clear enough to most of us that there is need of the reforms suggested there is no likelihood of their being adopted. We are now a press-ridden country, and the press is clamoring for the further perversion of the administration of justice. The masses are told every day that the courts are too independent and that they should be brought in closer touch with the mob.

The Roosevelt Despotism

According to Colonel Henry Watterson the people seem to be inclined to welcome Theodore Roosevelt on his return as "a benevolent despot." The Colonel is probably right. A very large percentage of the people would be willing to put Mr. Roosevelt in power with the privilege of going as far as he likes. Mr. Roosevelt has a firm hold on the imagination of the people. Through processes directed by the Cleons of journalism and politics Mr. Roosevelt has come to be regarded as an ideal ruler much to be preferred to the Constitution. Mr. Roosevelt himself has not neglected opportunities to foster this idea. Often has he flouted the Constitution. Many are the imperfections that he has found in it. Never has he hesitated to censure the handiwork of the founders of this republic. Deftly has he propagated the sentiment that what this country needs is a strong man as its ruler, one who will not be constrained by tradition or old-fashioned principle, who will take the situation in hand regardless of consequences, imbued with the one beneficent purpose of building "this cracking, groaning, bad assembled world into a noble civic harmony" by the magic touch of his high statecraft. Great is the encouragement he has given to those who are impatient of slow remedy and would set all things topsy-turvy and create chaos that order might be evolved therefrom. It is because of Mr. Roosevelt's subtle persuasions that men who know the danger of rashly disturbing the conserving forces of fundamental laws are disposed to question his patriotism and suspect him of sinister designs. In their opinion an unerring index to his character is the circumstance of his having made himself acceptable as a "benevolent despot" to his vast army of admirers. There would be no need of warning the people against a benevolent despotism with its inevitable consequences had not Mr. Roosevelt by cunning arts and shrewd devices undermined public confidence in the institutions of his country. Mr. Roosevelt has brought about a situation similar to that which existed in Rome when Julius Caesar seized the opportunity for establishing his benevolent despotism. And despite the boasted enlightenment of the people of this country the author of the current state of the public mind is revered as the greatest patriot of his generation. The people love him for his lawlessness. They worship him for the precedents he has established, giving no thought to the possibility of those precedents serving in another generation to justify the acts of somebody with no desire to earn a reputation for benevolence.

Candidates for Governor

So far in the development of the masque of politics that now holds the stage in this State the Hon. Hiram Johnson and the Hon. Charles F. Curry have enjoyed a monopoly of public attention. As candidates for the highest place on the Republican ticket they have had the field to themselves. The Democrats have not yet succeeded in organizing a distraction. The only competitor who has shown signs of activity is the Hon. Phil Stanton, but as he acknowledges that he is only the candidate of a county he has not been able to make any stir beyond

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the confines of it. A fourth candidate, Mr. Alden Anderson, though he is recognized as the choice of a powerful element, has not yet given publicity to his claims on the confidence of the people. In the circumstances it is natural that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Curry should seem to be engrossing public attention. They are making all the noise and doing all the gladhanding. Each has a hustling campaign establishment, an active and vociferous press bureau and a large retinue of boomers animated by the hope of finding the pie-counter accessible in the event of a glorious triumph at the polls. All these are factors that give verisimilitude to the loud pretensions, the bluff and assurance of an industrious candidate. But the campaign is young yet. It has not taken on the complexion of maturity. So far the people have been entertained only with appeals either to their passions or to their sentimentality. On the one hand they have been confronted by Mr. Johnson, a lawyer of facile plausibility, who has been diverting them with much sound and fury signifying nothing. What they have been hearing from his lips about the urgent desirability of extinguishing the political power of the Southern Pacific is the same folderol which they have been listening to for forty years. If the good people of the interior, where all the virtue of the State is concentrated, are ever inclined to cynicism it must be on occasions when they are called upon by a job-chaser to listen to the kind of rot and rigmarole which the Lincoln-Roosevelt League's expounder of thingumbob is now dinning into their ears. Disposed as we are to pay tribute to their intelligence it is our opinion that Mr. Johnson's candidacy is less agreeable to them than Mr. Curry's. For there is one thing to be said of our distinguished Secretary of State: he is frankly a politician with that side of his heart which yearns for public office uppermost on his sleeve; and whatever of affectation there may be in his conduct it cannot be said of him as of the Johnson brand of reformer that he postulates a consuming love of virtue in himself by simulating horror at the vices of others. Mr. Curry is distinctly a good-fellow candidate. He is overflowing with amiability, he has a large assortment of the qualities that constitute a certain order of merit in the eyes of the man in the street, and that win popularity. These qualities have enabled him to hold office sixteen successive years. Had not vaulting ambition plunged him into the race for Governor he might have held office sixteen years longer. But that he will prove a strong candidate for Governor may well be doubted. The very qualities that commend him to the fickle favor of the multitude are such as will handicap him in his race for the Executive office. The people's ideal Governor is not a "good mixer." There is a popular impression that the Governor of a State should be a man of certain graces of mind and heart that constitute true dignity and that are incompatible with the genial traits characteristic of the easy-going, frolic-loving, professional politician who believes that the best policy for maintaining the cordial relations that should always exist between the public and their servants is that of extending an invitation to the general to call and put their feet on the table. Now with Mr. Johnson running for Governor on the strength of what he proclaims to be his proclivities as a reformer, and Mr. Curry running for Governor on his reputation for camaraderie, in our judgment the outlook for Mr. Anderson is decidedly encouraging. We are told that Mr. Anderson is the machine candidate. If this be true it is decidedly to the credit of the machine. Mr. Anderson's public record justifies the belief that if elected Governor of the State he would be as little hampered by his obligations to the machine as Governor Gillett has been. Assuredly, at any rate, it can be more safely predicated of him than of the pliable and thrifty Mr. Johnson that as Governor he would be amenable to the dictates of decency. Mr. Anderson, in addition to self-respect, has qualities that fit him for the office to which he aspires. His business ability has been vindicated by his success in handling the most important of our industries. As a banker he enjoys the confidence of the financial interests of the State. His efficiency as a public official has been demonstrated in active service. He knows the needs of the State, and personally he is deeply interested in the development of the State. Few men have more reason to be desirous of the prudent management of the government of the State. Certainly if common sense is to play any part in the coming political contest so far as Johnson, Curry and Anderson are concerned, sober-minded people will have no hesitation in making their choice.

One tragic phase man bravely must endure—
As a success he's oft a failure—sure;
But, even then, 'tis comic, more or less,
That, as a failure, he's a great success.

Perspective Impressions

Reformers are hard to please. Some of them object even to Governor Hughes because he is not in favor of arming the mob for self-destruction.

If we had no troubles of our own it would not be so hard to understand the eagerness of our patriots to bear the weight of the future.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest sermon on the desirability of propagating the species suggests a solution of the vexed question, What shall we do with our ex-President? The Chair of Obstetrics in the Carnegie Institute for him.

There is joy among the muckrakers over the announcement of the intended retirement from the Senate of the two ablest members of that body. Now if they could be assured that Aldrich and Hale would be succeeded by two E. P. E. Troys their cup of joy would overflow.

Judge Lawlor suspects District Attorney Fickert of collusion with Calhoun, but he has no suspicion of his own collusion with the mob at which he winked audibly when he put the case over till the primary election.

Judge Lawlor's announcement of his candidacy for Justice of the Supreme Court bears out the prediction made in these columns some months ago that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels who has some important litigation on hand would run one or both of his personally conducted judges for a seat in the State's highest tribunal.

Mr. Hearst gleefully reproduces in his papers an editorial from the Washington Post calling attention to the fact that despite his political past he is treated with respectful consideration by men in high station. It is hard to appreciate the temperament of a man who is pleased to promote discussion of the question of his own intolerability.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(In the preceding chapters the hero of this serial history tells of the assassination of the Bulletin's first editor, of the organization of the Vigilantes, of his escape from their hands after many vicissitudes and his flight from San Francisco. At the close of the last chapter he was cautiously approaching the town of Santa Barbara)

(Fourth Instalment)

We cantered gaily along the road with nothing of interest occurring except an ineffectual attempt to purchase some brandy for my guide, at a ranch which he told me belonged to Senor Ignatio Ortega, till we came in sight of the Dos Pueblos, the residence of Dr. Nicholas A. Den, an Irish gentleman, who has resided in California a great number of years, and is one of the wealthiest, as well as one of the noblest men in the State. Of him, to whom I have done myself the honor to dedicate this poor narrative, I shall have more to say hereafter. The guide stopped to have a little chat with an amigo, the mayor domo of the establishment, while I rode on, not caring to be identified by any Americans who might be about the place. The guide soon overtook me, and informed me that the Doctor was not at home. I had been introduced to him by an acquaintance, the winter previous, in Sacramento; but at this time, not knowing his feelings in relation to the Committee, (God forgive me for such injustice!) I preferred not to meet him. It was seventeen miles further to the city. We met no one on the road until within a few miles of our destination.

I remained about the outskirts of the town some time waiting for Dennison and Ramon to come out and meet me, but they did not come. I tried to make my guide understand that I wanted him to go into the city and find them, and tell them that I was waiting for them outside, but he either did not or would not comprehend me, and I at length, very foolishly, resolved to go at once into the town, and find them myself.

I rode up to a hotel and restaurant kept by a Frenchman, and before I dismounted, saw that I was recognized by one Albert Packard, formerly a shoe-maker. He had resided a long time in Santa Barbara, had married a native California lady and turned lawyer. My object in going to this place was to find Dennison; as it appeared to be the only hotel of note in the town, and I thought it most likely I should find him there. Packard was sitting on the porch, and finding I was recognized, I thought it best to put on a bold front; accordingly I dismounted, and took a seat beside him. We entered into conversation and talked over pretty much all the topics of the day, including the Vigilance Committee, politics, etc. He told me that he was in favor of Col. Fremont for the Presidency. I tried very hard to sound him as to his connection or sympathy with the Vigilance Committee, but he very adroitly foiled me, and I could not judge from anything he let fall whether he was for them or against them. Fool that I was! Why did not common sense whisper in my ear that he was engaging me in conversation merely to give time to the bloodhounds of Santa Barbara to organize and arrest me, and that while I sat there, I was perhaps talking my life away? I asked him to take a glass of something with me, thinking that a drink might make him communicative, but he replied that he seldom took anything before dinner. I had heard that he was a hunter up of fraudulent land claims, and a standing witness about the Land Commission, I knew that he was a humbug and a libel on his adopted profession, he had told me that he was a Black Republican, and I might have known that he was a Vigilante. The fellow afterward wrote a letter to the San Francisco Bulletin, in which he gave an account of this interview, and made it appear that I did not think he recognized me. He knew very well that I knew he recognized me all the time. What his object was in telling so foolish and harmless a lie I do not know, I suppose, however, it was a cheap opportunity to gratify a natural inclination.*

While we were conversing, a large sized, well dressed man approached, and after regarding me intently for a moment walked away. I asked Packard who he was, and he informed me that his name was George Parkinson, and that he had been, until recently, employed in the lighthouse at Point Conception. Packard expressed his surprise that I did not know him; I told him I had no recollection of ever having seen him before, and it was the truth. It was evident, however, that he doubted my statement. In a few moments three other persons approached and looked at me very closely. One of them I had known for a long time. His name was A. F. Hinchman, he had called himself a lawyer in San Francisco in 1850, and had tried several cases before me, when I held court in the old Plaza Building. He was there only a short time, however, for so soon as men who were really lawyers began to be numerous in San Francisco he found his level and migrated to Santa Barbara, which county he represented in the Assembly, in the year 1852, and there distinguished himself by being the only Member of the House who voted in favor of considering a foolish and somewhat insolent negro petition. He had married a native California lady, in order, it is said, to get a comfortable livelihood. He gave me a nod as he approached, but I did not return it, not being sure that he recognized me in the dress I wore. I was afraid of him, for his antecedents were such as to entitle him to full membership with the "purest and best," and I felt quite certain that he at least sympathized with them. Beside, he was opposed to me politically, and I had by this time come to the conclusion that politics had much to do with the crusade against me. Of the two others, Packard told me that the larger one was Russel Heath, Esq., the Sheriff of the County. I afterward learned that these fellows had instigated this gentleman to arrest me and hand me over to the Committee. The smaller one was a red headed, sneaking looking cur, named Harvey Benjamin Blake—a mischief-making, nose-poking busy-body, who had earned for himself by his peculiar gifts, the soubriquet of "Cochi Gueri" or white pig. I at once identified him as the former sweeper out of Everett's hatter's shop in Clay street, San Francisco. He too had, in some unaccountable manner, made himself acceptable to a wealthy California lady, and is now one of the so-called merchant princes of the State. He was a tool and sympathizer of the Vigilance Committee, and he and Hinchman were partners in the firm of Burton, Blake and Hinchman. The principal of the firm, Mr. Lewis Burton, is said to be a gentleman. It must be admitted, however, that he has the misfortune to be in horribly suspicious company.

Strange to say, I did not even yet suspect that any-

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* The following letter from Packard appeared in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin:

Santa Barbara, July 6, '56.

The usual tranquility of our town has been disturbed today by the arrival of McGowan. The gent. alighted at the Fonda at about midday from a very tired horse, in company with a Mexican. McGowan straightway entered into a conversation with me, representing himself to be a cattle drover, and in fact he somewhat resembled one, although I recognized him at once. But, as he wished apparently to preserve an incognito, of course I did not interfere with his plan, and was very much amused with his views of matters and things in general. I could not help giving him the items of news as to what would probably be the fate of Judge McGowan if he should be taken to San Francisco. This caused him to give certain spasmodic jerks not very peculiar to cattle drovers in general. He privately assured me that the great Democratic party would right all the trouble in San Francisco, and in the course of a few months all things would be in their old position. He allowed that Howard made a blunder in taking the stump through the country. He was recognized by several people while he was conversing with me, and he appeared to be very nervous and uneasy. He complained bitterly about the hardships he had experienced since he had left San Francisco—that the whisky was very bad on the road. The beds at ranches he voted as great nuisances, and said that the people would hardly be worth selling in Georgia. In fact, the old scamp appeared to be completely used up in both mind and body.

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thing was wrong, and when they went away without making any attempt to arrest me, I attributed their close scrutiny of me to a mere curiosity to see the "ubiquitous Ned," as the papers called me. I did not then know that they had been apprised of my coming, and were raising a larger party preparatory to making a demonstration. Gallant heroes! Four stalwart men did not dare to attempt the arrest of one old man, broken down by a ride of five hundred miles, and scarcely able to walk!

I afterwards learned that one Doctor S. B. Brinkerhoff, one of the "purifiers," had asked the Hon. Pablo De la Guerra if he could identify me. He told him that he could, if I was in the city, but he did not think I was there, not having seen me. The fact was that, being under indictment for murder, I did not choose to call on any of my friends and run the risk of compromising them, but was only desirous of getting on to Mexico, and would have continued on my journey at once if I had only been able to find Dennison and Ramon.

When the above mentioned parties had left, Packard stepped into the house to dinner. I entered also and was at once recognized by Capt. Bache of the coast survey, who was attached to the surveying schooner then lying in the harbor. He looked at me and smiled. I inquired for the room occupied by Dennison and Ramon. It was shown me, and I threw myself on the bed, and notwithstanding I did not feel altogether easy, could scarcely keep awake. I fell into several "cat naps," but suddenly, something within me told me not to sleep. A sudden presentiment of danger took possession of me, and I became thoroughly alarmed. I rapidly ran over in my mind the conversation with Packard, and recalled the looks of the men who had stared at me so on the porch and was thunderstruck at my stupidity in not having suspected my danger before.

Wondering why Dennison did not come to me—for he must have heard of my arrival—I took my knife and one of my pistols and laid them on the bed beside me. Presently I saw a man enter, and fasten, on the inside, the door that led into the street. I grasped my pistol, determined, if he attempted to molest me, to shoot him. I said to him, "What are you doing?" and he, "They are going to arrest you." "For what?" said I. He replied, "Jem"—meaning Dennison—"has told me all." I asked him where Dennison was, stating that I had been an hour and a half in town, and he had not come near me. He replied, "He will be here soon."

I now recognized in my companion the large well dressed man I had observed on the porch. He told me his name was George Parkinson, that he was formerly a partner of James Cusick, one of the expatriated, and that he would befriend me. He was an Irishman and I thought I could trust him. In a moment more Dennison entered. "Come," said he, "there is no time to lose." Parkinson took one of my Derringer pistols out of my belt, saying that we would go to his room where he would give me another six shooter, and we stepped into the street. The place was by this time alive with people running to and fro. We walked about two hundred yards before we reached

(Continued on Page 32)

The Physician at the Supper Table---II.

By the Sybarite

"I have told you half a dozen times that you had no insomnia," responded the physician, as the two California clubmen sat on either side of a pint of Clos-Vougeot and a three-pound canvas-back that had been roasted twenty minutes, some fried hominy and a platter of crisp celery stalks and other relishes. "Your insomnia, so-called, is merely sleeplessness; and if you attend to what I have many times said to you, and which there is no need of repeating, you will get over your complaint without drugs and professional bills."

"Your utter sang froid makes me a bit tired. Two or three hours sleep out of eight or ten you call sleeplessness, and you—"

"This is a delicious wine, and properly warmed."

"Do you prefer it warmed?"

"Have you ever heard of any one liking it otherwise?"

"I like my claret iced on a hot day."

"But this is not claret, and the weather is not even warm."

"Well, what has that to do with my insomnia?"

"When carefully and properly made and aged and bottled and warmed it carries blissfulness to the stomach and transport to the brain. It is at once delicate and powerful, rich and stimulating. It is sensuous and fragrant, voluptuous and grand. It is full of dreamy delights and invigorating qualities. It possesses exquisite aroma, suavity of taste, and ravishing savor. It was the Canon Mancroix of Rheims, who died in 1708, who said:

"'In the wine of Burgundy there is more strength than vigor; it does not play with its man so much; it overthrows him more suddenly—that is Demosthenes. The wine of Champagne is subtler and more delicate; it amuses him, and for a longer time; but, in the end, it does not produce less effect—that is Cicero.'

"Well, I'll be teetotally switched. Here I am talking about my malady, and there you are going to pieces over a glass of wine."

"I once joined a friend in Paris over a bottle of Romanee Conti. You must know that none or little of this particular brand has ever been brought to the United States. Next to Romanee Conti is Clos-Vougeot, a favorite all over the world. One hundred times as much as is produced from the original vineyards is consumed—which does not really mean that ninety-nine per cent of the Clos-Vougeot we drink is spurious, however, for much of it is an honest wine, though made from grapes grown hundreds of miles distant from the district of Cote d'Or. The next best are Chambertin and Volnay, the former being the favorite wine of the great Napoleon and the latter of Dumas and Sue. There are many who place Chambertin at the head because of its fullness, fragrance, and excellent keeping qualities. It comes from Upper Burgundy and is famous wherever it is well known. All of these wines are heady and heating, and should only be taken with moderation and always with luscious food.

"Burgundy is the goutiest of all wines and is an insidious boomerang to the intemperate drinker, and especially if he be a gourmand who takes it daily with equal quantities of champagne, sherry, or port. Burgundy need not be sipped, but it should be taken in small quantities and allowed to linger along the tongue and palate and pass slowly down the throat. Or it may be held in action in the mouth until a most delicious sensation of the brain is produced. A pint or half pint of honest Burgundy, drank properly, will go further than a like quantity of any other strictly table wine. Under no circumstances should it be cooled or gulped down like beer or water. Really, none of these beverages should be gulped down, not even claret or champagne, although it is difficult to restrain one's self from rapidly emptying at least the first glass of nicely chilled Monopole or Mumm, when one is awfully thirsty. But there is no

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plausible excuse for rapidly swallowing the divine nectar from the golden hillsides of La Belle France, for the more slowly it is taken the more delicious the fragrance and savor.

"Burgundy—that is, red Burgundy—should be artistically warmed. There are many ways of doing this. The best is to hang it so that the sun may shine upon it all day. This is much better than placing it near a fire or in hot water. If there is no sunshine place the bottle in water of 65 degrees or 70 degrees and increase it to 80 degrees or 85 degrees gradually. If warmed properly and drank properly its effect is heavenly. It carries fascination into stomach and brain. It is an elixir to muscle and nerve. It thrills the tiniest vein and tingles every part of the body. It elevates human kind more than any other wine."

"But what has that to do with my insomnia?"

"Have you followed the advice I gave you the other evening?"

"O, there you are with your crackers again. Furthermore, I do not feel like eating just before crawling into bed. And I don't believe a few crackers or even a half dozen of oysters or a lamb chop would drive away my insomnia."

"Did it ever occur to you that man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach? The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he falls asleep and sleeps until he needs another meal. The horse will bay all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provisions for a late meal just before dropping off to their night slumbers.

"Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on, the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will awaken it, and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep on an empty stomach.

"We use the oft-quoted illustration, sleeping as sweetly as an infant, because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. This sleep, which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

"To sleep well, the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbed with such vehemence. To digest well, this blood is needed at the stomach and near the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drownsiness which always follows a well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.

"The waste of human life by the neglect of the lesson is very great. The daily wear and tear of the body might be restored more fully than it usually is if this simple rule was not systematically violated. Sleep is wonderfully recuperative, but it may be shorn of half its benefits by unfavorable conditions. Foul air in the bedchamber leaves the sleeper almost exhausted in the morning as, when weary with the day's labor, he sank upon the bed. A gnawing stomach, empty of food, takes out of the nightly sleep that refreshing sense of comfort which properly belongs to it. It leaves the blood to throb in the heated brow, and haunts the sleep with an ever-present source of disquiet. It is like the sleep which the mother takes while her sick child is under the care of watchers in another room. An uneasy stomach is just like an aching heart in its effect upon the nightly repose.

"A healthy person who goes to bed on a full stomach will always wake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day and a light supper is served at six in the afternoon, a hearty luncheon should be provided at ten in the evening, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever that hour may be.

"The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness is merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you will fall asleep. Not long ago I was called at two in the morning by a lady you know, who assured me she was dying. The body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation, I ordered buttered bread, (hot milk or beef-tea were better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life and a desire to sleep; and she was sound asleep when I left her house an hour afterward.

"Recently, the dangerous and lamentable habit of promiscuously taking sleeping draughts has unfortunately become very prevalent, entailing misery and ill-health to a terrible degree. Most persons addicted to this destructive practice erroneously think that it is better to take a sleeping draught than lie awake. A greater mistake could hardly exist. All opiates more or less occasion mischief, and even the state of stupefaction they induce utterly fails to bring about the revitalization resulting from natural sleep. The physiological effects of hypnotics, of sleeping draughts, upon the system, is briefly as follows: (1) They paralyze the nerve centers and disorder the stomach, rendering it unfit for its duties; witness the sickness and loss of appetite consequent upon a debauch. Chloral, chloroform, opium, etc., act upon the system much in the same way as inebriation. (2) One and all anaesthetics introduced into the body have life-destroying properties in a low degree—proved by an over-dose being fatal. (3) The condition they produce is not sleep, but a counterfeit state of unconsciousness. (4) They directly poison the blood, consequent upon its carbonization, resulting from their action. While speaking of sedatives, I cannot omit drawing special attention to chloral. This powerful drug is popularly supposed to give a quiet night's rest without any of the after effects (headache, etc.), produced by various preparations of morphia. Now, chloral is what is termed cumulative in its action, which implies that even the same dose persisted in for a certain length of time may cause death. Of all hypnotics, chloral is by far the most deadly, and should never, under any circumstances, be taken except under medical supervision. To be sure, if a person be suffering from great pain—"

Waiter—"You are wanted at the telephone, Doctor. There's been an accident—"

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

Investigating High Prices

The proposal to appropriate $65,000 for the employment of experts to continue the investigation of the high cost of living after the Congress adjourns has divided the Senate on political lines. Senator Lodge, the chairman of the High Cost of Living Committee, thinks that this measure will be necessary in order to ascertain present prices and compare them with the prices of the past, but Senators Clapp and Overman object strenuously to the use of the public funds to "furnish material for campaign text books" and to "tell the people how much they are paying a yard for calico and a dozen for eggs." The democrats are all opposed to the proposal and the republicans who voted against the tariff bill are lined up on the same side.

An Increased Pacific Fleet

Two new armored cruisers will be attached to the Pacific fleet next fall. These are the North Carolina and the Montana, both of them at present in the Atlantic. The two cruisers, after completing other special service, will meet the Tennessee and South Dakota in South American waters and the four vessels will visit Buenos Ayres and Santiago during the celebrations projected in those cities. On the completion of this duty all four cruisers will proceed to this city and will be attached to the Pacific fleet. The armored cruiser will come to the Pacific by way of Suez to become the flagship of the Asiastic squadron. Pacific Coast representatives in Congress have petitioned to have battleships sent to the Pacific, but this is not in line with the present policy of the navy department. The Atlantic fleet contains only sixteen battleships none of which can be spared. The time is approaching, however, when the department will be able to organize a fleet of battleships for the Pacific without decreasing the strength of the Atlantic fleet. There are twelve battleships in the Atlantic which are not attached to the fleet. Six of these are on special service and six are undergoing repairs. In addition there are four battleships under construction. When these are placed in commission the navy will have sixteen battleships which can be despatched to this side of the world.

Government by Fives

Citizens of Buffalo are endeavoring through a bill introduced in the New York legislature to inaugurate the system of municipal government which obtains in Des Moines and Galveston; that is to say, government by commission. These Buffalonians would revolutionize their municipal polity by substituting for all the elective officials a council of five consisting of a mayor and four councilmen who will preside over (1) Public Affairs, (2) Accounts and Finances, (3) Public Safety, (4) Streets and Public Inmprovements, and (5) Parks and Public Property. All subordinate officers are to be chosen by the Five. All the executive, legislative and administrative functions of local self-government are to reside in the Five. In the election of the Five the so-called preferential system is to be followed; the elector indicating a first, second and third choice. The referendum and recall are features of the new system. So far both the senate and assembly bills embodying this project have remained dormant in the legislature.

The Wax Bust of Flora

Although the German government has put the stamp of authority upon the action of Dr. Bode, curator of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, in paying $40,000 for a wax bust supposed to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci by appropriating the sum for his reimbursement, evidence of a very convincing kind is at hand to show that the bust is a fake. The wax of the bust has been submitted to a careful chemical examination by Dr. Georg Pinkus, an eminent German chemist. Dr. Pinkus not only analysed the wax of the Flora bust but also a bit of wax from a bust known to have been made by Lucas, considered by experts other than Dr. Bode the maker of the Flora. The examination revealed a striking similarity between the Lucas wax and the Flora wax and a slight variation in each case from beeswax. This was found to be due to the presence of spermaceti, a substance which was not used in the making of wax in da Vinci's time. When a piece of wax was extracted from the interior of the supposed antique bust, bits of English newspaper adhered to it. It looks as though Dr. Bode has been "sold."

The Empress of Abyssinia

News filters slowly to the world from the African kingdom of Abyssinia but now that the death of King Menelik, the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," has been measurably authenticated, it is feared that his widow will endeavor to make trouble. Fearing the power of his wife, the Empress Taitu, a woman of great determination and ability, Menelik imprisoned her and had his fourteen year old grandchild proclaimed Heir Apparent. The Empress is supposed to be still in durance. She was once a woman of great beauty and was married four times before she became the wife of Menelik. Her first husband was one of King Theobald's generals, her second she divorced, her third was killed by King John and her fourth was "removed," as it is euphemistically expressed in Abyssinia. She married Menelik in 1883. Like members of the ancient Judean line from which he claimed descent Menelik was extremely suspicious of feminine guile; hence the long imprisonment of his spouse.

No "Civil Sanctuary" for Cars

The Supreme Court of the United States has just settled a question which has been variously adjudicated in the highest tribunals of many States after many hard-fought legal battles. It has decided that railroad cars belonging to an interstate railroad corporation and being used for purposes of interstate commerce are subject to seizure under an attachment issued out of a State court. Railroad corporations have contended that their cars could not be lawfully attached except in the State in which the corporations were organized. A railroad corporation organized in Indiana resisted seizure of its cars in Iowa claiming that all instrumentalities of interstate commerce are free from judicial process. This sweeping assertion of privilege the Supreme Court has denied because, in the language of Mr. Justice McKenna, it would put all the property of an interstate railway company "in a kind of civil sanctuary."

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The Spectator

Keil's Persistent Reticence

Once more has the public been reminded of the mysterious death of William J. Biggy. At a meeting of the police commissioners the other night Hugo D. Keil, formerly a member of that commission, appointed thereto by Mayor Taylor, was called upon to give testimony with reference to an interview with Biggy which took place just before that unfortunate individual went to his death in the waters of the bay. Mr. Keil refused to testify. Though he once made an official report of what was said at that interview that report has never been made public, and Keil's lips have been sealed ever since. Now why should this matter be kept from the public? Is it not remarkable that the one man who is able to shed light on the Biggy tragedy, the circumstances of which have inspired a suspicion of foul play, should be permitted to withhold the valuable information that he possesses? This is one of the many curious, unprecedented things that marked the administration of our municipal affairs when the machinery was under the control of Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan. Of course Mr. Keil has not kept his great secret inviolate. So much weight on his bosom was more than he could bear. He unloaded in private, but so far as the public records are concerned there is an absolute blank where there should be the sworn testimony of the one public official who possessed information of value to the constituted authorities.

Biggy's Enemies

As I have said Mr. Keil once made an official report of his interview with Biggy. That report was in writing and was handed to Mayor Taylor, who, after reading it, quickly handed it back for the reason, the supposition is, that being eager to protect his friends of the graft prosecution from scandal he deemed it advisable to treat the report as a private communication. Whatever his purpose, it is certain that the good poet never permitted the report to cumber the public records; yet affecting a desire while in office to have the graft prosecution investigated he appointed a committee of puppets for that purpose. Now in my opinion nothing could have been more pertinent to the subject matter of that investigation than the Keil report. And as I know some of the things that were recited in that report my opinion in this instance is deserving perhaps of more than flippant consideration. I know, for example, that Mr. Keil reported how bitterly Biggy complained to him of the manner in which he was being hounded by his enemies, and of the causes of their dissatisfaction with his conduct. Keil reported among other things a significant harmony of sentiment between Judge Dunne and Rudolph Spreckels with respect to the attitude that Biggy should have assumed toward Maurice Haas, the frenzied ex-convict who shot Francis J. Heney. Biggy told Keil that Judge Dunne summoned him to his chambers one day and berated him for not assuming that Haas was instigated by the higher-ups; also that Rudolph Spreckels censured him for precisely the same reason. Among others mentioned in the Keil report was that chaste moralist, Mr. Fremont Older. Biggy told Keil the story of the origin of Older's hostility. It was to the effect that this indefatigable nemesis of fallen women was eager to guarantee protection to a brothel which some distinguished citizens were about to open. Biggy refused to give his assent and Older was shocked and furious at his ingratitude. Another of the enemies that Biggy made, according to Keil's report, was William J. Burns, the detective. He fell out with Biggy because the latter would not consent to make Alex Greggains a sergeant of police. From all of which it is evident that Mr. Biggy was a most undesirable functionary.

"Old Grabber ought to be satisfied with the money he has."
"He is satisfied—so much so that he wants a lot more of exactly the same kind."

When Twain Left Journalism

Like a great many other literary men of abundant achievement Mark Twain was a failure as a newspaperman. He was on the Call in the early sixties and had the reputation of being a shirker. One night the city editor found him asleep on the stairs leading up to the local room. "I don't think you'll ever make a newspaperman," said the city editor. "I don't think so either," was the rejoinder," and I think I'll quit trying right now." And Mark Twain threw up his job on the spot. As a matter of fact Twain's sense of humor had sadly interfered with his reportorial work. One morning he was assigned to the task of writing up the mysterious murder of a fallen woman in the Latin quarter. He wrote a tale that was thrillingly yellow. He stated that he had been the first to view the corpse and told of a theory that the murderer is sometimes reflected in the eyes of the victim for a brief period and gradually fades away. He solemnly declared that he had examined the eyes of the dead woman and saw reflected therein the image of a reporter on a morning contemporary.

One of His Experiences

At a dinner in New York about ten years ago Mark Twain discoursed of his newspaper experience as follows: "I was a reporter in San Francisco years ago. I was willing to be again, but somehow other people didn't seem to take the same amount of interest in it that I did. The pawnbrokers had charge of nearly all of my portable property. I met another literary character there in the same situation. He was a poet. He was out of a job. I believe there was some little love rom-

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ance about it, too. But I think I will spare your feelings about that part of it. Well, the poet came to me one day and said he thought his life was a failure, and asked me what I thought about it. I told him I thought it was. He spoke about suicide, and thought probably it was the best thing he could do. Now I knew that if I could get what the newspapers call a 'scoop," I could probably get something to do. I did not discourage him in his suicide proposition. I kept it in his mind. He had his preference about the way suicide should be done. Most people have their preferences in suicide. I have.

The Difficulty of Suicide

"The poet wanted to shoot himself. But this meant a pistol. Now we could not afford a pistol. I told him we should always exercise a proper economy in all things, and that drowning would be economical. I kept close to him all these days. The drowning method seemed to have some attraction for him. But there was one drawback. He was a splendid swimmer. We thought however that if he got out into the sea far enough we could manage that. So we went down to the shore. And as he stood there on the beach there came rolling in something from the broad Pacific. It was something that was on an errand. It may have been traveling on that errand for three thousand miles. But it got there and it arrived on time, landing right at the poet's feet. It was a life preserver.

A Dicker for Death

"Of course he could live three weeks on a life preserver if he had capital enough to provision himself for such a long cruise. Then we had an idea, which was unusual. It was I who had the idea. The poet never had any ideas. This applied particularly when he was writing poetry. But I had an idea and it was that the life preserver suggested a way to having a land suicide. We might pawn the life preserver and get a pistol. So we took it to a pawnshop. It was not a very good life preserver. It had been traveling a good while and showed the wear and tear. But we dickered with the pawnbroker and got a pistol for it. But just before he gave the pistol the pawnbroker said to me: 'But say, what does he want a pistol for?' I took the pawnbroker into the back room and told him how things stood. As man to man I told him my situation and the advantages that would accrue to me from a scoop. Then I said to him plainly: 'That man out there is a poet and he wants to commit suicide.'

He Blew His Brains Out

"The pawnbroker fell in with my view that it would be a good thing, and we got the pistol. It was a derringer pistol—a single barrel affair. It carried a bullet about the size of a hickory nut—not one of the largest hickory nuts, but one that would make a good, big, honest hole and cause a lot of trouble. The poet wanted me to go and see him commit suicide, but I argued with him that it hardly seemed right for me to assist in a suicide in which I had a selfish business interest. I told him that, on the contrary, I ought properly to dissuade. I argued with him in this way until I found that I was unsettling him, and then I told him that I would stick to him as a friend should, and go and see him get the thing through and off his hands. So he went out and put the pistol to his head, and, oh, what awful moments those were as he stood there pressing the muzzle to his temple! It seemed as though my heart beat and thumped until it could do so no more, and that then it stopped and that there was a vacuum where the heart ought to be. Finally my emotions could be controlled no longer, and I cried out to him: 'Why don't you pull the trigger?' Then he did pull the trigger. The ball went straight through his head and took all the gray matter with it. It made a new man of him. The bullet hit his poetic faculty square in the center and dragged it out the back door. And I am glad to say that that man is alive to this day, and that ever since that pistol shot he has lived an upright, respectable and useful life."

He Resented Correction

Oldtimers well remember the fashionable Cosmopolitan Hotel of other days. A prominent lady living there gave an entertainment one evening and Mark Twain was among her guests. He was telling a story in his droll hesitating way when a young woman who was then aspiring for literary honors which she afterwards attained, sought to help him out with a word for which she thought he was groping. He paused and gave her a look of severity and drawled out: "No, that was not what I was going to say. I prefer to tell this story in my own way." Needless to say the young woman felt the rebuke, but she realized her conceit and years afterwards when she had become an eloquent listener used to tell the story on herself.

"They seem to be in love."

"Yes; I really believe those two think as much of each other as they do of themselves."

Admiral Sebree's Sensation

When Admiral Sebree was banqueted at the Palace Hotel a short time ago somebody went to the trouble to report the old seadog's speech verbatim. Sailors are noted for their bluntness and perhaps there is no sailor quite so blunt as a retired admiral, but even taking all this into consideration, it must be admitted that Admiral Sebree made an unusual sensation by his remarks on that occasion. Not only did the admiral astonish the naval officers who were present, but he has also excited a buzz of gossip in eastern naval circles, for the sensational part of his speech has been published in the eastern papers which men of the navy are in the habit of reading. Here is the portion of Admiral Sebree's speech which has excited comment:

When I retired on February 20 I hauled down my flag without the least feeling of bitterness. I felt that I had done my work and I reached the top of the lid. There was nothing more that I could do. My only regret was that I was so old. Though I am to all intents and purposes a dead one at the present time, I shall naturally take a keen interest in the navy. It remains for the young officers to improve the service. If they fail to do so I shall feel that we older ones have been remiss in our duty to our country in not training them in the right manner. On one occasion I was Governor of Samoa and had great difficulty in filling the position. I received no orders from Washington and realized after a couple of months that

my interpreters were not interpreting correctly. I heard neither approval nor disapproval from the natives and I was somewhat bothered as to whether I was doing right. In the midst of my trouble Sir Harry Rawlston, a famous English admiral, visited the island for a few hours, and I placed my dilemma before him. "When I am in a position like yours," said the admiral, "my plan is to d——n the admiralty office and go ahead." I followed his advice and believe I had the most absolute monarchy that ever existed. I believe such advice must have been given to Lord Kitchener when he was a small boy, and my advice to young officers who find themselves in tight places without orders is to don't give a d——n as to what they say in Washington and use common sense. You will do your duty better.

Our Chinese Editor

Ng Poon Chew who is the editor of the first Chinese daily paper published in this city, was in New York recently and told the reporters some very interesting facts which San Franciscans ought to know but don't. He told them, for instance, that when he first established his paper here his Chinese friends put up money for it with the expectation that they would never get it back. The first year the paper paid a dividend of ten per cent; the second year, thirty per cent; another year, seventy-five per cent. In the first ten years the stockholders got back four hundred per cent on their investment. The paper has a circulation of 3600 and goes all over the United States. No effort is made to make it sensational, murders and other crimes being simply mentioned. In connection with the newspaper enterprise Mr. Chew conducts a book department, importing from China all sorts of literature. He says that there is quite a demand for Chinese translations of Shakespeare, Darwin, Spencer and other philosophical writers and that fiction, beginning with Robinson Crusoe, is extremely popular.

The Chinese in California

Mr. Chew states that there are only 65,000 Chinese in America and that the Chinese population of this State is only half of what it used to be. He says that there used to be 30,000 Chinese in this city but that the number has dwindled to 7,000. "Twenty years from now," he says, "you will have to go to a museum to find a Chinaman in this country." One thousand of the Chinese in this city, he estimates, are Christians and for these there are five churches, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Salvation Army. Of the Americanized Chinese as found here Mr. Chew says: "Since the earthquake and fire the character of the Chinese in San Francisco has changed altogether. Most of the clubs and societies like the Six Companies before the fire had religious observances and kept idols and altars in their meeting places. Now the idols have been removed and their place taken by lecture platforms, and each hall now has maps on the walls and a library and reading room containing papers both American and Chinese. Before the fire every Chinese merchant had in his store an altar and an idol of the god of wealth. Now they have thrust out the idols and the altars and are trusting to themselves. Chinatown is now a very substantial section of the city."

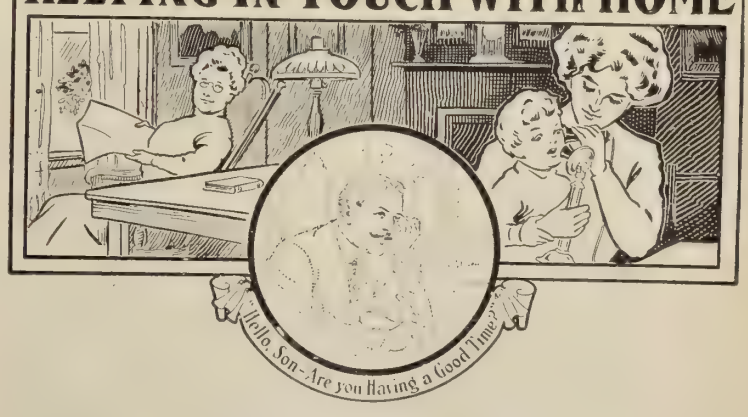
A "Shoestring" Harbor

Los Angeles "harbor" as it is called is thirteen miles south of the point where Spring street ceases to be a city street and merges into what Secretary Zeehandler of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association calls "a municipal highway," but which others less inclined to the euphemism of the South Californian booster would call "a county road." Originally this "harbor" was a slough, but when the scarbina fishers began to make it their landing place it was marked on the maps as San Pedro bay. It became a "harbor" when Los Angeles "annexed" it by the "shoestring" process. This "right of way" between Los Angeles and its "harbor" is half a mile wide, which is about equal to an ordinary right of way for a suburban railway. The Los Angeles boosters, however, probably consider it amply wide enough to accommodate all the traffic that will ebb and flow between their city and their harbor. Disinterested outside opinion may infer from the belated action of Los Angeles that the necessity of being a seaport was an afterthought, and that it is also a tacit acknowledgment on their part tnat they built their city in the wrong place. In truth, when Los Angeles was rehabilitated from a Spanish pueblo into a modern American city there was no intention beyond establishing a convenient health resort for wasted lungs and tired livers. It was the real estate speculator who first broached the possibility of a real city, and it is the real estate speculator who has since kept that notion in the minds of the permanent residents of Los Angeles. These permanent residents of Los Angeles, it may be added, are cannibals whose favorite food is the fatted tourist in his season.

Guy Barham's Subtle Jest

When President Taft was in Los Angeles he was "shown around" by the boosters and among other things the "harbor" was presented for his consideration with a modest request that he use his influence with Congress to obtain an appropriation of 'steen millions for its "improvement," meaning, of course, that the President should assist the Angelenos in compelling a harbor where only a mud flat now exists. When the President's

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH HOME



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launch returned from the tour of observation it grounded on one of the flats. This incident seemed to appeal to the sense of humor of the newspaper correspondents accompanying the presidential party and they were caught by Guy Barham in the act of laughing uproariously.

"What are you laughing at, boys?" he asked.

"We're laughing at your harbor out there in the offing," answered one of the newspapermen.

"Well," said Guy meditatively, "I must admit that it does lack one essential of a harbor."

"And what is that?" asked another.

"Irrigation," was the honest confession.

"Are you in favor of the repeal of the blasphemy laws?" asked an excited old lady at the political meeting.

"Madam," replied the candidate gravely, "I am a golfer."

Entertaining the Hotel Men

There was diplomacy of the most fruitful sort in the lavish entertainments prepared for the hotel men who sojourned in this city last week. Wherever they go the men of the country's big caravanserai are sure of hearty welcome; they are the professional dispensers of hospitality and it is meet that they should be accorded some part of the pleasure which they prepare for others. So the annual conventions of the hotel men are always unusually jolly affairs. Cities outdo one another in doing them honor. But San Francisco has set a new mark in their entertainment. Never before has so much originality, so much genuine hospitality, such lavish expenditure contributed to the joys of their stay in any city. Experienced bonifaces who think they know what's what in the purveying of good cheer went away from here astonished by the reception which they had received. It seemed strange to them that they should have to travel to the western edge of the continent before exhausting the possibilities of entertainment.

The Gambling Feature

Much mystery was made by the daily papers as to the gambling which was a feature of the forty-nine mining camp entertainment at the St. Francis. Yet there was no mystery about it. The money used was real money; there was the genuine rustle to every bill, the genuine ring to every double eagle. Quite a formidable number of thousands changed ownership that night. The easterners, it must be said, had to learn the etiquette of the occasion, but once instructed they showed themselves good sports. Their first timid bets of half dollars and dollars were succeeded by bets of tens and twenties and losses were taken as nonchalanatly as you would please. Still I don't think the visitors lost very heavily, because after all they gambled gamely but did not plunge like some of our local sports. One of our State senators, I think, dropped $450 and a prominent retail merchant parted with $1500. As in most games of chance the gamekeepers had most of the money when the night was done. Jimmy Coffroth, Frank Daroux and some of the men from the Northern in San Mateo County netted very respectable sums out of their contribution to the evening's entertainment.

The Chinese Decorations

One aspect of the hotel men's entertainment could not but appeal forcibly to a San Franciscan. That was the continual use of the Chinese motive in the decorations. The official souvenir book of the affair is done in Chinese colors and teems with Chinese pictures and drawings. The banquet room at the Palace was decorated in the Chinese manner and there were many who said that they had never seen a more beautifully prepared room. Little Chinese boys and girls in gala dress sang the patriotic songs which they have learned in our public schools. Of course it was a wise thing to insist on the oriental side of San Francisco life. While there are Chinese in other cities there is nowhere else a Chinatown like ours with wealthy merchants, fine

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Sample Rates	Direct Routes		
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Boston	110.50	New Orleans	67.50
Chicago	72.50	New York	108.50
*Denver	55.00	St. Louis	67.50
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Sale Dates

May 11, 12, 13, 14, 25, 26, 27 and 30
June 2, 3, 4, 24, 25, 26 and 30
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women and Americanized children. To travelers nothing is more attractive, nothing lingers so long in memory as the oriental riot of colors, the strange oriental type of beauty and the effective oriental schemes of decoration. The Chinese are a great asset in our city life and it seems strange that they should not have been appreciated until quite recently. On good authority I have been informed that to Mr. Alexander of the St. Francis Hotel, an Eastern man, is due more than to any other the popularity of the Chinese and their characteristic decorations in local entertainments.

The Worth of It All

The shortsighted may be inclined to think that the prodigality with which the visiting hotel men were entertained surpassed the demands of the occasion, but they are decidedly in the wrong. Every city makes special efforts to entertain the bonifaces and in the case of San Francisco there were particularly cogent reasons why their good will should be captured. If we are to have an exposition in this city in 1915 we need the assistance of the hotel men throughout the country in persuading people to come here. The hotel men do not control the course of travel but they do more than any other set of men to enlarge its stream. If they are well disposed toward San Francisco and San Francisco's fair they will send thousands to us and put many a penny in our purse in exchange for the pennies which have been spent in entertaining them. It was very good business policy to give them the time of their lives.

Jack Johnson's Admirers

In the olden times of Roman glory women vied with men in doing honor to the gladiators who bested their opponents in the arena and there were no carping critics to suggest unworthy motives for their enthusiasm. Times have changed since then; witness the exclusion of women from pugilistic encounters. And yet there is no doubt that women admire the exponents of the manly art of self-defense, admire them with an admiration that does not yield the palm to the matrons of ancient Rome. I have received striking proof of this fact in a circumstance told anent the coming of Jack Johnson, the ebony fighter who is to do battle with Jeffries at Emeryville. Johnson, I am informed, is now on his way to this city and as becomes one of the foremost men of the world of sport, he is traveling in regal Pullman splendor. With him, I have been given to understand, are traveling three white women who are so keenly interested in his personality and prowess that they have accorded him the honor of their company for the dull trip across the continent. That Johnson appreciates the honor which these three white women are conferring on him I make no doubt, for everything that I have heard of him indicates that he is the soul of devotion in his relations with the weaker sex.

A Millionaire's Tip

J. Parker Whitney, sportsman and litterateur, came down from his beautiful country home at Rocklin a few days ago and registered at the Palace Hotel. As he entered the hotel, suit case in hand, one bellboy remarked to another: "Gee, if you had his money you wouldn't have to work." Taking the hint the bellboy rushed over to Mr. Whitney, seized his bag and overcoat and accompanied him to the desk. As he deposited the bag by the traveler's side he saluted politely and started away. "One minute," said Mr. Whitney. The boy turned back expectantly. "Take this," said Mr. Whitney. The boy extended his hand, but Mr. Whitney fumbled and there tinkled on the tiled floor a ten cent piece.

The total capacity of the ten wine cellars of the Italian-Swiss Colony is 14,250,000 gallons of choice California wine. Try their fine Asti Colony table wines, especially their popular TIPO, (red or white).

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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profts.....$10,999,664.56
Cash and Sight Exchange 9,984,601.71
Deposits 24,111,867.07
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Deposits 23,028,250.20
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A Critic on Oscar Wilde

One of the local critics was moved to the expression of some general thoughts on Oscar Wilde when he was writing his estimate of Miss Maud Allan's "Salome" dance. His generalities proved reasonable and pleasing until he referred to "the modern and pervading, although happily waning influence of Oscar Wilde." That gave me pause, for the simple reason that I believed and still believe that the influence of Oscar Wilde, instead of waning, is waxing. This seems to me to be proved by the various costly and cheap editions of his complete works which are now to be found on the shelves of the booksellers, as well as by the increasingly respectful attitude of critics towards his literary achievement. It is also proved by the persistence with which his ideas are imitated and stolen by poets, playwrights and essayists. To speak of the "happily waning influence of Wilde" is to convey the impression that the Wilde influence is a bad influence, an influence which all good men should rejoice to see destroyed. That must be the critic's state of mind. I am surprised and disappointed, because I thought that this particular critic was more than ordinarily enlightened and that he appreciated fully the refining influence which the fastidious art of Wilde has had on the crude literary strivers of today. By the way, this critic errs in stating that Aubrey Beardsley destroyed some of the "Salome" plates before he died. The plates which he destroyed were not made for the illustration of Wilde's "Salome." They were certain plates which few had seen at the time when they were broken.

Reproving an Editor

As a means of expressing disapproval of editorial policies and pronouncements the expedient of ducking the editor in a pond arrests attention for the nonce but does not appeal to reason. There are times of course when personal chastisement seems to be the only adequate way to punish an editor for overstepping the bounds of journalistic propriety and there are on record many instances where a smart twigging has produced a salutary change in the character of editorial criticism. But after all the argumentum ad hominem, the logic of muscle, should be kept as the very last persuader of recalcitrant moulders of public opinion. It does not seems as though its use could ever be justifiable in college journalism. It is true that among the young spirits of a university the resort to force is merely obedience to an instinct of the healthy animal, but just on that account it should not be made. Animal instincts should be curbed and not encouraged at college. There is no part of collegiate training more important than this; no part, unfortunately, which is more neglected. As to the merits of the controversy at Stanford no outsider, it would seem, is competent to speak positively. It is altogether an intramural dispute which may safely be left to the adjudication of the proper university authorities. But that the editorial course of Mr. Leaf warranted those whose withers were wrung in throwing him into Lagunitas Lake, I do not believe. If these young men are so sensitive to newspaper criticism at college, with what more dangerous methods will they show their resentment of it when they have graduated into the real world of affairs? If in the green wood they duck an editor what will they do in the dry? It is a case in which all editors should stand together, not merely to save their skins from a chill and their dress suits from ruin (few editors possess dress suits, by the way), but also for the honor of their professional function. The cold water of a pond makes no fair answer to the argument of printer's ink.

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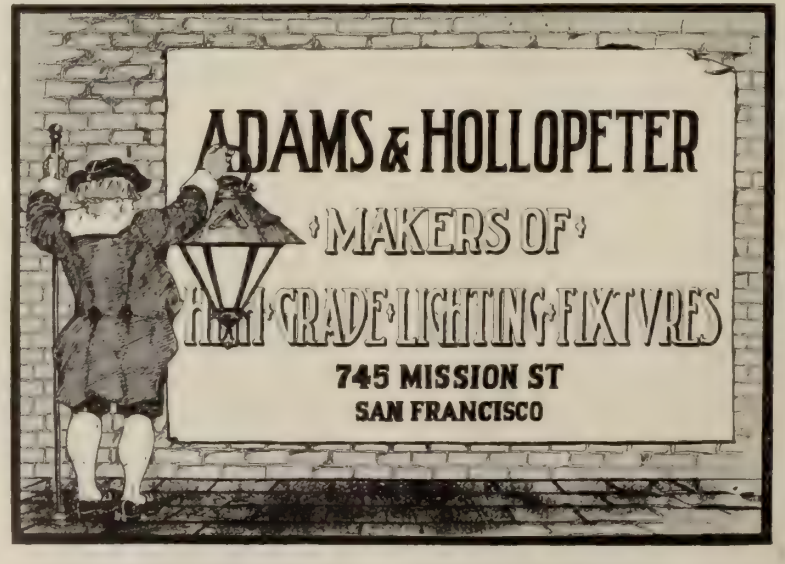

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northwest corner of Sutter and Sansome streets last Monday morning, one of the finest and most complete banking rooms in the whole country, and a vast number of friends and clients thronged the premises all day admiring the building and its unsurpassed equipments. The building occupies a site 122:6 on Sutter street and 46:10 on Sansome street. The exterior is of white granite; the Sutter-street front consists of an arcaded colonnade, and the Sansome-street front has one large arch entrance, flanked on each side by two detached columns of the Doric order. The banking-room occupies the entire first floor, is thirty-six feet high, with vaulted sides and paneled ceiling. Two large vaults occupy the rear of the banking-room. The city collections, clearing-house department, telephone and pneumatic service are on the mezzanine floor. The large safe deposit vault contains 5000 boxes. Neither care, attention nor expense has been spared to make it one of the most handsome, substantial and commodious banking establishments in the country. An impressive feature of the banking-room is the monumental and yet exquisitely molded bronze work of the lighting fixtures in the Italian Renaissance style. These of themselves will repay a visit to the bank by lovers of the fine arts, for no such bronze work is to be seen elsewhere in Western America. They were designed and executed by the local firm of Adams & Hollopeter. While the main chandeliers are of heroic size, being eighteen feet in length, four feet in diameter and each weighing nearly half a ton, they are so admirably proportioned that their size is not realized. The motif of the traditional Italian lamp is carried throughout the entire lighting scheme, not only of the main room but of the mezzanine floor, directors' room and even to the portables on the desks, all the smaller fixtures being adaptations of the same thought, which harmonizes perfectly with the other decorative effects of the interior. The brackets are fashioned like the four main chandeliers, simplified but enhanced in hanging quality by being pendant from a huge bracket scroll, a replica of the famous Venetion Flagstaff bracket. This poise of scale, form, and hanging makes a bold effect and its striking success gives clear evidence of a mastery in design and execution. It also solves the problem of having the zone of light both as regards chandeliers and brackets in one plane, at the same time making the ornament center properly in the wall panel. The outlets are twenty-two feet from the floor, a most unusual height. All the remaining fixtures are the same in general line and detail, simplified or elaborated to meet practical requirements. Altogether the fixtures are a credit to the ability of the local manufacturers. This bank, one of the strongest in the West, is the consolidation of the London Paris and American Bank, founded by Lazard Freres, and the Anglo-Californian, founded by the Seligmans, both international bankers ranking with the leading financiers of the world. Since the consolidation, one year ago, the deposits have grown from $17,000,000 to $24,000,000. Its management is known to be conservative and progressive, and the bank ranks among the strongest financial institutions in the United States.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 626 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at Nos. 536 Polk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

EXCURSION TO UKIAH

THE NORTHWESTERN PACIFIC announces an excursion to Ukiah on Sunday May 1st. This is the most popular excursion run by any railroad in the State. The ride is through Marin, Santa Rosa, Russian River and Ukiah Valleys, and at this time of the year it is a most beautiful trip owing to the fruit trees being in blossom and the wild flowers in full bloom. The trains pass through a veritable bed of wild flowers. The trip can be taken in absolute comfort as each ticket insures a seat, there being no more tickets sold than there are seats provided. The fare for the round trip is only $2.50 and the tickets are now on sale at the City Ticket Office, 874 Market street, and at the ferry. The leaving time from San Francisco is 8:45 a. m., and from Ukiah 5:00 p. m.

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Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

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Six races on each of these days, rain or shine

First race at 1.40 p. m.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Vanderbilt Reconciliation

Many are the rumors which have flown abroad anent the sudden departure for the East of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, and quite naturally, it has been surmised that her swift change of plans has had some bearing on the whispered stories of an estrangement between herself and her husband. Herein, it seems to me, rumor shows a shrewd ability to guess the truth. Mrs. Vanderbilt came to California with every intention of making an extended visit with her friends of San Francisco and Burlingame and it could only have been a weighty consideration which induced her to change her plans. In this connection the departure of Lina Cavalieri, the Italian singer, for vacation in Europe after her more or less arduous operatic season in New York takes on considerable importance. The attention of Willie Vanderbilt to this ravishing beauty is regarded by many as the cause of the disagreement which has alienated Mrs. Willie from her erstwhile adoring husband. That attention, I am told, will henceforth be discontinued. The Cavalieri, it seems, has been induced to realize that it would be the course of unwisdom any longer to exercise the power of her charms over Birdie Fair's husband. The arguments by which she was brought to this state of mind, I am told, were supplied by members of the Vanderbilt family and proved so cogent that the Cavalieri saw their force without much difficulty and forthwith departed for Europe. Mrs. Vanderbilt's next meeting with her husband will take on the character of a reconciliation.

The Pierpont Morgan Family

While Mrs. Pierpont Morgan and her daughter are in San Francisco the head of the family is in another part of the world, appraising and buying masterpieces of art for his splendid collection. Which serves to remind me that Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan are seldom together. Their tastes, it seems, are very different. The friends whom Mr. Morgan cultivates are not the friends whom Mrs. Morgan shows a predilection for. One of the friends of whom Mr. Morgan was particularly fond not so long ago was Miss Maxine Elliott and yet I have never been given to understand that Mrs. Morgan improved the opportunity of becoming an intimate of the beautiful actress. Mr. Morgan's friendship for the Junoesque Maxine must be set down to two considerations, his inevitable financial instinct and his great love of art. Maxine's artistic temperament made a great hit with Mr. Morgan and he saw quickly the benefits which would accrue to him if he gave her a theater of her own. That it was a good investment nobody familiar with the case has ever denied. And yet it seems that Mr. Morgan has been succeeded by another "angel." One of the Gould brothers, it is reported, has waxed equally enthusiastic over the art of Maxine and is now backing her theatrical enterprises. There can be no doubt that her association with great financiers has taught Maxine a great many things about business usually unknown to actresses.

The Riot Over Marjorie

Some of our illogical editors have seen fit to visit their weighty censure upon the heads of the women who mobbed the very fashionable church in New York where Miss Marjorie Gould was married to young Anthony Drexel. They are disgusted because the curious crowd mastered the sexton's assistants and engaged in a scrimmage with the police, for all the world like a company of militant suffragettes. They glimpse the degeneration of the glorious American femininity in the fact that hundreds stood for hours in the pelting rain to catch a glimpse of the bride. I repeat that these editors are illogical.. If our editors are not responsible for the riot in front of the very fashionable church, pray who is? Have not the editors shunted real news onto the back pages to make room for glowing accounts of

Photo, H. Pirie Smith

MISS GENEVIEVE BECKWITH

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Beckwith of Eureka whose engagement to Elton Bailey McFarland will come as a pleasant surprise to her many friends. Miss Beckwith was prominent in amateur theatricals while at Stanford. Mr. McFarland is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo G. McFarland of this city.

the engagement presents and the dresses of the bridesmaids and the visit of the affianced couple to the license office? Have they not made it clear to the dullest intelligence that Miss Marjorie Gould, being the daughter of millions, is composed of some different kind of flesh and blood from that which does duty for ordinary men and women? Have they not pointed out that Miss Gould, in marrying a mere untitled American, was showing a courage, an originality, a self-sacrifice, if you please, worthy of commemoration in some hall of fame? Have they not, in a word, made a little tin goddess of Miss Gould? Then why should not the women of New York riot for a glimpse of this "dea certe"? Is it not commendable to stand in the rain for a look at a heroine? Having created the legend of Miss Marjorie Gould almost overnight it is rather shabby of the editors to take their readers to task for accepting it. Would they have use believe now that she is a mere mortal woman? 'Tis too great a strain upon credulity. Having faith in our editors we accept their first delineation and feel very peevish over the scolding which they have so virtuously administered after leading us into mischief.

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She is Making a Hit in Paris

The latest San Francisco girl to make a decided hit in Paris is Miss Elsa Matthews who is regarded by competent Parisian critics as a musical prodigy. Miss Matthews is associated with Miss Dorothy Toye of Minneapolis, a singer with a voice of two distinct qualities, tenor and soprano. With no musical training, little experience and indifferent looks, Miss Toye has conquered the Paris music halls. She is singing at the Boite a Fursy, a tiny theatre in Montmartre where the prices are higher than anywhere else in Paris and where it is regarded as particularly "chic" to spend an evening. Miss Toye's salary for an engagement of six months is said to be $1200 a month. Miss Matthews is

Photo. Terkelson and Henry

MISS NITA WAND

A charming and cultured young lady who was prominent in one of the cotillon clubs during the past season.

quite as remarkable as Miss Toye. She has composed songs for Miss Toye to sing and accompanies her on the piano. She knows nothing about the technique of music, yet during the past eight months she has published twenty-five songs, all of which have succeeded. Miss Matthews fears to take music lessons lest she lose the gift of spontaneous composition. The two young ladies have an apartment together and will remain in Paris indefinitely. Miss Matthews is collaborating in an opera with a French composer and is also writing one of the musical reviews which will be produced in the fall.

A Great Old Nurse

Approaching the Fairmont a few days ago I saw old Henrietta, considered by many the best colored nurse in San Francisco. I did not know that she was still in active service till I caught sight of her smiling and wheeling a baby carriage before her. They say that Henrietta weighed 100 pounds when she was nineteen years old and was engaged as the first colored maid at the old Palace. She must be about 55 years old now and she has grown very big and heavy. But she is not too old, too bulky or too heavy to take care of children and she is now engaged by Mr. Robert Hayes Smith, the oil man, to look after the first born of the family. Old Henrietta was tending the little Smith boy when I saw her the other day. For several years Henrietta was employed by Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge and some very tempting offers were made to her by families with little children but she liked the two Shortridge youngsters and stayed with them till they had outgrown the need of a nurse. I recall that Jim Follis offered her $150 a month when his first boy was born, but Henrietta was never mercenary and the dazzling salary was not even a temptation to her.

Testimonial Concert for Wanrell

The friends of Senor Joaquin Wanrell have arranged to give him a testimonial concert on Wednesday evening, May 4, at Kohler and Chase Hall. Wanrell lost all his material possessions in the fire which gutted the old Tait restaurant in Van Ness avenue recently and he has so often lent his valuable services to charity that his friends feel the obligation of reciprocating in the time of his misfortune. That it will be an obligation generously and abundantly fulfilled there can be no doubt for Wanrell has a host of friends and admirers in this city. In the concert of next Wednesday he will sing some of his finest numbers and will be assisted by a number of fine artists including Nat Landsberger, Signor V. Arrillaga, Miss Fay Carranza, Miss Alice Dolan and Miss Grace Hanrish. Those who desire to take tickets may obtain them by communicating with Miss Fay Carranza, 1430 Hyde street, or with the Press Club.

The Aeronette Dance

Which of our bold hostesses will have the hardihood to introduce the aeronette dance into local society? I ask this question having no doubt that news of the very latest terpsichorean novelty has flown from Paris to our most enlightened drawing rooms. The aeronette dance is a tour de force of graceful complexity but is not on that account above the capacity of our dancing set. It

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really requires little more brains to master than polo patter and is not nearly as difficult as auction bridge. The aeronette, be it understood, is one of the interpretative dances of which one hears so much nowadays. It is an interpretation of the flying of an aeroplane, a most poetical subject for ball room treatment. A slow dreamy waltz suggests the starting of the machine. The time moves faster and faster, then stops to indicate the passing of the aeroplane from hearing. Then a languorous Viennese waltz which breaks into a galop indicates the highest point of ascent. Then the music gradually slows again. It will be seen that this treatment is suggestive of aviating to the most unimaginative. The dancing is as symbolical almost as the music. For the first movement the dancers stand side by side with arms outstretched and bodies bent slightly forward. Galoping six steps forward represents the movement of the aeroplane as it goes over the ground quickly, gaining speed for the ascent. Next in facing position the arms of the dancers are outstretched and raised first on one side, then on the other; at the same time the knees are bent and raised while taking two-steps. Following this come six turns of the Boston two-step, then the balance (with the arms upraised) two-step, and again six turns of the Boston. All this indicates the aeroplane as it balances lightly and soars off into the air, and is repeated to slow or quick time as the music determines. Then the last movement of the dance is taken with dancers side by side, body slightly forward and hands pointing toward the earth. Slow steps are taken, for this represents the descent of the aeroplane, and as the music finally stops the dancers find themselves back to back, with hands clasped and outstretched—the aeroplane safe and steady on the ground. Colonel Frank Johnson would be an invaluable instructor in the new dance.

Potter's Marriage

Formal announcements of Captain Ashton Potter's wedding at Colorado Springs are being received by friends in this city. He was wedded within a few hours of the signing of the final divorce decree, to Mrs. Grace Depew, herself a divorcee, her former husband having been Ganson Depew, said to be a nephew of the New York Senator. She was Miss Goodyear of Buffalo, and her first husband is a member of all the clubs there. Captain Potter, whose first wife's divorce was secured in New York, was a nephew of Bishop Potter, a fact which the newspapers are not permitted to forget when he figures in them, and yet the Bishop once said, in speaking of this division of the Potters: "Ye are the clay, we are the Potters." James Brown Potter is his uncle, and his father was one of the Howard Potters. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War Ashton Potter was having a rough time of it in the Klondike. He tried to get into the Rough Riders, and, being unsuccessful, enlisted with the First New York and went to Manila, where he switched to the regulars and became a second lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry. In Yokohama, ten years ago, he married Miss Mary McNutt, whose father was a member of the police commission here. Since then he has stuck closely to the Pacific Coast. He is now in New York on his honeymoon.

The Flag Room a Palace Feature

When the Palace first adopted the pleasing custom of hoisting the national flag upon the arrival of foreign diplomats as its guests only a few flags were needed. But now the flag room of the Palace is almost as complete as that of a first class battleship and the official representative of almost any government in the world is sure to be welcomed with his own flag at the mast head. Last week, however, the Palace was almost caught napping, not in the matter of having the flags but in the question of finding a place for them. The Palace at present is equipped with three flag staffs. When His Excellency Ching Yang Tang arrived from Washington the dragon flag of China was hoisted. This took two of the masts, for on one the Stars and Stripes floats in every sort of weather. On Friday Prince Tsai Toa arrived and the pennant of the royal house was run up on the same staff as the flag of the Empire. That same night the Minister from Portugal, Viscount D'Arte who came from Washington to be present at the banquent given at the Palace to the Portuguese Admiral, arrived and the flag of Portugal was broken out on the third staff. A few minutes later word was received that a prominent member of the Japanese government was in the party which had just arrived and that he was coming to the Palace and the management was in a quandary where to hoist his flag. This was settled when he decided to go to the Fairmont and in a few minutes the white and red emblem of the Mikado was flying on that house. When President Taft was at the Fairmont last year his flag was flung from the highest mast and now the Palace has just added to its collection a new official flag that will be in frequent use. This is the pennant of the Governor. Few people realize that we have a Governor's flag and the Palace will be helping to teach State pride as well as showing a nice courtesy by displaying it when the chief executive is in the hotel.

Mr. H. H. McGowan, owner and manager of Paraiso Hot Springs, with Mrs. McGowan, spent Thursday at The Peninsula.

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In the Social Spotlight

Among the distinguished visitors at the Palace this week was Dr. Seward Webb and party of New York. Dr. Webb is one of the most important men in the affairs of the New York Central Railroad, a director in a dozen or more great enterprises and has been spending the winter at Del Monte as is his custom. In the party are Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb, W. S. Webb Jr., H. Walter Webb, Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. James H. Purdy.

The broad cosmopolitanism of the Fairmont Hotel was aptly illustrated last week by the arrival of the party of prominent Japanese merchants and business men who came in on the Chiyo Maru and made the Fairmont their home while in this city. In the hotel at the same time were representatives of the richest and most fashionable families in the country. Among these were Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and her daughter of New York and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt who was just preparing to return to the East. While the ladies of the Japanese party were being entertained at tea by Mrs. N. Nagai, wife of the consul general of San Francisco, the ladies of the Morgan party were also enjoying themselves in the Laurel Court.

Among the late arrivals at the Fairmont were Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Simpson and Miss Simpson who came up from Pasadena en route to their home in the East. Mr. Simpson is associated with D. R. Plumer, manager of the Hotel Green at Pasadena and also Briar Cliff Manor and other summer hotels in the East. Mr. Simpson is manager of the Hotel Edgemore at Greenwich, Connecticut. While in this city they were entertained by Mr. Charles Cooke with whom they have been close friends for a long time.

Although the scattering of the ships to the North and South has in a measure reduced the number of those in the "Service Set" at the Fairmont, the nucleus of that delightful coterie still remains and attracts the transient member of the service who comes to the city. Among the recent additions to the "Service Set" at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glassford, U. S. N., Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Biello, U. S. N., Dr. Tucker Smith, U. S. N., Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Kindelberger, D. Kindelberger and wife, U. S. N.

The number of parties traveling to the coast in private cars has been greater this winter than ever before and the Fairmont has had the honor of entertaining a great many who travel in this luxurious manner. Among the late arrivals was the party of Mr. Thomas DeWitt Cuyler, a director in the Santa Fe railroad who has been making a leisurely journey about the coast in his private car. With Mr. Cuyler were Wallace W. Atterbury and Robert C. Drayton.

Over three hundred members of the Hotelmen's Mutual Benefit Association arrived at Del Mont Sunday evening on three special trains. Many of the members were accompanied by their wives, making a very jolly party. Monday they spent a happy morning on the scenic drives returning to Del Monte for luncheon and early in the afternoon the specials carried them on to the city.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include Mrs. J. W. Goodwin, Miss Peterson, Miss Holton, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton, Mrs. B. Y. Kron, Hattie J. Thompson, Miss H. Lillis, De Putron Gliddon, G. Marshall Dill, M. C. Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Kunan and the Misses Kunan.

Mrs. K. Simpkins, accompanied by her maid, arrived at The Peninsula last week for the summer.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle, the note surgeon who has been ill for almost a month, is at Del Monte with Mrs. MacMonagle in search of rest and recreation.

Mrs. F. L. Birch of Los Angeles is at Del Monte with her maid.

G. Earl Henkell of the firm of Henkell and Company, wine merchants of Wiesbaden, Germany, is at Del Monte. He is on a tour of the United States.

Among the well known San Franciscans who spent the week-end at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Nichols, Master Herman D. Nichols and Mr. Will B. Tubbs.

Mrs. John Coryell has taken apartments at Del Monte for herself and children and will be there for some time. Mr. Coryell plans to run down regularly for the week end. Last Sunday they all lunched en famille at Pebble Beach Inn.

Mr. J. R. Howell of the real estate firm of Baldwin & Howell, was a guest at The Peninsula last week.

Miss Bina Grow, a society girl of Oakland, is the guest of her grandparents, the C. A. Grows, at The Peninsula for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Isley of Milwaukee are spending the week end at the Vendome.

A Little Daughter of the Rich

who lives on Pacific Avenue in San Francisco, complained the other day that she and her brothers have no place to play. "Earl and Kenneth," she said, "can't play ball in the street, 'cause they won't let them, nor in the square, nor in the lawn. There just isn't **anywhere.**" There's no such difficulty for the brown-legged, ruddy-faced, dutch-cut lads amd their romping sisters of

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Mrs. F. F. Low and daughter, accompanied by their maid, were among the early arrivals at The Peninsula. The Lows will spend the entire summer at the hotel.

Mr. R. B. Lindsay joined Mrs. Lindsay at The Peninsula last week. The Lindsays will be all summer guests at San Mateo's fashionable hostelry.

Mrs. F. G. Atkinson entertained during the past week at a prettily appointed luncheon at the Hotel Victoria where she is a guest for several weeks.

Mrs. B. N. Rowley and Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn were among the week's dinner hostesses at the Hotel Victoria.

A party of Chicago visitors who are registered at the Hotel Victoria during a stay in San Francisco includes Mrs. W. E. Main, Miss Julia Main and Miss Violet Fraser.

Mrs. G. T. Easterday and Miss Easterday of Watsonville are in town for a few days, and are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

A recent arrival at the Hotel Victoria is George Wharton James of Pasadena.

Dr. H. L. Benepe of Palo Alto is visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. L. Benepe, at the Vendome.

Miss Carpentier and her father, Mr. A. Carpentier of San Francisco, are visiting from Mrs. Capt. Thos. Young at the Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Fritz with Miss Fritz and E. N. Fritz motored down to the Vendome from San Francisco for the week end.

Mrs. W. E. Shedd and Miss Alice Shedd of Danville, Ill., with Mrs. Rush Winslow of Appelton, Wis., are spending the month at the Vendome.

Recent arrivals at the Potter are A. Rattray, B. F. Gray and wife, G. McNelly, San Francisco; Jas. D. Bridges, Philadelphia; S. Back, New York; F. H. Montgomery, San Francisco; Mrs. T. W. Perkins, Lynn, Mass.; Miss Eleanor Bissell, Hartford, Conn.; Dr. J. E. Roberts, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Everett T. Tomlinson, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Parker, Brookline, Mass.; Geo. M. Munzer Jr., Los Angeles; H. C. Richter, San Francisco; Dr. C. M. Richter, San Francisco; Mrs. F. Bonce Natherly, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Roberts and son, Pasadena; Mrs. W. R. Comstock, Alpine, Mich.; Miss Marie Comstock, Miss H. J. Comstock, Alpine, Mich.; B. F. Scudder, R. Frank Gross, U. S. N., Dr. and Mrs. Etcheverry, France; J. F. F. Moore, New York; E. G. Stratton, Philadelphia; Robert Morris, San Francisco; C. K. Strobel, Los Angeles; Mrs. R. C. Otis, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jenkins, Miss Cornelia Chandler, Chicago; George D. Rumsey, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Naconda, Boston; Miss J. K. Simpson, Portland; Mrs. E. W. Bendeet, Clinton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gunther, Mrs. B. F. Hobert Jr., Miss Gunther, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Buckingham, Memphis, Tenn.; Ernest L. Gunther, U. S. S. W. Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Swafford, Miss Ethel Swafford, Kansas City; Miss Armour, Donald C. Armour, Master J. Stanley Armour, Hamilton, O.; J. F. Vaught, St. Louis; Mrs. Russell Harding, New York; Mrs. E. I. Bushby, Memphis; Mr. and Mrs. Otto Rothchild, Mrs. Henrietta Rothchild, Portland; Edw. E. Hanmerich and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lundy, Miss Lundy, Geo. E. Leary, Chicago; Mrs. K. Huson, Tehama; E. N. Huson, H. O. Harrison, San Francisco; S. S. Rooth, Los Angeles; J. B. Davis, San Francisco; Joseph B. Picaret, Omaha; H. M. Newton, Sparata, Wis.; Donald Barker, Los Angeles; N. Calef, Berkeley; A. C. Franklin, New York; S. Whitney, Miss N. L. Whitney, Hartford, Conn.

Late letters from Miss Ethel Shorb announce her arrival in Paris after a delightful visit in Dresden. She will go to England with Mrs. E. C. Locke to spend several months. Miss Ann Wilson, aunt of Miss Ethel Shorb, will return to America by May 26 as her favorite nephew, Lieutenant George Patton, U. S. A., will be married to Miss Ayers at the country home of the Ayers near Boston on that date. Miss Ethel Shorb will continue her travels under the chaperonage of Mrs. Locke. Preston Locke, son of Mrs. Locke who graduated with high honors at Columbia College, will attend a course of lectures at Oxford.

Mrs. Edwin L. Griffiths of Ross Valley will leave in May for the East where she will attend the graduating exercises at Yale, her son being one of the graduates. Later they will sail for a tour abroad, expecting to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick have returned from Los Angeles to their home in Gough street. Mrs. McCormick was formerly Florence Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Kains entertained a bevy of young people all in their early teens at a card party last Saturday evening at their home in Francisco street. Pretty prizes and dainty refreshments closed an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves left last week for St. Helena accompanied by her two young grandsons. She will be away all summer. Mr. Graves has been very ill for the past four months. The physicians hold out little hope for his recovery.

Miss Harriet Pomery was hostess during the week at a delightful luncheon at the home of her parents in Clay street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sullivan's home was visited by the stork last week. The little son is the fourth child in the family. Mrs. Sullivan was formerly pretty Kate Ivancovich. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan have taken the Johnson house in Ross Valley for the summer.

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Anecdotes of Local Celebrities

A Boost for the Rabbi

Some time ago a young rabbi arrived in this city to take charge of one of our most fashionable synagogues. One of the gentlemen who were instrumental in bringing him here was formerly a distinguished wholesale merchant, but he is now retired from business. He has served the city well as a supervisor and also as a grand juryman. One day he was expatiating on the merits of the new rabbi to some of his friends in the bar of the swell hotel where he makes his home. The list of virtues which he attributed to the rabbi was as long as Homer's catalogue of the ships. Finally he capped the climax by saying: "And the best of it all is that he doesn't look a bit like a Jew."

Getting His Money's Worth

A well known lawyer who for years has been a thorn in the side of Public Administrator "Billy" Hynes on account of his success in digging up absent heirs was lunching one day in a cheap restaurant. The waiter had brought his order and our lawyer had nearly completed his meal. Suddenly he pounded violently on the table and roared for the waiter. The waiter hastened to the table. "Waiter," cried the lawyer, "bring me a fork. I'm entitled to it."

Saving the Italian Colony

There is a certain distinguished lawyer who usually figures in all the litigation of our wealthy Italian-Americans. Like a great many other successful lawyers he lives up to the last cent of his income and is frequently pinched for money. One day he took down the telephone receiver and called up a prominent Italian warehouseman. "Mr. F———," he said, "I would like to see you immediately at my office on a matter of the most vital concern to the entire Italian colony of San Francisco." The warehouseman was at the lawyer's office within fifteen minutes. "Mr. F———," blandly explained the lawyer, "it is most gratifying to me that you should respond so quickly. I wish that you would accommodate me with a loan of fifty dollars."

A Knotty Problem

A distinguished lawyer who is eloquet to his famous index finger tip was standing recently at the entrance to the ball room at the Fairmont, surveying the beautiful women who were waltzing to the strains of the "Merry Widow." Finally he removed his eyeglass the better to point his remark and turning to a friend at his side declared: "Whenever I gaze on a scene of beauty like this I am tempted to ask, Why did the Creator make woman so fair and man so frail?"

He Outdid Lincoln

One of our most promising young attorneys edited the college paper while he was at the University of California and as a veracious editor bestowed a great deal of praise upon an oration which he delivered at Berkeley one legal holiday. His brother who is also a lawyer was sceptical about that oration. "Speaking as a brother and not as an editor, Dick," he said, "did you really deliver a good speech?" "On the square, Tom," responded Dick, "it was a masterpiece. Why, it contained ten more words than Lincoln's Gettysburg address."

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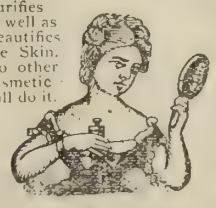

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Stage

Kelcey and Shannon Up-to-Date

When last I saw Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon they were playing "The Idlers" at the Alcazar. "The Idlers" is an old-fashioned play by Haddon Chambers and Kelcey and Shannon attacked it in a thoroughly old-fashioned way. That seemed natural enough, since Kelcey and Shannon had come to be regarded as old-fashioned players, the relicts of an epoch that had passed into history. And now behold them back in our midst with the thoroughly up-to-date Bernstein drama of "The Thief." Kelcey and Shannon are so modern in "The Thief" that one wonders why they should ever have exposed themselves to the deadly accusation of being behind the times. Yet there used to be good reason for so regarding them. They did not seem to keep pace with the procession as John Drew and other old time favorites have done. But now they are abreast of the times, giving a modern play in the modern manner, modernity, mind you, being a matter of years and not of decades in theatrical chronology. "The Thief" is bound to conjure memories of Margaret Illington, even for those who did not see her in the role. Not having had that pleasure, I am happily free from the necessity of instituting a comparison between the retired star and Miss Effie Shannon. I did have the good fortune to see Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the part, but still I refrain. Miss Shannon is not the equal of Miss Vanbrugh any more than Mr. Kelcey is the peer of George Alexander who was the original English-speaking "Richard Voysin." Miss Shannon is a woman of great personal attractiveness and of fine dramatic ability, so she may be judged on her own merits. That her light has been for several years hidden behind a bushel of wornout plays may be blamed on her managers, for in "The Thief" she is surprisingly good. The second act of this play makes strenuous demand on the versatility of an emotional actress and I failed to see wherein Miss Shannon fell short. She sustained the burden of her role easily and sent the thrill of every development in the situation across the footlights with convincing forcefulness. Mr. Kelcey is not as good an actor as Miss Shannon; his temperament is rather phlegmatic and his method lacks elasticity. He is a capable actor of great experience and nothing more. Fortunately his part is subordinated to that of Miss Shannon, in accordance with the intention of the dramatist. The other members of the small cast are uniformly good, Arthur Lawrence as the detective supplying a particularly pleasing interpretation of his part.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Still After George Bernard Shaw

The London critics simply cannot let George Bernard Shaw alone. While affecting to despise his productions, they write reams of copy to prove that they are untrue to life. Pretending not to take anything he does seriously, they yet cannot affect a bantering manner in dealing with him. It looks as though the irritating Irishman has gotten on their nerves; even on the steady nerves of Max Beerbohm. Casting about for terms with which to describe Shaw's latest production called "Misalliance," Beerbohm uses "the keen and unremitting north-east wind" as a symbol of the Shavian brain and would have "the dust and other remnants" which the nor'-easter blows into one's eyes stand for "the staleness of the characters and ideas which Mr. Shaw fragmentarily reproduces from his past work." Surely this is going far afield for figures of a damnatory character. Is it clever? Is it convincing? Does it not give Mr. Shaw the right to despise the critics who affect to despise him? Mr. Beerbohm is out of patience with Shaw's picture of an intellectual but neurotic youth. It seems that an intellectual but neurotic youth in Shaw's latest says to the father of the girl he wishes to marry: You're very full of beef today, aren't you, old boy?" Mr. Beerbohm says he has never met an intellectual but neurotic youth who would say that. The intellectual but neurotic youths he knows have more manners. Perhaps Shaw might answer that they cannot be very neurotic. Mr. Beerbohm also takes exception to this youth's lovemaking. The youth tells his papa-in-law-to-be that he will marry the daughter if the settlement is satisfactory. Don't Englishmen talk like that to prospective papas-in-law? The Englishmen who come to America to capture heiresses do, if we may believe what we are told. There is a scene in the play which Mr. Beerbohm thinks Shaw must have thrown in without thinking. Imagine Shaw doing anything of the kind! He probably thought that it would irritate Mr. Beerbohm and other critics and constructed it with unusual thoughtfulness for that malign purpose. Certainly he has succeeded.

Grace George at the Columbia

Grace George will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks commencing on Monday night, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The new comedy in which she is to appear is called "A Woman's Way" and its author is Thompson Buchanan, a young newspaper man who also has to his credit "The Intruder." Being "A Woman's Way" the play ought to be full of surprises to mere man; also it ought to be brimming over with comedy. It is a tale of a wife who wins back her husband after they have drifted apart. He fancies he has fallen in love with another, and when a man fancies such a thing it is apt to be serious. The "other one" is a rich and fascinating Southern widow, and while the two are automobiling they meet with an accident and the newspapers print full and detailed accounts of the affair. Every friend and relative is on tiptoe expecting a divorce, but the wife is not made of conventional clay and

DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH

The first conductor of the New York Symphony and his son Walter the present conductor, when 21 years old.

she proceeds to show her courage in facing the situation. Loving her husband she believes his infatuation for the "other one" to be nothing more than passing. Instead of leaving the field to her rival she refuses to budge from her hearth and home and takes the breath out of everyone else concerned by inviting the widow to her house. The widow comes, sees and the wife conquers. There

VIENNA BOLTON

Who will appear in the famous baseball comedy, "Swat Milligan," this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

are many scenes of comedy and complications but after it is all done the husband finds that he really loves his wife.

The Damrosch Symphony Concerts

The greatest season of orchestral concerts this city has ever enjoyed will be the eight to be given at the Garrick by the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Four eminent vocal artists, Mme. Sara Anderson, Mme. Van deer Veer, Mr. Reed Miller and Mr. Marcus Kellerman accompany the organization and will be heard in some of the great works to be offered. The first program will be given Sunday afternoon, May 8, and will be entirely Wagnerian. On Mondady night, May 9, a Tschaikowsky program will be given under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association. On Tuesday night a symphony concert with Brahms and Beethoven offerings is the attraction. The program for Wednesday night, May 11, will be under the auspices of the American Music Society and novelties by American composers will form half the program, the other half being devoted to foreign novelties. Friday night, May 13, in addition to a symphony program the music of the last Bohemian Club Jinks by Wallace A. Sabin, entitled "St. Patrick at Tara," will be produced under the baton of the composer with the Loring Club of seventy voices assisting. Saturday, May 14, will be devoted to a symphony concert with Beethoven's "Eroica" and Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" in the afternoon and another Wagner Festival at night with an entirely new program. The farewell performance will be given Sunday afternoon, May 15.

Ade Comedy at the Alcazar

George Ade's successful comedy, "Just Out of College," will be given its first presentation west of Chicago next Monday evening and throughout the week in the Alcazar. Folk who have had opportunity to compare and are competent to judge pronounce this laugh-getter even more amusing than "The College Widow" by the same author and much funnier than any of his other contributions to the stage. Its story is quaintly conceived and coherently narrated, its characters are familiar American types and its situations are both complicated and ludicrous. In brief the play is reflective of Ade at his best. John Ince will be Edward Worthington Swinger, the promoter, and Evelyn Vaughan is cast for the role of Caroline Pickering, his sweetheart. Other prominent characters are Septimus Pickering, the girl's father, Mrs. Luella Jenkins Pickering, her club-loving mother, Bernice McCormick, a stenographer who manages everybody who permits her to do so.

Wullner Week

"Wullner week" will begin Sunday afternoon when the distinguished song interpreter will begin a series of re-

SCENE FROM "THE THIEF"

At the Van Ness Theater next week

added for good measure. Seats for the San Francisco citals at the Valencia with a Greek Theater matinee and Berkeley concerts are now on sale at Kohler & Chase's, 26 O'Farrell street, and the indications are that the audiences will be even larger than those which

DR. LUDWIG WULLNER
Who will appear at the Valencia Theatre

greeted the great baritone upon his first visit. Dr. Wullner's first Valencia Theater concert will be sung this Sunday afternoon. The second will be given Friday night, May 6, and the third and last Sunday afternoon. May 8. The Greek Theater "Witch's Song" program will be given Tuesday afternoon, May 3. This Sunday's program will have as its feature Schumann's Dichterliebe Cycle never before given, in its entirety, in this city. It has been one of the sensations of Dr. Wullner's recent New York and Boston appearances. Many other numbers never before given in the west by Dr. Wullner will be included. All numbers on next Friday's night's program will be new to San Francisco and will include the "Four Serious Songs," by Brahms. Sixteen classics and Wildenbruch's tremendous "Das Hexenlied" will be given at the Greek Theatre.

Baseball Skit at the Orpheum

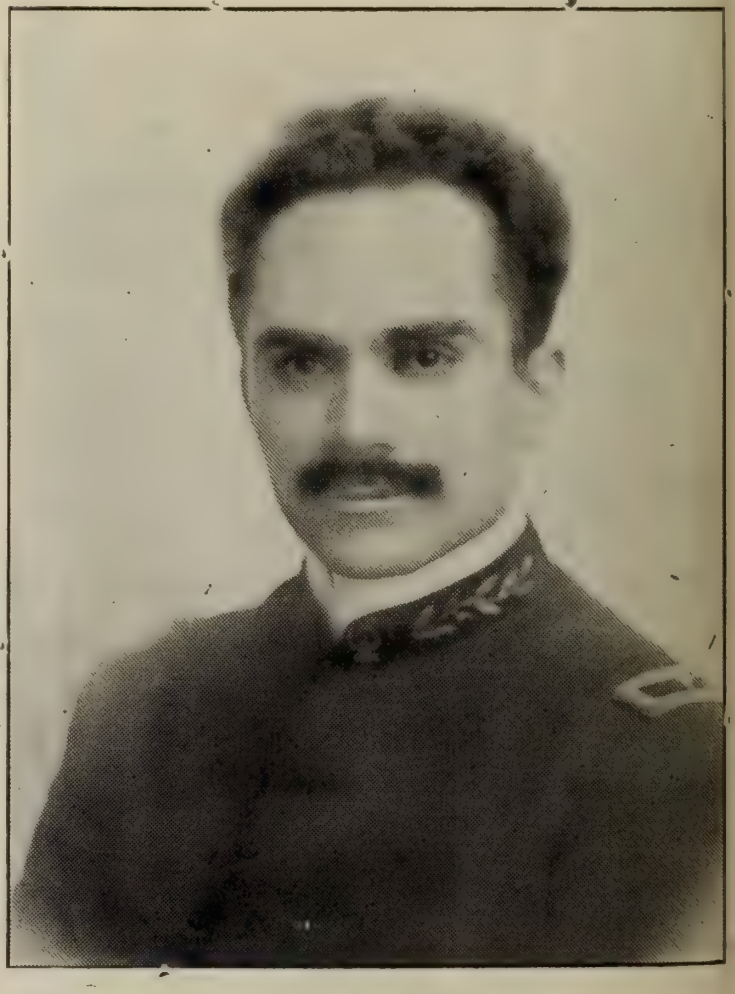
Next week at the Orpheum the great baseball comedy by Bezeman Bulger, "Swat Milligan," will be presented. "Swat Milligan" is known far and wide as the man "who knocks the ball a mile." In Bulger's famous stories of his exploits he has eclipsed Baron Munchausen. Swat never fails at the critical time and always contrives to make the hit of the bill. The Avon Comedy Four introduce the idea of surrounding a quartette of excellent singers with a novel and humorous farce idea. Messrs. Goodwin, Coleman, Smith and Dale who constitute the quartette, will present what they call "The New School Teacher" which abounds in ludicrous situations and pleasant melody. A recent Orpheum importation, The Three Sisters Klos who recently finished a highly successful engagement at the London Hippodrome, will appear. They are considered Europe's most graceful and daring lady aerial gymnasts. John McCloskey, a young American tenor with a remarkable voice, will be heard for the first time in this city. When he sang recently at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, the "Herald" proclaimed him "The American Caruso." Next week will be the last of Anna Laughlin, "The Toyland Prima Donna," The Five Juggling Normans, Marshall Montgomery and of Elita Proctor Otis in the amusing comedy, "Mrs. Bunner's Bun."

Damrosch at the Greek Theater

Under the auspices of the Music and Dramatic Committee of the University of California the New York Symphony Orchestra under Damrosch will give two concerts at the Greek Theater. The first will be given next Saturday night, May 7, and will consist of instrumental and vocal excerpts from the Wagner music dramas. On Thursday afternoon, May 12, a symphony concert will be given at three in the afternoon. The soloists will be Mme. Van der Veer who will sing the aria from Gounod's "Sappho" and Mr. Marcus Kellerman who will offer Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers" with orchestral setting.

Music at Idora

But one more week remains before the Ferullo band completes its engagement at Idora Park in Oakland and departs for the East to fulfill other bookings. Half a million music lovers will have heard Ferullo by the time his engagement comes to a close. On Sunday Signor Pasquale Feis, the noted tenor, will be heard in a number of selections. He will sing Neopolitan folk songs and selections from the popular operas.



SIGNOR LIBORIO LOMONTE
Trombone soloist with Ferullo's Band now at Idora Park.

In the Limelight

The last of the Burton Holmes Travelogues will be given by Wright Kramer at the Garrick this Saturdady and Sunday nights. "Berlin" will be the subject.

The second and last week of "The Thief" by Charles Frohman's special company starts at the Van Ness on Monday night.

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company will close its engagement at the Columbia tomorrow night with a Mascagni Night. The program will include the Intermezzo from "L'Amico Fritz" by the orchestra; the entire performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Duet for Calvi and Nadal from "L'Amico Fritz"; Hymn to the Sun from "Iris" by chorus and orchestra; Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" by the orchestra; Prologue from "Pagliacci" by Angelo Antola; Estor Addaberto, Guiseppe Maggi and other artists in special numbers.

Maude Adams is coming to the Columbia Theater on Monday, May 16, with her brilliant success, "What Every Woman Knows."

Jack Standing, brother of the well known star Guy Standing, is a member of the company appearing in support of Grace George. Henry Miller Jr. is also in the cast of "A Woman's Way."

The Actor's Fund Benefit to be held at the Columbia Theater week after next will attract widespread attention as those in charge have arranged for the presentation of a great program.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

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"America's Foremost Comedienne"—N. Y. World, Feb. 23, 1909.

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(Direction of Wm. A. Brady)
In Thompson Buchanan's Comedy
"A WOMAN'S WAY"
"The Season's Most Substantial Success"—N. Y. Tribune.
Prices: $2 to 25c.

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Second and Final Week, Every Night Including Sunday, May 8th
Charles Frohman Presents a Special Company in
Henri Bernstein's Great Play

THE THIEF

With **HERBERT KELCEY** and **EFFIE SHANNON**
Only Matinee on Saturday. Prices: 50c to $1.50. Lower Floor, $1 and $1.50

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Monday Evening, May 2nd, and Throughout the Week,
First Presentation in the West of George Ade's Successful Comedy

JUST OUT OF COLLEGE

It's as Funny as "The College Widow."
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

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Safest and most magnificent theatre in America.
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

"SWAT MILLIGAN," the Big Baseball Comedy Hit; AVON COMEDY FOUR; THREE SISTERS KLOS; JOHN McCLOSKEY; ANNA LAUGHLIN; FIVE JUGGLING NORMANS; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Great Comedy Hit—ELITA PROCTOR OTIS and Her Company in "Mrs. Bunner's Bun."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c and 50c.

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DR. LUDWIG WÜLLNER

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Sunday Afternoon, May 1, Friday Night, May 6, Sunday Afternoon, May 8
In Three Remarkable and Entirely New Programs
Prices: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c. Box Seats, $2.50. Seats now selling at Kohler & Chase, 26 O'Farrell Street. Telephone Kearny 5454.

GREEK THEATRE RECITAL
Tuesday Afternoon, May 3d
Wildenbruch's Tremendous Poem, "Das Hexenlied," will be given during the Greek Theatre concert.

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Commencing Sunday Afternoon, May 8th, with a **WAGNER FESTIVAL**; Monday Evening, **Tschaikowsky Program**; Tuesday Evening, Symphony Concert; Wednesday Evening, **"American Night and Foreign Novelties**; Friday Evening, **Miscellaneous Symphony** combined with **Bohemian Club Jinks Music by Wallace A. Sabin with Loring Club assisting**; Saturday Afternoon, **Symphony Concert**; Saturday Evening, **Wagner Festival No. 2**; Sunday Afternoon, May 15, First Time of **Tschaikowsky's Opera "Eugen Onegin."**

Seats, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 ready next Wednesday, May 4, at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where schedule of programs may be obtained.

Address Mail Orders to Will. L. Greenbaum.

GREEK THEATRE—BERKELEY
Saturday Evening May 7—**Wagner Festival**
Thursday, May 12—**Symphony Concert**
Seats Wednesday at Usual Places in Berkeley Oakland and San Francisco

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Friday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinee
MAY ROBSON
In **"THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY"**
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 5th, 6th and 7th
BURTON HOLMES—TRAVELOGUES
Coming, May 9—"The Thief."

AFTER THE PLAY

THE FORUM CAFE

OAKLAND

Under the management of GUSTAV MANN

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The feature of the recent week's security market has been the appearance of declines with a moderate rally in the final dealings. A variety of causes or factors seemed responsible for the setback in values and much manipulation attended the decline. Exaggerated rumors of a let up in the steel and iron industry seemed to be the chief factor in creating much bear sentiment in the speculative world. Such rumors and talk we believe to be unwarranted. A slight setback in steel activity is not unnatural at this period but with a brilliant crop outlook we expect to see a resumption of large orders during late spring and early summer and we might say that the same applies to every other industry that is experiencing a lagging tendency today. Gold exports have continued but in moderate amounts and these have not affected the money situation here and are not likely to. The change in political sentiment in recent congressional elections has been a factor used by the bear contingent here. We believe, however, that while this matter is somewhat disturbing it is a subject that is not to be reckoned with at present and might be temporarily ignored. We are of the belief that the security market will do much better later on as the crop season advances.

Wheat—With the exception of a considerable decrease in farmers' marketings of wheat during the past week, the only changes in the general situation have been technical. The market changes, however, have been considerable. There have been rallies of 4⅞ for May, 3⅞ for July and 4 cents for September since mid-week. It may be worth noting that the same concentration of interest that was centered in May delivery and was largely responsible for the high prices of a year ago is generally conceded to be responsible for the comparative strength in September now. The long continued decline culminating in mid-week was not brought to a close by any accession of demand for wheat and flour either at home or abroad, but by the buying to secure profits of the leading shorts. These, finding too many small eleventh hour followers on the short side, have continued the buying campaign longer than might otherwise have been expected. The recent severe weather following the phenomenally mild and early spring will undoubtedly be of considerable benefit to the wheat crop, although probably disastrous to the fruit and to early vegetation.

Corn—Some little improvement has been seen in the last week in the corn situation from the holders' standpoint. Eastern stocks have been worn down materially, marketings from the interior have decreased, owners of cash corn have changed May delivery hedges over to July or September, and there is not now the probability of the overwhelmingly large and unsupported deliveries of May contract that were such an important influence against corn values a short time ago.

Cotton—Influenced by unfavorable reports, in fact stories of great damage by a killing frost throughout Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas, the prices on the new month crop jumped forty points. To a great extent this was due to the report of the necessity for re-seeding and that seed was scarce. Such reports as these are usually exaggerated but the persistence with which they come in makes it advisable to use great caution in trading, especially as it seems that the crop was further advanced in the eastern belt than it has been for years. Naturally the worst effect of the alleged disastrous news was on the month of October, for, without some sort of a cataclysm the price of cotton for the new months has been too high. The trade and even the public realizing this was selling it short in great quantities, and in consequence it was most susceptible to an onslaught and was freely bought in. If we thought that the reports of damage done were literally true, and that it was the worst in forty-one years, we would feel warranted in taking another stand as to the market but as it is, we do not yet feel justified in giving any such advice until something very much more reliable and definite is learned in regard to the situation.

Copper—The amount of copper on hand in London on April 15 was a distinct disappointment in view of the large falling off of exports in this country. Reduction for April to that date was only 2,755,200 pounds, compared with a total of 246,870,400 pounds. It is significant that, notwithstanding the curtailment of the production by the Butte mines forced by the strikes, and the knowledge that the Calumet and Hecla and Phelps-Dodge interests have not been outputting their full capacity, the total surplus of copper in this country and Europe was only 12,520,469 pounds less on the first of April than on the first of January when the total reached 385,970,913 pounds, the largest total yet reported. It is stated that there has been a large decrease in the invisible surplus here and abroad in the meanwhile, but if this is so, it simply means that the situation has been worse than has been shown by the official statements issued by the Producers Association and the foreign warehouses. The trouble is not with consumption but that production has been maintained and shows no sign of falling off and the figures do not indicate that the promised, or agreed upon curtailment has been effective, though we doubt that any such move was lived up to.

Local Securities—The eyes of the investing world are again turning toward California and our local market is already feeling the effect of large outside buying orders on our more prominent "issues." Pacific Gas and Electric, common and preferred, by reason of the recent financial statement showing over ten per cent earnings on the common stock, have advanced a number of points and now comes the news of the application of the Associated Oil for listing on the New York Stock Exchange. It is said that the oil company is earning in the neighborhood of fifteen per cent and this impression will certainly put Associated Oil in high favor in the East. It is thought that local investors would do well to pick up some of the Pacific Gas and Electric common and Associated Oil at their present prices before the flood of outside orders puts these stocks where they intrinsically belong.

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Fifty-Six Years Ago

SAN FRANCISCO was the first place in California, the first place in the whole western part of America, the first place among all the communities surrounding the Pacific Ocean to have a gas works.

February 11th, 1854, there was a banquet at the famous old Oriental Hotel to celebrate the fact that that night San Francisco's streets were first lighted by gas.

The system originally consisted of twelve miles of mains and of two holders with a combined capacity of 160,000 cubic feet of gas. Today this same company has 544 miles of mains, and its enormous storage capacity is about to be increased by the erection in the Potrero of a mammoth steel tank about the height and bigness of the St. Francis Hotel and having a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas as a direct supply for the outlying residence districts.

The price of gas in this city at first was $15 a thousand. By 1866 it had come down to $6, by 1870 to $4.50, by 1872 to $3.40. Now it is down to $1, which is the same price charged in Atlanta, Baltimore, Buffalo, Louisville, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Richmond, St. Louis, St. Paul, Washington City and Seattle, although many of these great cities are very near to cheap coal deposits and all of them pay much lower wages than maintain in San Francisco.

In Butte gas is $2.50, in Salt Lake and in Austin (Texas) $1.70, in Columbus (South Carolina) $1.60, in Newport (Kentucky) $1.52, in Burlington (Iowa), in Williamsport (Pennsylvania), in Pueblo (Colorado), in Spokane, in Jacksonville (Florida), and in Galveston (Texas), $1.50; in Utica and in Albany (New York) $1.30, in Portland (Maine), in Council Bluffs, in Dallas and in Tacoma, $1.25; in Lincoln (Nebraska) $1.20, and in Omaha (Nebraska) and in Hoboken (New Jersey) $1.10.

In February of 1906 San Francisco first began getting gas made from California petroleum. Tests have shown that this substance, treated by the very advanced gas-making methods now applied to it, produces a quality of gas superior to that made from coal, and that San Francisco as a city has gas of a higher candle-power and heat value than any of the great cities of the east.

Reports also show that in the year 1908 just twice as much gas was used in the United States for cooking and heating as was used in 1902. The day of wood-stoves and coal-stoves in the kitchen is rapidly passing.

LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET IN CIVIL WAR TIMES FROM THE FOOT OF O'FARRELL.

Splitting kindling, lugging coal or wood, carrying out ashes, getting up a little earlier every morning or hurrying home a little earlier every afternoon to start the kitchen fire, and always having to endure the unneeded heat after the cooking is done, all these disagreeable kitchen features are gradually going out of the domestic life of American womanhood.

They are going out because they mean drudgery, unnecessary dirt and annoyance, and hundreds of hours of extra work in a woman's lifetime.

They are passing because the modern gas range, with its broilers and its bake ovens, and the modern instantaneous water heater save so many hours and days in a woman's life, so much wear and tear upon her nerves and health.

And they are passing because, like the telephone, gas saves time, and life is made up of time used or wasted.

They are going out because, when intelligently used and not needlessly wasted, gas at the price charged in San Francisco is the cheapest of all the fuels, both for cooking and for heating.

San Francisco Gas and Electric Company,
John A. Britton, President.

LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET TODAY FROM THE FOOT OF EDDY AND POWELL.

Mr. A. C. Wheelock, the live agent for the Pioneer Auto. Co. at Fresno, visited Coalinga recently and went through the oil district with the members of the San Francisco's Chamber of Commerce. He reports business good.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 10.)

the place for which we had started, and I noticed with gloomy forbodings that I was the object on which all eyes were turned. We found the door of our place of refuge closed! I heard shouts in the distance, and despair began gradually to steal over me. At this moment, when I was about giving up all for lost, a horseman came dashing toward us at full speed mounted on a magnificent animal beautifully caparisoned. He reined up in front of us and springing to the ground said to those who were with me: "the party is made, and the hunt is up for him," pointing to me. I recognized the speaker at once. It was Jack Power. Bandit and Destroying Angel though he may be, he was my guardian angel then, and may Heaven which sent him to my succor be merciful to him in his hours of need. I had seen him in San Francisco in 1849 and he recognized me at once. "Judge," said he, "there is no time to be lost. Will you trust yourself to me? I will protect you as far as I am able."

Parkinson and Dennison did not want me to leave them, but I knew Power's desperate courage well, and would have chosen him out of the whole State for a partner in a hopeless fight. Something prompted me to at once assent to his proposal and I did so. In an instant we were gone, leaving my companions standing in the street, and in less than three minutes Dennison was arrested, but I had vanished. Jack ran with me about twenty yards up a street at right angles with the one in which he found us, passed me through the window of a house, rolled me up in about forty yards of carpeting he found lying on the floor, told the woman of the house in Spanish what he had done, cautioning her to say nothing and then rushed out and joined in the pursuit after me louder than the loudest; while the woman quietly took her seat in the doorway and commenced to sing. It was all done in less time than it has taken me to tell it. I had, in an instant as it were, been snatched from certain death!

The pack was now in full cry, and as I lay in the carpet, how wildly my heart beat as I heard them approach nearer and nearer, and how sweetly hope would whisper to me as the noise of the hunt receded! As I afterward learned, there were at least one hundred men in the pursuit; some mounted and some on foot, armed with guns, pistols and swords. All the idlers, loafers and scum of Santa Barbara had joined in the "hue and cry." But an instant and they thought their hands were on me, in another I had vanished like a dream, and none save two in all that city could say where. They could not realize when they picked up my coat and waistcoat which a moment before I had dropped in my flight that I was not in them. The din was terrible; the tramping of hoofs and yells of the mob as the chase swept pell mell up one street and down another; the men shouting, and the women (naturally prone to the side of the weak) bespattering them with most unsavory epithets whose bitterness can only be expressed in the Spanish tongue; now roaring past the very house in which I was lying, now dying away in the distance, all contributed to make up the most fiendish and unearthly howl that ever had rung in my ears. And there I lay with palpitating heart; they ransacked Santa Barbara but came not to me. Jack Power was leading them!

At length, as I afterward learned, the Hon. Pablo de la Guerra, whose inherent chivalry of nature could not permit him to sympathize with such fierce persecution of an old man not yet proven to be guilty of crime, fearing that, if this hot pursuit was continued much longer, I must be captured and delivered up to the mercies of a ruthless mob, started the report that a man had been seen running into the tules adjoining the garden of his house, and that I was probably the fugitive. The blood-hounds, biting at once at the bait surrounded the house and grounds, and set fire to the tules, the sheriff of the county himself applying the torch. Some one expostulated with the sheriff, pointing out to him that if I was really in there now that the tules were surrounded I could not escape, and by firing it he exposed me to the horrible death of being burned alive. The expostulation was of no avail, however; he did not stay his hand.

At least two hundred persons rushed into the garden to see my burned and blackened corpse taken from the fire, and more than one of them doubtless anxious to rob it. I had forgotten to mention that the miserable reptile called the "white pig," had circulated, in order to whet the fangs of my pursuers, the ridiculous story that the Vigilance Committee had offered ten thousand dollars for my body dead or alive, the Governor five thousand, and that I had five thousand about my person. The mob, in their anxiety to capture me, had done immense damage to Don Pablo's garden; breaking down fruit trees, and trampling the flowers under foot, and indeed at one time the premises of my friend were likely to be destroyed by fire. Finally, becoming convinced that they had been on the wrong scent, and reluctantly coming to the conclusion that I had got clear away from the town, they slunk back to their kennels, followed by a parting malediction from the women. All this time I of course was ignorant of what was going on, and from the glare and smoke which I could see in the sky through the breathing aperture of my carpet, I thought the town was on fire. I lay still though, preferring to be scorched a little and even burned rather than fall into the hands of that cruel mob. I had also been represented to them by the "white pig" as a desperado, a perfect demon; they only hunted me in fifties and hundreds, and I doubt not had they seen me, death would

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EAT RAISIN BREAD

CALIFORNIA RAISIN DAY APRIL 30th

have been my portion on the instant. It sometimes seems to me unaccountable how such bitter malignity could have been so suddenly engendered in the hearts of men whom I had never wronged or injured; but the whole history of our race shows that a taste for cruelty and a delight in the misery of others are moral diseases easily contracted by minds not naturally ferocious, and, when once acquired, are as strong, if not stronger, than any of the propensities with which we are born.

I cannot say that I forgive that "white pig" and his associates their murderous persecution of me; that of course I will never do. But I will freely say that I rejoice from the bottom of my heart, on their account, that they have escaped the frightful responsibility to which they would have been held at the judgment bar of the Almighty, if on that day their myrmidons had found me.

But to return to my story. It was one of the hottest days I ever experienced. The heat of the carpet and the excitement nearly killed me. I was tormented, too, by myriads of fleas of which the carpet was full. I lay still, however, for I considered that to move was death. After I had laid there about an hour and a half, I heard footsteps in the room, and presently Jack's voice. I implored him in mercy to give me some brandy and water for I was nearly fainting with suffocation. He replied "lie still or directly you won't have a throat to drink with!" and immediately passed out again. I suffered on for another hour and a half, and by that time it was quite dark. The woman of the house lit a candle, and commenced washing her children and putting them to bed. Presently I heard voices at the door and could distinguish that of Power speaking in English. A party wanted to enter the house and search it. My protector told them there was no one there, and it was of no use to disturb the children. They said they had searched every other house without opposition, and they did not intend to make an exception of this. I now thought that my time had come, and, slipping out of the carpet, I silently cocked my pistol, grasped my knife and making a short prayer to Heaven, stationed myself just inside the door-post within two feet of the man who was asking admittance, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. Power, however, as Providence would have it, managed to make such resistance to their entrance that they finally walked away.

I had forgotten that there was an open window behind me, and, as there was a light burning in the room, they had only to turn the corner of the house to see me standing against the door-post. The instant they had turned from Jack he turned his face to me and whispered, "under for your life!" I dropped and crawled under the bed and in the same moment they passed the open window. I again begged for water and he pushed to me with his foot the basin in which the children had been washed, and I plunged my face into it and drank it all, and never in my life before did I taste so refreshing a draught as that filthy water was to me.

As soon as the footsteps of my pursuers had died away, Jack assisted me to get out of the window, and getting out after me, ran with me some thirty yards, and laid me down on my face in a sort of garden, telling me that when the moon went down he would come and take me to a place of safety. When he left me it was about half past eight o'clock, and the moon was then two hours high. The town of Santa Barbara had gone back to its wonted quiet, and the excitement of the day had been forgotten in the general conviction that I had managed to escape from the trap into which I had that morning entered. Music and dancing were going on, and all the world seemed happy but me. There I lay, with trembling limbs and beating heart, almost unmanned. My escape from death seemed to me a dream which I could not realize, because I dare not believe that I would ultimately be spared from the dreadful perils that surrounded me.

And who shall describe the agony I underwent in that long, lonely watch? He who has not stood as it were in the full flush of life and gazed into his tomb—he who has not felt that a breath—a shadow—the cracking of a twig might open to his burning eye the mystery of his Hereafter—can form no idea, from mortal pen, of the weird phantoms that peopled those two dreadful hours!

It was a heavenly night. A cool breeze played gently round my throbbing temples, but it brought no balm to me. I could only feel in its freshness the icy hand of death; and mistook its fragrance for the odor of the charnel house. Flowers were springing round me, but, as they waved in the pale moonlight, I only saw funeral plumes. A little stream was trickling near me, and its gurgling ripple broke like a death rattle on my ear. I heard the guitar and tamborine in the distance, and, as the sighing night wind brought them down to me, accompanied with light-hearted beauty's laugh, I only heard a death-wail and a dirge. All around me spoke of death. So fearfully had my mind been wrought upon by the horrors of that day, that I really was, in fancy, on the confines of the spirit land; and, as is always the case, when the spirit either is, or fancies itself about to wing its flight from earth, the phantoms of the dim past floated before me as vividly as if but yesterday I had passed them on the stream of Time, instead of years and years ago. I saw my poor old mother (who died during this persecution of me) as I had seen her in my childhood; and so startlingly distinct was the vision, that but a day appeared to fill the gap which years had made. Wife, children, brothers, sisters, and all my kindred and long buried friends of other days, passed in bright review before me; and, as the clear, cold moon looked down into my very heart, every action, good or evil, of my past life seemed to be searched out from the rubbish closets of memory, and held up before me as vividly as though each one was but the event of yesterday. And, as I watched that weary moon sink gradually to its setting; that moon whose light had often seemed to me in youth so lovely, but for whose waning now my throbbing heart so longed; I could look it bravely in the face, and declare to the Being who placed it there, by all my youthful joys that moon had witnessed, and by the agony of soul which its departure would take from me

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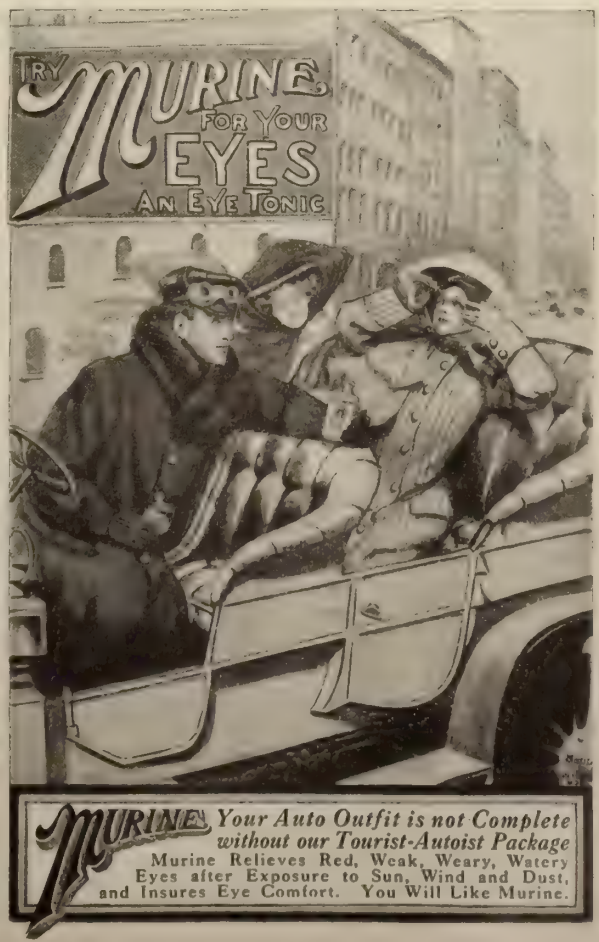

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her prse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

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that night, that I was, in heart and in deed, innocent of the crime for which I was persecuted.

At length that dreadful watch was over. The moon had sunk below the horizon, and under the pall of darkness which its setting left, I thanked a merciful God that he had guided no enemy to my place of concealment. It was not long before I heard footsteps, and presently Power appeared accompanied by two Spaniards. He told me, in a whisper, that for the present they would take me to a hiding place, and then, for a consideration in money, which I there agreed to pay them, they were to return for me at three o'clock in the morning and conduct me to a place of safety. I grasped Power by the hand and went with the Spaniards. They conducted me to a long, low adobe building with a balcony in front of it, on the outskirts of the town, and there left me, promising to return as had been agreed upon, at three o'clock. Not long after they had gone, I was joined by two others. They entered the house apparently as though they had a right there; and, indeed, the place looked as though it might be their den. It was a villainous looking hole, and if ever robber and assassin was written on the human countenance, it was written on the faces of these two men. They had a lamp with them, and by its light I saw that one of them had been drinking. They had apparently been informed of my being there, and after scrutinizing me very closely endeavored to enter into conversation with me. I could only reply to their questions by signs and here and there a word of broken Spanish. One of them at length espied a very pretty scarf about my neck (it was about the only piece of decent apparel I had left, and was the gift of a lady) and taking hold of it jerked it from me, saying: "V no quiere presente me este?" It was useless to remonstrate with the scoundrel for such a trifle, and of course I let him keep it. He then made me understand that he wanted to know if I was armed, whereupon I showed him that I was. He then wanted to know where my money was, and I told him that my amigo had it. He next proposed to exchange coats with me. Mine was a policeman's uniform buttoned up in front. He gave me to understand that his old coat, which was in rags, was a much better disguise for me. I would have given the rascal the coat rather than have a noisy difficulty with him just then; but in the breast pocket of it I had a purse of gold which I was determined he should not see; and of course to exchange coats without taking it out was out of the question. After considerable palaver he said to me: "V no quiere presente me uno peso?" I took gold pieces tied up for my current expenses—as I did not care to exhibit my purse on all occasions—and handed him a dollar. He let it fall on the floor either by accident or design and did not stoop to pick it up, saying: "Yo no quiere para plata, pero mucho para ora." I gave him a two dollar and a half piece, and then made him pick up the dollar, being fearful that if I did it myself he would stab me as I stooped, either in the back or neck, and then rob me. He at first refused to do it, but being determined to be trifled with no longer by the scoundrel, I covered him with my pistol and made him pick it up. I then gave him to understand that I wanted no more to say to him, and making him take what few old clothes he had hanging on a line in the building, I drove him into another room and fastened the door.

This fellow doubtless thought I was a robber or highwayman like himself, and that the object of that day's pursuit of me had been to deliver me up to justice for offences in that line, consequently that I was a legitimate subject to demand toll from, in the way of "hush money." Indeed, I am not astonished that the wretch should have taken that idea into his head, for the Santa Barbara mob had been taught to regard me as the fiend incarnate, guilty of every crime in the decalogue, and, instigated by the hope of reward had pursued me on "general principles," utterly ignorant of the real object of my persecutors.

It was now getting quite cold, and I sat myself down on the earth floor of the house, anxiously awaiting the coming of the Spaniard whom Power was to send to conduct me out of danger. Theis signal was to be three raps at a back window.

Three o'clock came, as nearly as I could judge, and yet no one rapped. I still anxiously waited, thinking that perhaps something had occurred to change Jack's plan, and that I should shortly hear from him. At length day began to break and I could see through a crack in the window shutter that it was very foggy. I now made up my mind to remain no longer where I was. From the treatment I had received since entering the house I knew that I was in bad hands and feared that if I waited there during the coming day the villains would betray me for money. I also knew that the steamer from San Diego would pass up that day, and was of course aware that, if captured, I should at once be sent to San Francisco, and delivered over to the Vigilance Committee. I considered therefore that I ought by all means, to get into the mountains at once, and remain there, at least until after the steamer had passed up, even if I then had to return to the town. By that means my friends would have time to sue out a habeas corpus as it would take at least a week or ten days to send down after me, which I knew would be done, now that they had got on my true track. They had been egregiously humbugged by all the other reports my friend had started as to my whereabouts; and, having spent many thousands of dollars in various "wild goose chases," I supposed that they felt sufficiently sore to be very anxious to lay hands upon me. Accordingly I went to the window and endeavored to open it, but found that I had not sufficient strength to do so. I then went into the apartment where the two Spaniards were sleeping, and my entrance awakened one of them. The one, however, who had attempted to rob me had not yet slept off the fumes of his drunkenness, and I of course took no pains to awaken him. I made the other one understand that I could not open my window and wanted his assistance. He came and opened it for me, and I waited till he had gone back to his bed and then I got out. I threw my boots out before me, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could follow them.

I was so stiff and sore that I could scarcely walk. It was now day-break, and I could hear the musical bells of the Catholic church chiming for matins. The fog was so dense that I could not see twenty yards before me. I did not know the direction of the mountains, and was compelled to strike out at "hap hazard." Presently I found myself getting into soft clay, and saw looming through the fog, the binnacle light of the surveying schooner which was anchored abreast of the town. I knew from this that I was getting on to the beach, and fearing that if I continued along it my footprints would lead to my capture, I at once turned and groped in the opposite direction. After walking some time I reached the foot of the Coast Range to the eastward of the city and commenced ascending it. After I had gone up some distance I ensconced myself in some thick furze, determined before proceeding further to take some rest. The sun was now fully up, and as the mists melted before his rays it bid fair to be a beautiful day.

As I sat looking down from my eminence my eye fell on the cross on the little Catholic church at the lower end of the town, and I was reminded of a religious duty, too often neglected by me in bygone days of comfort and luxury. I had been instructed by my poor mother in the religion of the church, and falling on my knees, I made the sign of the cross and thanked God for His merciful kindness.

(To be Continued.)

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The value of the Lozier car has been fixed, and has been proven by this splendid increase in business at these prices. Continuous advertising has not done it, for every one of the seven leading manufacturers referred to has spent vastly more money in advertising in the past two years than has been expended by the Lozier Company. What is the conclusion? That the Lozier car continuing in demand at a higher average price than any other motor car, must logically be the best car. We hesitated to use this much abused term, but we sincerely believe that the LOZIER is the one car which proves to warrant the claim being made.

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Auto Notes

After a strenuous week spent in arranging the details of handling the successful Shriner's Race Meet at Ingleside, W. L. Hughson, president of the Standard Motor Car Company, left a few days ago for Byron Springs, making the trip in a Ford car.

Joe Nikrent, well known in local auto circles, is in San Francisco resting after his strenuous driving in the Los Angeles Motordrome meet. Nikrent brings many laurels up from the southern metropolis with him. He succeeded in setting four new world's records in his Buick for stock cars of the Buick class. Out of ten starts he won five first and three second places and the two times that he failed to place was because of tire trouble. On the last day of the meet he beat the world renowned speed-kings, Oldfield and DePalma, in the 100 mile free for all.

S. S. Boothe of Los Angeles and party, including H. O. Harrison, the well known auto agent, recently completed a fast trip from the southern city in a "Little Six" Winton. The party made the run to Santa Barbara easily the first day, and continued the following morning to Del Monte. The roads along the coast route were in fine condition and at times the speedometer registered sixty miles an hour.

Seven years' service from one set of Diamond Tires is the experience of Tharp Bros. of Athene, Ore., on a 1903 Winton. This concern has just written The Diamond Tire Co. that the two rear tires and the right front tire have never been off the wheels for repairs in the seven years of their constant service, while the left front tire was only removed last year on account of cuts. They further write that all the tires still look good for many more miles of service. This is certainly an exceptionally long mileage.

The Pioneer Automobile Co. is in receipt of a telegram from the Chas. B. Shanks Company of Cleveland, Ohio, reading as follows: "We are in need of Chalmers-Detroit Thirties, having sold our entire allotment. If you have any of this model you are not apt to need, kindly let us hear from you at once and we will be glad to make satisfactory arrangements for same." The Pioneer Company people look upon this telegram as a joke, inasmuch as they have been offering for the last sixty days a premium of $100 on Thirties and $150 on Forties.

"I want to look at a Lozier car exactly like the one sold to Mr. Mathewson of The Diamond Rubber Co.," said a prominent Oakland man to one of the salesmen of the Pioneer Automobile Company. The car referred to was a 1910 "Briarcliff" model. He was told that a car of this kind could be furnished him within the next thirty days and he immediately placed his order for one of them with the written agreement that the car should be exactly like the one referred to, which he had seen at the Country Club in Oakland. Two carloads of Lozier cars have left the factory this week.

Mr. E. R. Thomas, president of the Thomas Motor Car Co., has recently returned to Buffalo after his long stay in Florida and Cuba. He will very shortly move to his new country home at Niagara on the lake where he and his friends will enjoy his newly acquired yacht.

No better evidence of the successful campaign that S. G. Chapman has instituted for Oakland and Hupmobile cars could be given than the fact that he is now in the East trying to arrange with the factories for additional allotments of both these makes. Not only will he try to secure more 1910 cars but he will also negotiate arrangements for an unprecedented 1911 allotment.

Mrs. Laura P. Fuller has just taken delivery of a new Chalmers "40" Limousine in New York. This is said to be one of the most luxurious limousines ever turned out in this country. The body was made by Mauer & Co. of New York, which firm is second to none in body building.

The White Gasoline Car has won popularity with marvelous rapidity since its introduction. It is one of the cars most frequently seen throughout California. Among the recent purchasers of this make is J. W. Hanner of Fresno.

H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of the White Company, and C. A. Hawkins recently took a rather remarkable tour in a White Gasoline toy tonneau car. Accompanied by F. D. Hawkins, Francis M. Wright and R. B. Houston they started for a fishing trip in the Santa Cruz Mountains. At Wright they picked up two more passengers and thus loaded, their little four passenger machine topped the difficult Santa Cruz Mountains without a single miss. The fishermen put the car up at the Hotel Redwood and thence took the stream. They succeeded in landing a nice string of trout among which was a steel head of seven and one-half pounds. They left the hotel at 6 a. m. Monday and made record time to San Francisco, arriving at exactly 9:14 a. m., thus covering the whole distance in 3 hours and 15 minutes. Doty and C. A. Hawkins alternated at the wheel.

J. W. Leavitt of the J. W. Leavitt Company went touring last Sunday and declares that he hit upon the most beautiful, smoothest and in all most desirable touring route in this vicinity. The course as he recommends it runs through Redwood City to Millbrae, thence to the Spring Valley Lakes and along them to the intersection with the San Mateo road, out this road which Leavitt declares wide and hard and white, to Half-Moon Bay. Here a most desirable lunch can be purchased at the Musconi Hotel. After lunch run south to San Gregorio, then to the left up the La Honda Valley and over the hill to Woodside. Thence to Redwood City and on to San Francisco making a tour of 100 miles. Leavitt who is a most enthusiastic tourist states that the roads are shaping up fine and that the coloring of the hills is exquisite. This, he says, is the most beautiful season of the year for driving the auto out into the country districts.

The Pioneer Automobile Co. reports the sale of a Chalmers "30" to Mr. C. A. Belli of Sonora, Cal. Mr. Belli left on Friday to drive the car through to his destination.

Mr. William H. Langdon, former district attorney in this city, was in the city last Friday long enough to select a new Chalmers "40" Pony Tonneau which he took with him upon his return to Modesto the following day.

B. S. Morton's E. M. F. car was recently equipped with Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires by Weinstock Nichols Co.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Chas. K. Harper, 874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased.

JOSEPH H. TILLINGHAST
Administrator of the Estate of Ella P. Tillinghast, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHAS. K. HARPER, Attorney for Administrator,
874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, 802 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased.

LEONORA HERTEL,
W. M. CRIM,
Executors of the Estate of George F. A. Hertel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Executors,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., San Francisco. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSINA GIESEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Arthur Brand, Room 808 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased.

FRED GIESEN and LOUIS GIESEN,
Executors of the Estate of Rosina Giesen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd 1910.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Executors,
Room 808 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, No. 8051.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1910, in the matter of the estate of OTTO FERrenbach, deceased, the undersigned Emily R. Ferrenbach, Administratrix of said estate, will sell in separate parcels at private sale for cash gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Lisbon Street twenty-five (25) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Lisbon Street and Italy Avenue, running thence southerly along said line of Lisbon Street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; and thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Lisbon Street and place of beginning. Being a portion of lot No. 1, in Block No. 24 of the Excelsior Homestead Association, a map of which is on file in the Recorder's Office of the City and County of San Francisco.

2. Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Felton Street (formerly Henry Street) with the easterly line of Hamilton Street; thence running easterly along the southerly line of Felton (formerly Henry) Street eighty-one (81) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-one (81) feet to the easterly line of Hamilton Street; and thence at right angles northerly along the Easterly line of Hamilton Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being lots numbers seven (7), eight (8), and nine (9) in block number thirty-five (35) as designated upon a certain map entitled "Map of the Property of the Railroad Avenue Homestead Association" on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States upon delivery of the deed of the said administratrix and after confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Cameron H. King, attorney for said administratrix, Room 125 in building No. 1112 Market Street, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said administratrix personally or may be filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, April 30th, 1910. EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for said Administratrix.
Room 125, No. 1112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-3

Mr. Ivan L. de Jongh, sales manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, reports having closed a sale for a carload of Ford machines to Mr. Ben L. Brundage, city assessor of Bakersfield. The new cars will be shipped immediately from the factory and will go direct to Bakersfield.

Mr. F. O. Nelson, manager of the Los Angeles division of The Diamond Rubber Co., is in San Francisco for a short visit. In spite of the fact that the Los Angeles branch has unloaded three cars of auto tires in the past eighteen days, Mr. Nelson is after more stock to take care of the spring demands.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A Favorite Toilet Luxury, An Eye Tonic. A Soothing and Reliable Relief. Aids in Preserving and Restoring Eyes to Normal Strength and Healthful Brilliancy. For Dullness, Weakness, Redness, Inflammation, Granulation, Ulceration and Eye Pain. If you would Beautify and Promote a more Healthful Tone to Eye Lids, Eye Lashes and Eye Brows, and prevent Undesirable Conditions—Try Murine and Murine Eye Salve. You will Like Murine. In daily use in Beauty Parlors. Sold by all Druggists. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9369, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWIN WALLACE CARPENTER, Deceased.

MAX THELEN, the Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Edwin Wallace Carpenter, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of all the real property of the above named decedent, for the purposes therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court that it is for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein that the whole of the real estate belonging to the said estate be sold, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay the expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 31st day of May, 1910, at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator with the Will Annexed to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the said deceased, at either private or public sale as he shall judge to be most beneficial for the said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 21st day of April, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. M. MANNON, Jr., Attorney for Petitioner,
1236 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. H. McCloskey, Executor of the estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Norman A. Eisner, Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased.

H. H. McCLOSKEY,
Executor of the Estate of Harriet Miller, sometimes called Hattie Miller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Attorney for Executor,
Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9457, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to submit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said executors, at Room 609, Union Trust Building (also known as Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank Building), at the northeasterly corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said place the undersigned have selected as their place of business in all matters connected with the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased.

YUNKER HAMERSEN,
PAUL HAMERSEN,
E. D. BLOCK,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Hebrock, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHARLES S. WHEELER, Attorney for Executors,
609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of F. W. Sawyer, attorney for said Executor, Room 319, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased.
LAWRENCE H. BITHER,
Executor of the Estate of Frederick Lewis Bither, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 16th, 1910.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Estate,
Room 319 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St., San Francisco. 4-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by undersigned Alfred J. Brandenstein, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. U. Brandenstein, No. 250 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased.
ALFRED J. BRANDENSTEIN,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Brandenstein, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

H. U. BRANDENSTEIN, Attorney for Administrator,
No. 25 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, Cal 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Thomas E. Curran, her attorney, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased.
ANNIE J. SHARKEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate belonging to said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 20th day of May, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in which said City and County said real property desired to be sold is situated.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 13, 1910. John P. Cook, Clerk. By W. E. Adams, Deputy Clerk.

WM. R. GEARY,
Attorney for the Administratrix with the Will Annexed. 4-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his Attorney, Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased.
BERTIE F. RADFORD,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Radford, also known as Sarah Quinlan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 9th, 1910.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-9-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of THOMAS E. CURRAN, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased. PHILIP J. CASSIDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Ford, formerly Maggie J. Cassidy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with will annexed of the estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased.
NORBERT C. BABIN,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Jacques Escaig, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 5260, Dept. No. 10, Probate.
Honorable Thos. F. Graham, Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 15th day of March, 1910, in the matter of the estate of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, the undersigned, executor of the last will of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the confirmation by said Court, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Ivy Street with the Easterly line of Webster Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Webster Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly, ninety-two (92) feet; thence at right angles Southerly, twenty-five (25) feet to the said Northerly line of Ivy Street; and thence at right angles Westerly, along the last named line, ninety-two (92) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-five (285), together with the improvements thereon.

Second—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street with the Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, to said Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and thence Northwesterly along the last named line, seventy-five (75) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of One Hundred Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and forty (240).

Third—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon, one hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches (137 feet 6 inches) Westerly from the Westerly line of Buchanan Street; and running thence Westerly, along said line of Oak Street, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet six inches); thence at right angles Southerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the Northerly line of Lilly Avenue; thence at right angles Easterly along the last named line, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet 6 inches); and thence at right angles Northerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288), together with the improvements thereon.

Said sale will be made on Thursday, the 12th day of May, 1910, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of that day, at the real estate rooms of Madison & Burke, Number 30 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Terms of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale, and the remainder of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated, April 12th, 1910. VALENTINE J. SMYTH,
Executor of the Last Will of Teresa Murphy, Deceased

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8071, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATILDA WOLFF, Deceased.

William Wolff, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes and in the manner therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said William Wolff, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased MATILDA WOLFF at either private or public sale and as prayed for in said petition as shall be necessary for the best interests of said estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, April 11th, A. D. 1910.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 11th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for Estate,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-5

English Hotel Fad

England is given to fads of all sorts, and at the present time the tendency of the "nobility and gentry" to turn an honest penny is prominently shown in the ownership and management of hotels. Besides Lord Leitrim, several well-known people have gone into business in this direction. Lady Aberdeen is president of the Green Lady Hotel at Littlehampton, Sussex. This is arranged for workers, who are charged ten shillings a week for board and lodging. Lady Burton has built and fitted out a splendid hotel at Aviemore, which commands a fine view of the Cairngorm Range in Invernesshire, and the widowed Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing has started a first-rate hotel with good golf links at Dunskey, her home near Stranraer in Wigtownshire. Lord Dunraven has built a hotel for golfers close to Adare Manor, his place in Limerick, and Lord Inchiquin is the owner of a hotel at Arranmore, Milltown Malbay, also in Ireland. Then Lord Claud Hamilton, who is chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, takes a keen interest in the Sandringham Hotel at Hunstanton in Norfolk, and Douglas Tollemache, great uncle to Lord Tollemache, is much concerned in the welfare of the Felix Hotel, Felixstowe, which was built after the design of Helmingham Hall, Lord Tollemache's place in Suffolk.

The Right Age for Marriage

The "silly season" correspondence in the London newspapers is always amusing, if for no other reason than that it gives the unsophisticated, uncontrolled view of the average man and woman on subjects of primary and general interest, and thus, at any rate, serves as an index to the average mind. Not the least interesting point is what sort of topic serves to attract the amateur newspaper contributor—it must be one of immediate and pressing interest to almost everybody, and one on which everybody has his own ideas, or the supply of readable, sensible "letters to the editor" will fail. This being so, it is amusing to observe that the only sure, certain, and permanent "draw" in the way of subjects, unfailingly so year after year, is something about the sex! Other topics may be started, but they are soon run to earth—for a good, long course across country, breathless in pace and instinct with interest, the magic topic is "Woman."

"What is the Right Age for Marriage?" is the topic of the season. It was started by a famous tennis player, who gave it as her personal decision that twenty-five is the right age for a woman. Many of the correspondents propose as much as ten years later as the right age for a man. Such statements would have amazed our ancestors. It is still the law of the land that a girl can legally marry at twelve years old, and a boy at fourteen! A monstrous proposition it seems to most of us now, but it was, in actual fact, the age at which many of the upper classes in past days were tied for life to a wedded partner. Many even of our Queens, and other famous "great ladies," usually heiresses, were married at absurdly low ages, and not a few boys also were so tied in their mid-'teens. Matilda, our first Queen-regnant, for instance, was married at twelve to a great German potenate; Margaret of Anjou became the wife of Henry VI. at fifteen; and Isabella of France (Valois) was married to Richard II. when she was but nine. The last-named was, however, only nominally that King's wife, and at the age of eighteen, as a maiden widow, she was married again to her cousin, who was a lad of only fifteen. Fourteen was the age of Arthur, Prince of Wales, when he was wedded to Catherine of Aragon, and Francis, King of France, had only passed his sixteenth birthday by a month when he married Mary Queen of Scots. There would be no difficulty in filling a page with other notorious instances of the absurdly early age at which both boys and girls were disposed of in marriage by their elders in the good old days. Property and social position were the considerations that generally dictated such premature espousals.

But even in early Victorian days, twenty-five would have been held to be exceedingly late for a woman to find a husband. In this great matter twenty-five is now where eighteen was half-a-century or so ago. The many other occupations now available for young women, both unpaid (university education, for example), and wage-earning ones, prevent them from eagerly desiring a very early marriage; while the increased luxury and love of show of our social life at the same time makes marriage more difficult for young men. From any rational point of view, thirty-five is far too old for a man to marry; and there is really much to be said in favor of quite early marriages for both men and women. There is Shakespeare's argument that a young wife will "wear to" the opinions and tastes of her husband best; and there is the moral consideration of the fixity of the fancy and the settlement of the temper to earnest effort that the responsibilities attached to marriage should bring. But there is much to consider on the contrary—the better knowledge of what one wants in a married partner that comes with a more mature judgment than in the teens; the desirability of gaining some place in life before accepting the difficult burdens of matrimony; the desire for a few years' freedom; the far greater danger to the wife (shown by statistics) if she enters upon the effort of woman's noblest sphere, motherhood, before her own growth is finished and her constitution consolidated; and these latter considerations give about twenty-five as the best age. But, after all, the best age is largely a question of when "the Hour and the Man"—or the woman—may arrive together.

—The Britisher.

Pays for Her Own Dresses

In France the husband, being the recognized chief of the family, is responsible for all his wife's debts. This, so the Paris courts have just decided, does not apply to an Englishwoman who buys dresses in Paris. She must pay for them herself. In a suit brought by a firm of dressmakers against an Englishwoman English laws have just been successfully invoked by the prosecution, the court deciding in its favor and sentencing the woman in question to pay the amount due.

"John," said Mrs. Spenders, "I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about."

"Glad to hear it," snapped her husband; "usually you want to talk to me about lots of things that you haven't got."

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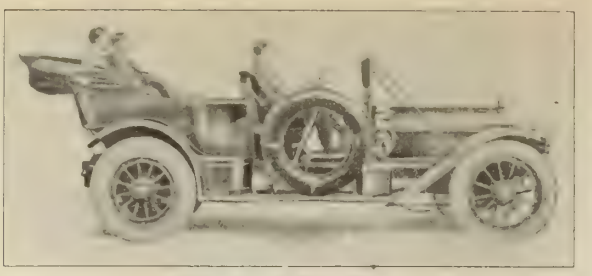

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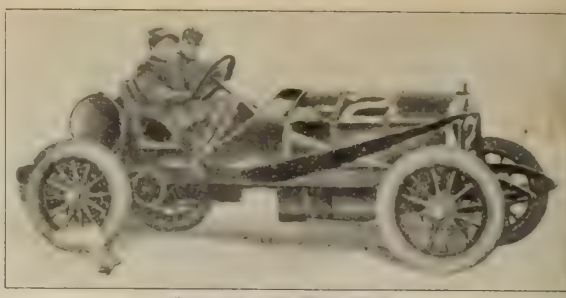

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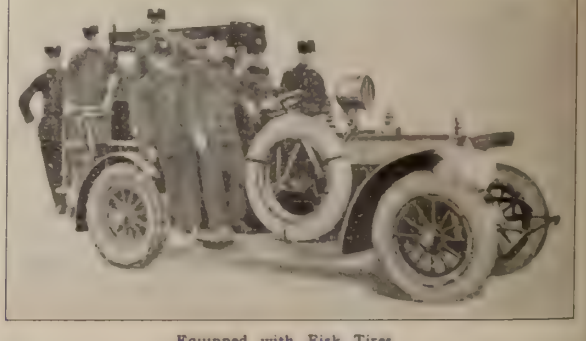

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Vol. XVIII. No. 923 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 7, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Gaynor and Hearst

The discretion which restrains a man from opening his mouth incautiously appears to be lacking in Mayor Gaynor. It is most indiscreet for a man unprepared for retaliation to attack another. From what we have read so far of the controversy between Mayor Gaynor and William R. Hearst we infer that the truculent New York official was guilty of a grievous error of judgment when he precipitated discussion of the Cahalan check incident. Failing to do any damage to his enemy he exposed joints in his own harness through which his wounds are now visible. So long as Mayor Gaynor was resolved to attack Hearst at the banquet of the Newspaper Publishers' Association he should have trained his batteries on points that are vulnerable. It is easy enough to score on the great exponent of yellow journalism, the distinguished acrobat of the political arena. Furthermore with all Mr. Hearst's agility there is a limit to his capacity for sidestepping. But Mayor Gaynor instead of overwhelming him with just criticism gave him some fine pretexts for self-applause. The check incident about which nobody outside of New York had any knowledge until Gaynor poured out his diatribe is now a matter with which the whole country is familiar. The militant Mayor, whom the Democracy of the nation was beginning to regard as available Presidential timber, is now on the defensive with his reputation at stake, and Mr. Hearst is posing plausibly at the object of a malevolent politician's spleen. Of course it is not to be taken for granted that Mayor Gaynor has been guilty of malfeasance. There may be another side to the story but nobody has any further interest in the matter.

The Moral Uplift

The widespread demand for more goodness in the world is producing irritations that threaten calamitous reaction. Too much moral uplift is causing men who have been in sympathy with moral movements to resent the far-fetched regeneration schemes of fanatical reformers. They realize that the passion for idealism in all the affairs of life is running riot; that the proponents of modern austerity and asceticism are unconsciously interfering with the plans of the Creator, inasmuch as they would extinguish temptation and thus make virtue the offspring of necessity. Given their way the advocates of the sour ascetic life would compel us to drag out our existence along the weary rut of barren days. They would make resurrection in life impossible by leaving us no cardinal sins to bury in the grave of a dead past. These benighted Puritans have a conception of life at immeasurable variance with that of the Christian saints to whose example they look for inspiration. They have yet to learn that records for personal purity are made rather by self-repression and discipline than by rendering temptation innocuous. No eunuch was ever given credit for sexual chastity. It is forbearance which is the touchstone of our virtue. It is temptation that tries the mettle of a man's heart. The only way that the good become better is under the purification of trial. The crown of life, we are told on Scriptural authority, is won by the man that endureth temptation. The aim of our uplifters is to make it impossible for man to strive for the crown, for they would eliminate that which he should endure.

The Revolt Against Prohibition

Not altogether due to dissatisfaction with the Administration at Washington was the Democratic sweep in a strong Republican district in New York the other day. There was dissatisfaction also with puritanical legislation at Albany. There has been so much of this legislation that even the farmers have begun to protest. According to the New York Sun, "If one half of what has been heard is correct a lot of folks are wearied of the uplift movement." The Sun quotes an expression of this sentiment thus: "We are being uplifted out of sight. It gets on your nerves this constant uplift idea. Just let us be plain human beings for a change." Murmurings of the revolt against the uplift movement have been heard in several States which were swept by the Prohibition wave some time ago. The Prohibition wave is subsiding. It is becoming apparent that the cure is worse than the evil. Bishop Thomas Gailer of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Tennessee, addressing a meeting of the Christian Social Union last week declared that the Probition measure which was forced through the Legislature of that State had "led to civic degeneracy." These are pretty strong words for a churchman. They are no stronger, however, than the words that have been uttered by other clergymen on the same subject. A Catholic divine in St. Louis recently commented on the absurdity of prohibiting all men from taking alcoholic stimulants because some men get drunk. To approve this principle, he said, would be to favor the abolition of everything that may be carried to injurious excess. But this argument makes no impression on Prohibitionists who are too dull to perceive that it is better from the moral standpoint to cultivate temperance than to enforce total abstinence. And now as a consequence of their frenetic enthusiasm movements to backfire them are being organized not only in this country but also in England which is again passing through one of its periodical moral spasms with the result, as Sir Thomas Dewar has pointed out, that there is a deficit of £4,000,000 in the British Excise. Sir Thomas has taken to the public platform to express his views of the Puritans, Pecksniffs, he calls them, "who imagine they have a mortgage on all that is good" and that all "who differ from them are going headlong to perdition." He describes them as moralists "who hold up one hand in an indignant outburst of moral rectitude and with the other hold a richer abundance of vices than the most ordinary individual." How familiar is the picture!

Taft and His Epoch

Despite the lugubrious signs of the times, notwithstanding the discouraging tendencies that reveal themselves wherever an election is held, President Taft's optimism and good nature show no symptoms of impending

diminution. Tumultuous as his administration is, subjected as he has been to criticism mordant and morbid there is a certain benign composure visible in his demeanor and conduct that we cannot but think bespeaks not only a sound and robust conscience but a placid state of mind. Yet for him the political situation is far from propitious. If we may judge of the state of the public mind from what seems to be a widespread sentiment and a coincidence of political phenomena Mr. Taft's ideals do not square with those of the multitude in its current infatuations. At this moment the minds of the public are filled with jealousies, hatreds and suspicions. There is a deep-lying struggle in the whole fabric of society. The oracles of the people tell us that a time of unmixed evil is come on us; that public principle is gone along with private honesty, and that nothing can save us short of a metamorphosis of our civic institutions and the most drastic reformation of governmental methods by certain patriots who have consecrated themselves to the redemption of their country. It seems as though we must yield to the prepossession that has taken hold of the public mind. Now obviously President Taft is not the man to gratify contemporary popular caprice. He is carrying out policies which the public have approved, but in doing so he reveals a temperament too mild to excite the enthusiasm of a populace in which the passion for red hot stuff and ground and lofty tumbling has been assiduously and incessantly cultivated for a period of several years. Mr. Taft has all the semblance of an anachronism in these hysterical days of crimination and recrimination made uproarious with the horrendous shouting of lusty tribunes. How little has he in common with the demagogues who are going up and down the land breathing fire and brimstone on the great corporate interests, denouncing as public enemies all who favor conservative action and advocating punitive and vindictive measure of regulation and control! Compared with the up-to-date statesman he is like a hackneyed figure out of an early Victorian drama. His methods are obsolete. He would cure without killing. He'd drive the rats from the barn without putting the torch to the shack and burning its precious wealth of grain. He is never on the qui vive for a head inviting, irresistibly attracting the attention of the big stick. He is too amiable to thrill. Like Lincoln he possesses his mind with a steadfast faith in the wisdom and generosity of the people, and persuades himself that Time and the hours will bring us back to sanity and repose; which of course they will, but is it not too much to expect within his term of office? We are on the rampage for iridescent reform and not until we have our bellyful of it shall we experience the emotion of satiety. Before the pendulum swings back the blatant ones must be given full swing. Beloved of the Lord we must expect to be chastened.

Lost Trade May be Regained

Captain Hibberd's address on the importance of a merchant marine, delivered before the Commonwealth Club, contains many suggestions that are worthy of serious attention. With facts and figures he makes it clear that it is to the interest of this State to make it possible for local shipowners to enter into competition with foreign shipowners at this port. Local steamship companies spend many millions of dollars in this city every year, and bring millions of dollars of trade to this port, whereas foreign companies spend their money for repairs and supplies in their home ports and have no interest in the development of our trade. As a result of the withdrawal of steamers formerly operated by local capital California's trade with Alaska and the Orient has dropped from over twenty millions to about one million dollars a year. It is estimated that a million dollars spent in subventions would enable us to regain all that we have lost. Such being the case it would certainly be good business policy on the part of the State to appropriate the money. Of course the Federal Government should subsidize American shipping, if not for commercial reasons for the manifest advantage that the navy would derive from a merchant marine, but there seems to be little hope of ever offsetting at Washington the powerful influence exerted there by the rich American stockholders of foreign steamship companies.

High Prices and the State of Business

Our economists and statesmen who have undertaken the task of accounting for the present high cost of living and the unsatisfactory state of business are far from coming to an agreement on this complex and puzzling subject. Their views are as divergent, as diverse and as conflicting as were those of the political economists of France who tried to disentangle that country from the fiscal complications that led to the Revolution. Perhaps the only definite and accurate conclusion to which our speculative economists can come is that conditions are not due to any single cause. The increased production of gold has had its natural effect on prices. The elevation of the standard of living has effected not only prices but business also. The artificial rise in wages is not an inconsiderable factor; nor is the growth of trusts with the consequent reduction of competition. The tariff of course has had an effect on business conditions, but the effect has not been due so much to inherent defects in the schedule as to the agitation to which it has given rise and the unsettled state of affairs consequent upon the universal demand for revision. All these things are clear enough, but how conditions are to be improved is another matter. It is a matter that should give us more concern than the evils we are complaining of. Too much interference in a matter of this kind is more likely to do harm than good. It is a maxim of political economy that nature has so provided that the evils or inconveniences under which men suffer in regard to wealth have an inherent tendency to correct themselves. If only the natural laws be left to act as they inevitably do when human folly does not step in to thwart them their results will be more beneficial by far than those

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of any artificial laws that a legislative body can devise. In other words human nature is so constituted that even in industrial matters it acts as an unfailing check on its own excesses. Political economy teems with illustrations of this truth. It was in recognition of this truth that Adam Smith advocated the principle of industrial freedom. Every individual, according to Smith, is continually exciting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. Though he considers only his selfish ends the study of his own advantage usually leads him to promote the interests of society. And what is true of capital in Adam Smith's opinion is equally true of labor. He therefore argued that capital and labor should be left to their own direction, and that all attempts to protect individuals against the effect of competition can only be regarded as bad economy. Now in this country we have seen the old laws of competition both with respect to the employment of labor and capital nullified. Unions and trusts have destroyed competition. There has been too much interference with natural laws, and now there is a disposition to interfere some more for the purpose of rendering some of the natural laws operative. There is a demand for interference with capital but not with labor. What the result of such interference would be no finite mind can predict with any degree of accuracy. If Adam Smith is to be relied upon it would be advisable to let the evils of the day correct themselves. It may be that we are just now beginning to feel the effect of the evils of big industrial combinations, but to revolutionize suddenly this form of corporate industry would be to invite disastrous consequences. We have already seen that the trusts are extremely sensitive to political sentiment, and that even a little loud talking about them in Washington flutters the money market.

An Allegory

By Charles Baudelaire

(Translated by F. P. Sturm)

Here is a woman, richly clad and fair,
Who in her wine dips her long, heavy hair;
Love's claws, and that sharp poison which is sin,
Are dulled against the granite of her skin.
Death she defies, Debauch she smiles upon,
For their sharp scythe-like talons every one
Pass by her in their all-destructive play;
Leaving her beauty till a later day.
Goddess she walks; sultana in her leisure;
She has Mohammed's faith that heaven is pleasure,
And bids all men forget the world's alarms
Upon her breast, between her open arms.
She knows, and she believes, this sterile maid,
Without whom the world's onward dream would fade,
That bodily beauty is the supreme gift
Which may from every sin the terror lift.
Hell she ignores, and Purgatory defies;
And when black Night shall roll before her eyes,
She will look straight in Death's grim face forlorn,
Without remorse or hate—as one new born.

Perspective Impressions

The enemy of innocent amusement is generally a person with only one virtue of which he is inordinately proud.

The Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee has given fresh evidence of superior intelligence. He has declined an invitation to lecture on the Chautauqua circuit.

The local preachers who are enjoying one of their periodical spasms of morality would probably like to sit as a Hague tribunal on the question that Jeffries and Johnson have agreed to settle at Emeryville.

"Red" Hayes says he's glad "that all doubt concerning the attitude of Roosevelt has been removed." Truth from the great dissembler at last. Now watch him make all the insurgents look like cripples in the race back to the White House.

Now that the limelight is on Judge Lennon of San Rafael it is instructive to contrast his behaviour with that of the men who have made "coward's castles" of the bench in San Francisco.

"Happiness lies in self-forgetfulness," says that profound thinker and original philosopher, Mr. Elbert Hubbard. "To be happy you must forget yourself," says Bulwer. Which goes to show that great minds are still running in one channel.

The Illinois legislator who confessed last week that he accepted a bribe to vote for Senator Lorimer was probably actuated by the hope of winning the plaudits of the people. For according to the new morality the bribe-taker who confesses is a convert to patriotism, and everywhere public servants are on a still hunt for temptation.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(In the preceding chapters the hero of this serial history tells of the assassination of the Bulletin's first editor, of the organization of the Vigilantes, of his escape from their hands after many vicissitudes and of his sensational flight from San Francisco. In the third instalment he introduced us to Jack Power, a highwayman who figured prominently in the romantic history of early California, to whom he was indebted for his escape from the hands of a murderous mob in Santa Barbara.)

(Fifth Instalment)

I had remained for two or three hours where I had halted on the mountain side, looking out on the vast ocean glittering like a burnished mirror beneath the rays of the morning sun, and down on the City of Santa Barbara, which lay like a little social pebble on its sounding shore, thanking Heaven for my recent escape, and revolving in my mind plans for my future action. By that time I became materially rested, and mustered strength to penetrate the mountain wild still further; deeming it to be but prudent to place a little more distance between myself and my pursuers, and accordingly commenced a further ascent. After proceeding some distance I came to a very precipitous "bench" overgrown wth a thick and impenetrable "chapparal." Into this I cut my way with my knife until I came to some rocks that afforded shade, and near by I found some water. Here I halted and remained behind the rocks the entire day without seeing a living creature of any sort. Strange to say, either from extreme excitement or some other cause, I felt no hunger, although the last meal I had eaten was my breakfast on the preceding morning at the Rancho de Refugio. I drank a great deal of the water, however, for I still suffered from fever. Before reaching this spot I had thrown away my flannel underclothes owing to the excessive heat, but toward evening it became quite cool, and I discovered I had done a very foolish thing. I had lost my over-coat and waistcoat the previous day as before mentioned, and suffered greatly for the want of them. I may as well here state that in the pocket of the over-coat were all my papers of a private nature, but fortunately they fell into the hands of Don Antonio Maria de la Guerra, Mayor of Santa Barbara, and brother of the present Senator, through whose kindness they have been restored to me. Among these papers were letters to the different Missions in lower California and Mexico, stating that I was a good Catholic, and not traveling through those countries on any political errand. This as I afterward learned was told to the good Bishop Amat, and he sent messages to the various Missions, instructing them to give me shelter if I visited them. He also had mass said for me. Had I known all this at the time, I would have been spared the painful pilgrimage I was then about entering upon. I should have at once sought an asylum at one of the Missions and been safe.

When it was quite dark I prepared to come down from the mountain and sleep in the plain, being afraid of the bears in which the country abounds. I got into a canyon in which was an aqueduct built of stone. It is many miles in length, and supplies the Mission of Santa Barbara, which is distant a few miles from the city, with water for irrigation and other purposes. I followed the course of this aqueduct till it brought me near to the old Mission church and buildings. Finding no safe place to sleep immediately about them, I at length got into an oat field in which the straw had been cut and stacked up. Here I made a very comfortable bed and slept soundly till just before day, when I heard a man driving some cattle into the field. I remained quiet till he went away, and then got up and again ascended the mountain back of the church. As may be supposed, by this time I had become quite hungry. I saw some fish swimming in a kind of basin in the water-course and thought I would try to catch some of them and eat them raw. I cut some holes in the crown of my hat, so as to make a kind of net of it, and then fastening it to a pole endeavored to get some of them; but either I was too unskillful a fisherman, or fate had determined I should not succeed. After trying a long time in vain, I was compelled to give it up and remain hungry. I continued up the canyon a mile or two, keeping all the time in the water course and walking bare-footed. Still having fever, I drank every half hour. I endeavored to cross the mountain, thinking that I might find some friendly ranch in the plain on the other side, but after I had traveled till I could advance no further, even in the water course, I was obliged to give it up, and sat down to rest. I have since been informed that in endeavoring to cross that mountain, I was undertaking an impossibility, it never having been crossed at that point. I remained there in solitude the entire day, and at night again descended to the Mission and slept in the same oat-field without interruption till day. When I awoke I found myself suffering intensely from hunger. I had now been three days without eating, and was perfectly ravenous. I determined to go to the first rancho I could find and ask for food, concluding that I might as well be captured and killed as starved to death. Accordingly I got out into the road and walked on without knowing which direction I was going. Presently I came to a house. I should judge it was then about seven o'clock in the morning. A young man was standing in the door whom, from his appearance, I took to be an American, but on accosting him, I discovered that he could not speak English. I then addressed an old woman, who appeared to be his mother, but with no better success. I managed, however, to make her understand that I was hungry, and showed her a five franc piece. Her breakfast was nearly ready, and she soon invited me to sit down and fall to, which I did with a will. After breakfast I got the old lady to give me some beef, hard bread and a bottle of milk, for which I paid her three dollars. As no one spoke English about the premises, I thought there was no fear of my being betrayed by them to my enemies, and continued my walk along the road. I had got my head so "turned round" on the mountain, that I did not know the direction of the City of Santa Barbara, till suddenly, to my horror I came right upon it. As soon as I espied it I turned and ran off the road about a mile, when I came to a small canyon filled with very thick bushes. Into these I crept and lay there all day without molestation. And better need I had to be well concealed than I was then aware of; for it turned out that the woman at whose house I breakfasted was a Mrs. Robbins, and though a native herself, the widow of one Captain Robbins, an American, and moreover she was the mother-in-law of none other than Harvey Benjamin Blake, alias the "white pig" who had instigated the Santa Barbara mob to hunt me so savagely two days before. He was in the habit of almost daily visiting his mother-in-law, and, as I afterward ascertained did actually, on that day, pay her a visit, and was telling her about the hunt of the preceding Sunday, when she informed him that I had breakfast with her that morning. At this "the pig" became almost frantic. He mounted his horse and rode back to town where he communicated his news, and getting up another party they gave me another hunt. All the while, however, I, unconscious of what was going on, lay safely ensconced in the bushes, and their search was fruitless.

As soon as night came on I watched the moon and

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San Francisco

stars to ascertain which way I should go to get north of the City of Santa Barbara. I had determined to abandon my project of going to Mexico, and to return toward San Francisco, knowing that I should be more rigorously pursued in lower California than elsewhere. I thought that I was south of the town, toward Los Angeles; but in this I was mistaken. When I fled to my present hiding place I had come at least a mile and a half in the direction I wished to travel. I came out of my retreat, and traveled on, getting as I supposed to the northward of the city. I kept two or three miles off the road, and walked for nearly three hours, when I came to a ranch.

By this time I had become sleepy, and as I preferred to rest near a habitation on account of the bears, I determined to halt here. I laid down by the side of a fence, but, notwithstanding my fatigue it was so cold I could not sleep. One of the greatest annoyances I found during my pilgrimage in Santa Barbara, was the California watch dog. There are always eight or ten of them about a ranch, and they invariably gave the inhabitants notice of my presence by barking. Then soon found me out in this instance, and at once became very noisy. Presently I heard a man speaking to the dogs in English! I started up in alarm, knowing that if he was an enemy and recognized me, escape was impossible while he had his dogs to assist him. Presently he came out to see what they had discovered. I boldly accosted him first, saying, "Your dogs are barking at me, sir," following up the information by asking him how far it was to the City of Santa Barbara, pretending that I was going in that direction. Without answering my question, he replied: "Are you from above?" I replied in the affirmative, and he asked me "from how far?" I told him "from San Jose." He asked me how long I had been on the road, and I told him about a month. He then said, "It is only about four miles to the city, and a good road. You can soon make it." I judged from his accent, that he was as we familiarly say, "from Pike." I imagined, too, that he did not wish to give me shelter for the night. However he was not aware that had he offered me his hospitality, circumstances would have prompted me respectfully to decline it. I left my friend "from Pike," and after walking a short distance further, came to a sheep ranch, where I saw some large stacks of oats. I was now glad that the dogs had roused me from my last uncomfortable resting place, and crawling in between two of the stacks, I enjoyed a sweet and refreshing sleep until morning.

I arose before it was fully daylight and continued my journey. I had no fixed plan of operations, nothing more than a general idea of getting northward as quietly and as rapidly as possible. I had not gone far before I saw a Spaniard on the road. He did not approach me, however. He was a vaquero and was watching some cattle. After proceeding some five or six miles, I saw some horsemen on the road coming toward me on their way to the city. At the same time I observed two men at work in a field. Immediately it struck me that the best way to avoid meeting the men on the road was to join those in the field. I accordingly approached them, while the horsemen passed on. I remained with the two men some time. They were engaged in making a fence, and preparing the ground to put in a crop. I ascertained that I was upon the land of Daniel Hill, Esq. He is an old Californian, having resided in the County of Santa Barbara thirty years. He had married into the Ortega family, and is the father of Mrs. Nicholas A. Den, the wife of the gentleman to whom I have before referred. I learned these facts from one of the men, who was a Chileno and spoke English. He informed me that he had been a long time in the employ of Grogan & Lent of San Francisco. He said my face was familiar to him, and asked me what countryman I was. I told him that I was French, but had been a long time in America, and was then on my way to the Mission of Santa Inez, to act in the capacity of teacher of English. He asked me if I had seen anything of "the man the people were hunting." I told him that I had not, but that it was supposed that he had gone to the lower country. I told him that I was one of the party who had pursued him, and regretted that he had escaped us, and further informed him that during my stay in Santa Barbara, I had been the guest of Don Pablo de la Guerra. This appeared to satisfy my Chileno-yankee friend.

(Continued on Page 31.)

The Physician at the Supper Table---III.

By the Sybarite

The Doctor had been presented with a two pound Mallard by the Count—fat, tender and sweet-smelling—and, having been roasted seventeen minutes, it was being served, along with fried mush, celery, brown bread and butter and a pint of Chablis at the northwestern table of the dining room of the club.

"I'm delighted," said the Doctor's midnight companion, "to admit that my insomnia is passing away. I guess you were right in making the distinction between insomnia and wakefulness. I—"

"Thomas Francis Meagher was as truthful as rosy when he termed Chablis the enchantress of wines. Sam Ward called it a gentleman's wine."

"As I was saying, your distinction between insomnia and wakefulness—"

"The most renowned white Burgundy is Montrachet, which seldom finds its way into America or Great Britain. Clos St. Robert is a close second. Chablis comes next; and, when carefully made and matured, is one of the noblest wines in the world. The demand for it in the United States is not great, partly because it is high-priced and partly because Burgundy drinkers generally prefer reds. There is little or no adulterated Chablis, and even poor Chablis is rare. This wine is only made in France and California, although there are some white wines produced in Italy, Germany and Spain that resemble it, except that they are never so extremely fine. It reaches a state of perfection in twenty years, all other conditions being equal. It is a wholesome wine, and when genteelly gurgled is fascinating beyond description. It possesses great vinosity, fullness, and fragrance. It is a most luscious accompaniment of canvasback or mallard, and of venison or smaller game."

"As I was about to say, or attempted to say, your distinction—"

"There has always been a good deal of palaver over the age of wine and that excellence which maturity gives. With the exception of Madeira, Tokay, and some other sweets, wines which are too old are not good. All things have their prime. It takes a long time to kill the tannin in a red wine; but, once its climax arrived at, its depreciation is rapid. You can tinker an old violin and keep it sonorous, but once a wine is aged, if you physic it, it dies. Wines are like men. They have their babyhood, youth, maturity, their age and decrepitude. When too old, their good qualities vanish; and their taste, perfume, soul, depart. A wine of a noted year has certain lasting qualities, but in time it goes the way of all flesh."

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"This layout is certainly a most delicious assimilation of potable and viand, surely."

"I am glad you accepted my advice and doctored for sleeplessness and not insomnia. I knew that if you followed my advice you would come out all right. I never administer opiates except in cases of extreme pain or insomnia from prolonged dissipation.

"If sleeplessness be occasioned by undue nervous excitement the application of mustard plasters to the abdomen will afford relief. Where this remedy fails the freshly-made solution of lactate of soda or some milk or whey may be used with good results. When brain exhaustion is responsible for the inability to sleep, the administration of a tumblerful of hot claret and water, with sugar and nutmeg is recommended. When acid dyspepsia is present the alkalies and alkaline earths are useful. The irritant properties of the air which hinder sleep during hot weather can be counteracted by sprinkling the floor with water. When sleep is broken by severe pain nothing is more useful than morphia. These latter remedies should never be taken, however, without the advice of a physician. A hypodermic injection of morphia, however, is to be preferred to taking the drug internally when the wakefulness is due to neuralgia."

"You remember the sad case of suicide of the Dean of Bangor, which event created as much sympathy in our country as in England?"

"The circumstances attending the death of the Dean of Bangor—although they were distressing—presented no novel features. The reverend gentleman was a man of considerable intellectual power, which is the same thing as saying that he was constitutionally liable to intervals of mental depression. All highly intellectual men are exposed to this evil. A pendulum will always swing just as far in one direction as it does in the other. Great power of mind implies also great weakness under certain conditions. The marvel is not that great minds occasionally become deranged, but that they so often escape derangement. Sleeplessness means not merely unrest, but starvation of the cerebrum. The brain cannot recuperate, or, in other words, it cannot rest. Physiologically, recuperation and rest are the same thing Sleep is simply physiological rest.

"The only cause for regret in these cases is that the blunder should ever be committed of supposing that a stupefying drug which throws the brain into a condition that mimics and burlesques sleep can do good. It is deceptive to give narcotics in a case of this type. The stupor simply masks the danger. Better far let the insomnious patient exhaust himself than stupefy him. Chloral, bromide, and the rest of the poisons that produce a semblance of sleep are so many snares in such cases. Severe insomnia is a malady of the most formidable character, but it is not to be treated by intoxicating the organ upon which the stress of trouble falls. Suicide, which sometimes occurs at the very outset of derangement, and is apt to appear a sane act, is the logical issue of failure of nutrition that results from want of sleep. It is curious to note how a sleepless patient will set to work with all the calmness of forethought of intelligent sanity to compass his death. He is not insane in any technical sense. He has no delusion. He does not act, or suppose himself to act, under an influence. He simply wants to die, and, perhaps, not until he has made an attempt to kill himself will he exhibit any of the formulated symptoms of mental desease.

"Insomnia is most often found among brain workers, whose brain activity causes the flow of too great an amount of blood to the head. The nerves controlling the contraction of the blood cells through weariness fail to perform their duty, and a temporary passive congestion is established, which effectually prevents sleeping the early part of the night. The victim should lie with the head raised very high with pillows.

"By the way, in sleeping, much depends on securing a comfortable position. Lying on the back would seem to give the most ease, but general experience and practice prove that it does not, and it is liable to some definite objections. In a weakly state of the heart and blood-vessels, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and to produce troublesome dreams. Persons who have contracted chests, and who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so in that position. For these and other reasons it is therefore better to lie on the side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand. It is well to choose the right side, because, when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines. Sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities, and the head and neck, and the muscles in the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches and dreams. The best sleep is obtained when the shutters are closed so as to make the room dark, and the windows are adjusted so as to admit plenty of fresh air. Early rising is not a virtue, unless the riser has secured sleep enough; and the best time to rise is when the sleeper wakes naturally.

"Sometimes indigestion will awaken you at the small hours and take revenge for some very slight departure from the careful diet you uniformly adopt. Recently it has been discovered that many persons lose hours of sleep because they are in need of nourishment—that the fast is too long that continues from supper time at 6 or 7 o'clock until 7 or 8 o'clock the next morning.

"Physicians who used to prescribe bromide of soda or potassium for sleeplessness, now urge their patients to take beef tea instead. There are many who, after taking various prescriptions with little benefit, have at length been so fortunate as to receive the latter advice. At first beef tea was used, with some light bread or biscuit broken in it, sipped from a spoon as warm as it could be taken. Afterward milk just scalded, not boiled, was substituted, and to make it more easy of digestion a teaspoonful of lime water was added to half a tumblerful of milk. To facilitate matters a pocket stove with an alcohol lamp, or an arrangement for the gas fixture should be at hand. If neither beef tea nor milk can be easily procured, hot water with an infusion of hops or mint may be substituted, or even hot water alone will quiet restlessness and induce sleep.

"When once the habit of wakefulness is broken up, the beef tea or milk may be taken cold, but not iced. If you are always a poor sleeper, it will be well to continue the late supper as a permanent thing in your daily life. Provide for it in case—"

Waiter—"You are wanted at the telephone, Doctor. There's been an accident—"

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

This City Blamed for Plague Menace

The charge is made in American Medicine that the entire country is menaced with bubonic plague as a result of the negligence of San Francisco. It is stated that the contagion spread from the infected rats of this city by means of fleas to ground squirrels, prairie dogs and other rodents and that the disease is to be expected in human beings for some time to come in the United States, the bacillus having obtained a foothold. The spread of plague is limited, says this authority, by one factor—the vitality of the rodents infected. If they have sufficient tolerance to keep the bacilli alive instead of dying quickly, the germs will be spread far and wide. The article blames this condition on the contempt for sanitation in this city during the Schmitz regime and the moral is drawn that municipalities should elect only gentlement and not "fiddlers" and other men of "low morality" to public office.

A Senatorial Precedent

Senator Leroy Percy, recently chosen by the Legislature of Mississippi to represent the State in the United States Senate, has established a precedent which is not likely to be followed by others elected to that body. After he had been chosen in a prolonged and bitter contest, State Senator Bilbo charged that a bribe had been offered him to vote for Mr. Percy. An investigation established the falsity of the charge. Upon the conclusion of the inquiry Senator Percy went to Jackson and in an address to the Legislature asked that a senatorial primary be called in November to determine whether the people preferred former Governor James K. Vardaman or any other citizen to himself to represent the State at Washington. He told the Legislature that if he should not prove to be the choice of the people he would resign. This willingness to remove a cloud upon title to the senatorial toga is something new in American politics.

Governor Patterson's Defiance

Although Governor Patterson of Tennessee incurred a great deal of censure when he pardoned Duncan B. Cooper, convicted of killing ex-Senator Carmack, he has just thrown down the gauntlet to his enemies by announcing himself a candidate for re-election. By so doing he disregards the Tennessee tradition which fixes two consecutive terms as the ordinary tenure. This action will revive the bitterness which culminated in the death of Carmack. The ex-Senator had asked for election to the governorship as the champion of the Prohibitionists, but he was defeated by Patterson and took revenge by assailing Patterson in his newspaper. More than ninety per cent of the whites of Tennessee are pure-blood Americans, descendants of Lord Berkeley's and Oglethorpe's fierce and fighting pioneers. They are implacable in warfare, political or otherwise and the contest which will be waged over Patterson's candidacy is sure to be full of dangerous excitement. The political machine in Tennessee is perhaps the most potent and most comprehensive in the United States. In the primaries the governor has almost absolute power.

Employers' Voluntary Liability

Following its action in cutting down the amount of Sunday labor in its various plants the United States Steel Corporation has instituted a voluntary employers' liability relief system. Irrespective of legal liability the company has decided on a scale of payments. During temporary disablement, single men will receive 35 per cent of their wages and married men 50 per cent, with an additional 5 per cent for each child under sixteen and 2 per cent for each year of service above five years. In case of death of the wage-earner the widow and children will receive one and one-half years' wages, with an additional 10 per cent for each child under sixteen and 3 per cent for each year of service of the deceased above five years. The corporation announces that for some years past it has been paying more than a million dollars a year to injured employees and to their families. Its new scheme will be tried for a year to see how it works, and the corporation announces that "it is our purpose by this plan to treat employees fairly and generously, even under the most enlightened view of the employer's responsibility." It also announces that it has under consideration the pensioning of disabled or superannuated employees. The International Harvester Co. also announces a system of compensation to employees suffering from accident not caused by intoxication or wilful disregard of safety appliances by the injured person. The scale of payment is to be, in case of death, three years' average wages, but not less than $1,500 nor more than $4,000; for loss of hand, or foot, one and a half year's wages, but not less than $500 nor more than $2,000; for other injuries, one-fourth wages for 30 days of disability, one-half wages during two years of disability, if it continues beyond 30 days, and if the disability is total, a pension after two years.

Socialist Claims in Germany

Carl Kautsky, the scientific theorist and Socialist, has just published in Berlin a notable article forecasting a great triumph for the Socialists in the elections next year. He says there is an excellent prospect of their doubling their total vote, in which case they will probably have an absolute majority of the aggregate votes polled in Germany. If so, it would mean a catastrophe for the existing order of things and the established form of government. He admits that such a triumph cannot be reckoned upon with certainty, but anyway it is unquestionable, he says, that the Socialist advance will be so extraordinary that it will shake the foundations of the existing system of society and government. Kautsky warns the party not to destroy their chances by foolish blunders such as a general strike, which is advocated by the extremists for the purpose of extorting universal suffrage in Prussia.

Increased Trade with the Philippines

The Payne tariff law established free trade, with certain exceptions and limitations, between the United States and its Philippine possessions and the result has been a great increase in the volume of business. The most striking gains in exports to the islands appear in wheat flour and cotton goods. Flour trade that formerly went to Australia and cotton trade that formerly went to Europe now come to this country. Imports from the islands also show an increase directly attributable to the new tariff. Hemp, now and heretofore on the free list, still stands as the leading article of import. The importation of sugar has greatly increased, likewise of cigars and cigarettes. Nevertheless our trade with the 8,000,000 inhabitants of the islands is only on a par with our trade with the 90,000 people in Alaska, omitting Alaska's shipment of gold and mining products.

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The Spectator

The Chinese Prince Was Afraid

The newspapers missed a very good story in connection with the arrival here of Prince Tsai Tao who is minister of war, brother of the regent and uncle of the emperor of China. It is the sort of story which could have been developed into a fine sensation for it has to do with plots to kill and is decorated with bombs and the mysteries of a secret society. At the same time it would have explained the unseemly haste with which the Prince scurried from San Francisco to the East and the discourteous abruptness with which he squelched the elaborate plans made for his entertainment. When all the most prominent local Chinese gathered at the Palace Hotel to greet their prince they were deeply chagrined by the hasty and perfunctory manner in which he acknowledged their deference. It will be recalled that a beautiful silver punch bowl was to be presented to him with great ceremony and that he vouchsafed his presence for a few moments only, retreating to his rooms and sending word that the gift could be sent after him. As there is no more ceremonious nation than the Chinese and no more carefully trained expositor of bland politeness than a Chinese prince, this unusual conduct was received with amazement by everybody except the few who knew the startling reason for it. The fact of the matter is that the Chinese prince was very badly frightened during his stay here, frightened by threats of death.

The Consul Warned Him

It is not long since Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the head of the Chinese Freemasons, the powerful reform party which aims to overthrow the hated Manchu dynasty and give the government of China to the Chinese, paid a secret visit to this city. The powers that be in China are very respectful to Dr. Sun Yat Sen on account of the tremendous power which he wields. They regard it as the dictate of prudent diplomacy to show consideration for a leader who may some day be at the head of Chinese affairs. This policy was pursued by Shui Ping Chun, until recently consul general here. Shui met Dr. Sun Yat Sen during his visit and treated him with the most obsequious kindness, at the same time doing everything in his power to fathom the purpose of his presence. Whether he actually fathomed that purpose it is not for me to say, but the result of his investigation was that when he went to China he made it his business to meet the prince at Shanghai and warn him that a plot against his life was being hatched in San Francisco. When Prince Tsai Tao started across the ocean to this city it was with the firm conviction that the powerful American branch of the reform party which has its headquarters in this city had perfected plans for throwing a bomb at his carriage and thus striking a blow for Chinese liberty. There is no doubt that when he arrived here the streets of Chinatown were placarded with bulletins denouncing the Manchu dynasty and that some of those who rode in the parade with him were members of the reform party. That is why the plans for the prince's entertainment had to be curtailed. He feared to mingle freely with the local Chinese and thought that it would be much safer to receive that punch bowl in his private apartments. Perhaps he feared that some anarchistic Chinese might hurl it at his head.

A Charge of Plagiarism

Reading as I do with the utmost attention William Marion Reedy's St. Louis Mirror, I was interested to find last week the following paragraph:

> A correspondent calls the Mirror's attention to the alleged fact that all the Wagner material in Gertrude Atherton's "Tower of Ivory," was "lifted" from George Moore's "Evelyn Innes." It were a good thing if all the Wagner material in all contemporary novels were "lifted" and then dropped somewhere out of sight. Wagner is all right as music, but he's a burden as the novelist expositors insist upon presenting him. No novel at all aesthetic is complete without expatiation upon "Tristan and Isolde," "Parsifal," etc. It is time for our novelists to write novels, not music.

Thinking that Mrs. Atherton might also be interested I called it to her attention, at the same time asking her to make whatever reply she saw fit.

What Mrs. Atherton Says

Mrs. Atherton paid her compliments to the editor of the Mirror in the following words:

In regard to the clipping you send me from the St. Louis Mirror, it is not surprising that any middle-western imagines that all knowledge of Wagner must be obtained at second-hand. It is like that other deathless provincialism which holds to the belief that the British aristocrat was invented by Ouida. It never occurs to these good people that Ouida, although temperamentally incapable of reaching the psychology of the English upper class, had ample opportunities to observe its men and women from the outside, having, indeed, many intimate friends in the circles she was fond of describing. Other writers who draw the English aristocrat from life are bound to give him a superficial resemblance to the famous heroes of Ouida; and the ignorant, of course, jump to the conclusion that even first-hand portraits are filched from the old plates. Likewise, it does not occur to them that others besides George Moore may have had an opportunity to study Wagner at first hand. The students of Wagner, I should say, roughly, number several hundred thousand. As for myself, having lived in Munich for seven years if I were not saturated with Wagner I should be a candidate for an asylum for idiots.

And what nobler theme for a novel than music, the music of Wagner in particular? Graft? Divorce? New York Society? But after all, what do the opinions and speculations of these small fry amount to? Merely the necessity to make paragraphs.

—Gertrude Atherton.

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Camping on Polk's Trail

That irrepressible architect Willis Polk is just now having the time of his life. Nary a day passes which does not afford Polk ample food for his healthy appetite for hilarity. It is only a short time since he assisted the Examiner to "put one over" on itself and now he has the local chapter of architects camping on his trail. It all comes about because Polk announced one day with a straight face that he had been chosen architect-in-chief of the Panama Exposition. Of course there isn't an architect in town who doesn't dream of designing a building or two for that exposition. If you meet an architect on the street and find him in an abstracted mood, be sure that he is thinking on this subject. So when Willis Polk announced rather casually that he had the entire job bottled up, there was a tremendous hubbub. Architects are very serious folk, Polk being one of the very few in town with a sense of humor; hence none of the craft stopped to consider that the announcement was a trifle premature. That an architect should be chosen before the fair was assured to San Francisco did not strike them as improbable. The next meeting of the architectural chapter was the most thronged that ever was held here, also the most exciting. Polk attended, for the first time in his life, I believe, but his aspect was sphinxlike and the combined efforts of all our Vitruviuses failed to elicit any additional information. Following the meeting a committee waited on William H. Crocker, thinking that he would be able to coax Polk into further revelations, but although Polk met the committee in Crocker's office, the conference availed them nothing. Finally the chapter held another meeting and solemnly resoluted. It was the sense of their weighty deliberations that all architects should be given an equal chance to submit plans for the exposition and that the exposition committee should consider them very much at its service. Polk has been laughing at them till his sides ache. He is having the time of his life.

The New Bohemian Club

Speaking of architects and architecture reminds me that the new building of the Bohemian Club at the corner of Post and Taylor is coming in for a great deal of professional censure. I have heard it compared with the old Fontana warehouse, very much to the advantage of the warehouse, and certainly its brick rigidity of outline does not appeal very strongly to the eye, even of the uninitiate. The Bohemian clubsters vaunt themselves as the patrons and cognoscenti of all the arts and it was only natural to suppose that their new home would be a triumph of architecural beauty. Yet the franker and more enlightened members of the club are confessing with sadness that the building is not what it ought to be. It is being contrasted unfavorably with some of the other club buildings in town. The Family has a beautiful building, so have the Elks and the Union League and the Town and Country and the Francisca and the Argonaut. The Pacific-Union will be housed magnificently and when the new Olympic Club is built in Post street, the red home of the Bohemians next door will look more insignificant than ever.

The Identity of "The Sybarite"

The following letter has just come to me:

The Family, May 3, 1910.

Editor "Town Talk,"

Dear Sir: I had the good fortune to make one of a brilliant gathering in this club a few nights ago and the talk dwelt for some time on the series of papers entitled "The Physician at the Supper Table" which are being published in your excellent weekly. All of us agreed that these papers were deserving of the highest encomiums and as we boast some little knowledge of the niceties of table and sideboard, you may take this as a high compliment. If I may say so with modesty we were born in Sybaris and educated in the Cyrenaic school of Aristippus. Doubtless you catch my meaning, for you too have classical learning. In the author of these papers we recognize a brother Sybarite, but are divided as to his identity. Some of us maintain that the author is none other than Mr. Raphael Weill, the Brillat-Savarin of the Paris of America. Others insist that only Colonel Kowalsky, the Trimalchio of our banquets, could write them. A third faction urges that they must be the work of Petronius himself—I mean of course Mr. Ned Greenway. You will note that we garnish our conversation with the lore of the ancients, but indeed we are indebted for most of it to Ned Hamilton. Will you set our minds at rest by telling which of these three is the Sybarite of your articles?

Thanking you in advance, I will sign myself

—A Family Man.

I am sorry that I cannot comply with the request of my correspondent. I can only say that none of his brilliant friends has guessed aright. The author of the articles is one of the most prominent citizens of the State, but he will not permit me at this time to divulge his name.

Flannery's Downfall

According to surface indications Harry Flannery is in a bad box. Whatever be the facts of the scandal in which he is involved it is certain that he has been keeping bad company. Now it is not strange or unusual for a saloon-

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keeper to be on terms of intimacy with rogues of fertile wit, skilled in the art of separating fools from their money, but the idea of a police commissioner making choice of such society is somewhat repugnant to our sense of the obligations of a public servant to the people whose lives and property he is supposed to safeguard. If Flannery has done nothing worse he has at least failed to differentiate the exigencies of his private business from the duties which he assumed when he became a public official. I am not inclined to take for granted all that has been charged against Flannery. The circumstances attending his downfall argue cogently to his discredit, but nowadays it is well to await developments before jumping to a conclusion with respect to the guilt or innocence of a man whose disgrace is passionately desired for political reasons. Flannery has enemies who but recently went through a long course of training in the business of perfecting what are known as "frame-ups." They are men in whom all the better instincts of human nature have been extinguished. In the furtherance of political ends there is no species of cruelty at which they would scruple. The fine Italian hands of these heartless rascals being visible behind the scenes in Marin County I am not disposed to turn thumbs down at this stage of the proceedings, though I have no hesitation in saying that Flannery has got himself in a might unsavory mess.

The Police and the Crooks

Though it is startling and shocking to be told that intimate and amicable relations exist between a prominent police official and the leader of a gang of professional rogues there is really nothing of novelty in such a situation. Flannery is the first police commissioner that I have ever known to be charged with having social and business relations with what are known as confidence operators, but the protection of such rogues by high police officials is not uncommon. In almost every large city there are thieves and bunko men in the enjoyment of police favor. In some instances the favored ones serve as stool-pigeons, and receive as compensation the freedom of the city. In some cases the police share with the criminals the loot of crime. The fact is that if the heads of police departments zealously did their duty professional criminals would have but very little territory in which to operate. How easy it is for the police to round up the criminal element we learn whenever a big celebration is about to take place in any city. The police take the precaution of locking up all the pickpockets on the eve of the celebration, and keep them behind bars until it is over. Though this news is always published nobody ever thinks of asking why the police tolerate the pickpockets when there is no celebration on hand.

Flannery's Proud Past

It is interesting to recall at this time that Harry Flannery, though a saloon-keeper, received some high honors at the hands of the Democratic party of the State. It will be remembered that at the State convention that nominated presidential electors for the last Bryan campaign there was a lively contest between Flannery and the Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, and that the delegate's preferred the saloon man to Mr. Phelan's brother-in-law.

ROASTS

No other seasoning can equal that delicate touch given all roasts by adding

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It brings out the best flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Veal, Stews, Chops and Salads. "It is a perfect seasoning."

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It may be also remembered that at the last session of the Legislature when Mr. Phelan renewed his overtures for the complimentary vote for United States Senator Mr. Flannery was also on hand eager for the dubious honor. On the show down Flannery beat the impeccable young millionaire, and the latter's friends almost swooned from humiliation. Mr. Phelan, as a Bryan elector, graced the Flannery ticket and the people of San Francisco gave the saloon man a larger vote than they vouchsafed their darling ex-Mayor. So in view of the honors that Flannery received it is not to be wondered at that Mayor McCarthy appointed him to the police commission.

"Tom" Williams in the Limelight

Mayor Gaynor's speech at the banquet of the Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York was hardly more sensational than "Tom" Williams' spectacular injection of himself into the proceedings. Williams proved himself a hero in an emergency. A less tactful person, or one more impulsive than discreet, as incensed as Williams was on that occasion, would be likely in the excitement of the moment to transgress the proprieties, but Williams maintained his composure, holding his judgment on its throne notwithstanding the discourtesy to which he was subjected and the hostile demonstrations which his conduct provoked. What he had to say was pertinent and polite, and he said it in defiance of a howling mob. The achievement was characteristic. "Tom" Williams is a man of exceptional courage and wonderful self-confidence. As a newspaper man in this city where he entered the profession as a sporting reporter and rose to the position of manager of the Examiner, he figured in many episodes that tested his mettle and he was never found wanting. Many years ago at a session of the legislature in Sacramento he gave

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Asti, the home of the Italian-Swiss Colony in Sonoma County, is without doctor or druggist. There is no business for them there. Pure California wines and outdoor life keep health abloom.

a remarkable exhibition of stolidity in circumstances of the most trying character. One day, without the slightest warning, as he was sitting at the reporters' table in the Senate, he was taken up as a subject of discussion on account of his strictures on certain statesmen. One after the other these statesmen took the floor and inveighed against Williams in terms of the most bitter abuse. In language impassioned and virulent they heaped denunciation upon him, and through it all the calmest man in the chamber was "Tom" Williams. Finally he was expelled, and without the slightest evidence of emotion he took his leave, going straight to his room in a hotel where he sat down and wrote a report of what had taken place, enlivening it with epigrammatic comments on the men who had denounced him and repeating the charges that had stirred their ire. Several thousands of words he dashed off for the afternoon paper which he represented, and his workmanship was flawless. He turned out a most brilliant philippic and it must have made the blood of every one of his assailants tingle. Later in the day he sallied forth and licked one of the senators on the street.

Financing Natomas

Some time ago I gave in these columns the outlines of the romance of Natomas Consolidated, the gold dredging company out of which millions have been taken to found new fortunes and to rehabilitate old ones. Now I learn that Natomas is about to enter upon a new era of prosperity made possible by a six per cent bond issue of $15,000,000. The first five million of this bond issue was offered for subscription in London on April 2 through an advertisement in the Times and had been taken at par at the close of the following day. The money will be used to enlarge the development and reclamation work now being done by the company, a work which is probably unequalled in California. Included in the assets of the company are gold-bearing gravel dredging lands, important water rights, rock crushing plants, real estate and the right to purchase a tract of more than 50,000 acres of valuable land between the city of Sacramento and the American River. These lands have a frontage of 22 miles on the American and Feather rivers and the company plans to reclaim and irrigate them. A board of experts consisting of Charles M. Rolker of London, Judge Peter Shields and Marshall Diggs of Sacramento and Albert Burch, the mining engineer, valued them recently at $43,223,116. The certified accounts of the company show that for the nine months from January 1 to September 30, 1909, the profits available for bond interest, depreciation and redemption of capital amount to $810,284.25, being at the rate of $1,080,576.35 per annum. Five new dredges will be installed out of the recent bond issue and it is estimated that the profits from the lands and rock crushing plants alone will be $2,168,600 per annum. The directors of Natomas are Eugene J. De Sabla, Louis Sloss, W. P. Hammon, R. J. Hanford, E. R. Lilienthal, Joseph D. Grant, M. E. Griffin and Curtis H. Lindley, all of this city, and Lord Ribblesdale, Sir Charles Day Bose and Albert Reitlinger of London.

Mrs. Caller—Do you know the woman next door well enough to speak to?

Mrs. Subbubs—Well enough? I know her too well to speak to.

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

Tom Gibbon is Ousted

Tom Gibbon, the militant democratic editor of the Los Angeles Herald who recently raised ructions in the party of the unterrified by firing editorial broadsides into the Bourbon conference in the southland, is no longer able to stir wrath by his sizzling pronunciamentos. Like a bolt from the blue General Harrison Gray Otis has swooped down upon him and shorn him of all editorial authority in the Herald office. A burdensome mortgage was all that stood between General Otis and the Herald and at last he has decided to take charge. A few days ago Blakely Hall, a newspaperman from New York, walked into the Herald sanctum and announced to Gibbon that he had the authority of General Otis and Harry Chandler to take charge of the editorial policy of the paper. It must have been a great shock to Gibbon and I am sorry for him. He has always had the courage of his stout convictions and it will gall him to have his name at the top of a paper which he does not control. Perhaps he will discontinue his association with the Herald altogether. I believe the Herald has lost steadily ever since it was bought by Gibbon and Mrs. Lobdell from the general. The purchase price was $190,000 of which Mrs. Lobdell and Gibbon contributed, I believe, $150,000, the former putting up Los Angeles property and the latter pledging his beautiful Hollywood holdings. The rest of the purchase price was raised in cash from stock subscriptions. Mrs. Lobdell retired after losing heavily, the mortgage burden became heavier and heavier and General Otis finally decided to foreclose.

When Pillsbury Scored

No recent legal contest has been so fruitful in verbal quips as the de Laveaga case which is now being tried before Judge Coffey with Samuel M. Shortridge and E. S. Pillsbury as opposing counsel. Shortridge is a past-master of conversational fence and although Pillsbury is not averse from crossing foils with him, it must be said that the white-headed lawyer has usually come off with second honors. But Pillsbury has one palpable hit to his credit, as even Shortridge is willing to concede. A witness was on the stand for examination by Shortridge and when Pillsbury moved to strike an answer from the record, an argument arose involving the legal

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doctrine of probability. Shortridge had his authorities at the tip of his tongue and his books within reach of his fingers.

"Let me read to your honor," he said, "a short excerpt from this volume, a gift by the way of the late Major McLaughlin. It is a work on the doctrine of probabilities written by Sarjeant Williams."

"Who is Sarjeant Williams?" demanded Pillsbury. Shortridge looked at him with amazement.

"You don't know Sarjeant Williams, the greatest English authority on this subject?" he exclaimed. "It is evident, Mr. Pillsbury, that you have not spent your nights as I have."

"I hope I have not," snapped Pillsbury.

A Pugilist in Disguise

Baron von Schroeder, like several others among our prominent leisured gentlemen, prides himself on his ability as a boxer. Many an impromptu match has he won with one of his scientifically directed punches. But he met his Waterloo a few nights ago. The scene was the hammam baths of a big hostelry to which Baron von Schroeder had retired after an evening of entertainment. In his company was Baron von Hinkel, a German who has been sojourning here and a very distinguished looking man who seemed to be von Hinkel's intimate friend. The talk was of the Jeffries-Johnson fight and it was quite natural that Baron von Schroder should mention his proficiency in the manly art. Von Hinkel's companion became greatly interested and when he admitted some little knowledge of boxing, nothing would do but that von Schroeder should put on the gloves with him. The sparring match which followed is described by spectators as more than one-sided and when von Schroeder went to the mat under a well-directed blow he was glad to call quits. He congratulated his conqueror and sought private information from Baron von Hinkel as to his antecedents. He learned then that the man he had been boxing with was von Hinkel's valet and that he was an ex-pugilist. Henceforth Baron von Schoeder will not box with anybody unless he has first inspected his family tree.

The Hillsboro Insurgent

Unless I miss my guess there will be some very interesting developments when the distinguished municipal council of the new town of Hillsboro holds its sessions. There is an interloper in that body, an official who broke the slate and thrust himself into office without so much as a "by your leave." This is considered deucedly bad form by the other members of the board and they are prepared to show their disapprobation as soon as opportunity arises. The insurgent against the political organization of Hillsboro is Norris Davis who put himself up as a candidate at the last moment and beat George Pope by one vote. The incorporators of Hillsboro did not expect any such recalcitrant behavior. They wanted Pope on the board and they are very much put out at his narrow defeat. So they are privately determined to discipline Davis, to treat him the way La Follette is treated by Aldrich and Gussie Gardner by Joe Cannon. Of course they will not be rude about it, but just the same Davis will be given to feel that he is de trop. The policies which he advocates will not make much of a hit with Templeton Crocker and Henry T. Scott and George Howard and the Reverend Dr. Brewer. His suggestions will be chilled by the frost of the majority, the while Davis is delicately chided for advancing them. Yes, the meetings of the Hillsboro board should be very interesting, not to say extremely funny, for Davis is not the sort of man to pine under disapprobation. If he were that sort of a man he would never have broken the slate and beaten George Pope by one vote.

He Refused to Subscribe

I suppose it is pretty generally understood that the amazing total of subscriptions obtained within two hours for the Panama Fair was not the result of mere spontaneous enthusiasm. Before the meeting was called at the Merchants' Exchange a number of committees went around town and interviewed our moneyed citizens as to the amounts which they would be willing to contribute. That of course was a necessary precaution and it does not detract from the magnificent showing made when the shares were put up for sale, particularly as there were innumerable voluntary subscriptions from men who had not been solicited and who put up sums which took the committee's breath away. One of the men who served on a committee to solicit subscriptions —he is one of our foremost federal officials here—is authority for the statement that his committee met with only a single rebuff and he adds with considerable feeling that it was one of the most coldblooded rebuffs imaginable. It came from a San Franciscan who before the fire was prominent in the affairs of a big wholesale drug house which has since passed out of separate existence, its owners devoting themselves to other investments. This particular man has been very successful of late in oil, one of his coups being to sell a well for two million dollars. The committee thought that he would put his name down for a handsome sum but they were never so deceived in their lives. He did not put his name down for a cent but he treated the committeemen to the bitterest tirade against San Francisco and all its citizens and enterprises that they had ever heard.

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The committee passed from shocked surprise to lively indignation and the members are longing for an opportunity to "show up" this disloyal San Franciscan.

"Don't Come," Said Kahn

Just before the Exposition boomers started for Washington they received despatches from the Capitol advising and urging them to stay at home. But the junket looked too good to them to be abandoned. One of the despatches was from Congressman Kahn who advised the committee that nothing would be done at this session of the Congress. In other despatches it was explained that as the spirit of economy was brooding over Washington the time was inopportune for any lobbying for a big appropriation. I hear that even the Administration joined in the request that the trip be postponed, but the boomers were not to be dissuaded. It was the sentiment of the boomers that as San Francisco had once more astonished the world, raising as it had four millions in a jiffy, it was advisable to keep enthusiasm at boiling point and at the same time to hold the eye of the nation and discourage all competitors. So despite protests "On to Washington!" was the slogan, the engine shrieked and the special was off.

Lawlor's Ambition

District Attorney Fickert describes the Hon. William P. Lawlor's political ambition as ludicrous. Evidently Mr. Fickert is not familiar with Judge Lawlor's past; else he would not consider it ludicrous for that gentleman to aspire to a seat in the State's highest tribunal. To Judge Lawlor all things are possible. Seeing himself where he is it is far from ludicrous for him to think of soaring to another height. Ascension to the Supreme Court is a trivial achievement compared to what he has already accomplished. Judge Lawlor is not the man to question his own fitness while considering the possibility of realizing a fantastic dream. He knows that in a world where transcendent souls are scarce mediocrity is of the highest excellence in the eyes of the preponderant mediocre people. Besides he knows that he is at least skilled in the art of putting into play mediocre qualities, an art which some philosopher has said begets more reputation than is achieved by merit. In my opinion it is not half so ludicrous for Judge Lawlor to aspire to the Supreme Court as for Judge Dunne to be permitted to be at large. Knowing something of the various stages of Judge Lawlor's rise to distinction I am prepared to say that he is justified in any ambition that he might hold. However vaulting I am sure it cannot o'erleap itself. Besides it is natural that a man to whom fortune has been so prodigal should feel that nothing is too high for his daring. It is natural that his fancy should dwell on his own prospects with riotous exuberance, sowing his pathway through life with orient pearl, paintings for him endless glorious triumphs on the cloud-curtain of the future. Judge Lawlor reminds me of a squirrel in a cage: he is always climbing.

To Celebrate the Fourth in Paris

Henry's famous American bar in Paris will be the scene of a lively celebration on the coming Fourth of July and the participants will be well-known San Francisco men and women. There are a number of local people who are planning to start abroad soon and it was agreed recently that all of them should meet in Paris on the Fourth of July to show the San Franciscans of France how the Parisians of America make the eagle scream on the national birthday. As Henry's bar is noted for its cocktails above all other Parisian emporiums of booze, it has been decided to make that place the rendezvous and promptly at ten o'clock of the evening of the Fourth the patriotic travelers will meet there and proceed to uncork their enthusiasm for liberty and any number of bottles of the choicest vintages at one and the same time. 'Twill be a great occasion and unless I mistake the temper of those who will compose the party, midnight will be sped and daylight well on its way before the party breaks up. Among those who have sworn the solemn pact to meet at Henry's are Mr. Gus Eisen and his wife, Dr. J. M. Dunn, Paul Verdier, the manager of the City of Paris, Mr. Conrad Peters and his wife, Mr. Leon Bocqueraz and his wife, Mr. George Lewis, and last but by no means least of this choice company, Monsieur Edouard Greenway.

Scott as the God from the Machine

I wonder if Henry T. Scott realizes yet that he acted as the deus ex machina for one of our junior barons of finance a few evenings ago? If he has not, he will be interested to learn the circumstances. This particular junior baron of finance is a paragon of propriety when the daily routine confines him within the gorgeous bank in which his family is paramount, but after business hours he is not averse from a little relaxation. Sometimes he takes a little more relaxation of a liquid sort than is good for him and then all the native exuberance of his disposition bursts forth, like truth emerging from the bottom of her well or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, like a saucy bubble swimming to the surface of a brimming beaker of champagne. Our youthful banker chose the St. Francis Hotel as the setting for one of his boisterous performances last week. It was

AN UP-TO-DATE STOVE

Do you realize there is no longer any reason why you should use a coal range? Oil is cheaper than coal; it is lighter and easier to handle, and gives an intense heat. Provided you have the right stove, oil is more economical, cleaner and less trouble. Have you seen the

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

The accompanying illustration gives you only a rough idea of its appearance. You really can't appreciate it until you either use it yourself, or talk to someone who has used it. It does everything that a coal range will do—except heat the room. The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove will do anything, from heating a kettle of water to cooking a course dinner, but it won't heat a room. It doesn't "smell," it doesn't smoke. It can't get out of order. Light it and it is ready. Turn it down and it is out. Only a woman who knows the trouble of carrying coal and cooking in a hot kitchen can appreciate what it means to have a clean, perfect stove that will cook anything, boil, bake or roast, and yet won't heat the kitchen. How is it done? The flame is controlled in turquoise-blue enamel chimneys, and directed against the bottom of pot, pan, kettle or oven, and only there. The flame operates exactly where it is needed —and nowhere else. With this stove your kitchen is cool.

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

The nickel finish with the bright blue of the chimneys makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

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very lively while it lasted, undoubtedly worth the price of admission. At the same time the bartender who had to duck a carefully aimed wine glass was not an enthusiastic spectator and the same may be said of several other employes of the hotel. The exuberant youth had retreated to the tapestry room and gracefully balanced on the back of a chair, his feet planted on the gobelin blue seat, was embarrassing a feminine guest with his conversational efforts, when it was determined to send him forth "into the night." The hotel force was advancing stealthily for a rear attack when their plans were knocked into a cocked hat. For Henry T. Scott, one of the owners of the hotel, entered at that psychological moment and disregarding the disturber's unconventional attitude, cried out:

"Hello, Blank, come and have a drink."

Another London Serial

Jack London's tireless pen has earned for him another snug sum of money. To his friends of the local literary colony he has communicated the glad news that the New York Herald has accepted from him a serial story for which he has received $8,000. It is another Klondyke story, the hero of which after amassing a fortune in the frozen north returns to civilization to wage war against predatory wealth.

Beach Thompson's New Venture

Mr. Beach Thompson, one of our most successful promoters, has gone into the wireless telephone business and the company with which he is connected is now operating a wireless telephone between Stockton and Sacramento. I am told that the project is very successful, the messages being transmitted with wonderful facility. Mr. Thompson is of the opinion that there is a great future in this business and his company has secured coast and foreign connections and will soon branch out on a great scale. Investors will probably regard with favor a project promoted by Thompson, for he has already achieved a wonderful success in the organization of the Stanislaus Electric Power Company. It was quite an accident which turned Mr. Thompson's attention to the power business. At the time when he was still an instructor at Stanford he was interested in the San Domingo placer mine near Angel's Camp. It was a good proposition, but water for power purposes was lacking. Mr. Thompson began studying the water situation with the assistance of Professor Marks of Stanford and the gigantic possibilities of power exploitation were suddenly revealed to him. With his brother-in-law, Howard Veeder, the well-known clubman, he set to work getting options for power sites along the Stanislaus River. It was a difficult and at times a discouraging undertaking, but the two men finally had the power possibilities of the Stanislaus pretty thoroughly bottled up. They placed their proposition before certain local bankers and were offered $400,000 for their options. Then the local bankers reconsidered the matter and lost their enthusiasm; so Mr. Thompson went to New York. There he got speedy returns. A company of eastern capitalists was formed; bonds for seven millions were underwritten by the Knickerbocker Trust Company; and the Stanislaus Electric Power Company was formed. Mr. Thompson had had a hard time to make ends meet but he took a million dollars out of that bit of promotion, besides getting water for his mine which is paying handsomely, I believe. He now lives in a beautiful home at Menlo.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 626 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at Nos. 536 Polk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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First race at 1.40 p. m.

Admission, men $2: ladies $1.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

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PACKED IN HEART SHAPED TIN BOXES.

30 cents per Box.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2736, N. S.—Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEORGE BUECKER, also known as GEORGE BUECKER, Deceased.

SOPHIE BUECKER, as administratrix of the estate of John George Buecker, also known as George Buecker, deceased, having filed herein her petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Seventeen Hundred Dollars ($1700.00), or such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet, wherewith to pay off and discharge a certain promissory note now secured by a mortgage on certain property belonging to said estate, and hereinafter described, and for the purpose of securing said loan to mortgage to the lender of said sum of money the undivided one-half interest belonging to the above named deceased, in and to that certain parcel of real property situated and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-fifth (25th) Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 172;

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at its Courtroom, Department Number 10, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Friday, the 10th day of June, 1910, then and there to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

It is further ordered that service of this order be made by publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

Dated May 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner and Administratrix, 501 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY, Executor of the estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Benjamin Francis Handy, Executor, at the office of Arthur H. Barendt, Attorney-at-law, 510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY,
Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Weir Handy, alias Elizabeth Weir Reid, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 7th, 1910.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT, Attorney for Executor, 510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Convert to Catholicism

It strikes me as very strange that the bavardes, ever on the alert for news, should overlook the interesting fact that Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick became a Catholic shortly before her marriage to Allan MacDonald. They might have surmised as much from the fact that the marriage ceremony was performed by Father Pius Murphy. Catholic priests do not officiate at weddings unless at least one party is of the faith. The bavardes might have known that either bride or groom must have been converted to Catholicism, but they had not their wits about them and missed a good story. The fact is that Miss Kirkpatrick became a Catholic two weeks before the original date set for her wedding, April 14. Miss Clara Allen, her cousin, acted as her sponsor. So that is the reason a Catholic priest and not a Presbyterian minister, officiated at the wedding. Her conversion was not heralded and will be a surprise to most of her friends. Both the Kirkpatrick and the MacDonald families are strict Scotch Presbyterians. The Sharon and Davis families to which Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick belongs were Quakers. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was formerly Miss Lillie Davis, her mother being Mrs. S. K. Davis of San Jose, a sister of Senator William Sharon. Mrs. William Sharon was a Catholic, the sister of Father Pius Murphy. Mrs. James M. Allen (Ida Davis) who was a favorite niece of Mrs. Sharon, surprised her family one day by becoming a Catholic, just as Mrs. Allan MacDonald has done. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Allen were pupils for many years at the College of Notre Dame in San Jose. It was as a result of her education there that Mrs. Allen changed her faith. The first wife of Senator Frank Newlands, formerly Miss Clara Sharon, a cousin of Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Allen, was a devout Catholic. Lady Hesketh, Flora and Frederick Sharon were baptised Catholics but never followed the faith.

Keeping Tab on a Millionaire's Affections

The bavardes are keeping their eyes on Louis Titus these days. Perhaps you have not the pleasure of Mr. Titus' acquaintance. If not let me assure you that his acquaintance is worth while; for Mr. Titus is a millionaire, whose fortune is of his own construction. He made the greater part of his fortune across the bay by the simple process of converting barren acre tracts into enticing town lots. And he began operations with the proverbial shoestring reinforced with his genius for making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. The interest that the bavardes are taking in Mr. Titus is due to a sense of his availability for domestic purposes. Some time ago Mr. Titus became an object of speculation to matchmakers in consequence of a divorce. Upon his return to single blessedness it was rumored that another romance had come into his life, and that as soon as a very charming young Oakland woman obtained her release from fetters that chafed Mr. Titus would again take unto himself a wife. But just as the bavardes had about made up their minds that they had correctly read the Titus horoscope they were agitated by the report that the young millionaire's affections had been alienated. On the wings of gossip flew the news that the Titus automobile was at the service of a very beautiful young woman, and that current indications justified the conclusion that first conjectures were all wrong. Developments are now eagerly awaited.

The Mysterious Miss Morgan

No midnight meeting of the "inner circle" of the Black Hand could have been guarded with more secrecy or enveloped with deeper mystery than was the conference at which Miss Ann Morgan, daughter of the New York Croesus, volunteered to bring to the working girls of San Francisco a message of glad tidings and great joy. In order adequately to safeguard this meeting which was held in the concert room of the Palace last week, outer and inner guards were maintained and there was a "dead

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS CRESSEY STONE

A talented pupil of Miss Hamlin's school who is prominent in the younger social set.

line" marked by a strip of red velvet carpet on the marble floor, beyond which only those properly accredited and entitled to receive Miss Morgan's message could step. The Baroness Nugent and her sister, Miss Maud Younger, the latter called by courtesy a "union waitress," officiated as guards, each flanked by a sufficient number of bell boys to repel a possible onslaught. Just why so much secrecy was deemed necessary, baffled conjecture, since every one leaving the room seemed to be consumed with eagerness to relate in detail all that had happened. If Miss Morgan possessed the panacea of industrial uplift, one would naturally assume that the great tidings should be sent broadcast over all the world instead of being limited to the few score working girls within sound of Miss Ann's mellifluent voice. While waiting for the statuesque heiress to make her appearance, the girls from the shops, laundries, cigar factories and so on, amused themselves by listening to a program of music. But it was Miss Morgan, the New York millionaire bachelor girl, as she likes to be called, whom they had come to see, and

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their fidgety nervousness and anxiety indicated how confused and dizzy they had become while anticipating the great honor that had been conferred on them.

Her Millionaire Simplicity

Shortly after 9 o'clock Miss Morgan, accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding and one or two society friends, strolled into the Palace with nonchalant grandeur, tripping along on a pair of buckled pumps with wonderfully high heels. Instantly every feminine head

Photo, Bushnell

MRS. CLAUS SPRECKELS JR.

Who before her recent marriage to the son of John D. Spreckels was Miss Ellis Moon of San Jose.

sought its neighbor's in whispered conference, and the comments on the lady's appearance were audible. The girls were charmed by Miss Morgan's smart hat, the acme of classical simplicity. It was doubtless in deference to the position of the working girls that Miss Morgan donned so plain a chapeau. It was made of finest white felt in a jaunty Cavalier shape, slapped up on one side, showing the brim faced with black Leghorn straw. Its only adornment consisted of the pins, two large round balls studded with jewels which stood out against the simple background like veiled incandescent globes. Where the hat was turned up, there was a tiny nosegay of flowers. The remainder of her apparel was in modest conformity with this demure hat. No flounces or vain ruffles marred the classical outline of the mauve smoke-gray silk which was heavy as broadcloth. It hung in straight close-fitting lines from the shoulders to the ankles where it lay in a soft mass about the feet. The lace collar was made of frilled Venetian lace, the only ornament being a large diamond butterfly with outspread wings that flickered and fluttered with the slightest movement. Miss Morgan, tall and lissome, her satiny brown hair coifed in the simplest possible style, innocent of rat or puff or curl, doubtless viewed her modest attire as the very thing which might serve as an example after which the working girls, so often accused of vanity and bad taste, might profitably pattern. Of course the working girls lack access to the atelier of Lady Duff-Gordon where all of Miss Morgan's gowns and chapeaus are designed, but it was at least worth their while to inspect a correct model of refined simplicity.

The Message of Uplift

Miss Morgan, in delivering her "message" grew eloquent with intensity as she urged the girls to see to it that every garment they purchased bore the union label. Samuel Gompers, numbered among Miss Morgan's dearest friends, could not have advocated the cause with more zealous ardor. Whether or not Miss Morgan herself practised her preachment when she purchased her clothing no one ventured to inquire. Before leaving, Miss Morgan succeeded in having some of the girls sign a paper avowing their intention to stand by the union label, the heiress assuring them that she herself had signed when a union label league was formed by herself and other well-known society leaders in New York. When one of the girls ventured a timid inquiry as to the financing of such a league here something vague was said about monthly dues, and the monetary topic was dismissed. As Miss Morgan left town the following morning she did not have the pleasure of nurturing this little flower of social uplift, and it will be interesting to see how it grows.

A Speech That Was Withheld

Miss Morgan first became interested in San Francisco through the fervid tales related by Mr. Heney and his friends, these stories impressing themselves with such dramatic force on Miss Morgan that she announced her intention of coming to this city and publicly telling us to our shameless faces just what she thought of us. A public meeting was talked of, to be arranged by the Women's League of Justice. Miss Morgan was very much in earnest, feeling that if we were only told about ourselves by someone who really saw the situation aright, the snarled mess would become instantly untangled and all would be lovely. When Papa Morgan heard of daughter's plan, the parental wrath nearly reached the explosive point. He commanded the haughty beauty to desist. But daughter snapped her pretty fingers in dad's face. She said she would do as she pleased. Miss Morgan herself related this story to her friends. Her visit here having terminated without the threatened speech, one assumes that parental discretion got the better of daughter's valor.

Cupid and Mammon

How typical of American journalism were the newspaper reports of the announcement of the engagement

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of Miss Helene Irwin and Charles Templeton Crocker! How little of sentiment in them; how piercing the dominant dollar note! "Immense Fortunes to Merge Under the Directions of Cupid" was the Call's shrieking scarehead, imputing to the little god who pierces and vivifies all things, producing life and joy, a purpose entirely foreign to his nature. And as though fearful that Mammon might not be made sufficiently conspicuous this sub-head was inserted: "Engagement Announced of Burlingame Millionaire and Hawaiian Heiress." Furthermore we are told that the bride is one of the "wealthiest girls in her set"; that her father is a "wealthy banker"; that she is "sole heiress of her father's immense fortune," and that Templeton Crocker "is reputed to be worth $15,000,000." In the Examiner office also the engagement was discussed from the dollar standpoint. "Cupid Allies Many Millions" was the Examiner's scarehead, and in the opening paragraph it is said that Crocker is a "many times millionaire" and that his fiancee is the only child of "the richest man in Honolulu." Then follow elaborate details touching the riches of the young people, explaining how the fortunes were made, et cetera. The romantic and sentimental side of the story is altogether neglected by the press, which assumes that people care naught about the "one thing pure where all beside is sullied." Yet here are a maid and a man of whom we can be sure that the step they are taking is prompted by the noblest passion with which a human being can be endowed. There is no need of either of them being concerned about sordid matters. Touched by a sacred fire, in one fate their hearts and beings they are about to blend. Surely in this there is much to stir the imagination. A tale of love it has been treated as though it reflected the emotions of the stock market.

Lady Wilson Missed the Wedding

San Francisco society saw mighty little of Lady Sarah Wilson but New York society saw less and thereby hangs a dolorous tale. Lady Sarah arrived in New York in time for the Gould-Drexel wedding and was exceedingly anxious to attend that spectacular affair, but she was doomed to disappointment. Her famous twenty-odd trunks failed to put in an appearance at the St. Regis where she was stopping and I am told on good authority that as the hour for the ceremony drew near Lady Sarah waxed more anxious than ever she did during her unchaperoned stay in besieged Mafeking. Not even so unconventional a person as Lady Wilson would dare to attend a wedding like the Gould-Drexel affair in any but the proper apparel, so she fretted her heart out at the hotel while the rest of the fashionables were displaying themselves at St. Bartholomew's and quaffing champagne at the Gould home afterwards. Next morning Lady Wilson got her trunks and sailed for London, with what deep chagrin may be imagined by those who have had a similar experience.

The Singletons to be Divorced

The domestic infelicities of John Singleton, president of the Yellow Aster mine at Randsburg, and the pretty Seattle girl whom he married shortly after striking it rich in the famous pocket of ore, have at last culminated in the filing of a suit for separation by the wife. For eight years has this union of youth and beauty with wealth and sedate age endured in spite of numerous small squalls which so disturbed the matrimonial sea that a separation was threatened three years ago. The burning of the handsome home in Singleton Court, to which Mrs. Singleton went as a bride upon her return from a wedding trip to Honolulu, seems to have marked the actual crisis in the lives of these two. Los Angeles people were genuinely surprised to hear that they had come to a point of open disagreement. Singleton, in the spirit of forbearance which age is expected to have for youthful impatience, laughted away the tears of his wife, settled a generous independent income from Yellow Aster stock upon her and took her to New York to spend a season or two forgetting. While in the metropolis Singleton humored a whim of his wife's in allowing her to adopt an abandoned waif whom she is now completely wrapped up in. Friends of the couple believe that this time there will be no halt in the divorce proceedings which have been instituted. The career of John Singleton has been an interesting one throughout. He was one of the very few

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who came out of Randsburg with a "find" and he was soon enabled to acquire additional large blocks of stock in the company of three men which owned the Yellow Aster. His honeymoon was still young when his only son came home in an irresponsible condition one evening, was reprimanded by his father and went upstairs to end his existence by the revolver route. Mrs. Singleton's youngest sister, Lillian Graham, has been studying music in Paris during the past year with a view to an operatic or concert career.

Archeology Becomes Fashionable

Local society as represented by Mrs. Eleanor Martin and her intimates has put the seal of its cultured approval on archeological research. This is an event of such transcendent importance that I almost hesitate to chronicle it as a society item. Still, while archeology is no doubt an important branch of learning, society is paramount and it must be conceded that archeology and not society was the gainer by the splendid function in Broadway with which Mrs. Martin signalized her readiness to recognize the prestige of those who delve in ancient soil for the shards and brickbats of departed grandeur. One of our most distinguished local archeologists delivered a lecture on this occasion on the recent archeological discoveries in Crete. 'Twas a learned lecture indeed and withal interesting, although some of our cultured exclusives found it a bit somnolent and snatched forty winks or so during its progress. I do not believe the story that one of our most learned young ladies asked Mrs. Martin if she had not traveled in Crete during the cretaceous period. Neither am I inclined to believe that some of the ladies blushed when the lecturer touched lightly on the real significance of the Daedalian myth. In the first place I do not think that more than one or two of them had ever heard of the Minotaur and besides an old Grecian scandal is not likely to embarrass anybody who has taken part in the intimate tattle that is so popular at select little bridge parties. If I might offer a suggestion it would be that our distinguished archeologists devote some attention to the subsoil of local society wherein by a little judicious digging they would discover such treasures of forgotten history as Crete in its palmiest days never dreamed of equalling. Nobody would drowse during a lecture on this entrancing subject.

Mrs. Norris Writes a Prize Story

The many friends in local newspaper and social circles of Mrs. Charles Norris will be pleased to know that she has just won the cash prize offered by a New York newspaper for the best short story submitted. Mrs. Norris was Miss Kathleen Thompson and worked for some time on the staffs of the Bulletin, Call and Examiner. One of her best newspaper performances was an interview with Margaret Illington at the time that that actress was attracting notoriety by her suit for divorce and her rhapsodies on the delights of sock-darning and other duties of domesticity. Mrs. Norris is a very brilliant young woman and now that she has attracted the attention of the New York editors I have no doubt that she will rapidly achieve literary distinction. Her husband is the brother of the late novelist Frank Norris and is on the staff of one of the leading New York monthlies.

Society Going to the Tyrol

Society will rendezvous at Oberammergau this summer, or more properly, at Munich, a few miles above Oberammergau where the comforts of life are more easily obtained. Many have taken their motors abroad rather than endure the inconveniences of continental travel. Among those who plan to see the Passion Play are the Wellington Greggs and their two beautiful daughters, the George A. Popes, the Joseph D. Grants, the W. H. Crockers, the Francis Carolans and the Tevis family; while from the other side of the bay there will be Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mrs. Lucie May Hays, Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mrs. William Rieder, Mrs. Charles Knox and Mrs. James Allen. Many prominent club women, intent on broadening their educations, plan to visit the Tyrolese village, Mrs. Sophia Peart, Mrs. L. R. Ellert and Mrs. James B. Hume being of the number.

Mrs. E. Lynch, Mr. Lynch and their son George motored to Del Monte last week in their big seven passenger Peerless,

What a delightful thing it is to have a home not crowded between two other houses, but surrounded by your own spacious lawns and gardens, with room enough for a tennis court, a garage for your motor, a willow fringed lily-pool perhaps, and flower-bordered walks, all your own.

These are characteristic features of residences in the beautiful Crocker Tract, Piedmont, where people REALLY LIVE, not merely exist. There the children lead the ideal childhood life in the open, with associates OF THEIR OWN CLASS because the restrictions placed on this villa park insure a neighborhood of the greatest distinction.

The houses in the Crocker Tract are examples of the last word of achievement of the modern architect and form no insignificant feature of its attractiveness.

The fortunate owners of villas here see from their windows the whole sweep of city and bay, with the lake lying like a silver mirror in the foreground. There are no whirring cars, clanging bells or nerve-racking whistles.

All is loveliness and peace, save for the shouts of children gathering poppies or the hum of the passing motor.

No wonder that day by day this beauty spot is being more and more recognized as the One Place for a home of distinction.

Villa sites from a large lot to several acres—for homes to cost from $15,000 to $50,000 are on sale by

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School Girls Going Too

Taking advantage of the great dramatic event at Oberammergau Miss Hamlin has arranged to have a number of girls from her school chaperoned through Europe, the experience being regarded as a schooling necessary before these young women will be considered sufficiently finished to enter the social world. Miss Cornelia McKinne, president of the Collegiate Alumnae, and Mrs. Robert McKinne will act as the chaperons. Four of the girls will remain in Paris for a year or more under the tutelage of a special teacher of their own, the latter's clientele being limited to four. The fortunate four are Miss Clementine King, Miss Adeline Bogart, Miss Florence Foster and Miss Irene Cuneo. Others who will accompany them will be Miss Edna Lindgren, Miss Belle Brittain and Miss Marie Payne. They leave next Saturday. Quite a number of the girls from Miss Head's School are planning to leave about the same time. Mrs. Gilbert Gurney, considered one of the most scholarly women in the university town, will chaperon a party of a score or so. She attended the Oberammergau festival in 1890 and wrote some particularly brilliant letters about it. She is much at ease in the continental languages.

In the Social Spotlight

A charming luncheon was hostessed by Mrs. Lily Hitchcock Coit on Thursday last at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Louis Parrott who is leaving for Washington, D. C., to join Mrs. Henley Smith, later sailing to pass the summer in Europe. The friends entertained were Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. Wm. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. James V. Coleman, Mrs. Wm. Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Geo. H. Mendell Jr., Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Mrs. Charles Page.

With the arrival of R. E. Wells at the Palace the list of prominent railroad men who have been in San Francisco this season is complete. Mr. Wells is general manager of the Salt Lake, San Pedro and Los Angeles railroad and is a brother of A. G. Wells who holds an equally prominent position with the Santa Fe.

Another well known business man who has been at the Palace for the past few days is W. R. Rust, general manager of the Tacoma Smelting Company. Mr. Rust is in the city on business connected with his company.

Among the mining men now in San Francisco and registered at the Palace, the recognized headquarters for mining and oil men, are E. T. McMonigle of Flagstaff, Colonel Thomas Ewing of Denver, Colorado, Chas T. Weir of Tucson, A. M. Ardery of Carson, W. L. Leland of Bakersfield, T. S. Bullock of Sonora and Captain H. F. Gerry of Angels Camp.

R. T. Crane, the millionaire manufacturer of Chicago who has been spending the winter in the southern part of the State was a recent arrivel at the Fairmont where he stayed for several days. Mr. Crane is the father of Mr. Charles Crane who was appointed Minister to China by Secretary of State Knox and recalled from his work before he could get farther on his way than San Francisco and the Fairmont. Mr. R. T. Crane was accompanied by Mrs. Crane.

Judge Erskine M. Ross of the United States Circuit Court which is now sitting in San Francisco has taken apartments at the Fairmont where he will make his home while in the city.

L. W. Pizzini accompanied by Mrs. Pizzini is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Pizzini is one of the prominent planters of Virginia where he has a large plantation near Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bennett and Miss C. Bennett are visiting Mrs. Thomas Young at the Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Doyle of Cuperinto, Cal., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Spivalo at the Vendome.

Judge Frank Murasky was host at a dinner party given at The Peninsula last Wednesday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Donnell, Mr. S. Renard, Mr. Thos. H. Morris and Mrs. M. Grennan.

The Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel continues to be the scene of many delightful informal tea parties. Its cheery out-of-door effect makes it the most attractive place of this sort in the city. Among those who entertained there recently were Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield, Mrs. Daniel Roth, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Fred Zeile and Mrs. Clem Tobin.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included, Miss A. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston L. White, George H. Kieder, I. N. Hubbard, Mrs. C. W. Neal, Lucille R. Neal, Hugo A. Taussig, Hugo Kleinhaus, R. R. Sherman, C. W. Cook, R. Marrach, Mrs. Burgin and Mrs. Barkley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud, who spent a few days last week at Del Monte, are planning to return soon and remain for the summer. Mr. Maud holds the golf championship of the State and finds the Del Monte links a great attraction. They are to bring their car with them to do the many drives very thoroughly.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels Jr. motored down to Del Monte to spend the week end.

Actress wants to buy from private party latest style imported evening and reception gowns 36-38 bust; 44-inch skirt. Box 4, "Town Talk."

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Mr. and Mrs. J. W. MacDonald of San Francisco and Miss Eleanor Dougherty of San Jose were among recent arrivals at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Costello with their children are at Del Monte for a few days, making the trip from the city in their machine.

Among the motorists of this city who visited Aetna Springs recently were Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Lovegrove, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Carolan, Miss Colhier, John White, Miss Toute, Edmund Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Col. and Mrs. Frank W. Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice L. Asher, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Mrs. J. C. Patrick, Miss Margaret Patrick, Master J. Howard Patrick, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. de Bretteville, Miss de Bretteville, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Huntington.

Mrs. W. F. Morris is sending out cards for the marriage of her daughter, Isabel, to W. Hobart Garlick, on the evening of May 5, at Grace Episcopal church. Since the announcement of her wedding day Miss Morris has been the guest at a number of affairs, the most recent of which was the tea given by Miss Marjorie Stanton at her home in Berkeley. Miss Harriet Caswell was another recent hostess who complimented Miss Morris at a prettily appointed tea. Mr. Garlick and his bride are to reside in Berkeley.

Mrs. C. C. Warren and Miss Edith Cory were at The Peninsula during the past week. The Warrens will go to San Mateo on June 1 for the summer.

The officers of the Portugese warship motored down to the Hotel Vendome for lunch recently, being the guests of Mr. John Rafael of San Francisco.

During the social festivities of the past fortnight the Fairmont has been the home of many of those who have already opened their summer homes across the bay or down the Peninsula. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs W. A. S. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Kuechler, all of San Rafael.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont are M. and Mme. Pierre Rojestventsky who will make their home there during the summer. M. Rojestventsky is the Consul General of Russia at this port.

A RIDDLE

A string of four large and busy candy stores in this city. Why all four? A box of candy will solve the riddle.

The Chameleon

Agnes Wilson was born and bred in a little interior town. At eighteen Agnes had a pretty face and a trim figure, but an absolutely colorless disposition. She had no likes or dislikes, no opinions, no ideas of her own. It was the joke of the village that if anybody said, "I like this, but don't like that," Agnes would say, "Yes, I like this, but I don't like that—while if anybody said, "I like that, but don't like this," Agnes would say, "Yes, I like that, but I don't like this." She was nothing but an echo—a weather-vane—a chameleon. John Bennett was a farmer. He was a young man, a prosperous man and a good man. He told Agnes that he loved her. Agnes said that she loved him. He asked Agnes to marry him. Agnes said, "Yes." He kissed her. She kissed him. They were married. Everything John wanted Agnes to do she did. And she never did anything John didn't want her to do. They lived a life of vegetables, fruit, horses, cows, pigs, chickens and ducks. They were happy together. This went on for a year.

Then Henry Allen came to the village. Henry Allen was from the city. He was young, rich and handsome. He wanted to buy an estate to include several farms, one of which was John Bennett's. He approached John on the subject. He saw Agnes. He asked John if he could board at the farmhouse while he was inspecting the property. John consented. Henry Allen told Agnes that he loved her. Agnes said that she loved him. He asked Agnes to run away with him. Agnes said, "All right." He kissed her. She kissed him. Then ran away. Everything Henry wanted Agnes to do she did. And she never did anything Henry didn't want her to do. They lived a life of music, wine, horses and carriages, automobiles, yachts, glitter and glare. For the poor creature was nothing but an echo—a weather-vane—a chameleon.

—The Philosopher.

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THE COST OF GAS

In Santa Barbara, a city of 12,000, the people wanted to know about the gas business and the basis of rates.

So the city council engaged the expert engineering services of Professor C. L. Cory of the University of California.

He visited the city, examined the plant, collected data, figured it all out. Last month he rendered his official report.

Here are the pertinent facts in that report:

To determine what rate for gas will give a proper return upon the investment, including the cost of improvements proposed, it is necessary to make allowance also for depreciation charges upon the new construction. The average depreciation upon the total plant is at the rate of 4.6 per cent. Allowing a return of 6 per cent upon the investment and including the cost of fuel oil at $1.15 a barrel, operating expenses, and depreciation then 1,000 cubic feet of gas would cost 123.87 cents and with oil at $1 a barrel, 119.78 cents a thousand.

The items of expense making up this gas cost are—

fuel oil (at $1 a barrel)	27.25c.
other station costs	14.71c.
distribution of gas	10.35c.
administrative expenses	22.13c.
depreciation (4.6 per cent)	19.68c.
profit (6 per cent)	25.65c.
Total	119.78c.

(That's gas at practically $1.20 a thousand.)
(In San Francisco the supervisors fixed the rate at $1.)

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Grace George in "A Woman's Way"

By Edward F. O'Day

When Thompson Buchanan constructed the comedy in which Grace George is now starring he was not at particular pains to hedge himself within the limits of plausibility and in consequence he amuses us but heardly convinces. The importance which the press agents have sedulously sought to attach to "A Woman's Way" as a moral instrument does not exist. A matrimonial difficulty is solved, it is true, but no woman in real life would seek to solve it in Mr. Buchanan's way and even if she should be so fantastically inclined, the habitude of the ultra-conventional society depicted in the play would stand obstinately in the way of her success. When a woman discovers that her husband's affection is being alienated and that he is philandering with another woman, her anxiety to save her marital happiness from wreck may urge her to desperate expedients, but is it conceivable that she would invite the Other Woman to her home? Is it likely that the Other Woman would accept such an invitation? Mr. Buchanan has put additional strain upon our credulity by making the two women strangers. But even supposing that in the sort of society to which Mr. Buchanan introduces us a wife will invite to her home a woman whom she has never met and that that woman will accept the strange invitation, can we believe that events will shape themselves as in the play? It happens that the Other Woman has had affairs with three of the men whom she meets in the home of the Wife, not counting the Husband. Two of them are married and despite their gay experience they manage the situation so awkwardly that their wives immediately become suspicious. In the climax of the play they reveal to the Husband that part of the Other Woman's past in which they have figured, thereby bringing about the disillusionment on which the Wife had counted. Having been invited as a supposedly honored guest, the Other Woman breaks bread with the family, serves her purpose in the Wife's scheme and is dismissed with scant ceremony. There would of course be no necessity for pointing out that this dramatic structure cannot be taken seriously, if we had not been asked by the press agent to do so. It would have been much better to offer the play as a witty trifle with no vital bearing on the divorce problem, but no doubt the attention which that problem is everywhere receiving offered an irresistible temptation. Mr. Buchanan does not solve any problem and I imagine that he had no such weighty motive in writing the play. He was probably concerned only in creating diverting situations and fitting clever lines to them and in this he has been admirably successful, for the situations throughout are very amusing and the cleverness of the speeches is above the average. It was necessary for his purpose to make the Wife a paragon of wit and the Husband an utter fool and he has done both things so thoroughly that one wonders how so bright a woman could ever endure so assinine a man. Obviously he is not worth the trouble she goes to for the purpose of keeping him, but if she didn't take all this trouble we wouldn't have the play, would we?

Grace George is an accomplished comedian. To use an expressive vulgarism she "kids" delightfully. Her every speech is set off by engaging plays of feature and easy gesture. Her serious moments in this play are few but effective. I had not seen her since she played in "The Marriage of William Ashe" and it seemed to me that her work showed a great deal of improvement. That she is an actress who will do still better things in the years to come I make no doubt, for she has signal ability and possesses unusual opportunities for finding the plays that suit her. It is a fortunate actress who has a manager for a husband. Just why C. Aubrey Smith was chosen as her leading man I am at a loss to conjecture, for in the absence of any histrionic interest that he excited I found myself absorbed in his striking resemblance to a well-known Powell street saloonkeeper. That is hardly the sort of interest which a leading man should excite. It is too irrelevant. Just the same I'd wager that the saloonkeeper could act the part of the Husband about as well as C. Aubrey Smith. Jack Standing who plays a subordinate part would have been much better cast, it seems to me, if he had C. Aubrey Smith's part. I'd wager that he would play it better than the aforesaid saloonkeeper, for he strikes me as being a mighty good young actor. Certainly his personal appearance would at least create the illusion of a gay husband which C. Aubrey Smith's does not. The junior Henry Miller is principally interesting as the son of his father. He is an incredibly serious chap in a role that doesn't call for that sort of treatment. Carolyn Kenyon who plays the Other Woman seems to minimize her personal attractiveness in order not to excite the sympathy of the audience. The author hasn't given the Other Woman much of a chance, but Miss Kenyon seems a little too much impressed with the necessity of subordinating herself to the star. Ruth Benson plays the small part of an elderly woman. You know she is a good actress as soon as she steps on the stage.

It is said that in the production of "The Pillars of Society," Mrs. Fiske's newest success, a strong characteristic of the actress—her admirable repression—is strongly illustrated. Her company is of exceptional strength and the Ibsen play lacks in no particular for perfect interpretation

MME. VAN DER VEER.
Contralto with the Damrosch orchestra

Stage

Dr. Wullner's Return

It is a high compliment to the appreciation of San Francisco concert goers that Dr. Ludwig Wullner and Mr. Coenraad Bos should return so soon. We had an opportunity to reflect upon Wullner's lieder singing during his absence and now the chance to revise our first estimate of his art has been presented. But there is no revision necessary. That was made apparent during his first concert at the Valencia Theatre when the applause which greeted him was perhaps even more enthusiastic than when he came here as a stranger. Dr. Wullner is probably not in better voice but his hearers have become acquainted with his methor of interpretation and are better prepared to enjoy the beauties which he lavishes

MLLE. ANTONIA DOLORES (Trebelli)

The famous soprano at the Garrick Theatre during week of May 16th.

at every recital. The opening program was an excellent one throughout and it would be difficult to pick from it certain numbers for superlative admiration. Of course The Erlking called forth great plaudits, as it always does when it is adequately sung. Dr. Wullner's singing of it was particularly interesting at this time because it is not so long since we had the great pleasure of hearing Schumann-Heink's rendition. Fortunately it is unnecessary to make a comparison. Both sing it flawlessly after their own fashions. The long "Dichterliebe" by Schumann with Heine's words was given with powerful intensity and enthralling sweetness. The Hugo Wolff numbers too could not have been more satisfactorily sung. Some critics find matter for carping in the technical quality of Dr. Wullner's voice, but after all there is a great deal more in a song by Schubert, Schumann and Wolff than a mere instrument for the exploitation of a perfectly trained organ. Nobody denies that Dr. Wullner's interpretation of these masters could not be surpassed. He has the soul of an actor, a great actor and there is tremendous strength, even in his most repressed moments. —The Music Lover.

Walter Damrosch and His Orchestra

The New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch with the assistance of four great vocal stars, the Loring Club, the San Francisco Choral Society, Mr. Lowell Redfield, Mrs. H. McCoy, Wallace A. Sabin and Paul Steindorff, will offer the greatest week of orchestral concerts that our music lovers have ever known. The first event will be a great Wagner Festival with vocal and instrumental excerpts from the five great works, "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," "Walkure" and "Tristan and Isolde." This will be given this Saturday night at the Greek Theatre of the University of California and one should take the seven or seven-twenty boat to arrive in good time. The same program will be repeated at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoon at 2:30. On Monday night a splendid collection of Tschaikowsky masterpieces will be played under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association. There will be a magnificent program every night excepting Thursday and the special feature will be the American and European novelty night on Wednesday when the American Music Society will attend in a body. On Friday night, May 13, the Loring Club under Wallace A. Sabin will assist in the production of Mr. Sabin's composition "St. Patrick of Tara," the last Bohemnian Club Jinks Drama and on Sunday afternoon, May 15, Tschaikowsky's most successful opera "Eugene Onegin" will be given in concert form with the San Francisco Choral Society of over one hundred voices under Steindorff assisting. In honor of the visiting alumni there will be a special symphony concert at the Greek Theatre on Thursday afternoon, May 12, when Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, Brahm's "Academic Festival" Overture and several other great orchestral

MONS. GEORG BARERRE

Flute virtuoso with Damrosch Orchestra

HELEN GRANTLEY

The distinguished actress who will appear next week in Mrs. Oscar Berringer's one-act play, "The Agitator" at the Orpheum.

works will be given and Mme. Van der Veer and Mr. Kellerman will sing.

New Play at the Alcazar

"The Commanding Officer," an American military play which will be presented next Monday evening and throughout the week at the Alcazar, was written by Theodore Burt Sayre and had a successful run last season in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, under Daniel Frohman's direction. It is an interesting depiction of social life in a cavalry post near a Nevada mining town, and its twelve characters, with two exceptions, are members of the army set, made up of officers and their wives, sweethearts and daughters. Evelyn Vaughan will be seen as Floyd Carroll, Grace Travers as Mrs. Archer, Adele Belgarde as Mrs. Major Bingham, Bessie Barriscale as her daughter, Landers Stevens as Lieutenant Hammond, Will R. Walling as Colonel Archer, Howard Hickman as Lieutenant Waring, Louis Bennison as the sheriff, Burt Wesner as Major Bingham, William Garwood as Lieutenant Billings and all the other Alcazar favorites in well-fitting roles. The play is in four acts, each of which has a picturesque setting.

Maude Adams at the Columbia

Grace George will continue as the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for a second and last week commencing with Monday night, May 9. Maude Adams, in her latest success "What Every Woman Knows" will be the next attraction, opening on Monday night, May 16. The tour of Miss Adams is one of the most wonderful in the matter of attendance records that the theatrical world has known in recent years. "What Every Woman Knows" is the fourth play from the pen of Barrie in which Maude Adams has found great success. The first was "The Little Minister." Then came "Quality Street" and after that "Peter Pan." The success of all these plays is a matter of theatrical history. The advance sale of seats for Miss Adams' engagement at the Columbia will begin next Thursday morning

The Antonia Dolores Concerts

Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trebelli) is announced for two concerts at the Garrick Theatre, the dates being Monday night, May 16 and Thursday night, May 19. Mr. Boyd Wells will be the assisting pianist. At the Monday night concert a group of old English gems by Purcell, Wilson, Linley and Dr. Arne will open the program. A second group will consist of German masterpieces by Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann and a third of songs in French by Tschaikowsky, Pierne and Debussy. In addition to these the artist will sing the aria "Deh Vieni" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and one by Donizetti. At the second concert a group of rarely heard Bach songs, works by Pergolese, Haydn, Saint-Saens, Gounod, Massenet, Grieg, MacDowell and W. J. McCoy will be given and the operatice arias will be from Bellini's "I Puritani" and "Louise" by Charpentier.

Helen Grantley at the Orpheum

Miss Helen Grantley who will be remembered for her hit in Zangwill's one-act play, "The Never Never Land" some two years ago, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. She has an ambitious offering entitled "The Agitator." It is by Mrs. Oscar Berringer, the authoress of "A Bit of Old Chelsea." "The Agitator" has a timely and human theme dealing with a young girl nicknamed "Pickles" employed in a large factory who comes to the aid of her oppressed co-workers, leads a strike and suffers and starves with them till victory is assured. Eddie Leonard, one of the best known and most popular comedians in America who was the feature of George Evans' Honey Boy Minstrels last season and prior to that the favorite end-man of the Lew Dockstadter organization, will introduce a new singing and dancing creation called "At Home Again" in which he

MME. ANTOINETTE LE BRUN

Prima donna of Le Brun Grand Opera Co. at Idora Park starting Monday, May 9th

interpolates his own compositions in his own inimitable way. He will be assisted by that clever comedienne, Mabel Russell. James Harrigan, "The Tramp Juggler," will reappear after quite a lengthy absence. The Ollivotti Troubadors play the violin and guitar. Next week will be the last of The Avon Comedy Four, The Three Sisters Klos, John McCloskey, and the great baseball comedy hit "Swat Milligan."

New Rex Beach Play at Ye Liberty

Next Monday evening the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will appear in the dramatization of "The Barrier," the latest of Rex Beach's stories to meet with success in dramatic form. The Oakland stock company will be the first to present this play in the West and Manager Bishop promises that it will be seen exactly as presented last winter at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, under the management of Klaw & Erlanger. In justice to "The Barrier' it is wise to state that Beach entrusted the preparing of its stage version to a skilled dramatist, Eugene W. Presbrey who had previously met with success in dramatizing "Raffles," "The Right of Way" and other novels. And the result is that "The Barrier," in striking contrast to "The Spoilers," is a play that does the splendid book full justice. The appearance of the stock players in the characters so well known to readers of fiction will be awaited with interest, and with the complete scenic surroundings it is sure to receive at Ye Liberty it should prove a most entertaining attraction for the patrons of that theatre. After one week of "The Barrier," a revival of "The Pit" will be the attraction.

The Le Bruns at Idora

Music lovers will find plenty to interest them at Idora Park the coming week. Ferullo and his magnificent band which has been entertaining thousands during the last five weeks will play their farewell concerts tomorrow afternoon and evening. On Monday comes the Le Brun Grand Opera Company in connection with Paul Steindorff's superb symphony orchestra, a combination entirely different but no less high class than the band. The Le Brun company, a noted organization of grand opera stars, give scenes and acts from the popular operas in costume. Accompanied by Steindorff's orchestra this will form an attraction which will appeal to all classes of music lovers. They will be at Idora for one week only, giving concerts every afternoon and evening. Following comes Ohlmeyer and his famous Coronado Beach band.

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GRACE GEORGE
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There has been heavy selling of all leading stocks by inside interests during the recent week and with the exception of one day, Friday, the market has not enjoyed any rallying power. The weakness in high-grade securities with new low records for the year has been the chief factor in causing distrust among the large Wall street contingent and created much bear sentiment on the future of the stock market. As concerns the fundamentals of the country, there are many elements of strength in the situation and the chief factor is a good outlook in the agricultural districts for average crops at least. This is the important element for a continuance of prosperity and we believe eventually will be reflected in conditions of marked stability and higher prices in Wall street. We are not bearish on the situation in stocks, but a somewhat lower level may be reached before a definite upward trend occurs.

Wheat values were headed unmistakably downward in the first half of last week, but were checked by unfavorable weather and timely application of muscle. Reports from the winter wheat belt are conflicting but most of the damage is confined to Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri. The weather has been too dry and insects are said to have made their appearance in large numbers. News from the northwest is decidedly bearish and cash demand in all markets is limited. New crop months closed the week at the same level as the week before while May option closed 1⅝ lower. While very moderate deliveries are expected to be made on May contract Monday, they will nevertheless add to the expense account of carrying high priced old crop property to a lower new crop level.

Corn—Deliveries of corn promise to be fairly liberal Monday but by no means overwhelming as was predicted some time ago. The cash demand for corn has shown some improvement locally, but the demand from the east is still very poor. Receipts are very small and stocks will show a fair decrease for the week. There is every prospect that the corn acreage this year will be as large as the enormous total of last year and that barring exceptionally wet weather it will be planted probably a fortnight earlier at least.

Cotton—Seldom before in the history of cotton did prospects for a new crop change more quickly than about a week ago. The first reports of the damage done by snow and frost were greatly exaggerated, as, in our last week's letter we surmised they would be. There seems to be, however, no question but that sections of the cotton belt were seriously damaged; but even a week ago there was considerable question of the amount of actual re-planting that would be necessary and the most encouraging reports in regard to this phase of the situation are, that it is not too late for re-planting, in ample time for a big crop and, if the reports on scarcity of seed are exaggerated, even in part, as the other reports were, there need not be much fear that the damage will be made good with but a nominal loss. The much-talked of squeeze in the May option is not as much feared as it was. In fact that it will be hardly felt at all is shown by the receipt of over 225,000 bales of cotton in the New York warehouses to meet the May deliveries and before the end of May this should amount to 325,000 bales. With such a stock on hand and such economy on the part of the spinners we see no reason to radically change our views on the entire question. For the present, and especially in the face of Miss Giles' bullish report on acreage, (which carries some weight in the futures), we would await further developments before taking on further commitments. Yet we maintain that those who are short on the new crop and have the courage of their first convictions and will continue to hold their position will ultimately find their accounts on the right side of the ledger.

Copper—It is held by shrewd observers that those who are opposed to the publicity policy of the Copper Producers' Association will not care to force their views to the point of jeopardizing the existence of the organization. The Amalgamated Copper Co., or at least some of its influential directors are said to be strongly opposed to the Copper Producers' Association, or more particularly to the publication of the very valuable statistics which are given to the public through Secretary Graton once a month. If any decision is arrived at looking to the dissolution of the Copper Producers' Association, the responsibility therefore will be laid at the doors of the Amalgamated Copper Co., and it is doubtful whether they desire to have attached to their name the odium which this course would invite. No improvement in the demand and lower cables serve to maintain a general quiet tone in the market. Large consumers are adhering to a waiting policy and they remain out of the market pending further developments. The production of copper for this month will be large and exports light which will restrict any upward movement in prices.

Local Securities—The local stock and bond market has shown a fair amount of activity of late, but in view of the generally depressed stock market conditions which prevail throughout the country, the trading is not spirited. The attention of the local and other investors seems to be still drawn toward Spring Valley, Associated Oil and Pacific Gas and Electric common. The first stock has made a substantial recovery on the news that the Board of Supervisors were making efforts to set a price on the Water Company's plant in order that the city may purchase it. Associated Oil has rather fallen behind in point of activity, although its price has remained very near the top figures of last week. Pacific Gas and Electric common, under the direct influence of a weak New York stock market, has lost favor for the time being but the fact of its enormous earnings which should ultimately result in large dividends for its shareholders, rather argues against any protracted decline. The balance of the stock list and practically the whole bond list has been active in spots without much change. It is felt that now is a good time to make purchases of Associated Oil and Pacific Gas and Electric common for, all things considered, earnings such as these two companies are reported to be making, will in the long run prove unquestionable arguments for much higher prices.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 10.)

and he annoyed me with no more questions. They asked me into their tent which they had pitched in the field, and treated me to a cup of good warm coffee, and exchanged some of their soft bread for my hard biscuit. They also gave me a drink of Aguardiente for which I paid a dollar to the one who did not speak English. I told them as I left, that I was going no further than Dr. Den's house that day, and the next day I hoped to reach the Mission of Santa Inez.

As soon as I left them I got into the mountains; it being then about eight o'clock and entirely too late for me to travel any longer on the road. I lay concealed in the mountains all day, and at night came down again. Finding no straw at hand of which to make a bed, I continued my journey until the moon went down which was at about midnight, and then fell asleep under a tree. I awoke in the morning very cold and stiff, and suffered greatly until the sun came out. The warmth then restored me to a comparative degree of comfort, and I pursued my journey. I passed the residence of Dr. Den before any of the household were stirring, and after walking some five or six miles further, came to the ranch of one Don Ignatio Ortega where I had made the unsuccessful attempt to get some brandy for my guide after leaving the Refugio. After I had passed this place I again went into the mountains. Here I remained all day, and after having eaten all that remained of the provisions I had bought of old Mrs. Robbins, I enjoyed a good sound sleep until about five o'clock in the evening, when I awaked. I was on a very high mountain which commanded a view of the road for some distance both ways. Not seeing any one, I descended to the road which led to the Refugio Ranch. It ran through a deep canyon which I remembered having passed on my way to Santa Barbara, and I knew that now I must be at least thirty miles north of that town.

As I was making the best of my way along the road, I suddenly heard the sound of hoofs, and looking up, I saw a horseman approaching me at a full gallop. He was so close upon me that it was impossible to hide from him, and beside, he had seen me and it would have been foolish to attempt it. I loosened my pistol and my knife in my belt to be ready for service in case he attacked me, and awaited his coming. When he reined up in front of me I at once identified him as one of the two men who, it will be remembered, were so curious about my money at the Refugio, on the Fourth. This was not Pedro, but his companion who lived at Las Cruces. He was also a brother of the guide who had gone with me into Santa Barbara. After the first recognition, I tried to deceive him as to my situation, and told him that the Indians had stampeded my horses; but I soon found that he knew all about me and everything that had befallen me in Santa Barbara. He told me furthermore, that Dennison had gone on back to Half-Moon Bay, taking with him all the horses. I suspected this man to be a robber, and of course was anxious to get rid of him. How to do it, however, without any difficulty puzzled me. In the event of his attempting to rob me, which I thought it not unlikely he would do, I did not want to kill him, for it would have caused me a great deal of trouble, to bestow his body, and horse and saddle in such a manner as to prevent discovery. I had a fierce enough pack at my heels already, without wishing to do anything which would render them more savage than they were; and yet, to suffer myself to be robbed by him was out of the question.

He told me he was going into town to get some medicine for a sick brother, and when he returned he would sell me a horse he had at his place. It occurred to me to ask him if he would take a message for me to Gen. Covarrubias, telling him where I was. He at once agreed to do it, and I gave him a four dollar piece. At first he refused to accept it, but after a while did so. After conversing a few moments longer he started off, as I supposed, to go to the city. Presently, however, he returned with a bottle half filled with brandy which he had procured at the Refugio, and offered it to me to drink. I suspected it was poisoned, and very politely told him—"after you, Senor." He drank as I thought, very sparingly, and handed the bottle to me. I took a mouthful of it but did not swallow any. Indeed the liquor was poison enough of itself without any "doctoring."

He now asked me to give him ten dollars more, which I would have done had I had it out of my purse; I had no idea, however, of letting him see my money, and therefore told him that all my money was in twenty dollar pieces, and on his return from Gen. Covarrubias I would give him one of them instead of a ten. My object was to get rid of the fellow, and of course I never intended after he had left, to wait for him, or ever let him see me again if I could help it. I contemplated crossing the mountain of Santa Inez, and then leaving the Coast Range. He appeared satisfied with my answer to his demand, and was about riding away, when something put it into my head to ask him if he knew Jack Power. His eye brightened in a moment, and he replied in Spanish quickly—"Jacky Power v amigo?" I told him "yes." His whole manner at once changed, he appeared very much pleased to know it, and taking a long pull at the suspected bottle, he said to me—"If Jacky Power is your friend, I will have him at this place tomorrow at twelve o'clock." It was then sundown, and he immediately started for Santa Barbara, distant thirty miles. I had not the remotest idea when he rode away of being there the next day, for I had no faith in him; I did not believe he could bring Power to me as he had promised, and I was very anxious to

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March 29, 1910

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$ 5,602,306.02
Deposits	23,028,250.20
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,311,835.63

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Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,529,978.50
Deposits December 31, 1909	$38,610,731.93
Total Assets	$41,261,682.21

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OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer, Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Asst. Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

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be clear of him. As soon as he had gone, I bent my steps towards the Refugio in search of a place to sleep. I waited until it became quite dark, and then attempted to get into one of the small houses adjacent to the main building, which when I was last there I had observed to be unoccupied. In this attempt I failed, the door being fastened. I managed, however, at length to stumble upon a sort of little out-house, built of adobe, with a tile roof, and laid down inside of it to sleep. I had lain there but a few moments when I heard voices, and presently two men approached conversing in Spanish. One of them entered the house. I lay perfectly quiet, and directly he lit a match which for a moment lighted up the place, but he did not see me, and immediately his companion went away; whereupon he fastened the door on the inside and laid down. Soon afterward, another came to the house and tried to gain admittance, but my companion refused to let him in, and he went away. I waited till I thought my fellow-lodger was asleep, and then stole softly to the door, unfastened it, and went to the garden of the establishment and laid down under a row of willows which were planted inside of the fence.

I subsequently learned, before I left Santa Barbara, that the man who entered the building in which I was secreted, was a prisoner who had broken jail in Santa Barbara while the sheriff and the mob were hunting me, and made his escape. He either had a wife or friend at the Refugio, which accounted for his coming there. I managed notwithstanding the cold night air to get some sleep, but I awoke at daylight shivering and nearly chilled through. I got up, however, and continued my journey toward the mountain of Santa Inez, and before long the warmth of the sun relieved me. I tried very hard to discover the pass by which Ramon, Dennison and I had crossed it, but after two hours of fruitless search I had to give it up. Having thus abandoned all idea of crossing the mountains alone, I determined to await the result of my message to Power. I did not go to the spot where I told my mensenger I would await him, fearing that he might play me false, and, tempted by a reward, bring my enemies upon me. So I moved about a mile and a half down the road nearer the city, and taking a position which commanded a view both ways, secreted myself in the bushes and awaited his arrival. When it had got pretty well on toward noon, I spied two men in the distance coming from the direction of Santa Barbara, and on their nearer approach I was delighted and at the same time surprised to find that it really was Jack and my messenger. They had to ride around the foot of a steep hill before they could pass me, and seeing no one else on the road, I descended from the moontain to meet them. Jack was very glad to see me safe, and told me all my friends in town had come to the conclusion that I was killed. He asked me why the devil I did not remain with the men he had sent to me in the adobe house; and explained that all my friends thought it would be better for me to remain in town a day or two, as there was very little fear of my being discovered where I was, and hence I had not heard from him at three o'clock that morning as had been agreed upon. I reported to him how one of them had attempted to rob me, and told him that I of course thought myself much safer in my own keeping than in such hands, and therefore had left. I then narrated to him my adventures since I had started out on my own account. He swore furiously at the scoundrel who had treated me so ill, and declared that he would cut the rascal's ears off when he saw him. He however asked me if the fellow was not drunk and I told him that he was, which appeared to account to him for his conduct.

He told me that he had had several persons busy the last four days hunting the mountains for me, and when the messenger told him where I was he did not believe that he had seen me till he had shown him my name which I had roughly scratched on a piece of paper when I sent him. Power and I stepped a little aside from the Spaniard, and had a long conversation. He told me that it was suspected in the city that he knew of my whereabouts, and a large sum of money had been offered to him to reveal it, but of course in vain. He told me that though he was poor, he would not have the blood of a helpless man upon his hands, and I might feel quite certain he would never betray me. Of this I was very sure, and although he did not ask me for any money, I gave him one hundred dollars for his kind services to me thus far. When I took out my purse to give him the money, he asked me if the Spaniard had seen it. I assured him that I had been too cautious for that, and he replied that it was well I had been, for the fellow was a robber, and would at any time have murdered me for much less than what I had with me, as would many others of his stamp who were very plenty in that section of the State. He added, however, that there was no danger now of any of them betraying me, because they had learned that I was a good Catholic, and they would not have the reputation of having sold my life to my enemies. Beside that, he told me with a significant expression of the eye, that he was a "medicine man" among them, and they would not provoke him. He then called to the Spaniard, and giving him twenty dollars out of the money I had given him, to which I added five or six dollars more, he

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always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Pioneer Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.

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bade him go to the Refugio and procure for me a horse, saddle and bridle.

While the Spaniard was absent, Jack told me that his original intention on learning where I was, was to take me to "Los Alamos"—one of the places at which I had stopped as the reader will remember before crossing the mountain of Santa Inez—but that on reflection he thought it best that I should go to a place called the "Arroyo Honde," being the same place where resided my friend Pedro who had been so inquisitive about me on the fourth, when in company with the Spaniard who was then with us. He told me that it was but five miles distant from where we were, and that though the Spaniard could take me there, as he knew the place and the friend to whom he intended to send me, he did not intend to trust him but to go himself. It was not long before the man returned from the Refugio bringing only a naked mule with the information that that was the best he had been able to do. Jack looked suspiciously at him for a moment and then telling him to dismount from his horse, he coolly took the saddle from the animal, and placed it on the mule. The man then spoke in Spanish to Jack who afterward told me that he wanted him to let him take me to his place at Las Cruces. Power told him that he intended to take me to Los Alamos, and that he might either stay where he was or go to the Refugio and wait till his return. I then mounted the mule, and Jack his steed, and we proceeded along the road, leaving the Spaniard and his unsaddled horse to keep each other company. As soon as we were out of his sight, Jack exchanged animals with me. Being a fine rider, he could get along with the mule much better than I, and besides, in case of an unexpected pursuit, his magnificent horse would take much better care of me than the miserable little animal I was on. The horse was very fleet and powerful, and withal perfectly gentle, with a gait as easy as the rocking of a cradle. After making the exchange we got in the road and took the direction of the Arroyo Honde at which place we shortly arrived.

Here I at once discovered that the master of the place was, as I had suspected, none other than my inquisitive friend of the fourth, Don Pedro. Power appeared to have a mysterious influence over all these people. They all respected him, and while many of them would have cut my throat at any time for my money had I been alone and unfriended, his name seemed a talisman which converted them from enemies into hospitable friends. He frankly told Pedro who I was, and what were my troubles, as also who were my friends at Santa Barbara. He informed him that he had brought me to his house for refuge, and as he delivered me to him safe and sound he expected me to be returned to him in the same condition when called for. He told him to take charge of me for a few days, until the hunt after me had begun to flag, or some other and safer place could be found for me. He further charged him to tell no one that I was there, to let no one see me, and particularly to keep my hiding place secret from the Spaniard whom he had just left on the road, calling him by name. All of this Pedro willingly agreed to, and Power then stated the case to his wife and exacted and obtained from her the same pledges. It will be seen that she faithfully and honorable kept her trust to the last, and took care that her children did the same; but the sequel will also show how far her husband kept his.

In order that the events which occurred during my stay at the Arroyo Honde may be fully understood, it is perhaps not amiss here, to give some description of the place and its inhabitants. The Arroyo Honde is a mountain stream which runs for several miles through a narrow mountain gorge or canyon, and empties without any bay or indentation in the coast, directly into the sea. The house of my host is situated in a very wild and romantic spot, at the bottom of the canyon, and within sound of the ocean surf. It is a new structure, built of adobe, with two stories, and very comfortably finished inside. A short distance from the house, and lower down the canyon, is an old hut, built of reeds. There is a garden and orchard on the premises, and also the ruins of a vineyard which once was cultivated by the people of the Mission of Santa Inez; and sufficient plateau, or level land to herd quite a number of cattle. The inhabitants of the place consist of Pedro, his wife and six children; Chino, the eldest boy, Juan, the second, and Avellino, the third; also two little girls, and an infant whose sex I never knew. In the old adobe hut above mentioned, there lived an old Santa Inez Indian, whom they called Konoya. He was bent with age, and must have numbered nearly ninety years. His sole companions were two black dogs. I became, in the course of my sojourn there, quite friendly with old Konoya, but all my attempts to cultivate the acquaintance of those dogs were in vain. They ate at the same table with their master, who always cooked his frugal repast of jerked beef and pinola with his own aged hands, without assistance from the family at the house.

Old Konoya was as black as a negro. He probably had never known what it was to have his head or feet covered, or a coat on his back. His sole raiment was a flannel shirt, and a cloth tied round his loins; he also wore his hair in a long cue fancifully decorated. He never moved on the most trivial occasion without his two dogs following like shadows at his heels. Their sole errand on earth seemed to be to guard that aged Indian, and no persuasion or coaxing could ever produce any other effect than a sullen growl and a closer crouching at their master's feet. The old man's occupation appeared to be to keep the garden fence in repair, and that of the dogs to drive the squirrels out of the corn. Whenever Konoya spoke, the dogs

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would fly like lightning to do his bidding; but at the sound of any other voice, they would only growl and look into the old man's face for instructions. During the two weeks I was at this place I never succeeded in patting one of them on the head, nor could I have ever crossed the threshold of the Indian's hut without his permission. The old man was a very devout Catholic and counted his beads every morning. When he ascertained that I also was of his religion, he became very friendly with me. He knew that there was some mystery connected with my being there, but never thoroughly understood what it was. He was made aware that men were hunting me, and that no one was to know of my presence there. He frequently brought me warning from the Senora to go further into the woods when strangers were about the premises.

Of the children of my host, Chino, the eldest of the sons, was, I should judge, about seventeen years of age. He was looked upon as a sort of major domo, and had a general supervision of the ranch. Juan, the second son, was about twelve years old, and his business appeared to be to let the water in on the crop from the Arroyo, herd the stock, milk the cows, etc. Little Avellino, the youngest, was his mother's pet, and my favorite. He was a beautiful boy; not more than eight years old, and a perfect child of nature. When in the course of my sojourn at his father's house, it became necessary for me to hide in the mountains, it was the faithful little Avellino that brought me my food, and he was generally the unsuspected little messenger sent by his good mother to warn me of danger, when my pursuers were about her house. He had a little pony of his own, the gift of his grand-father, and he rode him without saddle or bridle. He would take the sash from his waist, and calling the pony to him, who minded him like a dog, he would fasten the end of it around his nose, and then throwing the rest of it over his neck, would seize it in his hand and thus sway himself on to the pony's back, where, when once seated, he was as much at home as if he had been on his feet. He knew that it delighted me to see him ride, and when I would applaud him with "bravo Avellino!" away he would fly like the wind, cutting all manner of capers, and rolling about on the back of his pony like the circus rider in "the drunken sailor scene." When Pedro was away, which was pretty much all the time, he would ride races with his brothers, of which Paisano, they called me, was always chosen judge; and, notwithstanding he sometimes came out behind, I generally found some excuse to decide in his favor.

Dear little Avellino! The remembrance of his warm and faithful little heart will never fade while I live. Neither he, nor any of his brothers had ever been to a school or could read a line of their own language, yet nature had endowed that child with attributes which are wanting in the bosoms of thousands who wear the highest literary honors of the earth—sincere sympathy with the distressed and helpless, hatred of the persecutor, and fearless fidelity to those who reposed confidence in him. I cannot refrain from relating, at the risk of being tedious, one little incident with regard to him, and then I will resume the thread of my narrative.

The little fellow was a frolicksome, laughing child, and very full of what boys call fun. One day when I was secreted in the mountain he came to my hiding place, and shouted "Paisano! vamos! vamos! los Vigilantes!" I immediately sprung up and was hastening up the mountain in double quick time, when I was arrested by a loud laugh from the urchin. On looking round I perceived that I had been "sold" and the little scamp was enjoying my fright immenseley. I was vexed that he should thus make a sport of my miseries, and I have no doubt my features showed it. The child stopped laughing and approached me, put his arms around my knees and looked up into my face with his large dark eyes in which I could read sorrow for having caused me unnecessary alarm; and murmuring "pauvrecito" he took some pears out of his little pocket and gave them to me. I could scarcely refrain from tears. He never gave me a false alarm again. With this description of my retreat and its inhabitants I again return to my story

(To be Continued.)

Again Located Downtown

The well-known St. Germain Restaurant has once more returned to the downtown section. The restaurant is now housed in a beautiful building at 60-64 Ellis street between Powell and Stockton streets and is more commodiously and luxuriously equipped than ever before in its history. The St. Germain has always been a favorite place for banquets and family dinners and there is no doubt that its popularity will be enhanced from now on, not only on account of its central location but also on account of the splendor of its surroundings and the excellence of its cuisine.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his Attorney, Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SARAH RADFORD, also known as SARAH QUINLAN, deceased.

BERTIE F. RADFORD,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Radford, also known as Sarah Quinlan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 9th, 1910.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Attorney for Administrator
Room 216 Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. H. McCloskey, Executor of the estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Norman A. Eisner, Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased.

H. H. McCLOSKEY,
Executor of the Estate of Harriet Miller, sometimes called Hattie Miller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Attorney for Executor,
Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSINA GIESEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Arthur Brand, Room 808 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased.

FRED GIESEN and LOUIS GIESEN,
Executors of the Estate of Rosina Giesen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd 1910.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Executors,
Room 808 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

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Auto Notes

Between 35,000 and 40,000 miles is the service had by W. L. Brolock of The California Auto Parts Co. of this city from a Diamond Tire on his Ford car. He writes The Diamond Rubber Co. that this tire was put on his machine over three years ago and has been in constant service ever since, having made three round trips between San Francisco and Seattle. He also used the car in the rent service during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. He further adds that this tire has outworn three sets of other makes to date.

J. W. Leavitt is in receipt of a recent communication from E. G. Eagers who is the foreign traveling representative of the Willys-Overland Company. Mr. Eagers had just left Hawaii for Sidney, Australia. While in Hawaii he climbed the side of the volcano of Kilauea in a model "38" Overland car. "The little car," he writes, "went to the mouth of the crater, an elevation of 4000 feet, without the slightest falter." Two sales immediately resulted from the feat.

J. L. Whitmore, manager of the Central Automobile Company of Stockton and agent for the Pioneer Automobile Company in that territory, is in town to place orders for several new cars. Mr. Whitmore reports business in Stockton 200 per cent better this season than in any previous year. The roads according to his statement are fine in the Stockton vicinity and the active touring season is opening up. He also states that the model M 6 cylinder "40" Thomas recently delivered to E. C. Wagner is the delight of the Stockton auto fraternity.

Recently Mr. J. H. Carpenter of New York, well known as one of the founders of the Automobile Club of America, purchased a lightweight 20 horsepower Hupmobile runabout. Mr. Carpenter is himself an owner of several big cars and the fact that he has taken to the smaller car is rather significant. He spent considerable time at the salesroom of the H. J. Koehler Co., New York, inspecting the little machine and left fully convinced as to its ability to fill the bill in every particular.

The firm of J. K. Armsby & Co. has added another Chalmers-Detroit to its list of automobiles for the use of its salesmen. The Chalmers has proved most satisfactory and it is expected that before the end of this season the Armsby Co. will have a large number of these cars in its service.

"A number of automobiles are being used in the big oil fields in Southern California for transportation purposes," said Mr. A. G. Brooks Ridley of the Standard Motor Car Company who returned from an extended trip through that part of the State. According to the traveling salesman and representative of the Standard Motor Car Company, the demand for machines in the oil section and the use to which the cars are being put is one of the most unusual features in the history of the trade on this coast. All through the Coalinga and Midway fields people are putting them in the rent service and the cars are being used to transfer people from one district to another, most of them operating from Bakersfield. Most of the men who have had cars in this service for any length of time have made a great deal of money out of it and as a result the demand for cars in that territory is very good. Several of these companies have been using Ford machines for the past two years and have had very good success and when it is considered that under the traffic arrangements these machines carry from four to seven people each over the rough roads of this section of the State the showing of these small cars is considered remarkable. People are buying all through the country and according to the indications and reports received the coming season will be one of the best. Ridley closed sales for a number of Ford cars during his trip.

Mr. W. E. Travis of the Hotel St. Francis in his Big Six 1910 model Stevens-Duryea made the run from the foot of Mt. Hamilton to the top in twenty-six minutes and on his return home was told that twenty-three minutes was the record. Now he is feeling very badly, as it would have been no effort on his part to have lowered this record. The trip was made entirely on the high speed, no gear shifting necessary, and although the car is one hundred and forty-two inch wheel base there was no difficulty in making all turns without slacking up or backing. Although it was an extremely warm day there were no radiator troubles.

Geo. Forderer who recently took delivery of a new Pope-Hartford has just had the car equipped with Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires secured from Weinstock & Nichols Co.

F. L. Brown, the Oakland capitalist and oil man, has been making numerous runs into the country in his new "Little Six" Winton touring car. Last Sunday the trip was made to San Rafael and into Marin County. The tours to be made in the near future are Ben Lomond, Santa Maria, Oroville and a trip to Los Angeles. Mr. Brown is accompanied on these pleasure jaunts by Mrs. Brown, their chauffeur and two guests.

McDuffie Motor Company's Chalmers "30" continues to make wonderful runs in Denver and outlying districts. E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company is just in receipt of another telegram from them reading: "Our Chalmers thirty made two trips from Denver to Colorado Springs and return recently, three hundred miles; total running time twelve hours and forty-five minutes, forty minutes stop between runs; carried full load; never missed a shot, not even a puncture; roads heavy with mud and slush; another double header soon."

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lubricated the winning Thomas car in the famous New York to Paris race, also the Protos and Zust cars which ran second and third. Zerolene proved its perfect lubricating and non-carbonizing qualities, and its zero-working ability in the most severe tests to which a lubricating oil has ever been put.

Zerolene is the only "all round" oil that serves all types of cylinders and bearings. There is only one kind of Zerolene, produced in only one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade.

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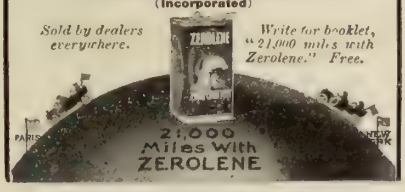

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 7806, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 9, Probate thereof, made on the 25th day of April, 1910, in the matter of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, on or after the 23rd day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the law office of Mastick & Partridge, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, State of California, all of the right, title, interest and claim, property and estate of the said deceased at the time of her death, and all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that her said estate has acquired since her death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all of that undivided one-quarter interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the southeasterly line of Howard Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence southeasterly and along said southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinabove described must be in writing and may be left at the law office of Mastick & Partridge, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or be delivered to the executor personally, or be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said interest in said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned, ten per cent of the purchase price, and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.
Dated, San Francisco, May 2,1910. EDWARD S. NORTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah S. Norton, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Administrator.
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal 5-7-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Chas. K. Harper, 874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased.

JOSEPH H. TILLINGHAST
Administrator of the Estate of Ella P. Tillinghast, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHAS. K. HARPER, Attorney for Administrator.
874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9457, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to submit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said executors, at Room 609, Union Trust Building (also known as Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank Building), at the northeasterly corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said place the undersigned have selected as their place of business in all matters connected with the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased.

YUNKER HAMERSEN,
PAUL HAMERSEN,
E. D. BLOCK,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Hebrock, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHARLES S. WHEELER, Attorney for Executors.
609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal 4-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of F. W. Sawyer, attorney for said Executor, Room 319, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased. LAWRENCE H. BITHER,
Executor of the Estate of Frederick Lewis Bither, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 16th, 1910.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Estate,
Room 319 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St., San Francisco. 4-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by undersigned Alfred J. Brandenstein, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. U. Brandenstein, No. 250 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased. ALFRED J. BRANDENSTEIN,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Brandenstein, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

H. U. BRANDENSTEIN, Attorney for Administrator,
No. 25 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Thomas E. Curran, her attorney, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased.
ANNIE J. SHARKEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate belonging to said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 20th day of May, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in which said City and County said real property desired to be sold is situated.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed April 13, 1910. John P. Cook, Clerk. By W. E. Adams, Deputy Clerk.

WM. R. GEARY,
Attorney for the Administratrix with the Will Annexed. 4-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9369, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWIN WALLACE CARPENTER, Deceased.

MAX THELEN, the Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Edwin Wallace Carpenter, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of all the real property of the above named decedent, for the purposes therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court that it is for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein that the whole of the real estate belonging to the said estate be sold, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay the expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 31st day of May, 1910, at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator with the Will Annexed to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the said deceased, at either private or public sale as he shall judge to be most beneficial for the said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 21st day of April, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. M. MANNON, Jr., Attorney for Petitioner,
1236 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, No. 8061.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1910, in the matter of the estate of OTTO FERrenbach, deceased, the undersigned Emily R. Ferrenbach, Administratrix of said estate, will sell in separate parcels at private sale for cash gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Lisbon Street twenty-five (25) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Lisbon Street and Italy Avenue, running thence southerly along said line of Lisbon Street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; and thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Lisbon Street and place of beginning. Being a portion of lot No. 1, in Block No. 24 of the Excelsior Homestead Association, a map of which is on file in the Recorder's Office of the City and County of San Francisco.

2. Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Felton Street (formerly Henry Street) with the easterly line of Hamilton Street; thence running easterly along the southerly line of Felton (formerly Henry) Street eighty-one (81) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-one (81) feet to the easterly line of Hamilton Street; and thence at right angles northerly along the Easterly line of Hamilton Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being lots numbers seven (7), eight (8), and nine (9) in block number thirty-five (35) as designated upon a certain map entitled "Map of the Property of the Railroad Avenue Homestead Association" on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States upon delivery of the deed of the said administratrix and after confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Cameron H. King, attorney for said administratrix, Room 125 in building No. 1112 Market Street, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said administratrix personally or may be filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, April 30th, 1910. EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Room 125, No. 1112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, 802 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased. LEONORA HERTEL,
W. M. CRIM,
Executors of the Estate of George F. A. Hertel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Executors,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., San Francisco. 4-30-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of THOMAS E. CURRAN, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased.
PHILIP J. CASSIDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Ford, formerly Maggie J. Cassidy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administrator.
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with will annexed of the estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased.
NORBERT C. BABIN,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Jacques Escaig, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 5260, Dept. No. 10, Probate.
Honorable Thos. F. Graham, Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 15th day of March, 1910, in the matter of the estate of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, the undersigned, executor of the last will of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the confirmation by said Court, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Ivy Street with the Easterly line of Webster Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Webster Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly, ninety-two (92) feet; thence at right angles Southerly, twenty-five (25) feet to the said Northerly line of Ivy Street; and thence at right angles Westerly, along the last named line, ninety-two (92) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-five (285), together with the improvements thereon.

Second—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street with the Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, to said Southwesterly line of Russ Street; and thence Northwesterly along the last named line, seventy-five (75) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of One Hundred Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and forty (240).

Third—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon, one hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches (137 feet 6 inches) Westerly from the Westerly line of Buchanan Street; and running thence Westerly, along said line of Oak Street, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet six inches); thence at right angles Southerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the Northerly line of Lilly Avenue; thence at right angles Easterly along the last named line, twenty-seven feet six inches (27 feet 6 inches); and thence at right angles Northerly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement. Being portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288), together with the improvements thereon.

Said sale will be made on Thursday, the 12th day of May, 1910, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of that day, at the real estate rooms of Madison & Burke, Number 30 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Terms of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale, and the remainder of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated, April 12th, 1910. VALENTINE J. SMYTH,
Executor of the Last Will of Teresa Murphy, Deceased.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8071, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATILDA WOLFF, Deceased.

William Wolff, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes and in the manner therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said William Wolff, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased MATILDA WOLFF at either private or public sale and as prayed for in said petition as shall be necessary for the best interests of said estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, April 11th, A. D. 1910.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 11th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for Estate.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal 4-16-5

The Memory of Fishes

Even the fishes of the sea have pictures on memory's wall. Experiments have been made with several fishes as to their faculties for remembering, but the most striking results have been obtained with the gray perch, which lives chiefly on a small silvery-hued sardine. Some of these were taken and colored red and were then put into the tank where the perch was, with several silver colored sardines. Of course, the normal sardines were at once seized and eaten, but it was not until hungry that the perch made a tentative meal of one of the red colored victims.

On recognizing the sardine flavor, however, he promptly demolished the remaineder. Later the perch devoured the sardines irrespective of color, thus showing not only traces of a memory, but also the power to differentiate color.

Subsequently sardines colored red and blue were placed in the tank, together with the silver ones. The same scene was repeated, the blue sardines not being attacked until the others were eaten and hunger compelled investigation of the newcomers. After this introduction the perch ate the sardines of all three types without any difficulty.

Some spines of the sea nettle were then fastened to the blue sardines. These were at once avoided by the perch, who promptly got out of the way of the newcomers. This showed traces of memory, as the results of contact with the sea nettle were shown and recognized.

Wealth in Ambergris

The story of how a Manchester (N. H.) painter found in the St. Lawrence river a lump of grayish substance weighing 38 pounds, and how he has discovered that the solid, fatty stuff is ambergris, and is worth $30,000, recalls the nearest thing to romance that ever entered into the lives of Gloucester and New Bedford whalers in the old days when American whalers dared every sea. It was like a lottery. Once in a lifetime you might chance on the decaying body of a whale giving off an awful smell, and inside that whale would be a fortune enough so that you would never have to go to sea again. Charles Reade, as far as we remember, is the only writer to introduce ambergris into fiction. In "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," Davil tells Miss Fountain how "the skipper stuffed their noses and ears with cotton steeped in aromatic vinegar, and they lighted short pipes and broached the brig upon the putrescent monster and grappled to it; and the skipper jumped on it and drove his spade (sharp steel) in behind the whale's side fins." It is a matter of record that not far from the Windward Island a Yankee skipper, in one of the best old whaling years, did cut out of a whale 130 pounds of ambergris, which was sold for $2,500. The price quoted for many years was $6 an ounce. Ambergris is often found floating on the sea, particularly off the coast of Brazil and of Madagascar. The Bahamas send more than any other source to the market. The stuff is a secretion of the sperm whale which dies of the disease producing the perfume matter. Chemists find it hard to account for the fact that the smell of the dead whale is so horrible when the substance taken out is valuable only as a source of sweet smells.

Of the Fair Sex

A woman wants her gloves to fit without a wrinkle—also her skin.

A woman seldom loses her head over a man who has lost his hair.

If a woman hasn't any faith in men, the probability is she's spent all her faith on one man.

Although being given away, brides generally retain their self-possession.

Some women would sooner have a graceful carriage than a costly automobile.

If beauty is a passing thing, it's a wonder more women don't grab it as it passes

A Label for Married Men

Ought a married man to be labeled and badged, just as a married woman is, with a special title and a wedding-ring? Certain Illinois ladies have persuaded their Senator that such a change is urgent, and he is willing to give effect to his conviction by bringing a bill into the United States Senate, if only the ladies can fix upon the designation that shall distinguish between the bachelor and the already appropriated treasure. This is a problem, certainly. In France, the tiniest little fellow is already "Monsieur," and remains so called through life. With us the small boy is "Master" to the servants, but he becomes "Mister" with the budding of his moustache. In no country does marriage alter the masculine prefix. But even if the Illinois ladies could invent some distinctive title, and order it to be adopted with a wedding-ring on marriage by all husbands, it would matter little, alas! to the bold, bad man who wished to pose as unappropriated; he could say that he was a widower, or slip his wedding-ring into his card-case and lock them both in his trunk when he was away from home. When at home, of course, it would not matter if he were labeled, for everybody would know his captured condition!

"Done Oncommon Well"

Baroness Cederstrom, better known as Mme. Patti, tells an amusing incident that happened to her on one occasion in an isolated village in the north side of Yorkshire. A concert was gotten up in aid of the village institution and the baroness duly took tickets and went. But not half the performers turned up and Mme. Patti—incognita—seeing the difficulty of the chairman, offered to oblige them with a song. After she had rendered three of her most popular ballads in her own perfect way, the chairman thanked her. "Well, ma'am," he said, "you've done oncommon well, and although 'Arry 'Ock, the juggler, who thinks nowt of takin' 'old of 'ot pokers and a-swallowin' needles, couldn't turn up, yet you've pleased us very considerable, mum."

Physicians' Maladies

A French newspaper publishes some statistics showing the causes of death in the medical profession. The figures are impressive, but there is no indication as to the source of the information. We read that 44 per cent die of heart disease, 20 per cent from nervous affections, 20 per cent from the morphia habit, and 7 per cent from tuberculosis. The prevalence of morphia is ascribed to the fact that a doctor knows when his malady is incurable, and morphia is sought to soothe the mind.

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TOWN TALK

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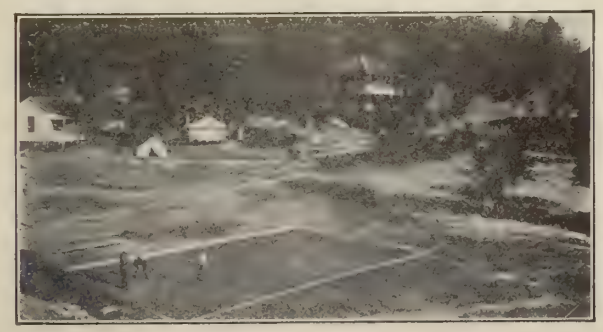

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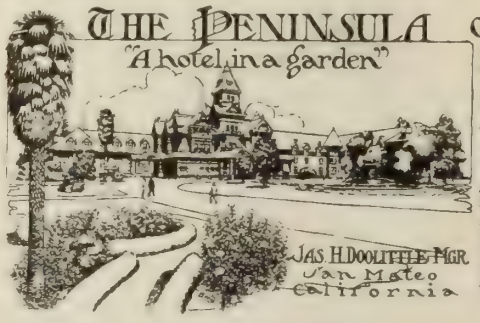

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, May 14, 1910 | No. 924

MAUDE ADAMS

Who will appear in "What Every Woman Knows" at the Columbia Theatre.

TOWN TALK

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The Passing of a King

The death of a King is more impressive than the death of any other of God's creatures because it brings home to us with peculiar poignancy the insignificance of man, the vanities of life, the puerility of pomp, the untenability of power. When the news of King Edward's death was flashed to the ends of the earth, what sensations and reflections crowded upon the countless millions that pondered the royal tragedy! Keen was the emotion of sorrow that it inspired, but keener still was the feeling of awe that possessed all men as in their mind's eye they saw inexorable Fate snatch a glittering diadem from a royal brow bathed in the moisture of the death-agony. Awe-inspiring was the scene that impressed itself upon the imagination: the clay tenement of a monarch falling into decay in the gorgeous chamber of an ancient palace; his spirit in the presence of a perpetual King who holds us in his hands and smiles at our fleeting glory. This scene, the final one in the life drama of the occupant of one of the most glorious of earthly thrones, remind us that "Death comes equally to us all and makes us all equal when he comes," but even for the envious there is no satisfaction in the reminder.

A Discreet Monarch

So much has been said with reference to the life and character and conduct of King Edward that it is difficult to conceive of a point on which there has not been some comment. We can think of no greater tribute to pay to his memory than that which is conveyed in the unadorned statement of a simple truth—he won the hearts of the people. Much can be said of Albert Edward in terms of eulogy without having one's sincerity challenged. Of whom all the world flattered in his lifetime it can now be said without the slightest exaggeration that he gave a flawless performance on a resplendent stage in a continuous pageant. In a country now torn by factional strife, he made the Crown, which is now but little more than the symbol of national majesty, the one object of attachment, elevating it above every contention and division. Whilst the latter part of his reign was not distinguished by the smooth working of constitutional machinery, always apparent was the superiority of the Crown to anything like party favoritism, always notable was the hearty sympathy which the King showed for all the varied interests of all classes of his subjects. In short Albert Edward was an ideal King under the British constitution, behaving as he did "like an eminent citizen invested with temporary magistracy." To refrain from interference is one of the chief duties of a King under the British constitution, and King Edward deserves as much praise for doing nothing as for doing right. It is a discreet man that knows when and where to do nothing and King Edward possessed discretion above all other qualities.

The Hereditary Principle

According to some writers in England as well as in this country King Edward's death occurred at a time when the nation could ill afford to spare the power of his personality. There is a sorry tangle in England's political affairs at this time, and to make matters worse King George is believed to be lacking in magnetism and to have certain defects of temperament. According to some vociferous Democrats on this side of the pond King George being an illustration of the absurdity of the hereditary principle the throne may topple in the present crisis. This is balderdash. There is nothing that can more strongly vindicate the stability of the constitutional monarchy of England than a weak sovereign. The King of England can do wrong, but he is not able to do enough wrong to upset the Constitution. Whether by nature a tyrant or a cipher he is equally harmless. He can create hereditary legislators, he can call into existence and dimiss parliaments, he can frustrate the legislation of both Houses by withholding his assent, he can make war or peace at pleasure; but practically he can do none of these things except ministerially and at the instance of advisers virtually nominated by the House of Commons. In the earlier ages of the monarchy, when the lines of the Constitution were ill defined and irregularly observed aggressive Kings exercised their powers autocratically, but in modern times these powers have been exercised by the Sovereign in the capacity of a trustee and by regulation of law and custom as the fiduciary duties of men in commercial life are prescribed by the rules and practices of courts of equity. Englishmen thoroughly understand the limitations of the Crown, and whilst many of them are prejudiced against the hereditary principle so far as it relates to the Peers they are well satisfied with their constitutional monarchy. They appreciate the fact that their forefathers made wise provision against the chance of hereditary descent giving them a fool for a sovereign. Tom Paine told them that nature had turned the hereditary principle into ridicule by frequently giving them an ass in place of a lion, but having observed that the people under the republican form of government are inclined occasionally to mistake the bray of an ass for the roar of a lion they are in no hurry to abandon the faith of their fathers.

The War Against Wealth

A correspondent who suspects us of being in sympathy with malefactors of great wealth wants to know upon what ground we justify our opposition to the war against wealth. We regret that the sentiments expressed in these columns from time to time have caused us to be misunderstood on a subject of great importance. Because we have taken occasion to criticise the critics of rich malefactors it is inferred that we are in sympathy with men who have accumulated riches by dishonest methods. This is far from the truth. We have not the slightest objection to the reprobation of the especial objects of Mr. Roosevelt's hatred. At the same time we do not approve Mr. Roosevelt's ebullitions of passionate reproach, the reason being that in holding an ugly type up to execration he indulges in vague and confusing generalities that are productive of an inexcusable and mischievous prejudice. Unintentionally, perhaps, Mr. Roosevelt has made the rich real outcasts of society. He has incensed the common people against them to such an extent that there is a probability of special missions being organized for them in the near future. He has created a widespread impression that it is wrong to amass great fortunes, and the result of the war of today against capital is that greater injury is done to the poor than to the rich. Now as a matter of fact under our system of government it is not wrong to accumulate

wealth. We have not yet gone in for equality of capital, and until we do we should not outlaw men who possess the gift that is mentioned in Scripture—"The Lord thy God giveth thee power to get wealth." Instead of exciting the envy and prejudice of those who are not familiar by intuition with the laws of supply and demand, who have no presience for the coming changes in the market, and who are not given to industry and frugality, we should endeavor to make the wealth of capital join hands with the wealth of intellect for the common good. The wealth against which there may be a legitimate prejudice is not only that which has been dishonestly acquired but that which is hoarded for personal gratification and grandeur or held for love of the mean power that issues therefrom. The vulgar rich who have no gods but pomp and power are the greatest enemies of society. Against them Mr. Roosevelt seems to have no prejudice, since he hobnobs with them occasionally.

Conservation Becoming Unpopular

Some months ago we observed that in our solicitude for posterity we were doing injustice to ourselves and that this was not a sensible way to promote the interests of the next generation. Though the proposition ought to be obvious to the average intelligence it failed of apprehension. The average intelligence often rejects self-evident propositions to pay homage to what seems to be the yoke of authority, and accepts as incontestable absurdities that are asserted with great solemnity under the guise of indisputable principles of morality. Conservation has been urged upon us as a moral principle, and it has been warmly espoused because we have been in the throes of moral ecstasy. The conservationists have accompanied their adjurations in the cause of posterity with cries of "Stop thief!" and the average citizen deemed it advisable to swell the chorus in order to avert suspicion from himself. To manifest a consuming affection for posterity became an easy way of vindicating one's patriotism. To win recognition as a conservation propagandist was to achieve distinction as a man of exalted motives. But the obsession has relaxed, the spell has been broken. In several of our western States it has dawned on the intellectuals of what are known as leading citizens that conservation means a drag-chain on the wheels of the chariot of progress. In conventions assembled the leading citizens are protesting against the sequestration of State resources and demanding that the Federal authorities mind their own business. They see no reason why development of their respective States should be retarded for the benefit of posterity. Nay, with a remarkable power of recondite analysis they are pointing out the anomalies of the position assumed by the conservationists on the academic question as to whether it is to the advantage of posterity to discourage contemporary capital. And this is not all. The Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, life-long friend of the honest farmer, industrious student of economic conditions, with an experience of industrial affairs acquired in three Cabinets, has discovered that conservation is responsible for the tide of emigration that is surging from Uncle Sam's dominions into Canada. He declares that our settlers have been tormented beyond endurance by the restrictions placed upon them by the young men of the forestry service who have just emerged from college where they were educated at the expense of the government under the Pinchot system. Secretary Wilson finds that there are 4,000,000 acres of land held under the dominion of the reservation officials which can be cultivated by legitimate settlers. He says that thousands of American born citizens have gone to Canada in disgust provoked by our bureaucrats, and that he has determined to put an end to small officialism. So the backfiring of the conservationists is about to be conducted under good auspices.

A Woman's Noble Mission

Now comes Mrs. Philip Verril Mighels to serve society as a prophetess of the contagious moral uplift. Mrs. Mighels has a mission the inspiration of which is somewhat akin to that which is causing many good people to cultivate the habit of being scandalized. Mrs. Mighels' specialty is the purging of literature. Others, persuaded that a sudden fit of laughter is a breach of the Decalogue, that mirth is wanton and diversion profane, may consecrate themselves to the task of causing all the little ornaments of life to be regarded as penicious pomps and vicious vanities, but Mrs. Mighels will concentrate all her talents on the work of reducing the vast volume of printed matter in the world to a compact mass of refined literature. To that end she has taken up a refining rod which tests the value of literature, and everything that does not stand the test she will put to the torch with the same enthusiasm with which bigots once upon a time nailed the ears of heretics to the town pump. It goes without saying that Mrs. Mighels is in every sense qualified to act as a censor of the written word. Were she not a competent critic she would not have the presumption to undertake so exalted a mission. Doubtless years of labor, of study and comparison have brought her critical judgment to maturity. She is in all probability mistress of all shades of appreciation. She is perhaps a Jeremy Collier in skirts; and Jeremy was the admiration of his age. He established a great reputation as a critic. And he had the courage of his catholic prejudices. He pronounced Shakespeare, Congreve and Dryden obscene and blasphemous. He was intolerant of Juvenal because, as he said, that individual wrote "more like a pimp than a poet." Mrs. Mighels probably feels the same way about Juvenal as well as about Ovid, who was banished from Rome on account of his verses, and about the licentious Catullus, also. So far she has dealt only with "Three Weeks," "The Devil" and a few other up-to-date works, but in time she will get round to the classics, tell us that she agrees with the Parthians about the disgracefulness of the Milesian romances and make a special event of the burning of the Satiricon.

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We know that she is not to be deterred by the reputation of authors who are cherished by the so-called literati. We have already seen her tackle Flaubert. The literary world is still laughing at Imperial France for being shocked at that unspeakable glorification of adultery, "Madame Bovary," but Mrs. Mighels, deaf to the echoes of unseemly mirth, consigned the Madame to her funeral pyre without benefit of clergy. If the literary world had challenged her critical judgment on that occasion she would have retorted with the question propounded by Flaubert's prosecutor—"Gentlemen, did Madame Bovary love her husband, or did she even try to love him?" The literary world may scoff at Mrs. Mighels, but the literary world is a speck in the habitable globe compared to the world of virtuous Philistines who will applaud our prophetess of the moral uplift. Mrs. Mighels will receive prodigious encouragement in her laudable efforts to banish from teeming shelves the books that make us sympathize with reprehensible emotions, that give us false notions of self-sacrifice, and sinful notions of compassion; books that excite dangerous passions and that rouse admiration for splendid and voluptuous sinners. In the course of time, after she has made smoke of the innumerable novels of illicit sexual passion, she will feed the flames with the fiction that exalts other kinds of abominable lust. Being a sincere moralist she will not discriminate. Even Dickens must suffer. Who that has viewed his pictures of middle-class manners in the early part of the last century has not been filled with disgust by the intemperance of Pickwick? All good Prohibitionists, we are sure, have been shocked by Pickwick, subjected as he was to a long course of alcohol. The book, reeking as it does of brandy and water, is not to be purified except by fire. Mrs. Mighels will do her duty as she sees it; and let us pray that before weariness comes upon her she will have constructed an incenerator large enough to accommodate the indecent muckraking magazines and the obscene daily papers.

Praise in the Wilderness

Bare wilderness, you have grown fair to me.
  The fragrance of the rose above the thron
Endues me in the hour of ecstasy,
  When through dark night I dream of radiant morn.

To me you have been as the tombing earth
  Is to the seed when darkness feeds desire.
Till longing quickens to the time of birth
  And dust yields beauty to the informing fire.

O wilderness! Out of your barren ways
  Are born immortal roses that our tears
Sustained in starless nights and flowerless days,
  Through dense illusion of our mortal years.

* * * * * * *

Turn back again, you faithful who possess
  The rose's guerdon! Pilgrims, turn again,
And cry, "Joy blossoms in the wilderness!
  O brothers, leave the cities of the plain!"

—Althea Gyles.

Perspective Impressions

The rivalry between Teddy and the comet is becoming keener every day.

Much of the militant morality in this world is caused by vinegar in the veins of the virtuous.

"We are compelled to apologize for being citizens of San Francisco"—Rev. E. R. Dille. No need of apologizing as San Francisco is wonderfully tolerant and doesn't mind a Dille here and there.

The Rev. C. N. Lathrop demands that the tenderloin district be made "a safe place for the boys and girls of working men and women." Why not have it made "a safe place" for clergymen also?

The Mayor of San Jose has a vocabulary of invective by no means inferior to that of Mayor McCarthy. In a public speech the other day he characterized the Hayes brothers' newspapers as "lying, hypocritical, defamatory, scurrilous, crow-eating, treasonable, slanderous, pestilential and yellow."

The Hon. Hiram Johnson appears to have pull enough to keep his Santa Rosa client in the background till the campaign is over.

At the so-called "mass meeting of civic decency" held last Sunday the assembled multitude was guilty of the indecency of denying a respectable woman the right of free speech.

Premier Knudsen is accused of misquoting Mr. Roosevelt. Needless to say Mr. Roosevelt is the accuser. Why shouldn't the Norwegian Premier organize in his own country a branch of the great American Ananias Club?

Last week we advised everybody to watch "Red" Hayes make all the insurgents look like cripples in the race back to the White House. Before Town Talk was off the press Mr. Hayes, speaking of Mr. Roosevelt in the San Jose Mercury, said: "He will endorse the President because he sees that he has done his best within the limits of his authority to redeem the pledges of his party and of himself."

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(In the preceding chapters the hero of this serial story tells of the assassination of the Bulletin's first editor, of the organization of the Vigilantes, of their pursuit of him, and of his flight to Santa Barbara, where after many vicissitudes he was conducted to a place of temporary safety by Jack Power, a highwayman who figured in the romantic history of early California. In the fifth instalment McGowan was again in imminent danger, and Power again came to his aid and baffled his pursuers.)

(Sixth Instalment)

As soon as Jack had finished his explanations with regard to me, the Senora cooked some jerked beef and made us some warm tea, and we enjoyed a hearty repast. After-dinner I offered the Senora a Mexican doubloon but she refused to accept it. Power told me she would not accept money for her hospitality, and advised me, if I wished to make her a present, to take some other mode of doing it; which I determined to do on the first opportunity. Jack and I then went up stairs to take some sleep, as it would be necessary for him to remain with me until night, in order not to return too soon to the Refugio, and thus undeceive the Spaniard as to his having taken me to Los Alamos. As soon as it was dark Power saddled his horse, and before he left told me that he was going in a few days to Los Angeles in order to be followed there by my pursuers, if he could succeed in making them believe he had taken me in that direction. He told Pedro to send a pack mule into town the next morning, and he would load him with some coffee, sugar, and other necessaries; then taking with him the mule that we got from the Refugio, he bid us good bye and rode away.

Let the world say what it will of Jack Power—he is not a bad man at heart, and his conduct toward me proved it. I am not the apologist or the friend of any man who lives at open war with society, and bids defiance to the laws, whether in the character of a highway robber, or that of a hypocritical reformer, who under the protection of Vigilance Committees, sets our Constitution at naught, and saps the foundations on which rest our prosperity and respectability as a people; but, admitting all that the newspapers may report concerning this man to be true, he certainly did, in my case, exhibit traits utterly foreign to the character of an unscrupulous ruffian such as he has been represented to be, and it would be an act of base ingratitude on my part to leave unimproved an opportunity of rescuing from universal odium the name of one to whom I am indebted for the opportunity of laying this history of my wrongs before the world; so far as a truthful statement of facts as to his conduct can so rescue it. He knew me only by reputation and sight. He saw me for the first time in many years, at a moment when my life hung so nicely in the balance that a feather's weight would have decided it. He knew not how justly I was pursued; he only knew how ruthlessly. He saw that in an instant more, perhaps, my life would have been sacrificed, and, prompted by some feeling not to be found in the heart of an assassin, he saved me. I had no claim upon his friendship, I had no feelings or associations in common with him, I had never even spoken to him that I remember. He knew that a price was set upon my head, and he knew that it was in his power to earn it; and that too without being suspected of having done so; and again, obeying the mandates of a voice that never whispers into the ear of a robber, though poor, he loftily scorned to better himself by such baseness; and, not content with being true to me himself, he exercised all his energies, influence and ingenuity to keep others so. He may be a "robber chief," as the press has designated him, or he may not. I know nothing of his offences against society; I only know that in his intercourse with me, I found him a brave and noble hearted man, willing to risk his life on the side of a persecuted and outraged stranger; and I fervently hope that for that, the Recording Angel will drop a blotting tear upon the page of his misdeeds.

Early the next morning, (the twelfth of July) Pedro was ready to start with the pack mule. I gave him eight dollars to buy his children some "dulces," also money to get his eldest boy Chino a hat, and some brandy for himself and me, and off he started to town. I remained about the house all that day and the next, without anything of interest occurring, and in the evening of the second day, Pedro returned with everything, including a pair of shoes, blanket and checked shirt, which Power had sent to me; I however discovered, that though the brandy had arrived with the other things, it was not in its "original package," but was contained in Pedro's skin. He had left town with it all right, but, it being a very hot and dusty day, he became dry, and then drier, and at length very dry, and had finished by emptying the jug, which he left upon the road as a useless encumbrance. He endeavored to excuse himself by telling me that my friend, Gen. Covarrubias, had instructed him not to give me any brandy as I was imprudent when drinking, and might bring trouble on myself. This appeared all very well, but I was compelled to doubt the statement knowing that the General could appreciate a good glass of brandy himself, and was not likely to wish to deny me the same comfort. However, I made up my mind to do without it, and, indeed, it was much better for me. During my stay at the Arroyo, my corpulency began to diminish, and I perceived that I was again getting into some sort of shape, while my general health was never better.

During the first few days of my stay at the Arroyo I slept in the house, amusing myself in the day time with the children. Nothing of note occurred until about the fourth day, when my friend, the Spaniard who had been deceived by Power about my whereabouts, called at the house. I was up stairs while he was there and overheard his conversation with the Senora and Pedro. He had discovered that he had been deceived by Power, and had been hunting me up. He asked Pedro if he had heard or seen anything of me, to which Pedro replied that he had not. I had by this time picked up enough of Spanish to understand the general drift of their talk. The Spaniard expressed it as his opinion that Jacky Power had killed me for my money, and hid my body somewhere. Pedro appeared to be very much astonished at such a suspicion. The wretch little knew that I was then safely listening to him, from a place of refuge which Jack had provided to save me from being murdered and robbed by him. After some further conversation with the family, he went away as wise as he came, as far as my masters were concerned.

On the twelfth day of July, a relation of Pedro came to the Arroyo. He was driving a band of cattle, and made that point his stopping place for the night. While he was there, I, of course, kept myself out of sight. He was, I think, the god-father of Avellino, and before he left the next morning, presented him with a fat, three year old steer. The gift was a very welcome one, as there had not been any fresh meat about the place for several days. The day of his departure, while I was lying in my room, I heard a voice that struck me as being very familiar. The speaker was talking Spanish, however, and I did not understand what he said. After he had gone I looked after him and at once recognized him. It was Robert Hays, Esq., the brother of the present U. S. Surveyor General, for California. Al-

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though I knew him very intimately, I did not hail him, as he had several persons with him. Poor Bob! It was to be the last time I ever saw him on earth. He has since died. He had a six mule team with him, and had stopped to inquire the road of the Senora, who informed me that the party were from the lower country and were inquiring the road to San Louis Obispo.

Toward evening of that day I suddenly entered the house, and seeing a woman standing in the door, mistook her for the Senora, and was about to address her when I discovered that I was mistaken. It was a daughter of old Miguel Cota of the Refugio. She was accompanied by a young brother, a lad about seventeen years of age. She at once recognized me, and I knew that I was now subjected by this mischance to real danger. The very people of all others from whom I wished to keep my hiding place a secret were the inhabitants of the Refugio. As has been before stated, it was a public drinking place, and general rendezvous for all the idlers, newsmongers and rascals of the neighborhood; and beside, my anxious friend, the Spaniard of Las Cruces, who, I knew, was endeavoring to discover my whereabouts, was a frequent visitor there. It was a bad business, but I had to make the best of it. She did not remain long, and after she had left the Senora expressed her anxiety lest my secret should become known. I tried to reassure her, telling her that I did not think she would tell of my whereabouts, though I felt quite sure that either she or her brother would certainly do so; and it turned out that I was not mistaken in my opinion.

The very next morning, before I was up, old Miguel Cota was in the house, and the Senora had great difficulty in getting me out of it without his seeing me. He told her, as I afterward ascertained, that he had heard of my being there, and was very inquisitive about me. The Senora told him that I had left her house that morning and gone to the light-house at Point Conception. The old fellow remaind all day at the house, while I kept concealed in the canyon. The Senora sent me by Avellino some nice fresh meat, they having killed the steer that day, and some warm tea. Several other persons visited the place during the day, but at night they all left, and I returned to the house. The Senora told me before I retired that she thought old Miguel really believed that I had gone to Point Conception, and I felt greatly relieved to hear it.

Things went on very quietly for two or three days after this and nothing of importance occurred until the night of the fourteenth of July. I still slept in the house, and was enjoying a pleasant rest, when at about two o'clock a. m. I was awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs approaching the door. The visitor proved to be General Covarrubias. He had ridden all the way from Santa Barbara to inform me that a deputation of twenty or twenty-five of the Vigilance Committee had arrived that evening in the steamer from San Francisco, and would, without doubt, begin the pursuit after me at daylight. He had therefore kindly come to give me timely warning, in order that I might put myself out of the way. He could not give me the names of the deputation, but was enabled to inform me that Selim E. Woodworth was one of the leaders. I thought this was very strange, for both Selim and his brother had told me a few days after the organization of the Committee, that, although they had been members of the Vigilance Committee of 1851, they were not of this one, and saw no necessity for its organization. What had worked this wonderful change

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Physician at the Supper Table---IV.

By the Sybarite

Half a dozen jack snipe and a petite pyramid of vaporific fresh mushrooms on toast and a pint of Chateau Yquem for two would seem to many an immoderate midnight repast; yet, partaken of slowly, and set to the music of dulcet conversation, there was gastronomic propriety from commencement to finish.

The Doctor was in his usual vivacious mood, and his friend, for once, had never a word to say regarding his insomnia.

"I suppose," said the latter, "that Christian science, like the faith cure, will have its day; and, then, like the latter, be relegated to shelves for antiques?"

"It has often been asserted," interrupted the Doctor, "that there is no wine that will send a man off his head so rapidly as Chateau Yquem. He goes off blissfully, however, and is as exuberant and as refinedly unpatrician as a Gretna Green parson after a silver-mounted ceremony. It has been said of the gout, and truthfully, that, however painful it may be in the particular region of its existence, it leaves all other extremities free. It may be fairly said of Chateau Yquem that, however fully it may take possession of the mind, it only imparts poetry, sonorousness, charity and hospitality to the partaker. It is probably the only wine in the world that has never been drunk to excess. It is more enlivening than claret or Riesling, but not so much so as Burgundy or Champagne; nor so stupid and heavy as sherry, Maderia, or port. It is more exhilarating than intoxicating, and has probably never incited a quarrel or delivered an under-bred jest. 'It is not wine,' declared the elder Dumas, 'it is a limpid fluid of a straw yellow in which the rays of the sun seem to be imprisoned.'

"Chateau Yquem is sometimes called a liquor wine; and, yet, according to Berthelot and other distinguished chemists, it has the peculiar quality of not becoming transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid during the process of fermentation. Chateau Yquem is the most celebrated white wine in the world and always commands excellent prices. It is seldom or never counterfeited, as no district outside of its own home—unless it is California—can imitate it. There is no wine of Medoc that can excel it, and few can compare with it in delicious fragrance or ecstatic effect—this deliciousness of bouquet and flavor resulting from the presence of maunite and the delicate process of production. There are only three small vineyards in all—the original, which was formerly the property of Sauvage d'Yquem, who transferred it by marriage to the Lur Saluces in 1785, the present owner being the heirs of the Marquis, who died in 1867; the Chateau Filhot, at Sauternes, and the Chateau Coutet, at Barsac. These three vineyards, containing less than 500 acres, produce annually about 5,400 gallons of wine, which, when five years old, commands from $12 to $18 a dozen at Bordeaux. In 1859 the Grand Duke of Constantine purchased $10,000 worth of the vintage of 1847 at $40 a dozen.

"There are neighboring vineyards that produce just as good wines as the three original ones, and there are sections adjacent to the Garonne and Gironde that have built up a substantial trade by what is known in that district as imitation Chateau Yquem; and it is the latter that is most generally sent to the United States. But it is a pure, conscientiously-made and cared-for wine, and as top-notched as its neighbor in all respects. There is little if any adulterated Chateau Yquem, as it costs less to put on the market than Burgundy, and commands imperial rates. Close to Chateau Yquem comes La Tour Blanche; like Chablis in color, but, possibly,

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more delicate in fragrance. These excellent wines, like Tokay, should be sipped, and are at their best in company with escaloped oysters or small game, like snipe, woodcock, dove, or plover, or even with sweetbreads, or the daintiest of lamb chops. The food, also, should be taken slowly, and every mouthful, nearly, may be moistened with these liqueur-like sauternes."

"As I was saying, Christian Science seems to have taken the place of the faith cure racket; which reminds me that I read, a few days ago, of a Sierra County farmer, who was a Christian Scientist, picking up a rattlesnake just to demonstrate what a protection child-like belief could afford. The rattlesnake promptly struck him in the arm and then followed the usual result of such a serpent's bite. The man suffered terrible agony from the poison and died, finally, raving like a maniac. Did you ever hear of anything more jay?"

"Undoubtedly faith, or Christian Science, or whatever you may call it, assists in recovery from certain forms of disease; but, undoubtedly, faith will not prevent the action of natural forces. Certain ailments are partly mental, and a belief in recovery promotes the end, but faith will never set a broken limb, nor ease the impact of a falling brick, nor prevent the action of a poison. Nature has established certain laws which may not be disregarded. The day of what we call miracles may come again, but there is no evidence that any have occurred of recent years."

"By the way, I am greatly amused at the onslaughts made upon coffee by this writer, and upon tea by that writer; the diatribes against beer and wine by one and against milk and water by the other. When the gamut has been fully run, I find that meats, cereals, fruits and all vegetables, are barred. What do you think of these health cranks, Doctor? It seems to me that they condemn modes of life, kinds of food, fashions of clothing, habits of resting or exercising that have prevailed for years with no visible harm."

"Yes; you are right. Day after day they take away something that some of us have been in the habit of eating or doing, or put in something we have been in the habit of not doing or eating, till we feel like Sancho Panza at his banquet at Barrataria: 'Fruit is too moist, said the doctor of the table, the Dio Lewis of Barrataria; the roast meat increases thirst; partridges are dangerous; stewed coneys are a sharp-haired food; ollapodrida is too coarse. Therefore, eat a hundred rolled up wafers and some thin slices of marmalade.' No wonder if we cry out with the hungry Sancho, 'To deny me any victuals, though it is against the grain of Signor Doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, I say is rather the way to shorten my life than to lengthen it.' The sensible half of the world will say amen to the honest Mauchegan. Never eat a hearty supper just before going to bed, say the Barratarians of health journals; but we know our fathers and grandfathers on their farms would eat a horse's meal, of mush and milk, or Johnny cake and beans and cold cabbage, be in bed and asleep in a half-hour and up at daylight, as hearty at 60 as a Barratarian health broker or breaker at 40."

"You are dead right."

"Lord Cockburn used to tell a story that Rev. Sir Harry Moncreiff had his supper of roast chicken and claret at 11 o'clock at night, all his life and died at 90. But ever since Cornaro changed from a debauchee to an ascetic and measured out his bread and meat by the ounce and his drink by the teaspoonful, and lived to be over a hundred, there have been fools who believed that one man's meat was all men's health, and one man's doctrine was all men's duty. Some health crank lays down the law and ten thousand men break it every day and live long and well. Others obey and die quickly. The wise law of food is that of the brusque but sagacious Abernethy. Is venison wholesome, doctor, asked a nobleman with the gout. Do you like it? was the reply. Yes. Does it agree with you? Yes. Then it is wholesome. There is no better health law regulating food than that. Let the Barratarians say what they will of nourishment and nitrogen and blood-making or blood-thinning qualities of food or drink, the right rule is to eat what you like if it agrees with you, and let the Barratarians go jump on themselves. Why, it is but a few weeks since some Oakland professor proclaimed that walking was not a healthy exercise unless it was very brisk and rapid. The world will never be healthier for the promulgation of such stuff as that. The great want of most of the world, even of our own part of it, is to get food enough and clothes enough, and have time enough to sleep; not to repine upon modes and qualities to fit the theories of schools or authorities. Health authorities are mighty apt to be humbugs."

"By the way, I was reading, only a few days ago, of an assault on apples. I had always supposed that an apple, as a remedial agent, was the boss?"

"So it is—that is, the apple and the lemon. I really believe that if the people of our city used apples and lemons every day half of our physicians and half of our drug stores would have to adopt some other vocation. Chemically, you know, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, and much water. Furthermore, analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit, renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are of singular use for men of sedentary habit, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to the custom of taking applesauce with roast pork, rich goose and other like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach, rather than provoke it. The vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. So far as the lemon is concerned, it is a steadier medicine than half the proprietary stuff in our drug stores. Show me a man that uses sliced lemon in his tea, and squeezes it on his oysters and fish frequently, and indulges regularly in one or two lemonades daily, especially hot ones, and I'll show you a man that never will contribute much toward my Chateau Yquem or jack snipe. Nor will he—"

Waiter—"You are wanted at the telephone, Doctor. There's been an accident—"

The Charm of Tahoe

By Theodore Bonnet

The Native Sons are going to Lake Tahoe soon to hold their "grand parlor" on the pine-clad rim of that beautiful body of water. The Native Sons could do nothing better for their souls.

One Sunday last summer I attended mass at Lake Tahoe in a church improvised for the occasion, and I heard a sermon that made a profound impression on me. The priest—Father Robert Sesnon—talked of the love that we owe to God, and he said there were few places on this earth where it was so easy to love God as in the midst of the beautiful aspects of nature that are visible from the scented slopes of that delightful region. The sentiment struck home plunging me into meditation that was at once edifying and refreshing.

Somewhere Ruskin says in substance that the beautiful in nature appeals to our moral sense; that when, for example we see the sun setting in all its splendor the feeling of pleasure that the spectacle inspires is due to our being instinctively sensible of the fact that it was the hand of God that hung the effulgent orb in the western sky. Ruskin has been laughed at for expounding theories of the beautiful thus tinctured with religious sentiment. It would be well for those that laugh, I have often thought, to join in the perennial festival of nature at Lake Tahoe, to immerse themselves in the sanctity that there perpetually reigns. What profusion of scenic beauty is there! The lake itself with its unruffled calm that overawes our little anxieties of mind and vexations of spirit is but one of innumerable impressive touches of the Creator's mysterious hand. Wander through the cathedrals that have been reared in forest glades; mingle with the aromatic pines, kindled and colored in the sun's light; sense the fragrance of tangle and thicket; court the drowsiness of the heated roads, the coolness of the leaf-carpeted groves; give ear to the golden voices that have been making the regal summits echo with bursts of melody since the days when Pan gaily lead the dances of the nymphs; commune thus with nature in her sublime solitudes, and when at the close of day the pleasant intercourse is broken off, you will have partaken of but a small fraction of the gifts that have been profusely scattered at your feet.

The splendor of the sun departs; its last beams fill the sky with a fragile glory, tinting wisps of thinnest vapor that are strewn like swan's feathers across the deepening blue, making scintillant gems of the eternal snow on old Tallac.

With night's descending shadows comes a cool breeze making every tree an Aeolian harp that re-echoes the harmonies of strings mysteriously attuned within your breast. The landscape with its enchanting wonders has faded from your view. A new scene dazzles you with its glory. The night is full of stars. The air is bursting with silences. My lady moon smiles down from the starry canopy upon the listless waters of the lake and they proclaim the glory of God.

These are the things that set the mind working. It is in contemplation of such things, as Milton says, "by steps we may ascend to God." Warmly I felicitate the Native Sons on their choice of Lake Tahoe for "grand parlor" purposes. There they will get higher thoughts and better emotions than are to be engendered at a session of lady and male-lady moralists at Dreamland Rink on a Sunday.

In addition to extracting sentiments of piety from the handiwork of God the Native Sons will have the opportunity while at Tahoe to occupy themselves with a matter of scientific interest. It may be news to them and to others that the Tahoe region affords excellent advantages for astronomical observation. How many Californians are aware that the first site selected for the Lick Observatory was on the shore of Lake Tahoe not far from Tahoe Tavern? Although the observatory was not built there, good rea-

OBSERVATORY POINT NEAR TAHOE TAVERN

sons were advanced for choosing that particular spot as an ideal one for the setting up of a great telescope. The Tahoe region is above the fog belt and possesses the clearest atmosphere in the State of California. Those who have stood at the edge of the lake and looked across to the mountains on the other side realize this, for it seems but a short distance from shore to shore. And yet the lake is thirteen miles wide and twenty-three miles long. The air is so translucent that the eye is deceived and loses its power of correctly estimating distance.

I shall never forget a dance at the Tavern. It was on a cool summer's evening and a goodly throng of beautiful women and gallant men gathered in the ball room. There was splendid music and the dancing went on with that delicious abandon which is part of the informality of the famous resort. When the music stopped at intervals there were walks through the hotel grounds to the border of the lake, cosy chats on sheltered benches or visits to the club house for well-brewed lemonades in long glasses clinking with ice. I am sure that the hour was very late when we were willing to retire to our rooms. I know that if Halley's comet had been blazing in the sky then as it is now, most of us would have watched out the twilight of dawn to see the marvel of the ages, the harbinger of who knows what fortunes and misfortunes to this sublunary old planet of ours?

Truly, Tahoe among the mountains, there is no place just like you in California!

The Spectator

A Bad Omen for George V.

Considering the fact that the four Georges were perhaps the most unpopular sovereigns who ever occupied the throne of Great Britain the new king is hardly to be congratulated on his choice of a name. George V. may prove to be one of the most beloved of monarchs but he is certainly handicapped by the association of ideas. Will the time come when some rhymster will add to the famous lines in which the four Georges are held up to execration a couplet regarding George V.? I sincerely hope not. The lines run as follows:

George the first most vile was reckoned;
Viler still was George the second;
What mortal ever heard
Any good of George the third?
When George the fourth to hell descended,
Thank the Lord, the Georges ended!

Two Royal Scandals

It is unfortunate for George the Fifth that he figured in a scandal which brings to memory an unsavory incident in the life of George the Fourth. The greatest indignation against the fourth George was felt by reason of his treatment of his two wives, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Queen Caroline. He was especially execrated for "throwing over" the beautiful and silly Mrs. Fitzherbert whom he married when he was heir to the throne. As she was not of royal blood she could live with him only as his mistress, but society, however, once satisfied that a ceremony had been performed, never regarded her as anything but his wife. George afterwards made official denial of the marriage at his father's behest and a British plenipotentiary was sent off to fetch him a bride from over the waters, for whom he conceived a morbid hatred as soon as the marriage took place. George the Fifth has similarly suffered in public estimation for repudiating the daughter of Admiral Seymour to whom he was married when his brother the Duke of Clarence was heir to the throne, and his wife having been betrothed to the Duke of Clarence has never been received with affection by the people of England since she demonstrated that it made little difference to her which brother she married so long as she became prospective Queen.

A Masterly Proclamation

At the tomb of Napoleon that exhaustless magazine of sound, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, was struck dumb. But at the death of King Edward he found his voice, unsheathed his tongue and brandished that unruly member with characteristic strenuosity. From the daily prints we learn that our most distinguished private citizen who has been doing his utmost for months to emulate the shrinking violet, converted the death of Albert Edward into a pretext for the issuance of a proclamation. This proclamation is worth preserving as an infallible emetic, superior to anything that the doctor can order. "Next to the ring John Hay gave me," says our illustrious and most admired citizen, "I value the miniature of John Hampden King Edward sent me after I became President." Here we have four self-allusions to one reference to the King, a proportion the justness of which every true Democrat will appreciate and approve. In the next sentence modesty asserts itself: "That was a present a sovereign could make with dignity and one a Democratic President could accept." Here the honors are even; but for the sake of proportion the loud pedal is once more applied to the personal note:—"The King must have known that Hampden was one of my four heroes—Timoleon, Hampden, Washington and Lincoln. Such a selection as the miniature showed extreme tact." Thus are we informed of the kind of heroism that thrills the noble heart of the hero of Kettle Hill and incidentally that he keenly appreciates tact. His love of tact, however, is evident from the proclamation itself. Tact comes from fineness of taste and when did a great citizen ever display finer taste than that which dictated the beautiful sentiments of Mr. Roosevelt's beautiful eulogy of King Edward? Could a man say more of another while saying as much for himself as Mr. Roosevelt said of the King in this deft and tactful proclamation wherein consciousness of self-importance is as subdued as any reasonable man could expect. No wonder that Mr. Roosevelt is beloved by the tactful American people. He is the very incarnation of that pride of sovereignty that resides in every free-born breast. He is the em-

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bodiment of the American ego, and we are proud of him. The delicacy and refinement of his sensibilities fascinate us. He holds our imagination, he keeps alive our enthusiasm, and we all feel that he increases respect for us wherever he goes.

An Anti-Roosevelt Roosevelter

John D. Works, Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate for United States Senator, having for many years followed politics as a profession on the theory that it is the science of exigencies, now finds himself in a state of embarrassment by reason of the homecoming of some pestiferous chickens of his own breeding. To be more explicit Judge Works has been found out. And for Judge Works to be found out is embarrassing to the point of humiliation. The story of this apocalypse has caused a grin to spread over the State. Judge Works is being horse-laughed out of the race for Senator. Two years ago Judge Works tried his hand at journalism. For that socialistic journal, the Arena, he wrote an article under the title, "A Glance at President Roosevelt's Administration and his Personality." It was a very sour glance that the Judge took. From the Works viewpoint Mr. Roosevelt was "a peril to our republican institutions"; he was influenced by "selfish and ignoble desires and base purposes"; he pandered to a "debased appetite for the spoils of office"; his attacks on individuals were "undignified and unpatriotic and calculated to destroy public confidence in moneyed men and moneyed institutions." These are but a few of the reflections of the Proteus-like statesman who is now employing the prestige of Mr. Roosevelt as a vehicle for his own ambition. Copious excerpts from the Arena article were recently reproduced in the Los Angeles Times, and now they are being disseminated from San Diego to Siskiyou, and in all sections of the State the yokels and the groundlings are convulsed with laughter.

Confusion Worse Confounded

Meanwhile the captains of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are in panic. What to do with Works is a question that is giving them profound concern. They are as completely covered with confusion as the candidate himself. They realize that in making choice of him they have made it obvious to the whole State that they are absolutely lacking in the judgment essential for the purposes to which they have dedicated their talents. For be it known Works was impossible even before the disinterment of his Arena effusion. In giving their unmoral support to the man that once bore the sobriquet of "Spring Valley Water Works" and that expressed publicly his disapproval of the N. S. G. W. they evinced the disposition of fools to rush in where angels fear to tread.

Johnson Disheartened

The exposure of Judge Works is not the only thing that distresses the captains of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League these otherwise gladsome days. There is treason in the camp of the reformers. The startling news has gone forth that Hiram Johnson is the victim of foul treachery in the house of his friends. Here in San Francisco the affairs of the league are under the direction of eleven men, and of that number five are said to be ardent adherents of the Hon. Charles F. Curry. Johnson, by the way, is getting very much disheartened, owing to the weakness of the support that he is receiving from the league. Even in Sacramento, his birthplace, the reformers have not stirred up any enthusiasm for him. Curry's friends are betting that he will beat Johnson two to one in the State capital.

Sapleigh—Bah Jove! an idea has just flashed through my mind.
Sharp—"Flashed" is the word, my boy. It certainly has a clear track.

Another "Sybarite" Guess

From Los Angeles comes another guess as to the identity of the Sybarite who is writing the papers entitled "The Physician at the Supper Table" now being published in Town Talk. This time it is a feminine correspondent. Three San Franciscans having been entered as candidates for the authorship of these clever causeries, Raphael Weill, Colonel Kowalsky and Ned Greenway, it seems only fitting that one of the bon vivants of the south should be put forward. However, the time has not yet come for the mysterious author to emerge from the shelter of his incognito. Here is the letter from the Los Angeles lady:

Editor, Town Talk:

Having read the letter from "the Family man" in the last issue of Town Talk relative to the authorship of the papers "The Physician at the Supper Table" and being a subscriber, I feel like expressing my opinion that the writer of those charming articles can be none other than our distinguished Los Angeles citizen Major Ben C. Truman.

Yours truly,

May seventh. B. C. T.

Mrs. Atherton a Best Seller

"Tower of Ivory," the latest novel from the pen of the gifted Gertrude Atherton, has attained the distinction of being a best seller. In the list of the best sellers for March, recorded in the Bookman for May, the work is placed second in popularity for the whole country and first for New York and the nothern States. Since March it has gone into another edition and there are still no signs of its sale abating. Mrs. Atherton who is in this city at present makes no secret of her pleasure in finding how her book has taken. When I asked her how the news appealed to her, she let me know without evasion that she was mighty glad to hear it. She thinks "best seller" is a hideous expression but does not cavil at being one. She says that she has yet to find an author who in his heart is above being a best seller if he can. And why not? she asks. As many good novels have been best sellers as trash.

Milo

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Mrs. Mighels' Coup

When Mrs. Philip Verril Mighels with solemn ceremony made a gutter bonfire of the books in her library which she thought were of evil tendency she sent my mind bounding back to the consideration of one of the most delicious incidents in Don Quixote—that pleasant occasion when the priest and the barber sat as a committee of two on the good old knight's library, tossing all the offending romances of chivalry out of the window into the court yard, there to be consumed in auto da fe like Mrs. Mighels' books. It suggested too that solemn day in Florence when Savonarola burned not only books but pictures, statues and other works of art. The names of the books which the great Dominican as well as Cervantes' priest consumed are known and they may be had today, despite the burning. The fact is, disheartening though it be to reformers of literature, that cremation is an inadequate literary corrective. Augustus made a burnt offering of some of Ovid's naughty poems. Yet they survived and sixteen centuries later Kit Marlowe made an English version of them which was burned at Tyburn by the common hangman. Just the same that translation is as available today as the original. All the flames of all the furnaces cannot destroy a book if man sets his ingenuity to work to perpetuate it.

She Tamed the Hoodlums

Mrs. Mighels, of course, burned the books as an object lesson. I wonder if she did not call them to the attention of those perverse minds which are ever hot on the scent of wickedness? Not that the books were very wicked either. I could give Mrs. Mighels a list that would by comparison be incarnadined with purple depravity, yet I doubt whether any of them save one ought to be burned. You see, I am not going to disclose my list. If I did there would be a run on the booksellers. Mrs. Mighels tells me, by the way, that the newspapers missed the most picturesque incident of her auto da fe. She says that during the progress of the bonfire a crowd of young hoodlums appeared on the scene and tried to turn the affair into ridicule with catcalls and derisive remarks. I am glad to chronicle that Mrs. Mighels was equal to the emergency. When one of them ventured a query as to what was a good book to read she instantly replied "John Halifax, Gentleman" and held their attention with an account of the plot of that interesting but melancholy story. The hoodlums who came to jeer remained to get a lesson in literature. I hope they profited by it.

His Valet Was a Lord

When Senator Newlands came to town last week he did not bring with him the Japanese valet of whom he used to be so fond. One of his cronies here mentioned this circumstance and learned that there was an interesting reason for his absence. Incidentally he was more than a valet; he was really the senator's private secretary. Several years ago the senator was at the Palace one night and walked up and down the corridor in evident impatience and vexation. His Japanese valet learned the cause of this—the senator had many important letters to dictate and the hotel stenographer was interminably busy. "I will take your letters from dictation, sir," offered the valet. Newlands was surprised but accepted the offer and found that his Japanese man was a skilled secretary. The boy became almost indispensable and the senator was much put out when he left suddenly for Japan, stating that his father had died. When Newlands went to Tokio with a congressional party a servant called at his hotel and stated that Lord So-and-so of the Japanese nobility wished to place a carriage at his disposal. Lord So-and-so proved to be his old valet and secretary.

Contortions of a Gored Ox

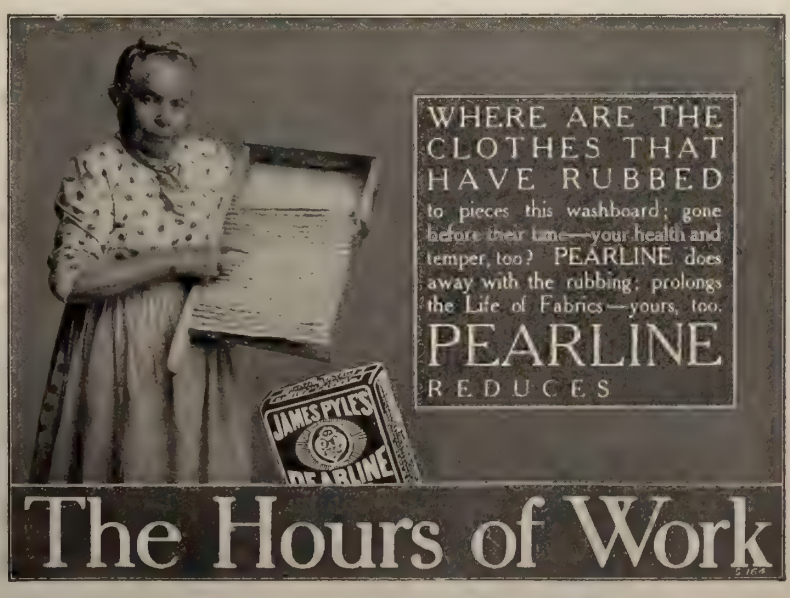
Talk about justice, retributive, poetic or "wild"; San Francisco may now rest appeased for all the contumely that has been heaped upon her by the envious citizens of Los Angeles. Serene and indifferent to any other fate San Francisco has always objected to being called "Frisco." Los Angeles has always been an implacable offender in this regard. In Los Angeles nobody would think of calling San Francisco otherwise than "Frisco," and many of the lately imported Michiganders and Kansasonians imagine that "Frisco" is the name of the metropolis. Now these flippant folk are compelled to take a dose of their own medicine. The immigrant from Kalamazoo and the left lunger from St. Jo. Mo. finds it impossible to pronounce the name of the town as the acclimated resident does, and has shortened it to "Los." Whereupon our reverend friend General Otis is howling his head off in protest. Otis has been printing "Frisco" ever since he made the discovery that the pen is mightier than the sword. He has never printed San Francisco in his newspaper by any other title than "Frisco." Now he objects to "Los" as an abbreviation for Los Angeles. He continues to call San Francisco "Frisco," however, and probably sees no inconsistency in his demand for the full and proper name of Los Angeles. How sweet is the revenge that comes of its own volition and wreaks itself at the hands of the other fellow upon himself.

How the General Pronounces It

That the people of Los Angeles have long been sensitive about the pronunciation of the name of their town is known to all who have sojourned there even for a day. The name looks like a simple name to pronounce, but it is very difficult to give it just the Spanish twist which satisfies the finicky ear of the inhabitants. The picturesque Mr. Lummis fixed the proper pronunciation several years ago, but it has remained for General Harrison Gray Otis to spread the propaganda. I notice that under the title of his paper on the editorial page he prints these cryptic syllables: "Pronounced Loce AHNG-Hayl-as." Will somebody kindly complete the good work by supplying an interpretation of these difficult characters?

"Cab" Was Afraid

During the afternoon session of court recently Superior Judge Cabaniss' bailiff asked permission to absent himself from the room for a short time. Judge Cabaniss regarded him fixedly for a moment and then swept his eagle eye over the court room, assuming a look of apprehension. "Is Mr. Charles Wesley Reed in the court room?" inquired the judge. There was no answer. Again the question was propounded and still



there was no response. Still a third time the judge intoned the query and silence brooded on the judicial atmosphere. "As Mr. Charles Wesley Reed is not present," the judge finally told the bailiff, "I think it is safe for me to let you go."

How Miller Graham Got Rich

The ambitious social plans which Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara was going to carry out during the coming London social season were knocked into a cocked hat by the death of King Edward. It will be a sore disappointment, but Mrs. Miller Graham has plenty of wealth and can wait till another season. The only question is, Will she obtain from the new king the flattering social recognition accorded her by Edward? In this connection it is worth while recalling that William Miller Graham owes his fortune to General W. H. H. Hart of this city. I should say that he owes his latest fortune to Hart, for I believe that Graham won and lost a couple of plums in the Pennsylvania oil fields before he became a California Croesus. General Hart was down and out several years ago when he met Miller Graham in a Washington hotel. Hart's only hope of rehabilitating his fortune lay in the oil lands he owned and nobody would buy them. He heard that Graham was an oil expert and managed to meet him but could not interest him in his property. Nevertheless when they parted Hart told Graham that he would send him a sample of his oil. When Graham got the sample he found that it was a very high grade oil and he decided to take a look at the well. So he came to California and examined Hart's property. The reality exceeded all his expectations and he devoted himself to its exploitation. Hart cleared about $254,000, if my memory serves me, and Graham started on the new career which has made him a millionaire two or three times over.

"Confessions of a Barbarian"

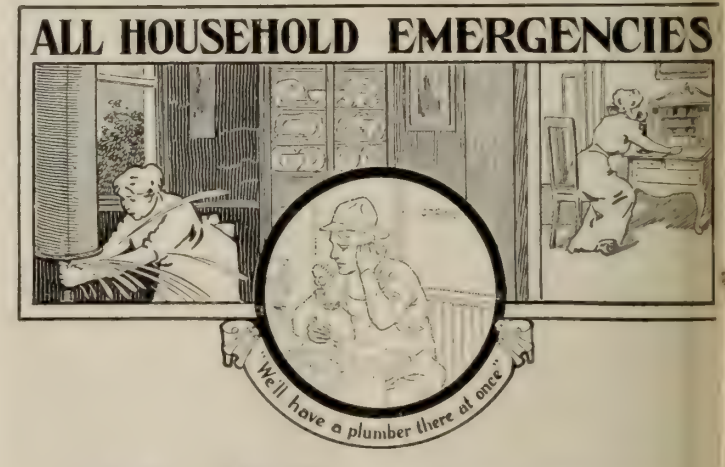
This is the arresting title of a volume by George Sylvester Viereck. George Sylvester Viereck is a very young man of New York who writes verses hinting at evil things, poses, runs the dramatic department of Current Literature with excellent judgment and boasts of his bastard relationship to the Emperor of Germany. I remember hearing Viereck quoted as saying that he would rather have written one of his own poems than be the Kaiser. The remark indicates that the young man is in no need of a press agent; it also typifies the contents of "Confessions of a Barbarian." The writing of confessions is an obstinate habit with young literary men. St. Augustine wrote his confessions because he was a penitent sinner; Rousseau wrote his because he was an unconscionable egotist; George Moore wrote his because he was brimful of affectation. Now come the "Confessions of a Barbarian" which need not be compared to any of the others mentioned because they are so artificial that they suggest an affectation of affectation, Viereck claims purple blood because his grandmother was the favorite of the first Emperor William, then the King of Prussia. The issue of their amour is supposed to have been Viereck's father to whom the present book is dedicated. The fact that Viereck claims to be the left-handed cousin of the present Kaiser is no doubt the excuse for his affecting to be exceedingly affected. One must live up to one's bend sinister.

The Product of Pubescence

"Confessions of a Barbarian" could not have been written by anyone except a stripling, so it does not surprise us to learn from Viereck that he is twenty-five years old. The book is disagreeably pubescent. Having discovered that he is capable of conceiving ideas Viereck formulates opinions on all conceivable subjects and hurls them at your devoted head with an air of self-satisfied finality. At first you dodge these missiles, but soon you discover that they are only stuffed opinions and then you humor him in his youthful diversion. The book is based on a trip to Berlin and Copenhagen and the wonders Viereck discovered in those ancient capitals. He found what a boy might have been expected to find, the wonders of imperialism and bureaucracy, the Kaiser (his cousin), soldiers and actors and writers, the nude dancers and the street-walkers. Imperialism impresses him because it has become paternalistic in Germany and a boy is not expected to know the evils of paternalism. Bureaucracy also receives his approval because in Germany it is "inspired." His cousin the Kaiser is a superman, the "sole legitimate offspring of Romanticism and Modernity." And so on. He sees everything as a very young man is apt to see it and writes of it with carefully calculated impertinence.

A Sadly Wicked Boy

Viereck is very anxious to let us know that he has plumbed every depth of wickedness. He could tell strange things if he wanted to, "uncouth passions and fantastic desires," but he refrains. Instead he tells of the women who, he says, have been in love with him. There was Ermengarde. "You were fond of me, more than you dared confess even to yourself." And there was Madeleine, "supple, strong and superb." Madeleine was married; she was also "a Madonna who had absorbed, intellectually, the philosophy of Don Juan." Then there was Francesca. She had the Monna Lisa smile that has bothered boys ever since Walter Pater discovered it. "We might have been very dear to each other, had things been different." As for Aholibah, "her eyes were weary



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from too much loving." To Marion he read "some passionate verses" and as Marion lowered her eyes we guess that they were his own verses and very likely of a tiresome sort. Valeria was "strange, morbid, mad, hysterical." "Her love for me was idolatrous." There was a girl whose name this sad young dog doesn't remember, but she was the wickedest of them all, so he writes a poem about her, singing, "O little Maid of Sappho, come to me." Returning to prose he says, "Your arms were lilies, you were frail, childlike; but your eyes peered with demoniacal passion into ancient abysses glittering with putrefaction. Dear Little Maid of Sappho, how I might have loved you! And ah! that feverish night half drowned in champagne, with the sinister suggestions of an alien Aphrodite." He says that Thusnelda wrote letters to him and to prove it he quotes from them. They show that Thusnelda was mistress of his own overcolored style. In other words he evidently wrote them himself, like Toots. This whole chapter on women is an interesting study in autoerotism or I have read Havelock Ellis to no purpose.

A Visit to George Brandes

The best thing in the book is the description of the author's visit to George Brandes, the Danish man of letters. Whether it is fact or fiction does not matter.

My Danish friends assured me that Brandes was a crank, inaccessible to strangers, and asked me whether I had an introduction to him. I explained that I knew two of his intimate friends who would surely have given me introductions, had I known beforehand that I would visit Brandes on my trip abroad.

These things I munched in my mind as I climbed the stairs to the philosopher's simple abode. A copy of Nineveh rested securely in a side pocket of my coat. A seductive smile curled my lips.

Without hesitation I pulled the bell.

A maid half opened the door, and upon my question whether the Herr Professor was at home, she mumbled something in Danish which I could not understand, and shut the door in my face.

I waited a little while, and again rang the bell. Again the maid appeared and listened to me with impatience as I informed her in German that I would plant myself in front of the door until she had taken my card to the Herr Professor. She snatched the card from me with an air of disgust, and retreated behind the door. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed, but no response was vouchsafed to my offering.

Then, with grim determination, I rang the bell for the third time. There was a sound of shuffling steps. The door swung open. I caught a vision of a magnincent head, white and immense. Like an irate Jove, George Brandes glowered upon me.

"Good heavens!" he scowled, "what do you want? I am working."

"I want to see you, Herr Professor."

"Everybody wants to see me. I have no time for tourists. I'm not on exhibition. Good-bye."

Already the vision receded. One moment more, and the door would have closed behind him. I played my trump card.

"Hold!" I cried with conscious dignity. "I am George Sylvester Vicreck."

"Yes?" he replied, with a vacant stare.

I repeated my name with slow emphasis. I was not impatient with the old man. There was no shade of annoyance in my voice. But no gleam of intelligence leaped from the eyes of the sage.

"I told you I was busy," he angrily reiterated. "If I were to see everybody, I would have to abandon my work."

"But I'm not everybody," I answered. "I have come all the way from America to meet you. I can't leave Denmark without talking to you. That would be Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

He was moved.

"Come in," he said.

Thus I entered the Holy of Holies.

"I do not come to you without introductions," I said. "I bring you greetings from your old friend," and I mentioned the name of a well-known German writer. "He intended to write me a note for you, but I did not get it in time."

"Too bad," Brandes rejoined; "I've never heard of the man."

Nothing dismayed, I added sweetly: And, of course, our mutual friend James Huneker has entrusted me with his compliments."

"Don't know him," the Sage of Copenhagen snapped back.

"What!" I exclaimed, "you don't know the greatest American critic, the only man in America who understands you?"

Brandes reflected.

"Of course," he said, "I know his books. He is strangely brilliant for an American. But I have never met him in person."

"Well," I said, still undaunted, "I am a considerable personage myself."

He looked at me with amused incredulity.

"I am the author of several books. My poems mark a new epoch in American literature. I have given a new impulse to the poetry of my age. Besides, for my recreation, I am editing two magazines."

"You're rather precocious," the sage retorted.

Which readers of "Confessions of a Barbarian" will consider a very apt statement.

"Three Years Behind the Guns"

Some time ago I read a book entitled "Three Years Behind the Guns" and derived such pleasure from the reading that my curiosity as to its authorship was excited. The story is that of a youngster who enlists in the navy and serves on the Olympia during the Spanish-American war. It is a very graphic recital; in fact the best book dealing with salt water which I have read since "Three Years Before the Mast." On the title page was no name; only the initials L. G. T. Through a friend of the author I have accidentally learned the identity of L. G. T. This is none other than Mrs. Luella Gebhart Tisdale of San Jose, the widow of De Witt Tisdale who was president of the First National Bank of San Jose. Her daughter, Mrs. Edward Bryant, with whom she lives, is well known in local society. I learn also that the story is founded on the actual experiences of Mrs. Tisdale's son. When the Century Company accepted the manuscript it was feared that a woman's name on the title page might

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hurt the sales, so only the initials of the author were used. Mrs. Tisdale, I am told, has received many letters from authors appreciating her work. Dr. Weir Mitchell wrote: "I do not know when I have read a more agreeable volume. The book interested me so much that I sat up far into the night in order to finish it, and found myself regretting that it was not longer." Admiral Dewey said: "The description of the battle of Manila is one of the very best I have seen."

A Prophetess Out of India

Mrs. Anna Dow Currier who is described as one of the last survivors of the old school of acting, is now in this city. As stated in these columns recently an effort will be made to keep her here in order that she may lend her valuable assistance to the new and original Classic Productions Alliance with which Mrs. Frona Wait Colburn intends to reform the drama. Mrs. Currier brings a message from India where she has been spreading the Shakespearian gospel. While inculcating that orthodox gospel Mrs. Currier seems to have imbibed another gospel of a religious and humanitarian character. She preached some of its tenets through one of the Sunday papers. I doubt whether it be new or very inspiring. Mrs. Currier announces the rebirth of the Vedantist philosophy which, she says, was the philosophy preached by Jesus Christ after his return to Jerusalem. Years of intimate study of the matter have convinced Mrs. Currier that the human race experiences a religious revival every two thousand years, the impulse always coming from India. Students of philosophy will be interested in these statements and in the proofs of their soundness which Mrs. Currier, no doubt, is in a position, after years of study, to supply. Formal religion, she tells us, is doomed; the people are being led "out of its bondage" into "a newer purer freedom of life which Jesus Christ preached during the period of his ministry." Strangely enough Mrs. Currier persists in linking the name of the Christian Savior with her Vedantist proclamations. Just what Christianity has in common with Hindu pantheism I am at a loss to understand. Christianity is a very formal religion, indeed, and millions of its followers have absolutely no wish to be freed from the bondage of its formality. They cling to its dogmatic teachings as closely as to its moral precepts. Perhaps these Christians are not to participate in the revival which Mrs. Currier sees coming. Their exclusion, however, will not hurt their feelings or humiliate their intellects. Strangely enough they care naught for Mimansa or Uttara-Mimansa and reck less of the one hundred and eight upanishads. But they may resent the association of the name of the Founder of their creed with that of the oriental cultists who believe in the ten avatars of Vishnu.

A Los Angeles Philosopher

From Judge David P. Hatch of Los Angeles I have just received a copy of a book entitled "Straight Goods in Philosophy" recently published under the name of Paul Karishka. This is the pseudonym under which Judge Hatch sees fit to conceal his identity when he writes. The judge is a remarkable man, for he is not only one of the most prominent members of the Los Angeles bar but also a mystic of the hermetic philosophy and a professed knight of that mysterious cult which takes for its emblem the Rosy Cross. Some of his former publications have dealt largely with Rosicrucian philosophy but "Straight Goods in Philosophy," as its name indicates, is a discussion of the large topics of life in the simple terms which the man on the street can comprehend. Some of Judge Hatch's chapter headings will indicate the nature of this book: Loving Everybody, Healing of the Body by Mind, Our Right and Title in Happiness, Posing, Man and Woman, or Woman and Man—Which?, Food, The Value of the Imagination in Life, What's the Use? These titles indicate a wide range of thinking and writing and it must be said that in treating the topics of his philosophy Judge Hatch has shown a broad grasp of general truth and an aptitude for applying it to particular occasions. His book is never dull, owing no doubt to his persistent avoidance of the usual philosophical formulae.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Templeton Crocker Blushed

The beauteous Helene Irwin's penchant for Parisian chapeaux affords her girl friends almost as much diversion as it does the public. On Monday night at the Damrosch concert the arrival of Miss Irwin, Marion Newhall and Templeton Crocker created a sensation and when they were seated in their box the battery of lorgnettes trained on them from all parts of the house caused the girls to indulge in giggles that became contagious. Their friends wigwagged to them quite informally and young Crocker attempted to evade the unusual attentions by hiding behind Miss Irwin's hat which first attracted so much attention from the house. It was an enormous affair of pink tulle, casting a rosy glow on the young lady's laughing face. Its brim was piled with a mass of rose-shaded hydrangea blossoms, while a bunch of pink orchids was arranged in aigrette shape. Loops of diamonds sparkled in her ears. It was only a moment before the word was passed throughout the house, "That's the heiress who is engaged to Templeton Crocker." Meanwhile Marion Newhall gurgled gleefully, thoroughly enjoying the discomfiture the episode was causing Mr. Crocker who blushed for the three of them.

MISS MARCIA FEE

The accomplished daughter of Mr. Charles S. Fee

A Hat and Papa Newhall

Miss Newhall, by the bye, wore a hat quite as stunning as that of Miss Irwin. It was her Easter chapeau, which the witty Marion declared almost caused a scene at Trinity Church on Easter Sunday. Both of the Newhall girls, knowing their father's pronounced aversion to cartwheel hats, conspired to come late to services, thus escaping the necessity of accompanying their parents in the family limousine, for they guessed what would happen when the hats were seen. When they finally arrived, Papa Newhall was buried deep in the prayer book, devoutly intent on following the service. One glance at the saucy Marion and the prayer book was dropped. His eyes rebuked them, aghast with astonishment. The girls, demure as two young novices, looked down serenely placid, but the episode was too much for their well-bred composure. They buried their faces in the huge bouquets in their muffs and laughed in a perfect hysteria of giggles. Since that time the Easter

Photo, Boyce

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Gossip From a Liner

From an occasional correspondent who recently crossed the Atlantic on the Hamburg-American line steamer "Kaiserin" I learn that there were several prominent San Franciscans aboard. He says: "This is the night before landing, and those who know say it is a typical last night on an ocean liner. I see before me beautiful women gorgeously gowned, a great many of them angelically transparent from mal de mer, I am entranced with highly developed sexual music from the 'Dollar Princess' and the 'Merry Widow.' Among my fellow passengers are Archbishop Riordan and his talented secretary, Father Ramm, on their way to Nauheim. Madame Roos, mother of Robert Roos, is on her way with Achille Roos to Paris. Frank M. Smith (Borax) of Oakland is aboard with his young wife, two babies and a stork in the middle distance. Louis Hoefler, the attorney, is with us in pursuit of rest, pleasure and business. I hear that he has an important commission to fill in the Russian Oil Fields, and that he will return to San Francisco by way of Vladivostock, China and Japan. The weather has been especially fine. Marconigrams advised us today of the death of Mark Twain and Bob Devlin's victory. Sad and good news."

Cards received by friends in this city announce the marriage of Miss Alice Marie Brorsen and Herbert G. Roth, the newspaper artist, at St. Pancras Church, London, on April 19.

Mrs. Keppel in the Background

Since the death of King Edward we have heard nothing of the most famous of the royal favorites, the beautiful Mrs. Keppel. No news has come out of London about that distinguished woman who was more intimately identified with Albert Edward than any other of his subjects. Apparently it has been agreed that she should be accorded the privacy and seclusion of the background while history of a solemn and impressive character is in the making. In the judgment of the purveyors of gossip it is deemed improper to permit unofficial persons to tread upon the stage that holds the eyes of the world. Thus is human interest subordinated to considerations of delicacy. Mrs. Keppel, however, is bound to figure in all comprehensive histories of the reign of Edward the Seventh. Victoria's son will rank in history as an epoch-maker, as a King who dissipated the gloom of a Court that had been long under the restraint of a puritanical prejudice against the traditional dissipations of royalty; and to give posterity an accurate conception of his character it will be necessary for historians to tell something of his social diversions and of the persons that contributed to his royal pleasure. Consequently Mrs. Keppel will move with enchanting grace through the pages of history.

His Generosity to the Peeresses

Edward the Seventh will rank among the merry monarchs of England, not of course as a profligate like George the Fourth, in one of whose cabinets after his death were found more than a hundred locks of women's hair, some plastered with powder and pomatum while others were mere little golden curls such as grow low down on a little girl's neck. Edward the Seventh had comparatively few love affairs, but he was so courteous to all women that he was frequently credited with an amour that was nothing more than a case of platonic affection. A notable instance of his regard for women occurred just before he submitted to an operation for appendicitis in 1902. His last official act before going on the operating table was the granting of the petition of the peeresses for more space in the Abbey seats. They had been allowed sixteen inches each, and some of the fat dowagers, broad of beam, demanded more. They declared it an outrage to cramp them into sixteen inches of space. The King allotted them four inches more.

Langtry Was His Pet

When King Edward was Prince of Wales he had the reputation of being something of a rake. In that Victorian period the people were easily shocked, and when he figured in the Mordaunt divorce suit they were scandalized. It was in that case that the heir apparent was said to have "perjured himself like a gentleman." It was when Prince of Wales that Albert Edward made a pet of Lily Langtry. He showed his fondness for her even after his accession, and he sent her daughter a present on her wedding day. When Edward ascended the throne several London journals announced that he had become a model husband, but a little later some sprightly gossip was circulated anent an attempt to burglarize Mrs. Keppel's home. It was said that the object of the burglars was to get hold for blackmailing purposes of letters written by an exalted personage. And the London police imparted a soupcon of Sherlock Holmes mystery to the affair by hinting that the crime was planned by a titled crook. On the whole the London newspapers were very kind to the King and often suppressed news that might have led to unpleasant gossip. When he had a narrow escape from a serious accident on board the Shamrock II, on the occasion of a trial trip they made a big sensation of the incident, but suppressed the news that Mrs. Keppel was on the yacht.

The Coryell Fad

With the thorough-going spirit of the true sportsman, determined to attain his ideal no matter what the cost in time or money, Joseph B. Coryell has attained a place in the front rank among the orchid fanciers of America. Only one or possibly two places in England match his orchid gardens and houses down at Fair Oaks. Mr. Manda, a celebrated English authority on orchids, was out here recently and while at Fair Oaks declared the Coryell place to be the finest of its kind in America. The Baroness Rothschild, considered supreme among English orchid faddists, lacks many of the varieties which the Coryell houses show. The present Queen of England is an ardent lover of the beautiful exotics but even her gardens are not superior in the variety of rare blossoms to the Coryell collection.

Their House of Orchids

The Coryells pursue their fad so unostentatiously that it is only by chance and at long intervals that one hears of their wonderful success. They employ an

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orchid hunter year in and year out who travels all over the tropical gardens where nature guards these wonderful blossoms and whenever he hears of a new variety he has carte blanche to secure it at any cost. Recently this man, an expert of world-wide fame among floral faddists, secured a number of choice varieties from the interior of Luzon. Another new variety came from the Himalayas. Mrs. Coryell who shares Mr. Coryell's passion for these fairy-like blossoms, wore the Phaelnopsis or Philippine orchid at one of the Greenway Assemblies last winter, the flower exciting much comment. It is shaped like a fantastic butterfly with wings splashed with velvet spots that shade from purple to brown against a satiny texture of pale yellowish pink. Mrs. Coryell carries her fondness for the beautiful blossoms to an artistic extreme. She always surrounds herself with colors that harmonize with the flushed pinkish violet tints of the flower, every detail corresponding, from her limousine with its deep purple upholstering to her stationery, daintily embossed with an orchid in place of a crest.

She Introduced the Fad

It is largely due to Mrs. Coryell's generosity that San Francisco has patterned after London in its passion for orchids. She delights in sending the flowers to her friends and in this way society has learned to indulge in the expensive fad. The only other American city that displays orchids as much as San Francisco is New York and most of the flowers there are shipped from Scotland and England. The Scotch, by the bye, are the premier orchid faddists in the world, something in the persistence of the Scotch temperament finding kinship with these petted blossoms, and it is said that no other people has such success with them. All of the men employed on the Coryell place to work in the orchid houses are Scotch, Andrew MacDonald who has charge being considered one of the authorities in this country as well as in Scotland.

She Had Fears of Tetanus

What happens during rehearsal and behind the scenes of the performances given by local amateurs usually affords no end of amusing gossip and diversion. While the utmost harmony and smoothness characterized the preliminaries of Dr. J. Wilson Shiels' play "When Fairies Rule," one of the incidents at the dress rehearsal on Thursday last was very funny—to everyone except Allan Dunn. The kiddies were prancing over the stage in their fairy dance, their golden wands, tipped with tiny spears, held jauntily aloft. In the scrimmage of scampering off the stage one of the little girls received a scratch, so small as hardly to be noticeable. Immediately one of the fond and doting mammas, seeing visions of a slaughter of the innocents through tetanus, ran through the frightened lot of tykes, neatly nipping off the golden points from the wands. Before one realized what had happened the stage was littered with papier mache sword points looking like gilded cornucopias. The children looked startled, for the lady, a well-known matron, was possessed with the passion of a fury. When the lady, having finished her job, explained why she had done it, everyone smiled except Allan Dunn. He had planned the costumes and the wands were the final touch to complete an artistic ensemble. Dunn merely grimaced eloquently.

The Coming Bach Festival

The great success of the Bach Festival at the Greek Theater last year, when an audience of ten thousand greeted the first production of this kind on the Pacific Coast and laudatory comments on the achievement were made at the great musical centers of Berlin and Leipsic promises to be exceeded this year. The Bach Choir of Berkeley under direction of Dr. J. Fred Wolle, will give the Passion music composed by John Sebastian on Saturday afternoon, May 21, at 3 p. m. It was particularly appropriate that the Passion music should be presented this year when so many people from all parts of the world will be going to the Tyrolean village to see the drama of the Crucifixion. All the resources of musical art have been utilized to make the music worthy

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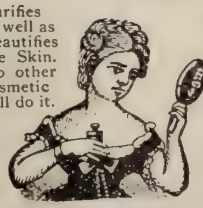

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the majesty of the theme. The choir of one hundred and fifty voices is supplemented by an orchestra of forty-five, a cathedral pipe organ to be played by Miss Aurora Thompson of London and a grand piano which Dr. Wolle will play. This was the manner of the master who played the clavichord while conducting the choir. The chorals will be sung by five hundred boys and girls from the various public and private schools. The opening chorus is majestic in solemnity and dignity. The basses sing an accompaniment to represent the march of the treading feet ascending Calvary. Two choruses, one symbolizing the men and women of the early church and the other the rabble, sing in direful threat and defiant turbulence. Each chorus has its orchestra. Suddenly, like a rift of sunshine out of the storm the words of Jesus rebuking the angry voices are heard. In the distance the angel voices sing in chorus as an accompaniment. The roles of Pilate, Judas, the High Priest and the evangelist who relates the story are taken by Messrs. H. J. Sattin, Arthur George and Carl Anderson, while Henry Mustard sings the words of Jesus. The women at the crucifixion will be represented by Miss Alice Andrews, Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, Mrs. A. J. Weede and Mrs. Francis Thoroughman.

Do not be surprised if the widow of a prominent Democrat whose brothers are well known here announces her engagement to a Mr. Seymour of Grand Rapids.

In the Social Spotlight

The Palace is the favorite hotel for travelers from the great interior valleys of the State. Among those from the neighboring towns registered there this week were Attorney Frank Short of Fresno, Dr. and Mrs. N. G. Wallace of Stockton, Robert Duncan, district attorney of Mendocino County, Dr. E. T. Raynes from Duncan Mills, R. M. Shackleford, a real estate and oil operator of Paso Robles, Frank Freeman of Willows, T. W. Patterson, one of the leading financiers of the San Joaquin Valley whose home is in Fresno, F. M. Spaulding, also of Fresno, and many others.

Ward Barron and Miss Harvey spent a few days at Del Monte last week, putting in most of their time on the links.

Charles Clark, E. C. Wagner of Seattle, R. I. Bentley and E. E. Baker of San Francisco are some of the best known golf enthusiasts who are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt and Mr. R. L. Cunningham went down in Mr. Leavitt's Hudson car Saturday for a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Spencer of Portland have taken apartments at the Palace. He is an attorney in the legal department of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and is in the city to argue a case before the Federal Court. Other Portland arrivals at the Palace are Charles E. Ladd, who is one of Portland's influential bankers and A. L. Smith of the same city.

Jacob E. Ridgway, a prominent book publisher of Philadelphia, is a guest at the Palace.

Richard Howe, a New York capitalist and E. J. Frost of Asheville, North Carolina, are recent arrivals in San Francisco and have taken apartments at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale accompanied by Miss Oge who spend most of their time at the beautiful Beale home in Bakersfield were guests at the Fairmont for a few days this week.

Little Miss Evelyn Reives of Fruitvale who is only four years of age, walked from Howard Springs to Adams, a distance of four and one-half miles in two hours recently. A party of eight guests left Howard Springs at twenty minutes to eight and reached Adams at twenty minutes to ten. Little Miss Reives walked both ways, a distance of nine miles.

"The Lark" made its first trip on Monday of this week. This is a new train put on by the Southern Pacific. The southbound Lark leaves San Francisco at 8 p. m. arriving at Santa Barbara at 6:15 a. m.; the northbound train leaves Los Angeles at 8 p. m. The trains make no stop between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Slight changes in the ordinary time-table have been made.

Mr. A. D. Shepard and Mr. H. G. Platt, general manager and acting president of the Pacific Improvement Company, arrived from San Francisco during the week to inspect the work at Hope Ranch and to see Col. J. K. Harrington. The Potter Hotel was their headquarters during their visit.

Miss Myrtle and Miss Adeline Smith, daughters of the "lumber king" of Minneapolis, who have been at Del Monte for some time, are taking up golf with their customary enthusiasm and their friends are much delighted with their rapid progress.

The list of arrivals at Highland Springs for the week ending May 4 included J. H. Skinner, John P. Thom, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cailly, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson, W. N. Winkley, Ed. Whipple, J. D. Wadsworth, A. T. Barthold, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Matherson and family, Miss Hecht, J. W. Hecht, L. P. Signer, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Moffitt, James Moffitt, C. H. Pierce and Frank T. Barrett.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included C. W. Judson, W. H. Gossip, C. H. Cobb, A. A. Baird, Thomas Mirk, W. H. Hannam, Charles Fletcher Scott, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Segur, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Murray, accompanied by Mrs. C. A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steiger, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, Mrs. C. Ede of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith and George W. Greyson.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch who spent the winter at the Fairmont but who have recently opened their home in San Mateo, spent a few days this week at the Fairmont while attending to various matters in town.

Recent additions to the "Service Set" at the Fairmont include Rear Admiral and Mrs. Stevens of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Uriel Sebree, wife of Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree (retired), Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Biello, U. S. N., Ensign and Mrs. S. A. Clement, U. S. N., Commander and Mrs. W. M. Glasford, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White of San Francisco are guests at the Potter on their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chase, Mr. Edmund Lyman and Miss Foute motored recently to Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wilson and Mrs. Francis Coppicus of New York are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

General and Mrs. Oscar F. Long and Mr. George P. Baxter were among the early automobilists who visited Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Magee and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels took advantage of the warm April weather by taking a motor trip through Napa Valley and the Napa hills to Aetna Springs.

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Stage

A Fine Little Actress at the Orpheum

It is rather late in the day to acclaim the delights of "Swat Milligan," the base ball act which has nearly completed two weeks at the Orpheum, but just the same I wish to express my belated appreciation of one of the most delicious things which vaudeville has yielded for many and many a day. Particularly I want to go on record in praise of the most consistently performing fan who ever wore petticoats. I refer of course to diminutive Miss Viena Bolton on whom attention is focussed during the fifteen minutes or so of "Swat Milligan." This little girl brings to the portrayal of a dirty ragged waif more zest, more enthusiasm and more real ability than some of our haughty stars who see their names twinkling in the electric signs can ever hope to display. Viena Bolton is a crackerjack. From the first moment of her appearance she compels our notice and the eye hardly ever wanders from her. Childlike she distorts her face violently to suit every varying mood and every distortion is a joy; but her face is only part of her fortune. Her arms make the very gestures of the street urchin and her legs complete the illusion. Just to watch her with her eye glued to a knothole in the ball ground fence and with both hands and one leg rooting excitedly for her favorites inside is to catch the soul of base ball on the fly. Off the stage I should guess that Viena Bolton is sweet-and-twenty something or other; but on the stage, outside that ball ground, she is about fourteen years of tough, untamed and undignified childhood. I would be perfectly willing to see this young woman in a four act entertainment and if Mr. Bozeman Bulger, the author of "Swat Milligan" or some other playwright will construct a vehicle to carry her peculiar talents through a whole evening, I will go a long way to see my judgment of her talent vindicated. To have missed her would have been a dreadful calamity. Come again, Miss Bolton, and if there are any more at home like yourself, send them along to keep us company in your absence.

When Miss Helen Grantley gave us Zangwill's "Never Never Land" she did not impress particularly, but she had an interesting and novel sketch. Her return with "The Agitator" is inauspicious. There are so many rents in this dramatic fabric that the poverty of Miss Grantley's histrionic ability is pathetically apparent. "The Agitator" is balderdash unredeemed. How such a piece of puerile nonsense ever crept into the Orpheum is beyond my guess. I feel sorry for Miss Grantley, not only because she is an inferior actress but also because she is outfitted with a playlet which can only expose her to ridicule.

Eddie Leonard and Mabel Russell in blackface sing and dance with the oldtime minstrel charm. They are distinctly worth while. James Harrigan, the "tramp juggler" would have given everybody greater satisfaction if he had not resorted to the cheap expedient of "planting" a young woman in the audience to simulate hysterics over his various sallies. A vaudevillain confesses weakness when he subsidizes laughter. The Avon Comedy Four are below the Orpheum standard; so is John McCloskey, a tenor who reduces the Pagliacci prologue, The Rosary and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms", to a common denominator of monotony. One of the Ollivotti Troubadours is a handsome young man who plays the guitar quite well while the other is a serious-looking chastiser of the violin. The Sisters Klos are ring performers of unusual merit; theirs is vaudeville of the best tradition.

—Edward F. O'Day.

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The Damrosch Symphony Orchestra

What a wonderful aggregation it is, this symphony orchestra which Walter Damrosch brings to us from New York! There is probably not an individual in it who could not charm an exacting audience in a solo performance. Many of the players are the masters of the ultimate secrets of harmony and technique that lie in their instruments. Playing together with the proper sense of subordination and mutual support they produce an effect that is sublime. Here we have a body of musicians, each a distinct temperament, differentiated in a hundred ways from all his fellows, yet all perfectly subdued and unquestioningly obedient to the will of their leader. Whither his baton leads them they follow with the ready response of intelligent soldiers who glory in their work and yield not only submission but affection to their commander. At his behest they submerge their individualities and become so many fractions of a glorious unit. Where do we find a more perfect or a more inspiring example of the subjection of the many to the will of the one than in an organization like this which Walter Damrosch rules? Is there not a profound lesson in the result of this subjection? From it proceeds a harmony that stimulates the mind and ravishes the senses, a symphony of well-ordered excellence such as, in the words of old Sir Thomas Browne, strikes in the hearer a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. "There is a musick," he says, "wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion" and in all music he finds "such a melody to the ear, as the whole World, well understood, would afford the understanding." Do we not find in such music as that which Walter Damrosch gives us a suggestion of that music of the Spheres of which the doctor wrote, those well-ordered motions, and regular paces which though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding strike a note most full of harmony? At the will of Damrosch the musicians can swell their volume of sweet sound to such proportions that the ear seems overwhelmed or subdue it to such a tenuous trickle, to so soft a whisper of melody that the sense impression seems to vanish and only the imagination is stirred to response. What dreams he evokes from the innermost chambers of consciousness, what high resolves, what mighty strivings of the soul to burst its prison house and soar to purer, loftier regions! With what sure steps does he not seem to tread the higher air, mounting toward the empyrean and carrying his listeners with him beyond the stifling atmosphere of earth! He is an apostle of the higher things and under his spell all of us become enthusiastic disciples, ashamed of the dross and vanities for which we strive in our workaday world. We sit in his presence transfigured by the light of his inspiration and it is well for us if we go away chastened and humbled, realizing our sordid shortcomings and cherishing the impulse which he has communicated to our better natures. Is not this the inspiration of the Brahms symphony? Is not this the inspiration of the of Beethoven's overture from "Leonore"? Do not such compositions as these stir the soul as surely as Gounod and Massenet stir the blood? And should we not feel deeply grateful to Walter Damrosch and his organization of splendid players for giving us an evening of transcendent enjoyment?

—The Music Lover.

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Miss Anglin, Bluestocking

Through the kindness of that most wonderul press agent Louis Nethersole, I have been put in possession of some "straight dope" about the forthcoming production of the "Antigone" of Sophocles by Margaret Anglin at the Greek Theater. On second thought I withdraw that expression "straight dope" because I can see that Miss Anglin would resent it if it ever came to her attention. Miss Anglin, be it known, has become a bluestocking of the most confirmed variety; she talks the difficult lingo of dryasdust college professors and gives evidence of such weighty studiousness as one would hardly expect from a busy actress. In order that I may not spoil the effect of the Anglinesque erudition as transmitted by Louis Nethersole, I will give the thing in full. Here is the way Louis quotes the actress:

I am deep in the study of "Antigone" and I find myself in a tumult of disparities between realism and archeology. I hove finally decided for beauty and an approximation of realism with the least possible harm to archeology, of course, but with a subjection to it by no means slavish. I often have wondered why the modern mind should accept as the standard of the "right way" to produce Greek and Elizabethan plays the meager presentations that obtained when the plays were first given. Revivals of the precise system of ancient play production are interesting, of course, as showing how the ancients overcame their difficulties, but it seems to me far fetched that these obsolete and awkward methods should be considered either supremely accurate or supremely artistic. Who imagines that Shakespeare would not avail himself of modern appliances and expedients in presenting his plays? Why is it to be supposed that Sophokles would still be using great masks for facial expression and men for playing women's parts if he were within reach of actresses and actors taught to use their own faces? So you see there are demands upon me from archeology that I shall not indulge. In fact, if I, a woman, were to play at all in a Greek revival, it would lack strict verity. Then, too, I shall give "Antigone" at night, instead of by daylight. This is contrary to Greek tradition, but it provides me with a poetic and vastly beautiful setting for the play, and insures a degree of personal comfort to my audience which would not be theirs, certainly, under the rays of an afternoon sun. In the matter of costuming I shall be faithful to the most familiar kind of Greek garb, disregarding the fact that the actual period of the play calls for costumes blending the severity of Attic line and color with exoticism. Since I am trying to command interest for the play itself, and as much as is deserved for the players, I do not want to divert attention by the ill-advised introduction of needlessly unfamiliar costumes. This is all by way of stealing a march on the archeologists, should they be moved to criticise me later for lapses in strict accuracy, and I do hope it won't involve me in too many discussions.

Particular attention should be given to that "tumult of disparities between realism and archeology." 'Tis a fearsome condition for an actress. Louis Nethersole writes that Professor Riddle of Cambridge is "caring for the details" of the production. I wonder if the writing of statements like the above is one of these "details."

An Enthusiastic Press Agent

Congratulations are due Miss Henrietta Crossman for having a wonderful press agent. This gentleman has just favored Town Talk with a screed of unusual interest. "If you want to see Henrietta Crossman," it begins, "see her on her next visit here, for it will be the last opportunity in many years, if not forever." This statement piques curiosity. Is Miss Crossman going to quit the stage? Not at all. She is merely going to London and in the opinion of her press agent she is such a wonderful actress that she may never come back. In his mind's eye he sees the London theatergoers detaining her as their prime favorite through all the years to come. Is is not delicious? The irrepressible press agent says that the London managers have been looking for years for an actress to take Ellen Terry's place and that at last they have found her in Miss Crossman. Does it not begin to be grotesque? But there is more behind. Says the press agent: "She has all of Terry's charm and grace and talent and adds to these youth." Think of that! One would imagine that Miss Crossman was a young woman. She is—to the press agent, but not to the census man. Let us not disparage Miss Crossman. She is an actress of long experience who wears doublet and hose charmingly and has considerable talent for light comedy, witness her "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." But who ever picked her out to be the successor of Ellen Terry? Will the English ever pick an American successor to that wonderful English actress? They may—when the Greek Kalends come, or when an Irish Member of Parliament applies for the Chiltern Hundreds. Which is as much as to say that they may, when press agents cease to be ridiculous.

Maud Allan's Farewell Engagement

Maud Allan will return for a farewell engagement and will give a performance for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Relief Society. This event will take place Tuesday afternoon, May 17, at three o'clock at the Garrick Theatre. As before Miss Allan will have the support of a magnificent symphony orchestra under the baton of Paul Steindorff. In order to accommodate the hundreds unable to secure seats for the performances in which Miss Allan gave her dramatic version of "The Vision of Salome" two special performances will be given at the Valencia Theatre on Friday and Saturday nights, May 20 and 21, when a splendid program will be given with a larger orchestra than ever before.

MAUD ALLAN

Who will appear at the Valencia Theatre.

Maude Adams in Barrie's Latest

Charles Frohman will present Maude Adams at the Columbia on Monday night in Barrie's comedy, "What Every Woman Knows." This is the work which ran for five months at the Empire Theatre in New York last season and in it Miss Adams is credited with having scored the greatest of all her successes. It is to be remembered that the first big success scored by the actress

was in Barrie's dramatization of "The Little Minister." Then followed "L'Aiglon" by Rostand. Barrie again came to the fore with "Quality Street" and after that with "Peter Pan." The popularity of all these works is a matter of ready remembrance. In his latest comedy Barrie has constructed a play that is full of human nature. It has humor, wit, quaintness and whimsicality. It also has some fleeting touches of satire and underneath it all, hidden as it were beneath a glossing of humor, there is a heart throb that makes a direct appeal. The cast surrounding Miss Adams is the same as was seen in her support in New York. The leading man is Richard Bennett.

HARRY OHLMEYER

Director of Ohlmeyer's Band at Idora Park commencing Monday.

The Damrosch Concerts

The farewell Damrosch concert will be given on Sunday afternoon when Tschaikowsky's opera "Eugen Onegin" will be given in concert form. This work like Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" is so full of beautiful numbers that its rendition in this manner, especially with the aid of the good libretto that the management will furnish gratis, should be thoroughly enjoyable and intensely interesting. The cast will include in addition to the four soloists with Mr. Damrosch Mrs. H. McCoy and Mr. Lowell Redfield of this city and a chorus of over one hundred voices from the San Francisco Choral Society of which Paul Steindorff is the director.

"Cameo Kirby" at the Alcazar

"Cameo Kirby," Booth Tarkington's and Harry Leon Wilson's delightful play of life in New Orleans seventy-five years ago, will be given its first stock presentation here in the Alcazar next week. In the title part Landers Stevens will have a character admirably adapted to his most effective qualities. Evelyn Vaughan will be seen as Adele Randall, Bessie Barriscale as a quaint ingenue, Adele Belgarde as Madame Davezac, Grace Travers as a slave girl, Will R. Walling as Moreau, Louis Bennison as Larkin Bunce (the part created by McKee Rankin), Burt Wesner as a slave, Howard Hickman as young Randall, William Garwood as Anatole Veaudry and all the other Alcazar favorites in appropriate roles. The scenic production will be most elaborate.

Frank Fogarty at the Orpheum

Frank Fogarty, the Irish wit who has been given the sobriquet, "The Dublin Minstrel," will make his reappearance at the Orpheum next week. Fogarty, it will be remembered, was one of the greatest hits in the program that opened the New Orpheum. He will be cordially welcomed by a host of friends and admirers. The Thomas J. Ryan-Richfield Company will appear in a sketch "Mag Haggerty's Reception" written by Will M. Cressy. Smith and Campbell will present their incident from life called "Camping Out." The Three Brothers Mascagnos will introduce a novel act called "Fun in a Drawing Room." They are comedy eccentriques and gymnasts. Helen Grantley will present for the first time here a sketch by Bronson Howard entitled "Romya." Next week will close the engagements of Eddie Leonard and Company, James Harrigan, and the Ollivotti Trobadours.

The Antonia Dolores Concerts

Manager Will Greenbaum announces two concerts by Mlle. Antonio Dolores (Trebelli) who since her appearance here six years ago has won her laurels in the music centers of Germany, Russia and Austria, and who is unquestionably one of the greatest living concert sopranos and an exponent of the true art of 'bel cante" without a peer. The first concert will be given Monday night at the Garrick Theatre when songs by Schubert, Schumann, Tschaikowsky, Debussy, Beethoven and a group of rare old English works will be given besides the beautiful "Recitatives and Arias" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix." The second and last concert will be given Thursday night when a group of rarely heard songs by John Sebastian Bach, works by Pergolese, Haydn, Saint-Saens, Massenett, Gounod, MacDowell, Grieg and McCoy will be given and the operatic numbers will be from "Bellini's "I Puritani" and the modern French work "Louise" by Charpentier.

"The Pit" at Ye Liberty

The offering of the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, next week will be "The Pit," the play

ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY

Violinist with Walter Damrosch New York Symphony Orchestra

made by Channing Pollock from the Norris novel. Sydney Ayres and Elizabeth Stewart will appear in the leading roles, surrounded by all the favorites of the company and the usual attention will be given to the scenic end of the production.

Good Music at Idora

The Le Brun Grand Opera Company which has been creating a sensation among the music lovers at Idora Park during the past week, closes its engagement at the big pleasure park this evening. Paul Steindorff and his great Symphony Orchestra will remain over Sunday and render two interesting programs for the big Sunday crowd of Idora patrons. Beginning with the matinee on Monday Harry Ohlmeyer and his famous band will be the attraction for the next four weeks. Ohlmeyer has the distinction of being the leader of the only California band which has won national recognition. He carries many noted soloists, among them being Herbert L. Clarke, the world's greatest cornetist, for many years Sousa's star performer. As usual the concerts will be free, matinees being given daily.

There are twenty principals in the cast of "The Pillars of Society" in which Mrs. Fiske is appearing this season. Holbrook Blinn plays the leading male role, that of Karsten Bernick.

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Nine Soloists
Dr. J. Fred Wolle, Conductor

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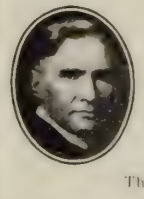

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In the sudden death of King Edward our security market never faced a better condition to meet a bad shock, having been through a long period of liquidation, uncertainty and very recently, bear raiding which cleared away many weak speculative accounts. In fact, what appear to have been the lowest days for security values, for some time at least, were last Monday and Tuesday; hence the market was never better prepared for a critical moment. Some banking support was necessary but we believe little stock was taken to steady values. What looks like the turning of the corner in the down trend of values for a month or so has come this week through the announcement from leading banking sources of the negotiation for the taking of some large amounts of American securities by Europe this spring and summer and it is said from authoritative sources that the sum represented in these transactions would possibly aggregate over $500,000,000. Hence we have the foundation for the relief of our money situation during the crop moving period later in the year.

Wheat—Muscle supplied by wealthy speculators has been a vastly better help to wheat values in the last few months than the milling demand. Millers and speculative flour buyers evidently supplied earlier in the crop year and have been trying in the last few months to wriggle out of the difficulties in which their overbuying placed them. There is plenty of evidence from the best of trade sources that their troubles are by no means at an end. The prospect of any material improvement in the cash demand from millers this week is at the present writing exceedingly slim.

Corn—May corn at the close of business Saturday was at a discount of 1⅞ cents from the July delivery price. A local industry bought and took in a lot of May corn on delivery as the cheapest method of securing a supply to run plants here and elsewhere. Meanwhile the receipts from the interior have been very light and prices current for cash corn below contract in grade show that the supply at present is below the demand for the freshly shelled corn. Eastern demand, however, is by no means up to normal for this season of the year. A good part of it is holding off on expectation of larger receipts following the close of the corn planting season, which is now not far away.

Cotton—The receivers of cotton on New York May contracts have begun to move it out into consumption on a big scale. In all, over 175,000 bales were delivered to the bulls and were taken up and paid for last week. Of this 10,000 were taken up for Fall River account and 40,000 for Southern Mill account. The cotton market continues very nervous and during the late trading Monday and early Tuesday had a sharp advance on the old crop months. Weather advices were rather better than expected as temperatures were not as low as feared, but conditions were not considered altogether satisfactory and while the new crop months were relatively quiet, they worked higher in sympathy with the old crop's strength. Mr. Hebersham King's report on condition says there has been no setback to the crop west of the Mississippi River and the damage was confined to the middle and southern portions of eastern Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama which will necessitate replanting of 25 per cent of an area producing a million and a half bales. Then again statements and reports coming from Texas say that the damage there will be more than made good and belated crops are insured speedy and vigorous growth to maturity. The weather reports all over the cotton belt are quite favorable and judging from them there are prospects of good rains in the near future.

Copper—The outlook for copper at the moment does not seem very bright but it is evident that the invisible supply abroad has been very largely reduced, if not wiped out, and another large buying movement may be looked for. In this country the consumption is believed to be increasing and we have ahead of us the movement for the electrification of the railways, which will come gradually and add to the demand for the metal. Furthermore it is expected that if copper metal prices go lower there will be a forced restriction of the output here and in other parts of the world, and also that the surplus will be spread out among the consumers. This would naturally have the effect of strengthening the market price. One strong feature in the Anaconda situation is that it will have about $15,000,000 of cash assets above all liabilities when the merger is completed, and this financial strength is apt to prove a very important factor in the situation.

Local Securities—The greater part of the trading in the local investment-stock list continues to center around a few chosen issues. Associated Oil remains a feature in point of activity with a marked steadiness in price. It is said that this stock will be regularly dealt on the New York Stock Exchange by the first of June and this fact, together with the rumors of the oil company's immense earnings, is responsible for the heavy transactions. Spring Valley Water has lost both in price and in dealings during the past week or so. The uncertainty that surrounds the probable purchase price for the company's local distributing system that will be paid by the city, is causing the late neglect of Spring Valley stock in the local market. Pacific Gas & Electric common (unlisted) continues to feel the effect of the tone of the New York Stock market but it is a noticeable feature that when a decline occurs in these shares, there is very little stock actually brought out. At the present writing Pacific Gas common is very firm and bids fair to soon become the local leader again. The balance of the stock list shows activity in spots without any marked fluctuations. In the Hawaiian Sugar group a new record in Union Sugar was made. The bond list remains dull with practically no important changes, outside of a slight reaction downward in some of the better know securities. It is generally conceded that the present is a good time to make purchases of Associated Oil and Pacific Gas common, for it is thought that both of these companies will be on a dividend basis early next year and in that event will command much higher figures.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 12.)

in two months I am unable to say; nothing had occurred since the organization of the Committee more likely to lead them to join it than the event which brought it into existence. One significant fact, however, is that Frederick A. Woodworth was elected to represent San Francisco in the State Senate, last winter, by the vote of the Vigilantes.

Gen. Covarrubias did not remain long with me, as he had to return to Santa Barbara, a distance of thirty-five miles, before day, to prevent his visit to the Arroyo from being known. Thus that generous hearted old gentleman had taken upon himself a ride of seventy miles in one night, to give warning to a poor outcast, against whom it seemed the whole world was in arms. May years of honor and happiness be still in store for him, and his old age as green as will ever be my grateful recollection of his kindness. He gave me a bottle of really good brandy, which he brought from Santa Barbara for me, and, after telling me to be sure to get out of the way as soon as it was light, he rode back to town. I have been since informed that he was seen that night going to the Arroyo Honde by one of Don Pablo de la Guerra's people; on being informed of which, that gentleman immediately sent the man to one of his ranchos in the interior, to prevent his telling it.

As soon as it was light, I took my blankets and water, with provisions sufficient to last me several days in case circumstances should cut off my communication with the house, and went out with little Avellino, who carried the things on his pony, in search of a good hiding place. I selected one at no great distance from the house, on the mountain side, where, from its steepness and the thick growth of chapparal it was impossible for a horseman to approach me. No one but Avellino, who was to visit me as often as possible, knew the place of my retreat. I remained in the place five days without interruption, Avellino visiting me every day, and bringing from his good mother warm tea, eggs, etc. During the first part of my sojourn here, Avellino, who daily brought me the news, informed me that several of "los yankees," as he called them, had been riding about the neighborhood, but as yet, none of them had approached the house. One morning, however, he brought me the intelligence that a stranger, who was an American, and armed with a six shooter, was at the house. Avellino said he talked a great deal about me, and professed to be my friend. The little fellow did not return to me that day as usual with my dinner. From this I suspected that there must be something wrong. About the middle of the day I heard loud shooting in the vicinity of the house. First there were six shots fired from a pistol in rapid succession, and then no more shooting for a long time, when I heard three or four tremendous reports nearly as loud as would have been made by a cannon. This threw me into great consternation. I did not know what on earth to make of it. I surmised all sorts of things. I was in a dreadful agony of suspense, and sometimes fancied that perhaps the Committee had received proof that Pedro had sheltered me, and not finding me on his premises had battered down his house and killed him and the Senora and possibly the little children and old Konoya and his two black dogs, and everything else about the place. I lay still, however, in my hiding place without stirring out of it till night came. Still no one came near me, and I now made quite sure that something unfortunate had occurred. I slept none the whole of that anxious night, and the morning found me still unvisited. At length, about noon, to my great relief and joy I saw little Avellino coming to me with my food, and so great was my delight that I could not refrain from taking him in my arms and kissing him. I tried to learn from him what had happened; but though the child did his best to make me understand him, he could not succeed. I could only learn from the Spanish word which signified it that something had been killed, and could also make out that everybody about the house was safe. I made him understand that I wanted to see his father, to which he replied "poco tiempo," and gave me to know that the American was still at the house. Avellino left me and toward evening he guided Pedro to my hiding place. The whole mystery of the preceding day was then explained. Pedro told me that the American was traveling from Santa Barbara according to his own story, to San Luis Obispo, and had stopped at his house to rest himself for a day or two. Shortly before dinner time the dogs had started a California lion in the orchard and run him into a tree. The stranger had expended all the shots of his six-shooter on him without killing him, and they had then sent over to the Refugio for an escopet with which he was finally dispatched. This accounted for the loud reports I had heard. Pedro gave me a copy of the San Francisco Herald, and another of the New York Spirit of the Times which the stranger had left behind him. Whoever that Vigilante was,I beg leave here to return him my thanks for the news with which he so kindly supplied me. Pedro told me that the fellow talked a great deal about me, and professed to be my friend, telling him that I could return to San Francisco after the excitement had died away without molestation, etc. I told Pedro that the man was a spy, and had only been endeavoring to draw from him some information as to my whereabouts. There was no good reason why he should require to rest nearly two whole days after riding only thirty-five miles, the distance from Santa Barbara, and I of course understood

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that his protestations of friendship for me were only intended to throw Pedro off of his guard, and induce him to be communicative. Pedro agreed with me, and after some little further conversation returned to the house. Two days after this, and after the steamer had gone down the coast, I came down from the mountain and prepared to sleep in the canyon, which was much warmer and pleasanter. After I had spread out my blankets, it being quite dark, I went to the house to pay a visit to the Senora. I staid some time there before I returned to my sleeping place. It was very dark when I got back, and as I was about getting under my blankets, I felt something crawl along my body and coil itself up beside me. I of course knew what it was, and as I was springing from the blankets the reptile began to rattle. I ran off a short distance, and peering through the dim starlight, I could see its outlines as it lay coiled near the blankets rattling its tail. Thank Heaven, however, it had given me warning, and I could not help thinking that, in that respect, it was more chivalrous than the blood-hounds of the Committee, who were trying to steal upon me night and day to murder me. This was really one of the worst frights I had during my campaign. I did not go near my blankets again that night, but returned immediately to the house and informed them of my narrow escape. The Senora put me up stairs in the bed with her oldest boy, Chino. After I had got into my little friend's bed I could not sleep. It was not half as comfortable as my blankets on the ground; and I had been sleeping in the open air so many nights that the air of the room was disagreeably close. The bed too was full of fleas which were devouring me. Toward day, however, I succeeded in getting to sleep, and so remained till about eight o'clock in the morning, when Avellino came to call me to breakfast. It had been ready some time and waiting for me. I got up and dressed, but felt so badly from the loss of sleep and the bites of the fleas, that I told the Senora I would take a bath before I breakfasted. About an eighth of a mile from the house there was a clear cold spring in which I bathed every day to make myself tough and hearty. To this spring then, I went, and enjoyed a most delightful bath. I had just got out of the water when I heard the voice of Avellino calling out to me Paisano! Paisano! I replied Aqui! Aqui! muchacho. He came running up to me breathlessly exclaiming, "Los hombres en el casa! mucho mala! Vigilantes! escopetas! vamos! vamos! making motions with his hand to me to run up the mountain. At the same time he gathered my blankets which lay where I had spread them the night before and put them in a hollow of a tree. I knew that the little fellow was in earnest and hastily throwing on my clothes, I moved off as fast as my legs could carry me, while Avellino ran back to the house.

I had not been long on the mountain before Pedro came and informed me that I had scarcely left the house before two men, armed with guns, rushed into it, and went directly up stairs to the bed where I had slept. Then they searched the house thoroughly, and afterwards old Konoya's hut. While they were ransacking the hut, the Senora, fearing that I would come back, despatched Avellino to warn me of my danger.

He told me that one of them was known to him, and that he was a keeper of the light house, named Meacham. The other one he said, was a large man, with sandy whiskers, probably from San Francisco, and a stranger to him. They told him they had ridden from the light house that morning, a distance of twenty miles, Meacham acting as guide. He said that they were then eating the breakfast that had been prepared for me. Here was an unexpected state of things! As there were only two of them, I suggested to Pedro the idea of capturing them. Pedro having no gun, however, I concluded that if we took them at all it would have to be done singly. One of the men, Pedro, told me, had left his gun leaning against the house, outside the door when he went in to breakfast. I proposed to Pedro to walk into the house and engage them in conversation while I should manage to get the gun and shoot the San Francisco man, and we would then capture Meacham.

Reader, be not startled at this avowal of so bloody an intent. I deliberately declare to you that if it had been feasible I would have done it, and felt now no pang of remorse or upbraiding conscience on account of it. A cruel and relentless war was being waged against me by a set of lawless miscreants; I was myself hunted with guns like a wild beast, and it was as much my natural right to turn and rend my pursuers if I could, as it is that of a bear or a wolf to destroy, if he can, the huntsman who has wounded him. The question of murder or manslaughter or any other legal phrase which designates the killing of man by his fellow, enters not into the consideration of what I was about to do. These men had placed themselves outside the pale of the law, and even of civilization, by their barbarous persecution of me, and I would have killed one of them with as little compunction as I would a wild Indian who was pursuing me in a hostile wilderness. I offered Pedro half of the money I had if he would assist me to carry out my plan, but he would not listen to it. He said that Meacham was his friend and harm might befall him in the melee; and, besides, it would be very sure to bring trouble on himself.

Finding that there was no chance of carrying out my design I was obliged to give it up, and let the blood-hound live; and bitterly do I still regret that it had to be so. I was anxious to get a look at them, and Pedro and I walked cautiously down toward the house. The gun had by this time been taken indoors and I did not see it. Pedro said that the San Francisco man talked a great deal to Meacham about me, expressing his

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BOTH PHONES

surprise that I had not yet been taken. He would have talked on about the plans of my pursuers, but Meacham checked him by telling him that Pedro understood English. Meacham himself spoke Spanish. They asked the Senora a great many questions about me. She told them she did not know who the man was that had been to her house (the Refugio people had given the information of my having been positively seen there) nor where he had gone, and asked Meacham if he had not been to the light house where he started to go when he left her house. They evidently suspected that she knew more than she chose to tell, and finally they told her that if she would tell them where I was they would give her three thousand dollars. But the faithful woman, though very poor and with a large family of children and a drunken husband, persisted in denying that she knew anything about me.

Finding that they could make nothing out of her, and probably giving up the idea that I was about the premises, they finally mounted their horses and rode toward Santa Barbara; Meacham stating before he left that he would be back the next day on his way to the light house. As they rode away I had a full view of them, but they were too far off for me to distinguish the features of the large man from San Francisco, with the sandy whiskers. After they were gone I did partly persuade Pedro into a plan by which if they came back I could get a chance at the large man from San Francisco. Meacham only returned, however, and he did not stop at the house, but rode directly on.

The occurrence of the morning convinced me that there must be something foul going on about the premises, and I confess I had begun to suspect that Pedro's avarice could not stand much more temptation. The fact of those two men rushing directly to the bed I had occupied, and one of them being a great friend of Pedro, looked very badly. However, I did not communicate my suspicions to any one of the family, and determined to keep a sharp look out, and at least not come so near being caught napping again.

About the time of this attempt to kidnap me, another cargo of "Reformers" landed at Santa Barbara in the schooner "Exact." They were under the command of T. D. Johns, a Colonel of one of the Vigilance Committee regiments. Whether this man's antecedents in California peculiarly fitted him for the task of reforming the morals of his fellow citizens or not is a question which at some future day I propose to investigate for the enlightenment of our own day and generation, as well as of posterity. This immaculate "purifier" had under his command James F. Curtis, now Chief of Police in San Francisco, an office bestowed upon him by the Vigilance vote as a reward for his zealous and self-sacrificing efforts to subvert the constitution and insult the laws. There were also in the party D. W. C. Thompson, Charles H. Gough, and a score or two of obscure lunch-eaters, hired by the day to do the Committee's dirty bidding, whose glorious names I regret to be unable to hand down to posterity with befitting honor. They landed part of their force at the light house at Point Conception, and placed them under the command of Meacham, who, enjoying the position of light house keeper, merely to vary the monotony of his existence, amused himself by perpetrating treason against the Government, upon whose bounty he lived. They landed in a small boat which they presented to Meacham, and I afterward understood that he had promised to give it to Pedro. As they never found me, however, at Pedro's house, I scarcely think he made good his promise.

The "Exact" remained but a short time at Santa Barbara and then proceeded down the coast, stationing men at San Pedro, San Diego, and all the important points on the coast, even as far down as the Rio Colorado. I have reason to believe that by this time my friend Jack Power had managed to get most of them on the wrong scent, for by far the greater portion of the party in the "Exact" went down the coast.

Most of the above information as to the movements of my pursuers, I received from a nephew of Don Pablo de la Guerra, who visited me at the Arroyo a day or two after the visit of Meacham and his San Francisco friend. This young gentleman spoke English very well. His father was an Englishman named Hartnell, who had married into the De la Guerra family. He informed me that the San Franciscans reported all sort of stories as to my whereabouts.

I had forgotten to state that, while General Covarrubias was making the night ride to give me warning of the arrival of Woodworth's party in the steamer, Don Pablo, not being very anxious for them to commence the hunt after me that night, entertained them at a sort of evening party at his house. This young gentleman had been present on that occasion, and gave me an account of it. He said that Dr. Den was present and asked "little Woody," as his friends called him, if he had turned "rat catcher." Woodworth replied that he was there in the capacity of a deputy sheriff, and that if he succeeded in capturing me, he should of course hand me over to the officers of the law, (of course he would!) and actually exhibited a bench warrant. Here then was the first gun fired at me from a legitimate quarter. How these persons came into possession of those warrants is a mystery to me to this day. I have ascertained that David Scannel, the Sheriff of San Francisco, did not depute them, and he alone had power to do so. Thomas Hayes, the County Clerk, has assured me that there is no record in his office of the issuance of any such warrant, and none of the newspapers of San Francisco appear then to have known that any members of the Vigilance Committee were in the pos-

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session of authority to arrest me under the law. Probably Mr. District Attorney Byrne is able to solve the mystery. His brother, Lafayette Byrne, was the deputy sheriff attending on the Court of Sessions, and it is a little remarkable that when Mr. District Attorney Byrne was called upon to give new bonds under the Consolidation Act, Selim E. Woodworth and his brother, the Senator, became his sureties. Since my return I have endeavored in vain to discover who it was that deputed these people, and thus put an additional weapon into the hands of my enemies. It is almost as difficult to solve this matter, as it was for my enemies to discover the "white hat," which was supposed to cover the head of the ubiquitous author of this narrative. One thing is very certain, they had the warrants, and it is equally certain in my mind, that had either Mr. Selim E. Woodworth, or any of his gang, succeeded in capturing me, the officers of the law would have had very little chance of exercising their functions in my case. Under the circumstances which so notoriously surrounded me, it can scarcely be insisted that giving me aid and comfort, even against these warrants, could be construed into the compounding of a felony. On the contrary, all aid extended to me under the circumstances, was only so much done toward preventing the perpetration of a felony on me.

I also learned from Mr. Hartnell that placards offering large rewards for my body if, as was by some supposed, I was dead, were posted in conspicuous places throughout Santa Barbara. They were printed in both English and Spanish. The description of my person was very bad, though it must be confessed I was not in a situation to be remarkably cleanly or neat in my apparel. Among other things the placards set forth that I chewed tobacco, and did it in a filthy manner. I have never chewed a piece of tobacco in my life. In my age too, they made a mistake of seven years. I tried very hard afterwards to get one of the original copies; but could not succeed. Mr. Hartnell informed me that the name of Wm. T. Coleman, President of the Vigilance Committee, was appended to them. The following is a copy of one of them which was published in the Santa Barbara Gazette:

"300 DOLLARS REWARD! !

It being rumored that one EDWARD McGOWAN, a fugitive from justice, on the charge of murder, from San Francisco County, who was last seen in Santa Barbara, has been murdered for a sum of money known to have been in his possession, the above reward will be paid for the recovery of his body, or for information that will lead to his discovery, by applying to the office of Russel Heath, Sheriff of Santa Barbara County.

Description of McGowan.—He is about five feet, nine inches tall; tolerably stout; his weight about a hundred and seventy pounds; somewhat more than fifty years of age, and accustomed to chew tobacco to excess. He has grey eyes and hair and is very dirty in his person. July 14, 1856."

I remained concealed in my hiding place, making an occasional call on the family at the house, until Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of July. Things were so quiet, and so few persons visited the Arroyo, that I began to think a storm must be brewing, and became uneasy. On that day I made arrangement with the Senora to send her to Santa Barbara with a note to General Covarrubias; and she was to make a careful reconnoisance, and pick up any information she could with regard to the movements of the enemy. Accordingly, she cooked me a chicken stuffed with eggs, etc., and gave me enough food to last four or five days. I gave her twenty dollars, and some money to Chino to spend in town for himself and buy me a bottle of brandy. She had five horses saddled, and took all of her children with her. After giving me strict instructions on no account to come near the house for fear of a surprise, she rode off. As soon as they had gone, I betook myself to my retreat on the mountain, and prepared to lie close until my good hostess should return. When night came I hung my chicken and other food on a limb and supposed that it would there be safe. But what was my consternation on awakening in the morning at finding that it had all mysteriously disappeared! Some sneaking coyote, with which that portion of the country abounds, had stolen it in the night. Here was a dilemma! I was without food, and knew that the Senora would not return for several days, and was at a loss what to do. Finally I walked down the canyon toward old Konoya's hut, but no sooner came in sight of the orchard, than to my great surprise and alarm, I espied a man with a red shirt on, lying down with his face to the ground. I instantly started back into the chapparal and escaped his notice. I returned to my hiding place at once, and remained there till dark when I again came down and entered Konoya's hut. I got from the old man some jerked beef and immediately started back to my retreat. This was on Sunday evening, the 7th of July. I had not gone far before I heard footsteps and immediately got out of the way. I observed two men, one of whom was Pedro, go to the place where I usually hid. I followed on after them and when they arrived at the spot, Pedro said "come." This was the usual word to signify to me his approach. I appeared before him wondering who could be the stranger with him. I saw that Pedro was very drunk. He told me the man lived at Las Cruces where he had been spending the day with him, but did not give me his name. I was very angry at Pedro's conduct, for he had promised Power when he put me in his charge that no one should know of my place of concealment outside of his own family. He pressed me to drink some bad brandy out of a bottle which he had with him which I declined, and he and his companion fell into a conversation in Spanish of which I could understand that I was the subject. The stranger apparently did not believe that I was the person that Pedro was representing me to be, but the drunken wretch assured him that I was, and spoke to him in the most imprudent manner about my friends in Santa Barbara, telling him their names. After they had conversed some time, the stranger asked me in Spanish for sixty dollars. I understood him perfectly well, but pretended that I did not, and asked Pedro what he said. He replied, "He wants you to give him sixty dollars, and he will not tell any one that you are here." My first impulse was to take out my purse and give him the money; but a moment's reflection prevented my committing that act of folly. I remembered that Pedro had never seen my money, and thought it best that he should not. I told him that I had hid my purse in the mountain, but that if they would come the next day, I would give the man what he demanded. This did not appear exactly to satisfy them; nevertheless, after some further conversation they left me.

I knew there were others about the house; for the appearance of the red-shirted man I had seen in the orchard was as yet unaccounted for. I determined not to sleep in my usual place, and accordingly I moved a short distance from it, where I could see anything that might transpire without being visible myself, and kept watch all night.

Just before daylight I saw three men coming up the canyon. They were conversing in a low tone, and I could gather that it was about me. They went to the spot where I had slept the night before, and, not finding me there, again went away.

My mind was now made up that beyond all doubt Pedro had some hellish design on me, and I concluded that the Arroyo Honde was no longer a safe refuge. Accordingly, as soon as it was sufficiently light I went down to old Konoya's hut, and got the only remaining piece of jerked beef he had—and a very small piece it was—and leaving there a blanket the Senora had loaned me, took the one that Power had sent me, and with many a bitter imprecation as I contrasted in my mind the treachery of the scoundrel Pedro, with the fidelity of his good wife, I took my way up the mountain and became once more a friendless wanderer.

(To be Continued.)

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Auto Notes

Twelve thousand eight hundred miles from two Diamond Tires on the front wheels, six thousand miles from one on the rear and eight thousand miles from another on the rear is the experience of G. B. Lumbard of San Jose who owns a Rambler car. Needless to say Mr. Lumbard is highly satisfied with the service from Diamond Tires and has so written The Diamond Rubber Co. of this city.

Among the recent purchasers of the Ford cars as reported by Ivan L. de Jongh, sales manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, is Robert Bonner of San Mateo. Mr. Bonner purchased one of the latest models of the Ford Touring Car and he expects to do a great deal of motoring this season. He has taken delivery of his car.

E. E. Jones of Bakersfield has been visiting the Winton branch and has taken delivery of his eighth "Little Six" Winton this season. Mr. Jones uses the Wintons to traverse his immense oil interests in the vicinity of Bakersfield.

Mr. W. G. Selby and Mrs. Selby who last summer motored from Ohio to the Pacific Coast in their "Winton Six" roadster, are now planning a trip from their home in Marietta, Ohio, to the City of Mexico by the way of New Orleans in Mr. Selby's 1910 "Winton Six" toy tonneau. Mrs. Selby is an expert chauffeur and will relieve her husband at the wheel frequently during the trip to Mexico which is to commence June 1st.

Senator J. B. Sanford of Ukiah who recently took delivery of a Chalmers "30" reports the Chalmers a very popular machine in Mendocino County. Speaking of his own car the Senator says: "I have had my new Chalmers '30' about a month and have never had the least bit of trouble with it. I have now mastered the driving art fairly well and am a regular 'Barney Oldfield.' I have traveled over a thousand miles so far without an accident of any kind, not even a puncture. I start next week in my machine on a tour through the Sacramento Valley and when I return I will be able to say, I am sure, that the Chalmers is still the boss of the road. It is a great machine, is easily kept in condition and runs perfectly."

The Hudson car received another big endorsement recently when the Fairbanks-Morse Gas Engine Company of this city placed their second order this season for a Hudson runabout. This will be appreciated when it is known to the public that the Fairbanks-Morse people are probably the largest gas engine builders in the country, and the motor on the Hudson car meets their approval in every way.

E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company received a surprise recently in the way of a telegraphic order from United States Senator Nixon at Washington, D. C., for a six-cylinder Lozier car to be delivered in Reno, June 15. The senator is buying this car for use in Nevada, particularly for his family in making the run from Reno to Lake Tahoe. This is another endorsement for the Lozier car, as Senator Nixon was in New York City at the time of the National Automobile Show and made a thorough investigation of all cars.

Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt, State geologist of North Carolina and president of the Southern Appalachian Good Roads Association, which includes the two Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee, has just purchased a Chalmers "30" touring car in Richmond, Va. Dr. Pratt was the official road judge in the New York to Atlanta good roads endurance run and was so impressed with the performance of the Chalmers cars in this run that he has chosen a "30" touring car for use in his good roads work.

The Buick has carried on a very active and surprisingly successful racing campaign this season on the coast. Its victories were features at both the Motordrome in Los Angeles and the Shriner's Ingleside meet here. R. K. Roberts who has charge of these racing departments in C. S. Howard's absence, declares that the car has no intention of resting on laurels won, and consequently Buick models 10 and 40 were entered in both the Coalinga auto field meet of May 1 and 2 and the Santa Rosa auto meet of May 6 and 7. Ed. Waterman and Nikrent did the driving in the former meet, while Frank Murray will be the man at the wheel in Santa Rosa. On the opening day of the Coalinga meet there was a road race from Fresno to Coalinga starting at 7 a. m. Nikrent and Waterman both drove Buick "40's" in this event.

One of the most astonishing features of the Hupmobiles popular growth is the manner in which the little car has held its own in competition with more powerful makes. The remarkable record of the "Little Pal" in last year's Glidden, and the wonderful trip of the four little Hupps through snow drifts from Detroit to New York last winter are some of the achievements that have drawn attention to the diminutive machine's great endurance. Now announcement is made that E. W. Swanbrough of Denver has entered a Hupmobile in the famous flag to flag race from Denver to the City of Mexico. A harder course than this contest offers is scarcely conceivable. Steep mountain roads, unbridged streams and baffling desert sands all go toward making the route the most strenuous known. The Hupmobile will be put to a test such as no car of its class has ever been called upon to stand and should it succeed in its audacious attempt its reputation will exceed anything before achieved by two passenger runabouts

H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of the White Co., and Frank Davis, local sales manager, recently drove a seven passenger 40 horsepower White Steamer and a White Gasoline Car to Modesto. There was a full party in each car during the tour. The trip down from San Francisco was made in four and one-half hours. Doty reports roads in fair condition all the way and exceptionally fine between Livermore and Dublin.

According to Bob Weinstock, the Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires are giving excellent service in Sacramento and vicinity. During the winter season these were the first tires after the high water receded to negotiate the overflow sections without the use of chains. Consequently they sprang into an immediate popularity that has continued to grow.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased.

ALOIS S. BAUM,
Executor of the Last Will of Caesar N. Spiero, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg. San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by undersigned Alfred J. Brandenstein, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. U. Brandenstein, No. 250 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased. ALFRED J. BRANDENSTEIN,

Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Brandenstein, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

H. U. BRANDENSTEIN, Attorney for Administrator,
No. 25 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. H. McCloskey, Executor of the estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Norman A. Eisner, Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased.

H. H. McCLOSKEY,

Executor of the Estate of Harriet Miller, sometimes called Hattie Miller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Attorney for Executor,
Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, 802 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased. LEONORA HERTEL,

W. M. CRIM,

Executors of the Estate of George F. A. Hertel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Executors,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., San Francisco. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY, Executor of the estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Benjamin Francis Handy, Executor, at the office of Arthur H. Barendt, Attorney-at-law, 510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY,

Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Weir Handy, alias Elizabeth Weir Reid, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 7th, 1910.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT, Attorney for Executor,
510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased. JOHANNA WAHL,

Administratrix of the Estate of Mamie Lou Duncan, also known as Edna Cockrill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,044.

WILLARD A. GARDNER, Plaintiff, vs.
JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff. 5-14-5

"How old are you, my dear?"

"Eight at home; seven and a half when I go by train, and six when I go out with mama."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE UPON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8903, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of G. G. BURNETT, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Jennie S. Burnett, G. W. Burnett and Jennie P. Gruver, in the above entitled estate, wherein, as executors of the estate of G. G. Burnett they ask permission to borrow Fifty Thousand (50,000) Dollars upon certain real property hereinafter more particularly described,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said matter be and appear in this Court Tuesday, June 14, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made granting permission to mortgage the said property hereinafter described,

And it is further ordered that notice of this hearing be published for four successive weeks prior to said date in "Town Talk."

The following is a particular description of the property desired to be mortgaged:

1st. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Turk Street with the westerly line of Larkin Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Turk Street, and thence easterly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches along the said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Six (6).

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Larkin Street with the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet to the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, and then easterly eighty-five (85) feet along said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Nine (9). THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. P. BLACK, Attorney for Petitioners.
P. O. Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2736, N. S.—Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEORGE BUECKER, also known as GEORGE BUECKER, Deceased.

SOPHIE BUECKER, as administratrix of the estate of John George Buecker, also known as George Buecker, deceased, having filed herein her petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Seventeen Hundred Dollars ($1700.00), or such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet, wherewith to pay off and discharge a certain promissory note now secured by a mortgage on certain property belonging to said estate, and hereinafter described, and for the purpose of securing said loan to mortgage to the lender of said sum of money the undivided one-half interest belonging to the above named deceased, in and to that certain parcel of real property situated and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-fifth (25th) Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 172;

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at its Courtroom, Department Number 10, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Friday, the 10th day of June, 1910, then and there to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

It is further ordered that service of this order be made by publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

Dated May 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner and Administratrix,
501 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9382, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SUE RODEN, Deceased.

LILIAN RODEN, administratrix of the estate of SUE RODEN, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Thursday, the 16th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court (Department No. 10 thereof), in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell the said real estate, at either public or private sale, as shall seem to said administratrix to be for the best interests of said estate; and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 9th day of May, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 5-14-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs.
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 5102, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE DEELY, Deceased.

Erna Weinberger, a judgment creditor of and interested in the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 14th day of June, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing Laurence Deely, Administrator of the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, ROSE DEELY, as shall be necessary,

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, May 6th, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Erna Weinberger,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St., opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9457, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to submit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said executors, at Room 609, Union Trust Building (also known as Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank Building), at the northeasterly corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said place the undersigned have selected as their place of business in all matters connected with the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased. YUNKER HAMERSEN,
PAUL HAMERSEN,
E. D. BLOCK,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Hebrock, Deceased
Dated at San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHARLES S. WHEELER, Attorney for Executors
609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal 4-30-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 9, Probate thereof, made on the 25th day of April, 1910, in the matter of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, on or after the 23rd day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the law office of Mastick & Partridge, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, State of California, all of the right, title, interest and claim, property and estate of the said deceased at the time of her death, and all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that her said estate has acquired since her death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all of that undivided one-quarter interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the southeasterly line of Howard Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence southeasterly and along said southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinabove described must be in writing and may be left at the law office of Mastick & Partridge, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or be delivered to the executor personally, or be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said interest in said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned, ten per cent of the purchase price, and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.
Dated, San Francisco, May 2,1910. EDWARD S. NORTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah S. Norton, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Administrator.
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of F. W. Sawyer, attorney for said Executor, Room 319, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FREDERICK LEWIS BITHER, deceased.

LAWRENCE H. BITHER,
Executor of the Estate of Frederick Lewis Bither, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 16th, 1910.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Estate,
Room 319 Grant Bldg., 1095 Market St., San Francisco. 4-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSINA GIESEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Arthur Brand, Room 808 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased.

FRED GIESEN and LOUIS GIESEN,
Executors of the Estate of Rosina Giesen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd 1910.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Executors,
Room 808 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Chas. K. Harper, 874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased.

JOSEPH H. TILLINGHAST
Administrator of the Estate of Ella P. Tillinghast, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHAS. K. HARPER, Attorney for Administrator.
874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate in said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 14th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the City and County in which said real property to be sold is situated.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9369, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWIN WALLACE CARPENTER, Deceased.

MAX THELEN, the Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Edwin Wallace Carpenter, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of all the real property of the above named decedent, for the purposes therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court that it is for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein that the whole of the real estate belonging to the said estate be sold, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay the expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 31st day of May, 1910, at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator with the Will Annexed to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the said deceased, at either private or public sale as he shall judge to be most beneficial for the said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 21st day of April, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. M. MANNON, Jr., Attorney for Petitioner,
1236 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 10, No. 8061.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1910, in the matter of the estate of OTTO FERrenbach, deceased, the undersigned Emily R. Ferrenbach, Administratrix of said estate, will sell in separate parcels at private sale for cash gold coin of the United States, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Lisbon Street twenty-fice (25) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Lisbon Street and Italy Avenue, running thence southerly along said line of Lisbon Street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; and thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Lisbon Street and place of beginning. Being a portion of lot No. 1, in Block No. 24 of the Excelsior Homestead Association, a map of which is on file in the Recorder's Office of the City and County of San Francisco.

2. Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Felton Street (formerly Henry Street) with the easterly line of Hamilton Street; thence running easterly along the southerly line of Felton (formerly Henry) Street eighty-one (81) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-one (81) feet to the easterly line of Hamilton Street; and thence at right angles northerly along the Easterly line of Hamilton Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being lots numbers seven (7), eight (8), and nine (9) in block number thirty-five (35) as designated upon a certain map entitled "Map of the Property of the Railroad Avenue Homestead Association" on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States upon delivery of the deed of the said administratrix and after confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Cameron H. King, attorney for said administratrix, Room 125 in building No. 1112 Market Street, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said administratrix personally or may be filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, April 30th, 1910. EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Room 125, No. 1112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Thomas E. Curran, her attorney, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased.

ANNIE J. SHARKEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of THOMAS E. CURRAN, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased. PHILIP J. CASSIDY,

Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Ford, formerly Maggie J. Cassidy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with will annexed of the estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,

Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Jacques Escaig, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8071, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATILDA WOLFF, Deceased.

William Wolff, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes and in the manner therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 16th day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said William Wolff, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MATILDA WOLFF, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased MATILDA WOLFF at either private or public sale and as prayed for in said petition as shall be necessary for the best interests of said estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, April 11th, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed April 11th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for Estate.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-16-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff
900 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

Shaw on Women

The ordinary woman's business is to get married.

Women begin to be socially tolerable at thirty, and improve until the deepening of their consciousness is at length choked by the decay of their faculties.

In every case the relationship between the woman and the man is the same; she is the pursuer and contriver, he the pursued and disposed of. When she is baffled, like Ophelia, she goes mad and commits suicide; and the man goes straight from her funeral to a fencing match.

"Womanly self-sacrifice" is an essentially manly weakness.

He who desires a lifetime of happiness with a beautiful woman desires to enjoy the taste of wine by keeping his mouth always full of it.

The formation of a young lady's mind and character usually consists in telling her lies.

Women do not mind ill-usage so much, because the strongest position for a woman is that of a victim.

It is the self-sacrificing women that sacrifice others most ruthlessly. I know a poor wretch whose one desire in life is to run away from his wife. She prevents him by threatening to throw herself in front of the engine of the train he leaves her in. That is what all women do.

No woman looks her best after sitting up all night.

A lady who is invariably exceedingly disagreeable is, in consequence, held to be exceedingly good.

"Mrs. Tanqueray" was received with delight by the public; St. Teresa would have been hissed off the same stage for her contempt for the ideal represented by a carriage, a fashionable dressmaker, and a dozen servants.

In the past women have rather liked being worshipped on false pretenses. In America they still do.

Women spend half their lives telling little lies for men, and sometimes big ones.

A man who discusses his conscience is much like a woman who discusses her modesty.

If women were as fastidious as men, morally or physically, there would be an end of the race.

When a lady, because she is a lady, will face an extremity of parasitic dependence rather than take a situation as cook or parlor maid, we make large allowances for her.

"I cannot understand why she is so unlucky; she is such a nice woman!" That is the formula. As if women with any force in them ever were altogether nice!

The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women.

Queen Alexandra a Lover of Dogs

Queen Alexandra of England has been paying great attention to her dogs while she has been staying at Sandringham Palace lately, and several changes are to be made among these animals. Her Majesty is warmly attached to her four-footed friends, and it is with the utmost regret, and no small grief, that she parts with any of them. She realizes to the full, however, that it is little short of cruelty to keep an old dog alive to drag out an ailing existence when approaching the end of its days, and her pets are all destroyed, therefore, as soon as they show signs of failing health. The kennels at Sandringham are models of their kind, and are visited by the Queen almost daily when she is staying at her Norfolk residence. Her Majesty still maintains her preference for Russian wolfhounds, and has just added two well-nigh perfect specimens of this breed to her stud, and hopes to show these in due course. It was largely due to the Queen's example that these dogs were introduced into England, and the first one of these dogs that she possessed was presented to her by the Tsar of Russia. She is also an ardent admirer of the toy "Pom," and possesses several of these charming little dogs. All dogs, however, appeal to the Queen very strongly, and at one time and another she has owned specimens of almost every breed.

Dead Sea Facts

The Dead sea is a remarkable lake—46 miles long and from five to nine miles wide—situated in the southeast of Palestine, and known from the time of Jerome (340-420 A. D.) as the "Dead" sea because no fish of any kind have ever been found in its waters. Its surface is lower than that of any other body of water known. At its northern end it has a depth of about 1300 feet, while the water at the southern extremity is only from 3 to 12 feet deep. The Dead sea is fed by the Jordan from the north, but has no outlet—the water being apparently carried off by evaporation. The water of the Dead sea contains a large amount of the salts of magnesia and soda; as a consequence its specific gravity is high, and bathers float in it with ease. According to tradition, Sodom and Gomorrah "the cities of the plain," stood on the site now occupied by the Dead sea. This view, however, is no longer entertained, and it is now considered certain that the Dead sea existed in its present state during the days of Abraham, and even much earlier.

Not From Webster

Sigh—An air of sadness.

Gent—Vulgar fraction of a gentleman.

Vanity—Other people's love of display.

Kleptomaniac—One subject to fits of abstraction.

Justice—Confirmation of our own decisions.

Ignorance—Condition of mind of persons who don't know the things we know.

Philanthropist—One who is willing to share the discomforts of his weath with others.

Modern Instances

Stretching the imagination won't make both ends meet.

It is hard to make money and friends at the same time.

Even a girl with a rosebud mouth can give a withering smile.

The man who can bottle up a little sunshine for a rainy day is a corker.

It's a mighty good resolution that you can keep for any length of time without spoiling.

No man likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence unless he is serving a sentence in jail.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Wieland's at home

Could you inspect every department of our brewery and witness every process in the making of Wieland's Beer; look into all the intricate machinery of the biggest bottling plant in the West—the most modern in the world; peer into every nook and corner and examine every detail for *cleanliness*, you would marvel at the organization that keeps such an immense plant so spotlessly clean. If then you would enter our store-rooms and note the quantity and quality of the plump, ripe barley malt and hops used in the making *of*

WIELAND'S BEER

if you would submit the water used in the brewing to a chemical analysis; if you would witness the care and attention of experts in every period of manufacture and aging, if finally you could follow each bottle through the various stages of cleansing—nine different washings—note the scientific method of pasteurizing, you would then be fully convinced that the beer that bears the "Wieland" label is the peer of any and most fit to be your HOME BEER.

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John Wieland Brewing Co., San Francisco

Vol. XVIII. No. 925 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 21, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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It is dangerous to experiment; stick to the tried and true H-O oatmeal—that is steam-cooked, easily digested and nourishing. Contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs, and more muscle-building material than Corn Meal, Rice, Wheat Flour Bread or Soda Crackers.

Do not confuse H-O oatmeal with the ordinary raw oats sold under the name of "Rolled Oats" or "Crushed Oats." H-O oatmeal is never sold in bulk; it is free from dirt, germs and all impurities.
H-O oatmeal is manufactured from the highest grade of selected stock. After removing all foreign matter, the meat of the oat is subjected to a very high temperature, and by our own patented process is cooked for several hours under heavy steam pressure. This steam cooking dextrinizes the starch and renders the oats easily digestible.
H-O oatmeal is ready for the breakfast table after from ten to fifteen minutes boiling and provides an inviting dish of sweet, clean, separate, tender kernels in place of the sticky, soggy, indigestible mass obtained in cooking the usually "Rolled Oats."

Possibly the "other" kind may be cheaper; but as soon as you have tested and appreciated the quality of H-O oatmeal, you will gladly pay the few cents difference.

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H-O

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CHESTER W. KELLY, Special Representative, 406 Crocker Bldg. S. F. Phone Kearny 4013

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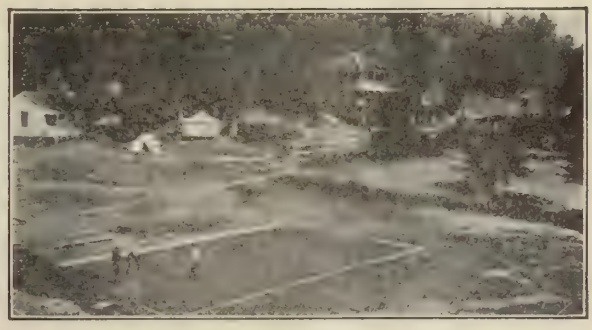

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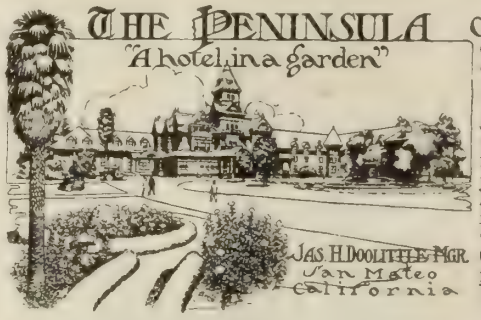

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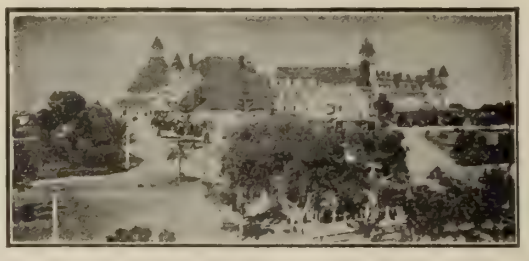

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, May 21, 1910 | No. 925

MISS MARGOT MERRIAM

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TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Our Wide-Open Town

The cabal organized to discredit the McCarthy administration is presenting some pretty severe indictments against this feud-ridden city. If the superheated promulgations of this civic propaganda are to be accepted as authoritative Mayor McCarthy must be suspected of having constituted Venus Pandemos the tutelary goddess of the metropolis. The whole tone and substance of current protest against conditions gives the impression that the city is wallowing in wickedness. To judge of the state of affairs from the emotions of our uplifters is to be impelled to the conclusion that the whole community has been plunged into the atmosphere of a Circe's palace. Shocking and humiliating are the pictures that have been drawn of the debauched and demoralized city. But are these pictures works of the imagination, or are they counterfeit presentments of a modern Babylon abounding in orgies and crimes and scarlet scenes of wantonness? Our own opinion on the subject is that the pictures do San Francisco injustice. We suspect the anti-McCarthy cabal of having worked itself into a spurious spasm of morality for the purpose of playing on public sentiment in the interest of the tireless patriots who were repudiated at the polls last November. We know San Francisco pretty well; we have seen it grow through the years; we have been in close touch with the administration of municipal affairs since the days of Mayor Bartlett, and in our judgment the city is not degenerate in the sense of its having become more tolerant of vice in its visible forms. It is not to be denied of course that San Francisco has a surplus of depravity. The only point we desire to make is that the city is not growing worse and that the distinguished publicists who are holding up their hands in holy horror, affecting to be scandalized at unrestrained indecency and unconfined lubricity are indulging in the pharisaical brand of emotion. We are not in sympathy with the McCarthy administration. We believe that it is injurious to the city to have our municipal government under the control of a party that is devoted to the interests of a class, and we suspect that the cabal now engaged in a campaign of misrepresentation are too cowardly to express their true sentiments on this subject.

The Platform Echo

San Francisco is what is known as a wide-open town. So is every big city in the world. The only difference between San Francisco and other big cities is in the degree of homage which vice pays to virtue. There is more hypocrisy here than in other cities, and consequently more cant about the things that a Christian civilization has yet to extirpate from society. The McCarthy administration has been more frank in its attitude toward these things than any of its predecessors, and hence the impression that Vice has been given the freedom of the city. Mayor McCarthy has blundered. He has sinned against discretion not only by his candor but by some of his appoinments, notably that of Harry Flannery. He is justly to be censured for the tone which has been given to his administration. And so are those of his critics who are spreading the impression broadcast that San Francisco has become so depraved that it is almost impossible for Innocence to escape contamination. We doubt the sincerity of these critics. Conspicuous among them is Mr. Harris Weinstock, a distinguished representative of a coterie of jawsmiths which echoes Bulletin editorials on public platforms. Mr. Weinstock was one of the speakers at the banquet of the Unitarian Club last week. His theme was the Bulletin's favorite, "Hurting Business." He said among other things that business was hurt by a wide-open town and that Los Angeles is now much more prosperous than when it was wide open under Mayor Harper. Now there is much to be said against a wide-open town on moral grounds, but it savors of cant to hold that the business of a city is to be improved in proportion to the restrictions that are placed upon its citizens in the interest of a certain species of morality. If such was the case Los Angeles would be more prosperous than Chicago, New York, London, Berlin or Paris. It savors of cant to attempt to account on a purely moral postulate for the difference in business conditions in two cities temperamentally so dissimilar, so distinctly and obviously incompatible as Los Angeles and San Francisco. Industrial affairs in these two cities, as Mr. Weinstock knows, are affected powerfully by an economic factor which makes for the advantage of one and the disadvantage of the other. Manufacturers in Los Angeles are today receiving a good deal of business which they can handle much cheaper than it can be handled in this city, the reason being that organized labor is strong in San Francisco and weak in the metropolis of the orange belt. This is a matter, however, that Mr. Weinstock and the Bulletin prefer not to discuss. Mr. Weinstock is a merchant who caters to union labor, and therefore he has nothing to say against the McCarthy administration on the score of the prestige which it gives to union labor. He prefers to pose as the friend of union labor and the uncompromising foe of the tenderloin.

The Old Town

Let us refresh our recollection with a view to comparing the San Francisco of former years with the San Francisco of today with especial reference to those features that are regulated by the police. Patrick Crowley, as Chief of Police, was respected and applauded by some of the gentlemen who are now appalled at the licentiousness of the city. Was the lid on the town in those halcyon days? Was the tenderloin isolated as it should be from the precincts of pink propriety? Were no attempts made to seduce the unwary with sweets and spices mixed with pale honey and Pramnian wine? Was there no libidinous dancing on the Barbary Coast, no paphian posturing in the slums? In short, was the night life free from contamination? Impressions of that period in the history of the old town we still retain. Through the shadowy past memory runs and pictures rise. We see Morton street, the centre of the shopping district, lined with rookeries from Kearny to Stockton; from the windows, leering forth, paint-bedaubed outcasts of society brazenly employing their vulgar devices of seduction. Next, a Sabbath picture—pious people on their way to church along Dupont street from Bush to California, and every house they pass a harlot's haven. How far removed was that thoroughfare from the homes of respectable people? The Nob Hill residence district extended almost to the doors of the Dupont street dens. How singularly complaisant we were in those days!

Ellis street from end to end was a residence street, but it was dotted with houses of ill-repute as far west as Taylor. The tenderloin of that period abounded in dives. Women were employed in them as waiters, and ribald and obscene vaudeville performances were given. It was in those days that boys and girls learned to smoke opium in Chinatown and that Chinese lottery agents peddled tickets everywhere. Anti-gambling crusades were of frequent occurrence, but neither Captain White's faro game on Third street nor Billy Briggs' faro game on O'Farrell street was ever closed. Thick and stifling was the moral atmosphere of San Francisco in the eighties and early nineties. In the course of time concessions to decency were slowly exacted, but even during the regime of that sacrosanct moralist, the Hon. James D. Phelan, there was more to be horrified at than there is today. Mr. Phelan was tolerant of the Cremorne, a dive in Market street, the worst, perhaps, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Mr. Phelan gave protection to the Cafe Royal where stud-horse poker was conducted day and night. And in his day saloons with side-entrances for girls flourished until the shocking murder of a woman in one of them aroused a hostile public sentiment. The Boughten Bulletin didn't moralize much about iniquity at that time, nor was it throwing any conniption fits when the good Dr. Taylor was Mayor and Detective Burns was scattering the largess of political favor through the tenderloin. It was not until after Dr. Taylor returned to congenial obscurity that Jerome Bassity excited the virtuous indignation of Mr. Fremont Older, promoter of publicity for the cabal that is now trying to uplift the town; the same Older, who, according to William J. Biggy, acted as sponsor for certain enterprising citizens who wanted protection for a brothel. What amazing transformations are occurring in the development of our parochial comedie humaine! For the philosophical observer there is a world of entertainment in the farcical and pharisaical elements that predominate. But for the average citizen perhaps there is nothing but grim tragedy in San Francisco's plight as pictured by the uplifters.

Greater San Francisco

The "Greater San Francisco" project that has been taken up with considerable earnestness ought to receive hearty encouragement and evoke boundless enthusiasm. We are living in an age that is notable at once for a universal passion for big things and a childish love of illusion. It doesn't matter whether a thing be actually big provided that it appear to be so. The illusion of bigness is as grateful as the reality. From which circumstance we may account for the popularity of small men that cavort on stilts; for the effectiveness of preposterous pretension and for the impressiveness of ponderous platitudes. When a city attains metropolitan proportions along with prosperity and all the creature comforts, there is really no reason why its inhabitants should be eager to have it appear to be more populous than it is. There is no intrinsic merit in a crowd. Nevertheless in all large cities there is breathless interest in the census returns. Moreover it is a curious phenomenon that profitable prestige attaches to a city in proportion to its reputation and size. And hence the passion for expansion which has been given expression in ways extravagant that make the angels weep. Think of Los Angeles in its passion for population reaching out over the heads of a recalcitrant community and with indifference to this impediment in the middle distance assimilating a complaisant village in the dim perspective. Topographical considerations nor intermediate townships give the enterprising expansionists of Los Angeles pause. If they cannot divide the State they will embrace it. In their philosophy boundaries must be far-flung despite all hurdles. So if we would not dwindle into insignificance by comparison we must stretch across the rolling waters of the bay and make Goat Island the geographical center of the metropolis. But to expand toward the rising sun we must have the consent of the commuters of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. 'Tis said they are disinclined to the proposed political coalition. But we are not to be misled either by the noisy asseverations of selfish politicians or the stentorian protests of a little coterie of meticulous mortals who would guard their exquisite souls from contact with the unlovely things that abound in the metropolis. We are confident that when the question is submitted to a plebiscite it will be found that there is an accordance of sentiment on both sides of the bay. The chief objection to the proposal is that which is voiced by the superlatively good people of Oakland. They are in dread of contamination. But these over-righteous ones do not preponderate in the community across the bay. They are not the leading, most active spirits of the community. A very large number of the inhabitants of Oakland who do anything go away each morning and do it elsewhere. Nor is Oakland as some Oaklanders would have us believe a focus where the greatest number of good forces unite in their purest energy. Oakland is no better than it ought to be. Oakland is tolerant even of the intolerant. Oakland is the refuge of the oppressed. It is the town where bad chinamen go when cant and the police drive them out of San Francisco. Oakland has many of the accessories of joyousness that mark the true metropolitan spirit. Oakland is austere only in spots. A man may live in Oakland without being eternally addicted to mortuary musings and melancholy morals. On the whole Oakland is a live, energetic and very decent city. We can think of nothing that it is in need of except a more intimate relationship with San Francisco. The coalition proposed would be mutually beneficial.

The Ballot That Bewilders

The gentlemen who are now inventing mechanical contrivances with the expectation of making it easy to govern ourselves wisely are imbued with a zeal that is deserving of a high reward. Appreciating as we do the

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inspiration of their zeal we have no patience with those cynical critics who occupy the seat of the scorner and prate about the futility of tinkering with the charter. Though we are by no means certain that the charter menders will see their fond expectations realized, we are aware that nothing is accomplished in this world without trying. "For forms of government let fools contest," says the poet. In this sentiment we acquiesce. We would not therefore encourage either the cynical critics or the carping ones, in the category of which we place the Examiner. This journal is not strictly in accord with Supervisor Murdock who has proposed a charter amendment to shorten the municipal ballot. Mr. Murdock believes that to the inordinate length of the ballot may justly be attributed many of the evils of our government. By reducing the number of inches, in Mr. Murdock's opinion, there will be less margin for the things we abhor. "A shorter ballot" is Mr. Murdock's shibboleth. Give us a shorter ballot and thus shall we acquire another palladium for our liberty. The problem, how to shorten the ballot, is one that the average citizen, in these progressive direct primary days made raucous by the clamors of candidates, would have some difficulty in solving. But Mr. Murdock having brought his intellectuals to bear on the perplexing subject the solution is easy. Extend the terms of supervisors to four years and elect half of them at a time, and presto! your ballot shortens perceptibly and the task of differentiating the sheep and goats is simplified. The theory of this new scheme is that the easier the task of voting be made, the more difficult it shall become for bad men to get into office. Now the Examiner, though it is in favor of a shorter ballot, is not altogether satisfied with the proposed amendment. The Examiner conceives it to be possible for bad men to get into office despite the shortness of the battot. And with this possibility in view the Examiner would reinforce the abbreviated ballot with mechanical facilities for reducing the term of a supervisor on provocation. If voters are to have voting made easier they should be willing to vote oftener. This is the Examiner's opinion on the subject. In other words if we lop off inches that make for confusion we should multiply political campaigns. The whole subject is one of absorbing interest, but the more we study it the more inclined we become to the conviction that for all purposes pertaining to government we should have automatic machinery, something as infallible as the new fangled telephone. If this can be secured by an amendment to the charter it will receive our unqualified endorsement.

The Sadness of the Moon

By Charles Baudelaire

(Translated by F. P. Sturm)

The Moon more indolently dreams tonight
Than a fair woman on her couch at rest,
Caressing, with a hand distraught and light,
Before she sleeps, the contour of her breast.

Upon her silken avalanche of down,
Dying she breathes a long and swooning sigh;
And watches the white visions past her flown,
Which rise like blossoms to the azure sky.

And when, at times, wrapped in her languor deep,
Earthward she lets a furtive tear-drop flow,
Some pious poet, enemy of sleep,

Takes in his hollow hand the tear of snow
Whence gleams of iris and of opal start,
And hides it from the Sun, deep in his heart.

Perspective Impressions

President Taft has been introduced to the frame-up.

Hetty Green has been dramatized in a play called "The Spendthrift." The title is enough to make Hetty laugh.

The prize-fight managers have had an attack of religion, and it doesn't seem to have done them any good.

The Direct Primary seems to have simplified things so far as the Democratic Party is concerned. It has bought about the substitution of a piece club for a convention, and Theodore Bell, the one and only candidate for Governor, is the result.

George the Fifth gives the impression that royalty in his opinion should consist not of vain pomp but of great virtues.

A nude of Mother Eve accompanied by a naked serpent has been donated to the Park Museum. Let us hope the fig leaf is large enough to avert protest.

From recent developments at Washington it seems clear enough that the main object of Secretary Ballinger's traducers is to besmirch the President. And it must be confessed that by the Roosevelt-Heney method of producing results they have succeeded in forcing the Chief Magistrate of the nation into a most humiliating position.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(In the preceding chapters the hero of this serial story tells of the assassination of the Bulletin's first editor, of the organization of the Vigilantes, of their pursuit of him, and of his flight to Santa Barbara, where after many vicissitudes he was conducted to a place of temporary safety by Jack Power, a highwayman who figured in the romantic history of early California. In the sixth instalment he tells of the arrival of some of the Vigilantes at Santa Barbara and of the search that was made for him in vain.)

(Seventh Instalment)

My determination was to go as speedily as possible to the residence of Dr. Nicholas A. Den; I had learned from Mr. Hartnell that he had no sympathy with my persecutors, and I knew that if I could but get under his protection I had nothing to fear, at any rate, from treachery, and I believed that his knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, together with his high standing in the community, would enable me more easily to baffle my pursuers.

After leaving the Arroyo Honde, on the morning of the twenty-eighth, I struck out toward Santa Barbara, between which place and the Arroyo Dr. Den's place was situated. I did not go far, however, merely crossing the point of the hill where I had my hiding place, and coming to a small gulch filled with a thick growth of wild mustard, I halted by the side of a little stream which I found there, and lay concealed until night-fall. As soon as it was quite dark, I took to the sea-beach and walked to the southward about twelve miles, when I came to the ranch of Senor Ignatio Ortega, before mentioned as being between the Arroyo and the Doctor's residence. Here I got among some bushes, and slept soundly until day. Before it was quite light I again took to the sea-beach, and had good walking until I arrived at the Doctor's house. As I approached I saw no one but a few of the Doctor's people, mostly Indians. The family were not yet stirring.

My appearance seemed to cause them much astonishment. They eyed me very closely as I went boldly toward the house and inquired for Doctor Den. With difficulty they made me understand that the Doctor was absent from home, on a visit to Santa Inez. They also informed me that his lady, whom they called Donna Rosa, had not yet arisen. I sat down on the tongue of a wagon near the house, and keeping a good look-out, determined to wait until the family were moving. While I sat here I was very unpleasantly scrutinized by a tall, gray-haired, old Spaniard, who, I afterward learned, belonged to Monterey. I sat for about an hour and was becoming quite uneasy under the stare of the old man, when the door of the house opened, and a very gentle and amiable looking lady appeared. Her complexion was much fairer than that of the generality of California ladies, and she had a remarkably sweet expression of countenance. I at once decided in my mind that she was the wife of my friend, the Doctor. I addressed her in English, but discovered that she did not speak the language. I then tried French, and was equally unsuccessful. Directly, however, she said to me—"poco tiempo," and entering the house, she presently returned with a beautiful little child who proved to be her daughter. I took her to be about ten years of age, though I afterward ascertained that she was exactly twelve. There was something about the child which made her appear to my eyes like an Angel of Mercy, as she fearlessly approached me and said to me in silvery tones and in perfect English—"What is your will, Sir." I replied to her, my dear I am very hungry and want something to eat; and then if you can get it for me, I want a pen, ink and paper to write a note to Gen. Covarrubias.

As soon as I mentioned Covarrubias, Donna Rosa hastily beckoned me to come at once into the house. I saw at a glance, that she had heard of my persecution, and suspected who I was. She appeared to be in the greatest trepidation, and I at once entered the house and informed her who I was. Her sweet little daughter Kate, informed me in purer English than I could use, that the road had been lined for many days with armed horsemen, who were hunting me, and that her mother was fearful I would yet be captured unless I was very careful. Donna Rosa at once set her servants to work to prepare a breakfast for me, and informed me through her little interpreter, that her husband the Doctor had gone to the College farm at Santa Inez, to attend to some business for the Archbishop, and would not be at home for four or five days. She expressed her fears that it would be unsafe for me to remain there, because, although she could be responsible for her own people, she feared that the old Californian who had eyed me so, and who she informed me was from Monterey, would betray me. Her own family consisted of herself and daughter, and a very handsome young lady whom she introduced to me as her sister, Miss Hill. There were also some twenty to twenty-five farm and house servants about the place with their children. They were mostly Indians. Donna Rosa told me that there was nothing to be apprehended from any of these, but that the old Californian suspected who I was, and had just said to her when she had stepped out a moment before, that she had enough persons about the place to arrest me if she felt disposed to do so. I agreed with my kind hostess that I ought to leave as soon as possible, and determined, as soon as I had eaten breakfast, which was now ready, to do so.

At this time, I had not shaved for two months; my beard was perfectly white and untrimmed, my clothes in a very dilapidated condition, and altogether I must have presented a most wretched appearance. I suppose I looked with my long, white beard, at least sixty years old, and what with that and my torn and travel stained garments, the Vigilante description of me as regarded age and dirty personal appearance, was not so far out of the way after all. While I sat enjoying my excellent breakfast and hot coffee, Donna Rosa kept watching me, and giving expression to her sympathy, frequently murmuring to herself—"pauvre cito," and other words of her own language, expressive of her feeling for my misfortunes. Everything that could be done to accommodate me, was done by the kind lady. Although it is not, I believe, customary for the native Californians to eat meat at their breakfasts; still an abundance of it was cooked and placed upon the table for me. I observed that the servants seemed to wonder "what manner of man" I was, to be seated in that garb with ladies at the table, and treated with such respect. After breakfast I asked permission of Donna Rosa to give a piece of money to her daughter, little Kate; but she nobly replied that no money was taken in her house for food given to any one, and particularly to the unfortunate. I begged to be permitted to give the child a small piece, only to keep as a memento of the forlorn stranger, and after a great deal of hesitation, Donna Rosa merely to please me consented. Little Kate now brought me writing materials and I indited the following note to my friend Gen. Covarrubias:

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

"Tuesday morning, July 29, 1856.

To General Covarrubus,
Santa Barbara City.

My Dear General: Circumstances over which I had no control, forced me to again become a wanderer, 'houseless and helpless.' I am writing this from the Doctor's, and will endeavor to be in this vicinity next Sunday. Try to see me.

Your friend,
LE JUDGE."

Having given this in charge of my hostess, to be delivered to the General, by a sure hand, I again prepared to betake myself to the mountains. Donna Rosa provided me with an extra blanket, a bottle of water, a beef tongue and some bread, and then, bidding me God speed, saw me depart from her hospitable door. I at once bent my steps to the canyon back of the dwelling, but had not proceeded far when one of the servants, whom they called Santiago, thinking that I wanted to go to Santa Barbara, and had mistaken the road, ran after me to set me right. His mistress had seen no necessity of telling him who I was, and, although I of course knew where I was going, in order to avoid exciting his suspicion, I said to him "gracias," and came down into the main road and proceeded along it about a mile and a half, when I came to another canyon, and at once followed it up into the mountains.

The day was very warm, and my journey up the mountain extremely fatiguing. I penetrated into the thickets I should judge some four or five miles, frequently being obliged to cut my way through the chapparal with my knife. Toward dark I reached a point where I knew no horse or mule could ever come, and where I doubt whether any human being had ever been before, and feeling perfectly sure that no one would pursue me that far on foot, I resolved there to halt. After drinking all the water that remained in the bottle, I lay me down to sleep. So high was my elevation, that notwithstanding my blankets, I was for a long time too cold to sleep. At length the fatigues of the day overcame the coldness of the atmosphere, and I fell asleep and did not wake till morning.

As soon as I had risen, a desire for water reminded me that I had exhausted my supply of that necessary the evening before, and my first and only task for the day must be to travel until I found more. Accordingly I ate nothing, lest it should increase my thirst before I came to water, which might not be for hours, or even the whole day. There was an arroyo that came down from the mountains back of Dr. Den's house, from which his crops were irrigated. In my desire to avoid arousing the suspicions of the man who followed me from the house, I had foolishly wandered away from this stream, taking it for granted that, as heretofore, I should find no difficulty in getting plenty of water almost anywhere in the mountains. I commenced my search, and continued it for some hours without being able to find a drop or any signs that might lead me to dig for it. The fatigue of making my way through the chapparal,

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Physician at the Supper Table---V.

By the Sybarite

The Doctor was in his usual amiable mood; and he and his friend were indulging in frogs' legs a la poulette, apple fritters, dry toast spread with bloater paste, and a pint of well-mellowed Port sent him by an old navy friend, who had lately arrived from Lisbon.

"I have been greatly interested in hospitals for poor consumptives to which many physicians are so humanely giving much of their attention, Doctor."

"The wine you are tasting, although it has not 'been sent twice around the Cape, by my father, Sir,' will not suggest itself as a compound of Worcestershire sauce and treacle. This is something in which a proper age has developed its virtue, mellowed its crudity, and allowed its early acids to be transformed into the beneficent and palatable ethers which constitute the charm of a perfect wine. One of the highest compliments ever paid one of the finest and most healthful wines that ever flowed from the veins of the vine was that by a certain Pope who, having halted at a spot famous for its port wine, exclaimed, as he passed to his apartment in a rosy condition, at night, 'I excommunicate the whole world except red wine.' The world slept tranquilly, ignorant of its condition; and when his Holiness arose, refreshed, in the morning, he kindly took off the ban."

"As I was saying, the many movements toward the building and equipping of hospitals for poor—"

"Do you know, there is coming a time in our country and in England when the moderate consumption of wine will go a great way toward lessening intemperance and sales of fiery liquors? It should be the duty of physicians and lawmakers, and all educators, to encourage the use of pure wines and beers and to discourage the use of spirits except as medicine or possibly a really necessary stimulus on some occasions. So far back as we can go there was winemaking, and generally temperance among the common people, both Hebrews and Egyptians. The whole process of wine making is delineated in Egyptian pictures. We see the vines very carefully trained in bowers formed by columns and rafters; the vineyards were walled in and frequently supplied with a reservoir of water, together with a building which contained the wine press. The grapes when gathered were put into deep wicker baskets, and conveyed on the heads and shoulders of men to the press, where the wine was squeezed out of a bag by means of two poles turned in contrary directions, an earthen pan receiving the juice. The Egyptians also had large presses in which they trod the fruit with their naked feet, supporting themselves by ropes suspended from the roof. The grape juice having fermented, it was put into earthen jars resembling the Roman amphorae, which were closed with a lid covered with pitch, clay, mortar, or gypsum, and sealed, after which they were moved to the storehouse and there placed upright. The Egyptians had a habit, which afterward became general in Italy and Greece, and still obtains in the islands of the archipelago, of putting a certain quantity of resin, or bitumen, at the bottom of the jar before pouring in the wine. This was supposed to preserve it, but it was also added to give an acceptable flavor. As early as the fourth dynasty (which, according to the reckoning of Mariette, should be referred to upward of 6,000 years ago), the Egyptians are known to have had four kinds of wine. The soil which lay beyond the reach of the alluvial deposits suited the vine, and extensive remains of vineyards near the Qasr Karoom show whence the ancient Egyptians obtained their grapes. Pliny cites the Sebennytic wine as one of the choice Egyptian crus, and says that it was made of three different sorts of grapes. Athenaeus says that the Mareotic grape was remarkable for its sweetness, and he describes the wine made from it as white, the quality excellent, and sweet and light, with a fragrant bouquet. It was by no means astringent, nor did it affect the head. He added, however, that it was inferior to the Teniotic, as the latter's color was pale and even white, and there was such a degree of richness in the wine that when mixed with water it became diluted only gradually, much in the same way as Attic honey

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does when a liquid is poured into it. Besides the agreeable flavor of the Teniotic its fragrance was so delightful as to render it perfectly aromatic, and it had the property of being slightly astringent. Nevertheless, in Egypt wine was the drink of the wealthy or well-to-do. The poorer people had a beer which can be traced as far back as the fourth dynasty, and, according to Diodorus, was scarcely inferior to the juice of the grape. This beer was made from barley, but hops being unknown, it was flavored with lupins and other vegetable substances. Egyptians also had palm wine, and another wine called baga, which was made from dates or figs; they likewise made fermented beverages from pomegranates and other fruits and from herbs, such as rue, helebore, and absinthe, which apparently answered the purpose of our modern bitters.

"The Assyrian bas-reliefs bear witness to the prevalence of wine drinking among the ancient Assyrians. The well-known Assyriologist, W. St. Chad Boscawen, has furnished a list of ten wines found engraved upon a terra-cotta tablet from the palace of Assur Banipal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks. Wines constantly figure in the Assyrian inscriptions among the booty carried off from conquered countries or among the products received as tribute. Nor were the Assyrians contented with the fermented juice of the grape; they, too, had palm wine, date wine, and beer, as the Egyptians had. There is likewise evidence of a knowledge of fermented liquors on the Hittite rock carvings. That wine, and even the abuse of it, were well known to the Hebrews is clear from their sacred writings. Only two varieties, however, are specified, viz.: The wine of Helbon, a fat, luscious, syrup-like liquor which was an article of merchandise at Damascus, and the wine of Lebanon which was celebrated for its bouquet. That the Hebrews mixed water with their wine may be inferred from two verses in Proverbs: 'She hath mingled her wine'; 'Drink of the wine that I have mingled.' Their grapes used to be trodden in the press, and the juice after fermentation was put into bottles or wine skins."

"You must have given this subject a good deal of earnest investigation, Doctor."

"I am glad to see you interested in humane movements. I could have told you would have been. And I hope some of the over-rich that we have among us will help out from the abundance of their means. Those who are so successful as to turn everything into money owe something to those less fortunate. Tuberculosis has taken away more lives than any other scourge. It has the whole world for its field and the records of its ravages are set up in ghastly figures in every country where man has had a footing.

"This dreadful disorder, which sweeps away nearly four million of the earth's inhabitants yearly, has puzzled the brains of medical men ever since the first professor of the art of healing brewed his first decoction of herbs or chanted his first incantation, or did something else to show that he had gone into the business of curing people's ailments. The first doctor, beyond doubt, had to face a case of consumption; and, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his patient died of the disease. Ever since that time the original physician's successors have been battling with the same disease, and the difficulty they have met in carrying on the combat is shown clearly by the popular idea that consumption is incurable.

"So far as anybody can discover, nowadays, consumption has existed in all ages and in all countries. As far back as the records of civilized peoples can be traced, they tell of the existence of the disease and of its serious character. In coast lands and plateaus, valleys and hillsides, marshes and mountains, the bacillus has been carrying off its thousands ever since mankind has been on earth. German statisticians have figured it out that in any population on the average the proportion of deaths by consumption is to the deaths by all other diseases as 1 is to 7. My own impression is that this ratio is slightly high.

"Here are some figures showing what the death rate from consumption has been in some of the principal cities of the world: From 1877 to 1880 all the German cities having over 15,000 inhabitants showed yearly 3.6 deaths from consumption for every thousand of population. From 1869 to 1882 Berlin's rate was 3.8 per thousand per annum. Hamburg's record was 3.4. In Frankfort-on-the-Main the fatal cases each year were 3.5 for every thousand inhabitants. From 1865 to 1874 the rate in Vienna was very high, reaching no less a percentage than 7.7.

"London does not make so poor a showing as might be expected from a city having a bad climate. From 1848 to 1855 its rate for consumption was 3.7. In the ten years from 1859 to 1869, however, the rate went down to 3.2. Edinburgh's record for four years about 1860 was 3 fatal cases for each 1,000 inhabitants. In all four years up to and including 1855 Belgium made a showing of 3.5. For the Netherlands from 1869 to 1874 the figure was 2.46. Switzerland, from 1865 to 1869, showed 1.86. In Berne the rate was far higher than this, reaching 3.9. Among the cities of Europe the rate was lowest in Geneva, where it was 2.2. The country districts brought down the average for the Confederation. In Paris, from 1845 to 1851, the showing was 4.1; from 1872 to 1877 it was 4.2. Italian records give variations from 3.73 to 4.04. The rate in Rome is given as 3.52.

"In Rio Janeiro there is a rate which is rather surprising to persons who have looked upon that town as enjoying a very warm climate. The city, according to the statisticians, loses five of each thousand of its residents each year through the ravages of consumption. Pernambuco makes even a more unfavorable record, for there the figures run to 5.2. The rate for Australia is given at 2.22.

"A few statistics of American cities convey the acceptable fact that if consumption cannot be totally stopped it can be greatly reduced, which I attribute to our generally better sanitation, better climate, and many other better conditions than exist in other parts of the world, Europe included. In New York from 1805 to 1837 the rate was 5.3. By 1870 it was down to 4.1. Albany in that year showed 2.9, and Buffalo 1.4. Between 1807 and 1840 the rate in Philadelphia was 5.6. In 1870 it stood at the comparatively low figure of 3.1. Chicago in the same year was returned at 1.6, Richmond (Va.) at 3.9, and St. Louis at 1.7. In Charleston (S. C.) the rate for the whites was 3.07, and for the blacks 4. The rate in Memphis was 2.82, and in New Orleans 3.9. I am sorry that I have no noteworthy statistics of San Francisco or Southern California; and, yet, they could not be satisfactory, as the larger number of deaths from consumption in California are of persons who come here in advanced stages of the disease.

"Chauveau of Paris, in 1890, made three experiments to show the identity of—"

Waiter—"You are wanted at the telephone, Doctor. There's been an accident—"

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Keeping the City Back

What Organized Labor Has Done to the Manufacturing and Building Business of San Francisco with a Few Remarks on Conditions by Mr. Henry T. Scott

By Edward F. O'Day

Is San Francisco getting her share of the prosperity of the Pacific Coast? Is her industrial progress keeping pace with the industrial progress of Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma? Is the volume of manufacturing and building business here as great as it ought to be? In a word, is this city advancing stride for stride with the big cities to the north and south of her?

These are serious questions, questions which must be carefully considered if San Francisco is to maintain her supremacy as the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. They are questions, however, which the student of conditions cannot answer in the affirmative at the present time.

While pessimism should not be encouraged as a state of mind conducive to the wise study of industrial conditions it must be admitted that many local men of big affairs have fallen into this gloomy habit of thought when pondering the status of this city. It is difficult for the local manufacturer to cultivate an optimistic outlook when he sees business which used to be done in this city and which by all industrial rules, should continue to be done here, diverted to, let us say, Los Angeles. It is equally difficult for the land owner to regard the situation with favor when he finds that the obstacles to improving his property are so forbidding that he does not feel called upon to overcome them. These are the difficulties which confront the big men of San Francisco at the present time. There is a great deal of manufacturing in San Francisco, but the manufacturers will tell you that there is not nearly as much in proportion to population and the opportunities for work as there used to be. The rehabilitation of the city is proceeding, but those in touch with building operations assert that it is not going forward as rapidly as it should. The buildings which are being erected are going up under the stress of absolute necessity, in spite of adverse conditions, not because conditions are favorable.

The cause is not far to seek. Labor conditions are at the root of the matter. The most formidable bill which the manufacturer or the builder has to meet is his bill for labor and the price of labor is so prohibitive in San Francisco that the local manufacturer cannot compete for the work with the manufacturers in other cities, while the land owner is delaying all but the most necessary improvement of his property until such time as labor conditions shall improve.

Let us take a specific instance. The great boom in the Bakersfield oil fields has resulted in big orders for machinery, for oil tanks and all the other apparatus of this important industry. According to the rules of trade these manufacturing orders should be filled in San Francisco. In former years they were filled in San Francisco, but not today. Local manufacturers have found it impossible to compete against Los Angeles for this business and the result is that the equipment for the Bakersfield oil fields is being manufactured in Los Angeles. There is no difference in the cost of iron; it can be laid down in San Francisco just as cheaply as in Los Angeles. But there is a difference of from twenty to twenty-five per cent in the cost of manufacturing and the difference is all in favor of the southern city. The San Francisco laborer demands higher wages and shorter hours than the Los Angeles laborer and the consequence is that the San Francisco manufacturer cannot compete with the Los Angeles manufacturer. So the Los Angeles laborer is busy while the San Francisco laborer is idle.

What is true of the manufacturing business is equally true of the building business. In Los Angeles the building business is booming; it is booming in Portland and Seattle. In San Francisco it is limited to the absolute needs of our natural expansion and rehabilitation.

The leaders of organized labor are accustomed to make the boast that this is the most thoroughly organized city in the country. There is no doubt that they are right. The city is so thoroughly organized that its labor organizations have become a menace which capital is unwilling to face. When it is a question of manufacturing, capital goes to other convenient cities less efficiently organized; when it is a question of building, the blue prints are laid away for a more favorable time. It stands to reason that if better returns on investment can be obtained in Los Angeles or Portland than in San Francisco, capital will make its investments in one of those two cities. Being absolutely devoid of sentiment capital is guided hither and thither merely by the laws of trade and at the present time the application of the laws of trade, thanks to the short-sighted policy of the labor unions, is working to the detriment of San Francisco.

Some of these reflections, not pleasant for a San Franciscan to make, came to me as the result of a talk with Mr. Henry T. Scott, now the president of the Pacific Telephone Company, formerly one of the largest employers in this city as president of the Union Iron Works. Mr. Scott is familiar with local conditions—it is his business to be so—and he is frank in the expression of his opinions.

"I would not think of putting up a building in San Francisco at the present time," said Mr. Scott. "Labor conditions are such that I consider it out of the question to do so. The labor unions are masters of the situation. The contractor is no longer independent. He must consult the labor leaders at every turn and must do as they say."

Mr. Scott pointed to the telephone on his desk.

"Ninety-five per cent of the cost of that," he said, "was for the labor expended in putting it together. It is so in nearly everything and the prices which labor asks are prohibitive. San Francisco is being held back by labor. It is not making the progress in building which other cities are making. Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle are booming. I was in Portland recently and was surprised by the volume of building there. These cities have not our labor problem. The unions are not in control of the situation. What is the result? In Portland a man can put up a building and get a return of seven per cent on his investment. I should say that a man would get the same return on an investment in Los Angeles. In San Francisco you cannot get a return of more than four per cent—four and one-half at the outside. That is why I would not think of building in San Francisco at the present time.

"The labor unions in this city have bitten off their nose to spite their face. When I left the Union Iron Works there were six thousand men employed there. That was the highwater mark but we frequently employed five thousand—a pay roll of about $250,000 a month. Estimating five persons to a family we were supporting 25,000 residents of this city. Suppose there are one thousand men employed there now—that means that the iron works is supporting 5,000 residents. That makes quite a difference. There has been no government work done there in the last six or seven years. It costs more to do work there than it used to. Instead

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of working nine or ten hours, the men work eight and demand the same pay. It is no wonder that conditions have changed.

"The labor conditions of this city are the growth of many years. If they continue as they are at present the city cannot advance as it should. While the other cities on the coast are going forward steadily this city is being retarded. When will there be a change?—" Mr. Scott made a gesture eloquent of uncertainty.

The same uncertainty pervades the whole city. Nobody can say when the labor unions will be relegated to their proper place. Nobody knows just how the economic change so necessary is to be brought about. There are no signs of grace in the camp of organized labor. Only a few days ago the electrical workers employed by the city sought to force through the Labor Council a higher wage scale. These electrical workers are already receiving from the city more than the usual wages of their craft, but they are not satisfied. It became necessary for the more conservative leaders of the Labor Council to take the floor in opposition to their exorbitant demands.

Some day the city will awake to a full realization of the presumption of the lording labor unions. It is full time already. Local shipping firms do not build their steamers here; they contract for them in the East and bring them around the Horn. But Los Angeles does quite a thriving ship-building business, despite our sneers at her toy harbor. It is the same in many other industries. Work which should be done here is done elsewhere because it can be done more cheaply and with less annoyance elsewhere. The city is in the grip of organized labor and its vitality is being lowered all the time. When will that grip be relaxed?

The Spectator

An Earthquake Prediction Fulfilled

Gertrude Atherton is too busy making literature to be considered a seismic expert, yet she has to her credit an achievement which might well excite the envy of an earthquake specialist—she predicted accurately the recent temblor in Los Angeles. Just after the earthquake in 1906 Mrs. Atherton predicted that there would be a big one in Southern California four years later. Four years have past and the earthquake has shaken Los Angeles out of its usual complacency. I asked Mrs. Atherton on what she based her prediction and her reply was exceedingly interesting. "In 1808," she said, "there was a tremendous earthquake in San Francisco, the first California earthquake of which we have any historical knowledge. Four years later came the earthquake in Southern California which razed the Missions and shook the earth for four months. The next great earthquake in this part—the middle and north—was in 1868. Four years later, in 1872, were the earthquakes that moved Mount Whitney twenty feet off its eastern base and caused the earth to drop along the line of a fault in the Owens River country some forty miles. I am interested in observing whether there is anything like rotation in our California earthquakes, whether, perhaps, the strain in the fault causes it to give way four years later in the south than in the north. At all events I wouldn't care to go down there this year."

Comment on Our Monte Carlo

I was talking the other day to an Easterner who likes to hear the ivory ball rattling around a roulette wheel and is not averse from a little venture in faro or craps. He had just returned from an all-night session at the Northern, the gambling resort just over the boundary line of San Mateo County, and he criticised it from the standpoint of an expert. He found the glamor which adds so much to the zest of gambling absolutely lacking and thought the crowd that gained admission rather mixed. That the games were run on the square he made no doubt and had nothing but admiration for the courtesy and businesslike expertness of the gamekeepers. For the automobile service which whisks the devotees of chance down there and back free of charge he had words of praise. But in one particular he found the comparison of the Northern with the gambling places of New York working to the disadvantage of our Monte Carlo. "I noted that a man who was playing heavily at a faro table and who, I am told, is a good patron of the place, asked one of the proprietors who was sitting near him if he had a cigar. The proprietor searched his pocket and replied that he had not. They do things better in Thirty-third street. No gamester would have to ask for a cigar there and he would not leave the place, whether winner or loser, until he had been pressed to partake of an exquisite supper and a split of wine. Still the Northern people are unable to operate on a large scale and many allowances must be made. I should say that the play is fairly heavy there, though by no means hair-raising. Certainly they give you a run for your money and that is what every gambler wants. But the glamor that we gamblers love is altogether absent."

Pity the Hayes Brothers

Charles W. Davison has been re-elected Mayor of San Jose, the Hayes brothers to the contrary notwithstanding. Two years ago the Hayes brothers supported Davison, and he received a majority of eight hundred votes. This year the Hayes brothers opposed Davison, and through the medium of their two daily papers did all in their power to persuade the people of the Santa Clara Valley that it was to their interest to elect a gentleman by the name of Curtis; yet the people gave Davison a majority of thirteen hundred. Naturally the Hayes brothers are disgruntled and disgusted. They feel that the cause of reform has received a severe blow in the Garden City. They believe that the Powers of Evil are conspiring against them. They have tears and they are shedding them. Their distress is made acutely poignant because they know not where to look for condolence or sympathy. For though they have alienated themselves from the machine they have not been able

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to win the confidence of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. For the present they are the Ishmaelities of politics. The only thing that reformers and practical politicians have been able to agree upon of late is that there is justification for unrestrained mirth in the San Jose election. They consider it a joke of the first magnitude that Davison when opposed by the Hayes brothers received five hundred more votes than when he was supported by them.

Curry Gets the Truth

It is said that the Hayes brothers lost confidence in Mayor Davison as soon as they found out that he considered himself able to perform his official duties without their assistance. Mayor Davison is not a politician of the commonplace type. He has no taste for the perplexing maze of the path of dissimulation. His frankness alienated the Hayes brothers. An exhibition of this frankness was given last week when Charley Curry went to San Jose to interest Davison in the gubernatorial campaign. The average politician might have found the situation somewhat embarrassing, but Davison at the risk of losing the support of Curry's friends in San Jose made no effort to dissemble his sentiments. "My friends are for Anderson," said Davison, "and so am I."

The Simple Tastes of a King

Dear Spectator: As I knew George the Fifth when he was at Oxford and also when he was in the navy I am able to tell you a few things about him that may prove of interest. He is a man of strong democratic sympathies, and therefore he ought to be regarded as the right man for the present crisis. His intimate friends are men that do things. He has no love for the new nobility of wealth that goes in for parade and show. He has no closer friend than Lord Strathcona who began life as Donald Smith, a trapper for the Hudson Bay company in Canada. Another of his friends is Lord Mount Stephen who was identified with the building of the great Canadian Pacific railway system. That he is a man of tact was proved by his conduct when the South African generals visited London after the war. King Edward received them politely but coldly. The situation was becoming embarrassing when Prince George took a hand and won the visitors by his amiability. He displayed an intimate knowledge of all that had happened in South Africa from the time that the first white settlement was made there and of all the problems that had arisen. In the judgment of British statesmen it was Prince George that reconciled the Boers to their defeat and caused their loyal acceptance of British rule. While the king is likely to surround himself with an aristocracy of intellect the probability is that court life will lose much of the brilliance for which it has been distinguished since the death of Queen Victoria. King George hates functions. He visits no clubs. He cares little for the opera. As Prince of Wales he spent his evenings at home. He read by the fire, with his wife at his side doing her knitting.

—A Britisher.

San Francisco, May 12th.

A Rare Work by Mark Twain

There is a bibliophile in this city whose name I will not mention lest his friends pester him, who possesses the rarest volume in the works of the late Mark Twain. It is only a small pamphlet and it does not bear the name of Mark Twain on the title page, for it was privately printed and a very limited number of copies made before the type was distributed. Very few know of its existence, fewer still have ever seen it. Collectors would give a small fortune for it, but I am sure that they will never get possession of the copy in the hands of my friend. So closely does he guard it that I have not been permitted to inspect it; no doubt never will be permitted. But my friend has described and explained it to me. Should any doubt as to the authenticity of this particular pamphlet ever arise, the copy I refer to would be the only one by which the doubt could be dissipated. It is the only copy which contains a presentation autograph from Mark Twain and on a fly leaf at the end is a bibliographical note outlining the reason which prompted the writing of the little work. This explanation is signed by Samuel M. Clemens.

What It Is About

This pamphlet was not printed by Mark Twain. It was printed from his manuscript by an army officer stationed at the time at West Point. A special font of antique type was cut for the purpose and the work was done at the national military academy. The composition is a dialogue of a most curious character. The talkers are Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, a couple of dowager duchesses and a young noble woman and the scene is laid before a roaring fire in the great hall of an old English castle. The conversation is of a most intimate description, couched indeed in the frank language that distinguished the Elizabethan period. Several subjects not now considered polite are roundly argued, much as they would have been argued at the Mermaid or at Kenilworth. That is the point of the whole thing. Mark Twain wrote the dialogue to show his mastery of the language, the ideas and the mental processes of the men and women of that spacious time. It is far from being a meretricious performance; it is a curious tour de force of scholarship, a scholarship which few people seem to know that Mark Twain possessed. The man who visualized the times of Joan of Arc, delving deep into the lore of remote antiquity, also mastered the Elizabethan age after a fashion that is supposed to be confined to a few dryasdust professors. In this pamphlet he wrote as Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth and the rest undoubtedly talked; hence the work is a marvel of reconstruction. Because he had to touch on topics that are now outlawed from literature or sacrifice that fidelity for which he was straining, Mark Twain never intended that this work should reach the public and doubtless it never will.

No Cause for Scandal

Let me not be misunderstood. I would not have told of this book if I thought that intelligent readers would draw the inference that it was a stain on Mark

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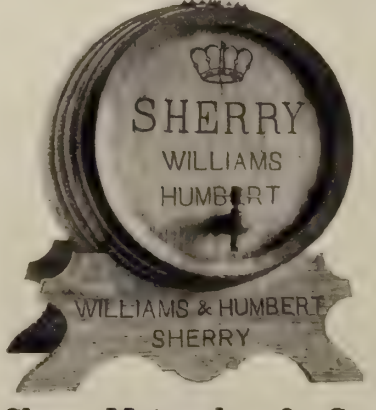

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Twain's literary career. It is nothing of the kind. What Balzac did for the whole world in reproducing the difficult French of Louis XI's age in the Droll Stories, Mark Twain did for a few scholars capable of appreciating his tour de force in reproducing the English of Elizabeth's reign. For those who are not convinced I will quote here a few lines from an early chapter in "The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." These lines contain the answer to any objection which might be raised on the score of the pamphlet of which I have spoken; and I would not be surprised if they also contain the germ of its idea. (It was written, I think, somewhere about the same time.) Mark Twain is speaking of the conversation at the Round Table: "Many of the terms used in the most matter of fact way by this great assemblage of the first ladies and gentlemen in the land would have made a Comanche blush. Indelicacy is too mild a term to convey the idea. However I had read 'Tom Jones' and 'Roderick Random' and other books of that kind, and knew that the highest and first ladies and gentlemen in England had remained little or no cleaner in their talk, and in the morals and conduct which such talk implies, clear up to one hundred years ago; in fact clear into our own nineteenth century—in which century, broadly speaking, the earliest samples of the real lady and the real gentleman discoverable in English history, or in European history, for that matter—may be said to have made their appearance. Suppose Sir Walter, instead of putting the conversation into the mouths of his characters, had allowed the characters to speak for themselves? We should have had talk from Rebecca and Ivanhoe and the soft lady Rowena which would embarrass a tramp in our day. However, to the unconsciously indelicate all things are delicate."

"Senator, how is the baby at your house?"
"Taking too active a part in the family affairs for a new member."

The Great Conspiracy

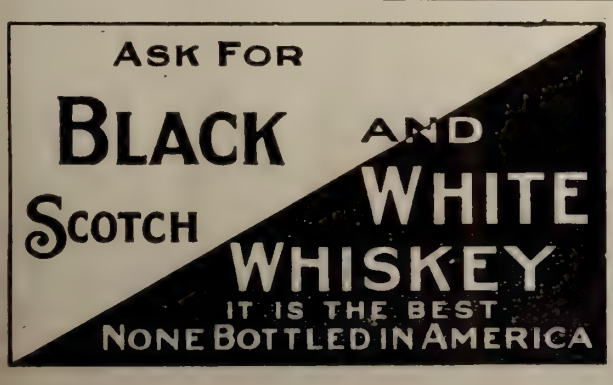
The methods employed by the men engaged in besmirching the character of Secretary Ballinger savor very much of those for which our own darling Graft Prosecution was distinguished. This is what might have been expected, for one of the leading spirits behind the Ballinger conspiracy is Norman Hapgood of Collier's Weekly, a journal that has been utilized by the publicity bureau of the Spreckels-Phelan cabal for almost any kind of dirty work essential to the promotion of its interests. Hapgood has been in touch with some of the handy men of that cabal ever since the conspiracy against Ballinger was organized, and therefore it is not surprising that the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation should have been characterized in the past week by some very curious developments.

A Universal Practice

These developments are in many ways reminiscent of the graft prosecution. For example a great hullabaloo has been made about matters of not the slightest importance—the ante-dating of a letter, the employment by the President of a memorandum made by a subordinate. Now there is nothing morally or essentally wrong in the ante-dating of a letter. There are circumstances as in this case that justify the practice. Nor is there anything essentially wrong in the use by an Executive officer of data furnished by a subordinate so long as he knows either that it is accurate or that the subordinate is trustworthy. Were this practice prohibited no executive officer having multifarious duties would be able to perform them. It is even in accordance with universal practice for executive officers to utilize wholly as their own productions documents drawn by their subordinates. This is not in the nature of deception since it is understood that the practice is unavoidable either in affairs of State or affairs of business. Everybody in England knows that it is customary for a Minister to write the official pronunciamentos of the Crown, but nobody regards the practice as discreditable to the Sovereign. Private secretaries in all departments of State in every State in Europe as well as in this country are writing letters for executive officers every day, and all the world is aware of the fact. But President Taft, because he used some data supplied by a subordinate, data which he had previously discussed, about which he was familiar and of which a memorandum was made merely to refresh his memory, is called upon for explanation as though the circumstance justified the gravest suspicions.

A Typical Frame-Up

The motive of the demand is obvious enough. It is akin to the motive that prompted many of the sensational frame-ups during the graft prosecution. The object is to create the impression that something underhanded has been going on. In the present case the object of the conspirators was facilitated by the apparent reluctance



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of the investigating committee and of the Administration itself to let the facts come out. This reluctance was quite natural. The facts had no bearing on the issue, and at the same time it was clear that the purpose of the conspirators was to avail themselves of a means to create misapprehension in the public mind. In trying to thwart them the Administration blundered. It put water on the enemy's wheel. But since the springing of the sensation other facts have been coming out, facts that shed a white light on the character of that ridiculous statesman of the Tennis Cabinet, the Hon. James A. Garfield, who will never forgive President Taft for failing to appreciate his amazing abilities. It appears that Garfield was instrumental in seducing Frederick Kerby, the unprincipled wretch who violated the confidence of his employers, and who confesses that the conspirators have promised him a position with a newspaper association. How Garfield and his associates can reconcile their virtuous pretensions with the enormity of Kerby's conduct for which they are responsible it is not easy to perceive.

European Comment on Roosevelt

The leading European journals agree that Mr. Roosevelt has a very large stock of platitudes. Some of them marvel at the almost childish simplicity with which he ladles them out. Does he really think that he is saying something new? is the question which is evidently on the tip of many a critic's pen. The London Times says that his platitudes are older than Christianity, and "Justice," a London weekly, says that he deals them out with "customary bounce." Speaking of the Sorbonne speech "Justice" says that the elite of the French literary and social world were undoubtedly glad it was delivered in English, as it would have disgraced an average Parisian. "Humanite," a French journal, refers to him as Tartarinvelt and "Justice" says "Roosevelt would certainly make Daudet's interesting hero—the famous Tartarin of Tarascon—green with envy were he able to appreciate the braggadocio and God-damned cheek as they call it in the States of this latter-day hunter in Africa."

The Passing of Finney

The wit of the wee sma' hours is no more. Finney the Hackman, legitimate successor of Tony Weller, has laid down the ribbons forever. He did that some time before his death, to adventure in the up-to-date field of the automobile, but it is as a hack driver that he will be remembered. Finney's hack was a store house of piquant memories. If its cushions could tell of those that had pressed them what tales out of school there would be! Or if Finney could have been induced to gossip of the gay parties of gilded men and silken women he carried between midnight and dawn, what scandals for the sweet tooth of chatter! But Finney was as dumb on these subjects as the horses he drove, the soul of discretion, the incorruptible chancellor of compromising secrets. They are telling over Finney's bon mots in the tenderloin these days and it is too bad that the best of them cannot be chronicled here. But they smack too strongly of the atmosphere in which he had his being. They must circulate subrosily like the best of Abe Lincoln's yarns.

The Paradox of Hard Times

I was walking along Post street a few days ago from Montgomery to Union Square. That section of Post street is lined with some of the handsomest shops in the world. Not Paris, not London, not Berlin can boast handsomer display windows than those which adorn our fashionable shopping district. I am convinced of this because far-traveled men of impartial judgment have frequently assured me of it. But this is not what I started out to say. As I sauntered leisurely along Post street it so happened that I met a number of managers of big retail shops. Why I should run into half a dozen of them in one stroll I do not know but so it happened and I was impressed by a curious circumstance. They all complained that times were hard, that the women were not buying heavily and that money was very difficult of collection. Mind you, these were men connected with big establishments that dispense as many necessaries as luxuries. Yet they all had the same story of hard times. This was sufficiently striking, but when I dropped into Shreve's the paradox of the situation was forcibly impressed upon my mind. As you know there are more clerks to the floor space in Shreve's than in any other shop in town. Yet every clerk in the big jewelry shop was occupied. In every department men and women were making purchases of a costly description. Now why is it that people are able to buy jewelry when they do not feel that they can afford to patronize shops where necessary articles are for sale? Why should a palace of luxuries like Shreve's be doing a thriving business when other merchants are complaining of the financial stringency? I pondered this problem the rest of the way to Union Square, but I had to give it up in despair. Probably Oedipus could unriddle it but it is too much for me. Surely San Francisco is a topsy-turvy town. Evidently it can do without the necessaries of life but refuses to dispense with the luxuries. When it is pinched for car fare it strains its credit to buy a limousine. When it needs a pair of shoes it compromises on a diamond garter. Where will the extravagance of Miss San Francisco finally land her? Again I invoke the aid of Oedipus, the solver of conundrums, for I must confess that I am stumped.

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The Poems of a Suicide

I have been reading a volume of poems rich in promise, a volume that marks the debut of a poet; but, alas! the promise is never to be fulfilled. The debut is posthumous, the poet wearied of life before she learned the use of it. The book of poems is a tribute to her memory from one by whom she is held in affectionate remembrance. Nora May French, the poet whose poems are thus presented to us, was a young woman of the highest artistic temperament, who gave expression to her moods and feelings in exquisite verse whenever the impulse seized her, but with no purpose other than that of linking words to make color and melody. In this she was eminently successful. She pleased herself and her friends, and that was all she cared to do. One day at Carmel where she mingled with friends of congenial taste, yielding to the pressure of despondency she ended her life. And now one may read her poems and find therein vivid delineations of a discontented, hopeless spirit. Melancholy is the habitual mood, the pervading emotion. But over all is an esthetic charm and through the poems run many dainty and delicate conceptions, as for example in the following lines:

As down I bent with eager lips
  Above the stones and cresses cool—
The yellow tent, the little moon
  I found within my twilight pool.

The fringing trees, the floating moon,
  The bubble tent—I passed them by,
And sipped a tiny, shattered star,
  Deep drinking from that mirrored sky.

The poems are marked by sincerity, spontaneity and by occasional buoyant chords, as in the sonnet of The Rose written for Mr. Porter Garnett on the occasion of his marriage:

Ay, pluck a jonquil when the May's a-wing!
  Or please you with a rose upon the breast,
A sweeter violet chosen from the rest,
To match your mood with blue caprice of spring—
Leave windy vines a tendril less to swing.
  Why, what's a flower? A day's delight at best,
A perfume loved, a faded petal pressed,
A whimsey for an hour's remembering.

But wondrous careful must he draw the rose
  From jealous earth, who seeks to set anew
Deep root, young leafage, with a gardener's art—
To plant her queen of all his garden close,
And make his varying fancy wind and dew,
  Cloud, rain, and sunshine for one woman's heart.

The commonplaces of poetry are not here. This is the poetry that never expounds a sentiment but always suggests a delicate shade of feeling. If through these disconnected poems one may find that the dominant note is that of a heart drowsy with the abiding sorrow which knows no cure, one must also be impressed with the sweetness of them, with their quiet beauty. If they reveal a distempered brooding, they are also full of an unaffected joy in field and flower, of a keen sensitiveness to the delights of nature, of expressions that haunt the mind such as "a silver space between two rains" as descriptive of the lulling storm; when "the world is drained of color." To Henry Anderson Lafler we are indebted for this collection of poems and for a very artistic specimen of bookmanship.

A Local Magnate Off to Europe

Louis Rosenthal, San Francisco's foremost marine insurance magnate, is on his way to Europe where he will spend about three months. Mr. Rosenthal is President of the Board of Marine Underwriters and the local representative of the two most powerful marine insurance companies on this coast—the Swiss Marine and the Thames & Mersey. He is also one of the most active members of the State Board of Charity and Corrections which has supervision of several important State institutions, and one of the objects of his trip to Europe is to

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improve his knowledge of matters that occupy his attention in his official capacity. I hear that just before starting on his trip he signed a contract for the construction of a building for the Sorosis Club on his lot on Sutter street near Powell.

The Story of a Masterpiece

At several concerts recently I have had the pleasure of hearing Nat Landsberger, than whom we have no greater violinist, render a composition by Dvorak called "Humoreske." It is a piece of most delicious fantasy, bubbling with humor, full of sentiment, almost sugary at times in its sweetness, but withal so beautiful that to hear it once is to desire to hear it again and again. I asked Landsberger about this composition a few days ago and found that there was an interesting story connected with it. "Dvorak wrote the 'Humoreske' for the piano," he told me, "but for years no one paid the least attention to it. In making arrangements for the violin Fritz Kreisler came across it, adapted it for the violin, called on the composer and played it for him. Dvorak was much pleased and gave the violinist permission to use it. Not long afterwards Kreisler played it in London where it made a sensation. A publisher offered him twenty-five dollars for permission to print it, but Kreisler did not wish to sell it. Copyists were sent to his next recital who roughly took down his version. It was printed and in a few weeks forty thousand copies of it were sold. That was only the beginning of the avalanche of sales. A single store in New York, I am told, is now selling over four hundred copies a week. But neither Dvorak nor Kreisler ever made a cent out of it."

A Professor on Sanscrit Poetry

Professor Arthur William Ryder, the Sanscrit teacher at the University of California, is to be congratulated on his recently published volume of translations from Sanscrit poetry. Any work which brings the writers of the oldest Aryan language to the attention of the students of today is sure of a welcome, particularly when the work is as well done as in this instance. I cannot say whether Professor Ryder has preserved the spirit of the poetry of Bhartrihari, because my early education was shamefully neglected in the matter of Sanscrit, but it is to be supposed that the professor, a scholar in his chosen field, has done his work well. Two of Professor Ryder's statements, however, cannot but surprise his readers. One is to the effect that the old Indian literature is much more "beautifully clean" than the Greek. Having always regarded Greek poetry as being "beautifully clean" in an almost superlative degree I am taken aback at the professor's implied depreciation. In a newspaper interview Professor Ryder also stated that Bhartrihari "puts it all over" the poets of all other languages in discoursing of love. He mentions particularly Catullus and Heine as poets whom he considers inferior to the King of Ujjain. Again I am taken aback. I am surprised to hear a university professor speaking of one poet "putting it all over" another poet. 'Tis not the language of polite criticism. But more than that I am astonished at the statement. Is it possible that this Bhartrihari is greater than Catullus and Heine? Why then is he not better known? Much of course is excusable in an enthusiast, even an enthusiast who compares a "beautifully clean" Indian poet-king to one of the most erotic of the Romans; but his very enthusiasm raises doubts as to whether the professor is sufficiently catholic in his taste to appreciate Heine, Catullus and his pet Bhartrihari in equal measure.

King Edward's Recovery

One recalls with interest now the world's anxiety for King Edward's health, eight years ago, when he had typhoid fever. It is not generally known that the King attributed his rapid recovery then to his "bottle of Bass." His request for it while still ill marked the turning point in his case; and his daily bottle of Bass thereafter rapidly restored his strength, so his physicians said. In these days of violent opposition to malt and vinous beverages it is interesting to recall how much good health was given the King by that pure mild tonic, the familiar old "bottle of Bass."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Our Virtuous Society

If the swish of the tail of Halley's comet had fanned out life on our little planet, it would not have found society unprepared for the end. That at least is the opinion of several society ladies whom I have interviewed on this delicate subject. These atuhorities inform me that there is very little sin in the smart set. They will own up to a few minor peccadilloes, pale anemic transgressions of the decalogue, on the part of certain other society women whom they frankly dislike, but they insist that all our real exclusives cultivate a high moral tone. One of them pointed out that everybody had been to church at least four times within the past month and asked me if I did not think that a sign of active virtue. I was inclined to agree at first, but further questioning brought out the fact that all of the four religious ceremonies were weddings. Knowing that nobody—except the groom— ever prays at a wedding I am doubtful whether there was much spiritual significance in the attendance of society on those occasions. Another of my informants reminded me that the fashionables at Burlingame had been leading the life of the spirit since the club house burned down and that the athletic craze started by Miss Sears had brought nearly everybody closer to Nature and to Nature's God. She added that the morals of society had shown a distinct improvement since Lent, as there are not nearly so many ordinances to break once the penitential season closes. She pointed out that many of our foremost women were fasting rigorously, but admitted that it was to reduce their weight rather than to win favor with Heaven. In conclusion she told me that society people were not to be judged by the common standard of virtue anyway. I suppose I ought to be convinced. If the avoidance of open scandal is a sign of virtuous living I must admit that society has been virtuous for at least a fortnight.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley of San Rafael is actively engaged these days forming a Children's Symphony Orchestra. It is said that negotiations are in progress for the sale of the Lilley place to parties who wish to open a private hotel.

Speculation about Jennie Crocker

Those who make a scientific study of social events, particularly weddings, (and this includes professional bavardes, ambitious mothers and fortune-hunting youths), know that suggestion is a powerful factor in matters hymeneal. What does this mean? Simply that there is a subtle fluid diffused in the matrimonial atmosphere which electrifies outsiders and turns their thoughts toward the possibilities of happiness in double harness. In other words, when there is one marriage in a family there is pretty likely to be another one very soon. To speak in concrete terms, for instance, now that Mr. Templeton Crocker is engaged it should not surprise anybody to hear that his sister Miss Jennie Crocker was thinking of following his example. Mind you, I am not announcing the engagement of Miss Jennie Crocker. I am merely telling you, as a scientific observer, what is likely to occur. Miss Crocker, for some time to come, will be immersed in wedding preparations. The fragrance of orange blossoms will be the breath of her nostrils, so to speak. When her brother is not talking about it, no doubt the charming Miss Irwin will contrive to say a word or two on the subject. Being a true woman Miss Crocker will talk, think, yea dream wedding for some time to come. What more natural then that the personal equation should assert itself? that Miss Crocker should decide to go and do likewise? Miss Crocker has many admirers, several of them disinterested, sincere, ardent admirers who would lay fortunes at her feet. I for one would not be surprised if she should make up her mind to change her estate.

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MRS. EDWARD EVERETT JR.

Formerly Miss Geraldine Byington whose sudden marriage to a Stanford student surprised her many friends recently.

Fashionables Back to Nature

Since the advent of Maud Allen the "back to nature" fad has taken deep root and there isn't a girl in the smart set who is not practising the cult in one form or another. The result will be seen next winter. The ball rooms will be filled with tall lanky maids of the passive Burne-Jones type, their garments swathed about their lithe, slender bodies in careful carelessness. Robust curves on the fashionable feminine figure are anethematized with an indignation so profound that only a society elegante can understand. By the way of attaining this patrician gauntness the girls will spend their vactions in all kinds of hard-working ways. Some of them will

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camp in the Yosemite, carefully leaving their luxurious limousines outside the portals of the park. They're going to walk through the big park, cook their own meals, and otherwise lead the simple life with the most ascetic severity. Miss Gertrude Perry will take a party of her friends on a camping tour of Yosemite next week and will follow this program. Other girls in fashionable society have devised a way to spend their week-ends which will enable them to attain the same slimsiness. They go up the north shore on Saturday, leaving the club house at 5 in the morning, walk six or eight miles before breakfast which they cook on the beach, then resume the hike along the shore road for another ten miles when a stop is made for luncheon. Then begins the return. It was Miss Julia Langhorne who invented this method, and regularly every Saturday eight or ten of her friends, all carefully chaperoned and well protected by a guard of strong young fellows, take to the trail, enjoying their meals prepared on the beach. They say it is great fun.

Photo, Hauenstein

MRS. WALTER SCOTT FRANKLIN

Who is considered by many one of the most beautiful matrons in local society.

Mrs. Garnett's Peacock Chapeau

Porter Garnett, bohemian and esthete, has found new expression for his originality in the design of a hat for his wife. The bit of millinery suggests the Chantecler style but instead of a plebian rooster, little Mrs. Garnett's headpiece is made of a haughty peacock which covers her coal-black tresses in turban fashion. It is a superb and daring confection and the wonder is that it hasn't been imitated. The entire body of the iridescent bird is utilized. The head, with its coronet of shimmering aigrettes, is at one side while the breast and back form the body of the hat with the wings tucked in cosily and a long sweep of shining tailfeathers adding a jaunty sauciness. If the bird could see himself as he now looks he would certainly acknowledge that his martyrdom to fashion had brought abundant compensation. Instead of strutting about the farmyard for the edification of stupid fowl, the peacock now attracts the admiration of the bohemian literati, among whom the Garnetts are leaders.

"Avalon," the palatial summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ayer of Boston, will be the scene of a brilliant wedding next Thursday when Miss Beatrice Banning Ayer becomes the bride of Lieutenant George Smith Patton Jr., lieutenant in the Fifteenth Cavalry. The guests will be taken to the wedding on a special train from Boston. The groom-to-be is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Patton of Pasadena and nephew of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb.

The New Queen and Americans

The great question among American women who yearn for the conquest of exclusive London society is whether the new queen will look with favor on American hostesses backed by American millions. The prevailing impression seems to be that she will not. On this subject a California woman who is intimately acquainted with social conditions in London writes me as follows: "If it is true that the present Queen of England intends to sweep all Americans out of court (and I heard she said she would, some years ago) they can form a pretty strong opposition and will be reinforced by a great many Englishwomen who would disapprove of the Queen quite as much as she could disapprove of them. There was such an Opposition in Queen Victoria's time, and it kept society from being as dull and provincial as it would otherwise have been. True, it was headed by the Prince of Wales, but the new Opposition will find a leader."

Miss Sears in New York

Having exhausted Blingum and the Blingumites Miss Eleanor Sears, the Back Bay athlete, has moved on New York with the intention of astonishing its upper circles. That Miss Sears has succeeded goes without saying, for there is only one case on record of Miss Sears failure in what she started out to do and that was when she was forcibly deterred from finishing her walk from Burlingame to Del Monte. It was during the Ladies' Horse Show at Durland's that Miss Sears excited the comments of the fashionables of the eastern metropolis. With Mrs. John Gerken of New York and Mrs. Charles F. Hubbs of Brooklyn Miss Sears passed judgment on the saddle horses. She made the nags trot, walk and canter. She felt their necks and examined their hocks with a critical eye. And when she awarded the blue rosettes

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everybody agreed that she knew her business. Her dog-cart turnout took a second place because of her superior handling of the reins. With her tandem she cut figure eights and backed, turned sharp corners and stopped abruptly, showing such mastery that she took another prize. Her mannish clothes with which we are familiar, her "Harvard swagger," her unconventional freedom claimed as much attention as her knowledge of horse flesh. The papers have devoted considerable space to Miss Sears and their tone is one of unfeigned admiration. Of course they have told again the story of the famous jaunt, though with some minor inaccuracies. For instance, one paper speaks of Templeton Crocker as a "society athlete," a description which does not describe.

Rumor says that Douglas Grant, the heir of the Joseph D. Grants, is going to marry the daughter of one of our oldest and most exclusive Catholic families. Young Grant is now on his way to Europe.

An Art Institute Story

The annual exhibition of students' work at the Art Institute reminds me that the boys have again polished up the story of the model corrupted by kindness. It is a story worth retelling, even if it didn't happen last week, as the class insists. It really occurred a few winters back, but that is no reason why the spring class should be debarred from appropriating it. It seems that one day the life class was out of a model and the boys and girls were at their wits' end to find one. In desperation two of the boys went to Murray and Ready, the labor agents. Among the hundreds of idlers and unemployed they found a long lank cadaverous mortal, lean and hungry as a famished pirate and so utterly disreputable, so ragged and woe-begone and dirty that they pounced on him as a treasure, bringing him in great glee to the institute. He was the quintessence of bum, a model for all the Weary-Willies in the comic supplement. He was given a box to perch on and the class went to work. He was an inspiration, and in addition to his angularity and brigandish looking gauntness was gifted with a vocabulary that convulsed the art students with hilarity. It was a great day for art. When the class was dismissed the man's ragged appearance melted the tender hearts of the students and they made up a purse for him, telling him that they wanted him to pose for the next two weeks. The fellow had never before in his life had such an audience, so he felt duly impressed. To show his appreciation, when he came back the next day his jungle beard was gone, his long red hair had succumbed to the civilizing influence of the barber. The rags had been replaced by a cheap new outfit and the obtruding toes were hidden within squeaky new shoes. When he made his appearance early in the morning he was hooted out of the room.

Concert Parties and Bach

Concert parties at the Greek Theater this Saturday afternoon, with tea following, will bring together many of the fashionable folk about the bay. The Passion music which will be rendered by the Bach Choir has created more than the usual interest in musical affairs. Many of the women who are patronesses will entertain their friends in this pleasant manner. Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Oscar Luning and Mrs. John Galen Howard are among those interested in this ambitious enterprise. Dr. J. Fred Wolle has received much encouragement in his endeavor to give an annual musical festival at the Greek Theater and from what one hears it will be an unusual event.

The Dargie-McCarthy Marriage

Society received a genuine surprise when it learned that Andrew G. McCarthy, popular clubman and successful businessman, had taken unto himself a bride in the person of Miss Bessie Dargie, the daughter of the late Thomas Dargie of Oakland. While Mr. McCarthy had never been regarded as a bachelor confirmed, he had given no intimation to his friends that he intended to become a benedick, but when they heard of his marriage they rained congratulations upon him. Miss Dargie is a charming girl, petite and black-eyed, just past eighteen years. The ceremony was performed by Father Prendergast, the chancellor of the archdiocese, at the Cathedral rectory in Franklin street. Mrs. Thomas Dargie gave

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the bride away and the bride's aunt, Miss Flora Sharon Sedgwick, was maid of honor. Mr. John M. Sullivan was Mr. McCarthy's best man. On the day following the marriage Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy departed for the East. On their return they will make their home in this city. I hear their first wedding present was the finest Steinway piano in the Steinway factory, the gift of Sherman, Clay & Co. of which firm Mr. McCarthy is treasurer.

The Flight of the Bachelors

One wing of the twelfth floor of the St. Francis Hotel has for a long time borne the name of Bachelors' Hall, but unless something is done quickly the bacalaureate title will be a misnomer. All the bachelors save one have fled and the busy scenes that once were enacted about their doors, such as bell boys darting in with trays of cocktails and darting out with empty glasses soon to be refilled, have given way to a solemn calm. The strange thing about the situation is that none of the erstwhile dwellers in Bachelors' Hall has departed in the direction of matrimony; it just seems that some adverse fate has scattered them. George Lewis, the gay member of the firm of Shreve and Company who knows more about the jeweled gifts which rich men give their wives and affinities than any other man in town, has taken a cosy little flat. Paul Verdier of the City of Paris and Dr. Dunn have started for Europe. Maurice Griffin has hearkened to the call of the country and is enjoying the peace of Marin County. Jack Crothers has hied him to his chicken and butter farm at Niles. And only Willy O'Connor remains, a lone bachelor, walking the untenanted corridor is not too corpulent majesty.

The Mansfeldt Recital

A very interesting program of music will be given on Friday evening, May 27, at Kohler and Chase Hall by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, the pianist, Mr. Ignaz Haroldi, the violinist and Mr. Wenceslao Villalpando, the violincellist. The following numbers will be rendered: 1. Trio, Op. 97, Beethoven; 2. Violoncello Soli, a. Andante Symphonique, Op. 18, D'Erlanger; b. Rondo. Dvorak; 3. Trio, Op. 15, No. 2, Rubinstein.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith who have apartments at the Fairmont were dinner hosts on Monday night in the main restaurant of the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. J. de Latour were their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sheffield of Seattle have taken apartments at the Fairmont. Mr. Sheffield is a capitalist of the northern city and has come south on both business and pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Clowson, also of Seattle, who arrived from the Orient on the Mongolia are at the Fairmont.

Among those who have been at the Fairmont for the purpose of seeing the comet were J. Parker Whitney and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. de Latour, Joseph S. Tobin, David Starr Jordan, Mrs. J. W. Leavitt, Mrs. J. Campbell Shorb and party, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lazare, Chicago, Comte de Pierredon, Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Geo. Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. Japhet Linderberg and many others.

John Rosene of Seattle who is prominently identified with transportation companies and many other interests in Alaska and the Northwest is at the Palace for a few days en route to the south to meet his family who have been spending the winter there.

P. H. Lannan, formerly proprietor of the Salt Lake Tribune who now spends a great part of his time in Los Angeles, was a recent arrival at the Palace.

Thomas Fryant, a well known lumberman of Grand Rapids, Mich., who is making a tour of the coast is at the Palace. He is accompanied by Mrs. Fryant

Mr. and Mrs. Emile Reiss of San Francisco are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

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Mlle. Antonia Dolores, a singer of excellent reputation who has given a number of concerts at the Garrick prior to her departure for Australia, has been at the Palace for the past two weeks. Mlle. Dolores was at the Palace at the time of the great fire and lost two trunks.

Mrs. Miles Nixon entertained recently at a dinner given in honor of Mrs. Scott Wilson and her daughter Mrs. Gear at the Hotel Victoria where with her son and daughter she is a guest during a visit to San Francisco.

Miss Florence M. Hyde and Miss Esther W. Smith from Syracuse, N. Y., registered at the Hotel Victoria during the past week.

T. G. Richmuth, U. S. N., was a recent guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. James M. Goewey and Mrs. L. S. Spencer have been at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. Loriston G. Moseley and Mr. Andrew S. Moseley were guests of the C. A. Grows at The Peninsula.

Judge and Mrs. John R. Aitken and Mrs. E. J. Benedict registered at The Peninsula recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Bradley and family and Judge and Mrs. J. F. Davis were week end guess at The Peninsula.

Arrivals at the Tahoe Tavern on the opening day, May 15, included Wm. G. Lambert, Los Angeles, Cal., A. K. Detwiler, Toledo, Ohio, G. C. McAtic, Los Angeles, G. Dorey, San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Linger, St. Louis, Master Frank and Joseph Linger, St. Louis, O. C. Haslett, Alameda, L. Winchet, Chicago, Mrs. Rockfort, Victoria, B. C., C. F. Burton, Reno, Mrs. Walter Burton, Washington, D. C., and H. C. Brougher, Oakland.

Owing to the spendid roads to Paraiso Hot Springs and the good accommodations, numerous automobile parties throng this resort every week. Among last week's autoists were Mr. Billie Strout, Miss Kathryn F. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. F. Robb and Mr. H. H. Taylor from San Francisco. Also Frank Cobb and wife, H. Coleman, W. T. Shaw, and Dr. and Mrs. Roberts from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Reger and Miss Doris Reger who for the last year have been domiciled at the Fairmont, have taken apartments at Del Monte for the season, and will go down about the last of the month.

Mrs. D. V. Orme of Washington, D. C., who is well-known in the exclusive social circles of the nation's capital, is at Del Monte for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are still at Del Monte, enjoying the links and the many beautiful drives. Mrs. Kohl is as usual wearing some stunning gowns and wonderful jewels.

R. Egan, a well known attorney and one of the pioneers of Los Angeles, is in the city and is being welcomed by his many friends here. He is making his home at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud of San Francisco spent the week end at Paraiso Hot Springs.

In the list of recent arrivals at Aetna Springs from San Francisco are J. A. Marsh, Mrs. Julius Gabriel and daughter, Misses Joseph, Miss Frisbee, E. C. Bergin, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. De Lappe, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Keithley and Miss E. G. Unger.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hurd and the Misses Mary and Eleanor Hurd of Locust Point, New Jersey, and A. D. Hurd of Boston, arrived at the Potter Hotel during the week in a Packard touring. They have toured across the continent and will make the return trip by motor car via the northwest country.

Mrs. James C. Jordan of San Francisco in her big White car, accompanied by Miss Jane Kinney, Mrs. George C. Cass and Mrs. David Cutlen of the same city, arrived at the Potter during the week.

Mr. C. B. Wisner, D. M. Speed and R. W. McCollume of Coalinga, representatives of the British Consolidated Oil Company, registered at the Potter. They were traveling in a 1910 Marion motor car.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Metcalfe of Berkeley are at the Potter Hotel. They are traveling to Nordhoff in their big Thomas flyer.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Thomas Mirk, Neil L. Neilsen, W. Ewing, O. N. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Gates, M. W. Davis, Mrs. W. Grant Wilson, J. J. McGinness, Harry J. Lask, C. A. Snyder, Lorena K. Shinn, Hildegarde Zuindars, Hugh G. Guyer and Mrs. S. T. Berhnard.

Among the recent arrivals at Highland Springs were L. F. Van, H. M. Ams, J. N. Williams, Mrs. E. G. Williams, A. V. Shultz, C. H. Ayers, W. H. Burt, Bert Krunzbruger, Ed. Nathan, J. A. McHenry, John Taubel and wife, Mr. Harrington and family, A. Van Loo; all from San Francisco.

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Barrie's Delicious Comedy

By Edward F. O'Day

Gentle reader, of course you are aware that comedy is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, that it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilized men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world, no mire, no violent crashes, to make the correctness of the representation convincing. Equally of course you know that in comedy credulity is not wooed through the impressionable senses. You are aware as well as I that the comic spirit conceives a definite situation for a number of characters, that it rejects all accessories in the exclusive pursuit of them and their speech; that being a spirit, it hunts the spirit in men, with never a thought of persuading you to belief. Knowing these things you know also that these are beautiful words which I have given you, but you do not for a moment wonder at that, for of course you know that the words are not mine—I would that they were! Gentle but sagacious reader that you are, you know that I borrowed these words from Meredith and that there is no chance of my passing them off as my own, supposing that I so desired, because everybody in the world reads Meredith now that he is dead and indifferent. What? Well, perhaps not everybody. I make no apology for setting a Meredith jewel here, like the brilliant in the toad's head, because when Meredith wrote those words he might well have had James Barrie in mind. If James Barrie be not the comic spirit housed in a tenement of flesh, as I verily believe, he is at least that spirit's most favored mouthpiece. Miss Maude Adams being in turn the delicate instrument which vibrates to Barrie's lightest touch, we who have had the privilege of seeing her in "What Every Woman Knows" may consider that we have established intimate relations with the spirit world. It is not a world for critics; their well-intentioned nullities, shadowy enough at times, are less ethereal than its pavement whereon only the elect like Mr. Barrie and Miss Adams may walk securely. Let the critickin try to follow them with his seven-league sentences and he will realize his limitations more poignantly than is good for his self-esteem. Let us not therefore try to penetrate this world where Mr. Barrie and Miss Adams hold laughing communion with the comic spirit. Rather let us regard them from afar, acknowledging the grossness of our too solid flesh that debars us from their company. It is a delicious spectacle that Mr. Barrie, Miss Adams and their crony, the comic spirit, are presenting. In our crude terms we might describe it as the spectacle, old as this old world, of a man making a fool of himself and a woman loving him for his foolishness. Being naught but fools we men look on this as admirable satire, but the women know that it is naked verity and they laugh with us at the spectacle, lest we be ashamed. Not that we are too much ashamed. This man of Barrie's, being a great fool, cannot be like other men, ourselves for instance; and this woman of Barrie's, being a creature gifted with uncanny knowledge of masculine weakness, cannot be like other women, our wives or sweethearts, let us say. Knowing that we belong to the stronger sex, the superior gender of life, we are not so much embarrassed as amused at Barrie's revelations. Of course they stir a bit of uneasiness, but our fine masculine pride is equal to the energency. Miss Adams is laughing at her man, of course, but she could not laugh that way at us. We have never succumbed to the failings that he succumbs to. We have never falsely estimated our strength, our ability. We know the worth of woman, though of course we do not lean on her, consciously or unconsciously, as John Shand leaned on Maggie. Of course our Shandisms are our own, not our wives'. We have the sense of humor indeed. Why, of course we have. Do we not laugh at our wives and sweethearts, as well as with them? And of course we know that they do not laugh at us. We know that they are not doing for us as Maggie did for John. Poor silly, blind weaklings that we are! Not all the witchery of Barrie and Miss Adams in league with the comic spirit can wake us from our trance of self-satisfaction. That perhaps is something more that every woman knows and knowing, laughs inwardly, not only at the spectacle on the stage but also at the spectacle by her side in the orchestra chair, the eternal masculine hedged about by conceit. To return to Meredith for a moment, you remember that he tells us: "In Comedy is the singular scene of charity issuing of disdain under the stroke of honorable laughter." Can we men allow that Meredith was right in that? The sentence is certainly a marvelous adumbration of the play we are considering. "What Every Woman Knows" is compact of charity and honorable laughter, but disdain? Must we acknowledge the disdain? Do these women, with their charity and their laughter, harbor also a sentiment of disdain? It is not a pleasant speculation, especially if in real life the disdain be not so refined by charity and honorable laughter as in the stillatory of

HENRY OHLMEYER
Director of Ohlmeyer's Band now at Idora Park.

comedy. You see, our glimpse of that other world wherein the comic spirit gambols with Barrie and Miss Adams is not altogether soothing to our complacency. If our eyes see aright they convey the impression that men are but poor creatures. Can Barrie have meant as much? I am afraid that was his intention. I fear that Miss Adams takes a keen delight in interpreting him just that way. But after all, how can Barrie know what every woman knows? Surely no woman ever told him. What a joke on John Shand if what Maggie told him was but an iota of the truth! a carefully pared truth wrapped in laughter to make it sweet to the masculine palate! What if there is more behind? Will Mr. Barrie kindly refrain from writing another such play lest men be overwhelmed with shame? Or will he kindly construct a play telling all the world what every man knows about woman? Perhaps that would not supply material enough for a playlet, but if it were eked out by what man thinks he knows about woman Mr. Barrie would be oppressed by the weight of his material. Meanwhile I have been so busy running round in circles in a vain attempt to vindicate my sex that I have no space for praise of the greatest actress on the American stage

Stage

Exit Max Beerbohm

All readers of the Saturday Review of London are sorry to learn that Max Beerbohm has given up the post of dramatic critic for that fine weekly. For twelve years Beerbohm has occupied the place formerly filled by George Bernard Shaw, with credit to himself and with profit to those interested in plays and players. His judgment has ever been sound, his articles invariably entertaining. Only a writer of exceptional ability can prove his worthy successor. It remains to be seen whether Lord Dunsany will fill the bill. From Beerbohm's valedictory I cull these sentences:

Twelve long years, all but a short month or two, have elapsed since I became a dramatic critic. I had no desire to become one. "G. B. S." had just stepped aside: I found myself in his place, blinking. Had I been told that I was destined to write about plays for twelve weeks, I should have shuddered. Had I been told that I was destined to write about them for twelve years, I should have expired on the spot, neatly falsifying the prediction. But Fate weaves in darkness (which perhaps is why she weaves so badly), and it was not long before I acquired a vivid interest in the thing that, unbeknown to me, was going to take up so much of my time on this planet. Not that my pen ever ran away with me. I do not recall that I have once sat down eager to write, or that I have once written with ease and delight. But the cause of this lack was not in the nature of my theme. It was in myself. Writing has always been uphill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience. To seem to write with ease and delight is one of the duties which a writer owes to his readers, to his art. And to contrive that effect involves very great skill and care: it is a matter of technique, a matter of construction partly, and partly of choice of words and cadences. There may be—I have never met one—writers who enjoy the act of writing; but without that technique their enjoyment will not be manifest. I may often have failed, in my articles here, to disguise labor. But the effort to disguise it has always been loyally made. And thus it is that Thursday, the day chosen by me (as being the latest possible one) for writing my article, has for twelve years been regarded by me as the least pleasant day of the week. On Wednesday I have had always a certain sense of oppression, of misgiving, even of dread. On Friday—the danger past, the sun shining, my feet dancing! And yet (such is habit, and so subtle a thing the human organism), whenever I have let pass a Thursday I have felt uncomfortable, unsatisfied, throughout the day. Even during my annual holiday, away from England, when I have kept no count of the days of the week, I have always recognized Thursday by the vague feeling of inanition in me, of impatience—the sort of feeling a clock may have when it has not been wound up. And I am wondering now, as I write, just how I shall feel next Thursday, and on the Thursdays to come.

Collier Follows Maude Adams

William Collier who last appeared here in "Caught in the Rain" is to be the next attraction at the Columbia Theater where he will present his newest comedy success, "A Lucky Star," which he brings direct from a four months' run in New York. The play has been adapted from the novel called "The Motor Chaperon" and in its transfer to the stage Anne Crawford Flexner who was responsible for "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has been highly successful. It is said that seldom, if ever before, has a role been so carefuly modeled to fit a star's requirements as is the central figure in "A Lucky Star."

"The Squaw Man" at the Alcazar

"The Squaw Man" which is to be revived for a week's run at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday, has earned a reputation for clean, wholesome, thoroughgoing Americanism that comes close to placing upon it the stamp of the greatest play of the West. Its author, Edwin Milton Royle, was reared amid the people he depicts and all that his characters say and do in developing his cleverly-constructed plot is marked by a naturalness that charms while it convinces, while the atmosphere surprises by its realism all who have gazed from a railway-car window at the bleak Wyoming cattle country. Landers Stevens is splendidly equipped, both physically and temperamentally, for the title part, and in the cast with him will be all the members of the Alcazar company and a number of extra people. Evelyn Vaughan will again be seen as the Earl's wife, Bessie Barriscale as the little squaw, Fred J. Butler as Big Bill, the rancho foreman, and Will R. Walling as the Earl. Those who witnessed "The Squaw Man" during its three weeks' run in the Alcazar last season need not be told that its pictorial appeal is very strong.

Good Vaudeville at the Orpheum

The Herring-Curtiss aeroplane in which Glenn H. Curtiss made his championship flights at Rheims and Brescia will be exhibited at the Orpheum next week. While it is impossible to make an actual flight in the theatre the remarkable airship will be seen in operation and the audience will be given a practical and comprehensive idea of its mechanism. Miss Mabel Bardine and her company of five will present "Suey San," described as a Chinese tragedy. All the characters meet in the San Francisco Chinatown where the plot is developed. The scenery and electrical effects are elaborate. James H. Cullen, humorist and raconteur, will be in the new bill. The Morrisey Sisters and Brothers, four agile and gifted singers and dancers, will contribute a pleasing diversion. The Thomas J. Ryan-Richfield Company will appear in another of Will Cressy's sketches entitled "Mag Haggerty's Father." It will be the last week of their engagement. Smith and Campbell, the Three Brothers Mascagno, and Frank Fogarty, "The Dublin Minstrel," will also say farewell with this program.

"The Wolf" at Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, have a splendid offering for next week in "The Wolf," which they will stage for the first time anywhere at

MABEL BARDINE

Who will appear as "Suey San" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

popular prices. This play by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way" and "Just a Wife," represents a type of character and phase of life different from anything hitherto done by Mr. Walter. It is a story of the Hudson Bay country in the far Canadian Northwest and depicts in the rough the passions and heroism of the people who dwell there. The men are not of the familiar stage type nor are the scenes of a mechanical order. The role of Jules Beaubien, the young French Canadian hero of the piece, will afford Sydney Ayres a splendid acting role, in which his appearance will be watched with interest, and Elizabeth Stewart will be seen in an equally congenial role in Hilda, the only feminine character in the play. "The Wolf" will be given a strong cast throughout, and the usual complete scenic surroundings will be provided. "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," George M. Cohan's musical play, is announced to follow.

The Macdonough Attractions

Grace George opened an engagement of three nights, starting Thursday with a matinee this Saturday, at the Macdonough Theater, Oakland, in Thompson Buchanan's "A Woman's Way." For Monday, May 23, the management of this theater have secured Maud Allan. Miss Allan will be seen for one night only and it will probably be her last performance in the United States. Among the dances that will be executed will be "The Vision of Salome." Miss Allan will have the assistance of an augumented symphony orchestra under the direction of Paul Steindorff, who the next day will leave for a three months' visit to his parents in Germany. Miss Allan will also leave for London where she has a special engagement of forty performances. Kolb & Dill will open at the Macdonough May 30 in a three weeks' engagement during which they will present a varied repertoire including their great San Francisco success "The Merry Widow" and "The Devil." June 7 and 8 Maud Adams will be at the Macdonough in "What Every Woman Knows" which is daily adding laurels to those already won by the little actress. July 4, 5, and 6 Willie Collier will be at this enterprising playhouse. July 7 Ferris Hartman will open an unlimited engagement in comic opera at popular prices. Every one in Oakland as well as San Francisco knows Ferris Hartman and his mirth creating qualities. His company will be picked from the best the Pacific Coast affords and the operas will be staged with great care.

Ohlmeyer at Idora

Ohlmeyer's Coronado Beach Band is duplicating the success recently scored by Ferullo at Idora Park. Herbert L. Clarke, for eleven years with Sousa as premier cornetist and assistant director, is leading soloist. Franz Helle, the great exponent of the fluegel horn; George Mulford, Sousa's famous piccolo player; Otto Jacobs, euphonium; John Hughes, cornet; P. J. Parisi, trombone and Henry Meyer Jr., xylophone, make one of the greatest combinations of soloists ever heard. Two of the solo players are heard at every concert, afternoon and evening. On next Wednesday Ohlmeyer will play a Victor Herbert program, the entire evening being devoted to the selections of America's popular composer.

Stellar attractions for the near future at the Columbia Theater are Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Fiske and Henrietta Crosman.

Margaret Anglin is to give a performance of the "Antigone" of Sophocles at the Greek Theater and elaborate preparations for that event are now being made.

Is Richard Bennett a Scotchman? His portrayal of John Shand is so lifelike, his accent so good, that many think he must be to the manner born.

Maude Allan dances for the last time in San Francisco at the Valencia Theater tonight. The "Vision of Salome" will be among her offerings.

R. Peyton Carter, David Torrence and Fred Tyler who play the parts of the three Wylie brothers in the Barrie play are excellent actors.

SCENE FROM "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS" AT THE COLUMBIA THEATER

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was good week end buying of some of the leading shares with Reading in front. The buying gave rise to important developments in this property and the intimation is made that the long looked for segregation of the coal lands from the railway will occur ere long. The buying up of the Clark Montana copper properties by the Amalgamated Company gave sufficient impetus to the latter stock to make some of the short interest cover. We have stated recently that we believed that the corner had been turned in the stock market and that values would do better for some time and we have given as the reason for the change that we are now approaching the crop season and the adjournment of Congress. Both of these factors are favorable and distinctly important. The outlook for good crops means a revival of business throughout the country and the adjournment of Congress, the doing away with political agitation. We have the strong fundamentals for better stock values in the coming two months.

Wheat—Vigorous and persistent application of muscle on the part of powerful and wealthy speculators has caused a recovery in the last half of last week of most of the ground lost in the first half. Early losses in values followed the issue of the government's estimates of the acreage and condition of the winter wheat crop. These show that the crop condition had improved in April although the winter losses in acreage were extremely heavy and brought the big seeded area down to only fair proportions—714,000 acres more than was harvested last year. Timely rains have vastly improved the general condition of the winter wheat crop since the government report was issued, although there has at the same time been further abandonment of many wheat fields that were in doubt a month ago. Hessian fly damage has also caused some impairment of soft winter wheat prospects in a limited section of which southern Illinois is the center. Nevertheless it is a safe assumption that 50,000,000 bushels more could be taken off the present winter wheat promise before even a normally healthy situation would be restored. A wealthy and stubborn eastern speculator and investor owns the present stock in Chicago and has bought more wheat to be delivered this month. He has paid out several modest fortunes to carry much of this wheat since September last, the holdings being added to in December and showing little shrinkage from merchandising drains since then. The chance of merchandising it at present levels is disappearing rapidly as the new crop approaches, while the prospects of the expensive load being increased are considerable.

Corn lost very little ground last week. There was more weakness in the May delivery than in more deferred values. This was a reflection of the fears regarding the quality of some of the kiln dried mixed corn in store, but this corn is being rapidly moved out. Cold weather has retarded the growth in the southern areas, where a fair percentage of the crop was already up.

Cotton—The cotton market has been active and strong the past few days, with prices at a new high level for this year. The trading in July in particular was very active. The advance seemed to be taken advantage of by the bulls to market some cotton and traders were fairly good sellers on the advance. The sentiment in regard to the price of spot cotton for the future is generally bullish. As far as the old crop months are concerned, we look for a considerable squeeze in any one of these near months. The advance in the market was credited to the anxiety of the shorts to get out. The strength the past few days has been more of a demonstration than the shorts could stand. The influence of the confident predictions that the bull deal would be carried through the summer in an aggressive form also tended to disturb the short sellers. With all this to influence sympathetically the prices on the new crop, we still maintain that the high prices of last year and those predicted or even indicated for the new crop can never hold and that we will see a change of sentiment and lower prices.

Copper—The copper metal market has continued soft. Metal was offered at 12⅜ cents per pound, and it is reported that consumers are holding off. Last week electrolytic copper sold off five-eighths of a cent in New York. This decline may be attributed to a continued increase in foreign visible supply. During April the visible increase abroad was 7,000 tons, where it was expected that there would be a decrease. Copper stocks in the United States and Europe now aggregate 400,000,000 and the production is practically at top figures. Of late there has been heard some talk of a reduction for the Butte district. The output for April was a little more than 25 million pounds and for May will probably be more than thirty million. From advices received from Butte the managers have no intention of closing down their properties or even curtailing this production on account of the decline in the price of metal. The average price of producing copper in Butte is about 10 cents per pound and even were the price of metal to decline to 11 cents a pound the Butte mines could be continued in operation much more economically than they could be closed down, because this latter would mean deterioration in the machinery and the possible filling in of some of the mines with water. Therefore no curtailment of production can be expected from that source. The only hope of the situation is an increase in the demand for the metal and we can say advisedly in regard to this phase of the question that an increased demand is being made every day. Within a few days the American Metal Co. and the United Metals Selling Companies have, it is reported, made some very large sales of copper for immediate delivery though there is no verification of these rumors. These companies, they say, expect to buy copper at 12 cents per pound within thirty days. This low price does not worry the low cost porphyry companies. Nevada Consolidated, for instance, can make a good profit on 12½ or even 11 cent copper, as it can produce it at 7.46 cents per pound against 10 cents in the Butte mines. Should the price of metals temporarily decline to below 12 cents, the principal sufferers will be the Butte and Michigan properties, while those of Utah, Nevada and Arizona will not suffer nearly as much.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 12.)

and the heat of a July sun had now increased my thirst till it had become almost insufferable. The thought too that I might wander in those mountains without finding water until I became lost, and had to lie down and die a death of torture almost distracted me. I wandered on until to my horror I discovered that I had already got turned around, and lost my way. I could not tell from the confused mass of hills around me which way to go to get out of them. I was hemmed in by a dense thicket of chapparal, and had scarcely strength to extricate myself. I now sat down on my blankets and began to think seriously of death. I had no means of knowing whether every step I took was not plunging me deeper into the lonely wilds of those vast mountains, and no reason to hope that a journey of days among them, supposing that I could have held out, would have at all bettered my condition. I was indeed in a dreadful strait. I knew that I had been at times a great sinner against the commandments of God, and asked for forgiveness. I could not, however, bring to mind a single instance where I had wickedly injured any of my fellow creatures, or where I had injured any one at all, except in retaliation for injuries done to me, and I thought my punishment was more than I deserved, if it was the intention of Heaven to let me perish there from the tortures of thirst, a lonely maniac, with no eye save my Maker's and the beasts and vultures to look upon my corpse, and no tongue to tell the dreadful story to my fellow men. I felt that, though it might be the will of Providence that I should not ultimately escape the toils of my pursuers, my sins had not been so black and many that he should have reserved me for this frightful death, and I took heart. I had a burning fever, and all kinds of wild phantasies filled my brain. I thought of the story of Aaron smiting the rock in the wilderness for the children of Israel, and actually wondered whether I might not hope for some such miraculous interposition for me. While I sat here too exhausted to move, night came on, and I then discovered what I did not know before, that thirst is never half so intense at night as it is in the day time. As the night advanced, although each hour lengthened the time of my privation still each hour refreshed me. Finally I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning I felt much fresher than when I had halted on the preceding day, but still suffering dreadfully from thirst. I at once summoned all my courage and pressed forward again, whither I knew not, in search of relief. As the sun rose higher my agony of course increased, but nerved by despair, I pressed on eagerly looking around for any sign of water. I thought of the clear sparkling spring where I had bathed at the Arroyo Honde, and the aqueduct of the Mission of Santa Barbara and a dozen places where I had seen water clearest and coldest and freshest, and I thought the vision would madden me.

At length after walking an hour or two, just as I had become convinced that I could hold out under the increasing heat but a little while longer, I espied some leaves on the side of a rock which looked damp. I put my hands on them and to my unspeakable joy I discovered that they were quite wet. I knew there must be water near them and tried to trace them up to the source, but they became dry again only a little way up the rock and I commenced to dig with my knife among them. At first I could not discover where the water was weeping from. After a little while, however, I discovered a small aperture in the rock shaped something like a bake oven. The rock was very soft, being decomposed, and I could work on it almost as easily as clay. I dug away at it and presently drops of water began to fall out of it into a little basin at the bottom of the oven. This basin I cleaned out so that it would hold more, and after working at it more than an hour, I was enabled by inserting a reed, which I cut for the purpose, into the basin, to suck up a few drops of water. I think I must have drank all that fell into the basin for an hour and a half before I quenched my thirst. I then ate heartily of my bread and beef tongue, for I was very hungry, having abstained from eating lest it should increase my thirst. When night came I made a soft, comfortable bed by spreading my blanket on the leaves, and, throwing myself upon it, I fervently thanked God for his kindness to me in my wretchedness, and enjoyed a sweet and untroubled sleep until morning. When I awoke I found that my labor of yesterday had been rewarded by a beautiful little spring, which during the night had become full of clear cold water. I took a delicious draught of it and then washed myself and sat down to eat the slim remnants of my beef tongue and bread. I now bethought me that a desperate attempt must be made to get out of the mountains, otherwise, my provisions being exhausted, I should have only escaped death by thirst to perish by starvation.

Accordingly, I cut two long slim poles with my knife, and tying them across each other firmly, with a piece of my handkerchief, I made a cross and hung it on a small leafless tree that stood near the spot, so that in the event any other poor hunted fugitive should find himself lost and dying in those mountains, he might see by the cross that some one had been there, and find the water. I well knew that none but the persecuted and pursued would ever have business in those grim solitudes. I cut the initials of my name on the tree on which I had hung the cross, christened the place "St. Peter's Spring," and commenced my doubtful attempt to get out of the mountain. After partly walking and partly crawling on my hands

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and knees through the chapparal, for nearly two hours, I heard a distant sound like the falling of water. I immediately turned in the direction from which the sound came, and in about twenty minutes more, during which I was continually descending into a canyon, I came to a large mountain stream. I looked up it and the scene was very picturesque. It came roaring and dashing on for some distance above me, between two bold and rugged walls of rock, leaping from crag to crag in a succession of beautiful cascades, keeping continually wet with their glittering spray the leaves of the bushes that overhung them. My heart bounded sympathetically with the glad rush of the free waters, and with a heart elated with hope, I followed the course of the stream, knowing full well that it must lead me to the valley. I began to suspect that this must be the arroyo that irrigated Doctor Den's estate; and the same from which I had foolishly wandered the previous morning.

It was very hot weather, and as I walked along in the stream, supporting myself on the slippery rocks by means of a pole, I felt very much refreshed. I frequently drank of the water and toward noon I stopped and took a delightful bath. I here caught a little turtle which I killed and found eggs in it. These I ate, and relished them exceedingly. I kept the meat, thinking that perhaps I might want it. At length I came to a little clear place on the bank of the stream, and observed a narrow trail leading out of the brush wood down to the water. I at first thought that this trail was made by cattle coming to the water to drink. In this I was mistaken, as there are no cattle in those mountains.

It was toward sun down and I stopped here to rest for the night. I soon discovered what had made the trail. Hearing a rustling in the bushes I looked up, and, on the other side of the stream, I saw a beautiful deer. It was looking at me, and occasionally it would stand up on its hind legs, and then paw the earth with its little flinty hoof like an impatient racer. I was not thirty yards from it, and it remained in the same spot nearly twenty minutes. I had seen plenty of deer before in my wanderings, for that section of the State abounds in them, but they had always fled at the sight of me. This one had probably never seen a human being before. It seemed to pity me. Its intelligent bright eye seemed to say to me that it knew from my wretched and weary appearance that I had neither the heart nor the power to harm it. I would not have harmed a hair of its body for the world. It was a comfort to me to look into its face and fancy that I could there read sympathy for my distress; and when at length it turned lightly away and vanished in the bushes, I felt as though I had lost a companion. Shortly after my forest visitor had gone, I spread my blankets and stretching my weary limbs upon them I was soon wrapped in a deep sleep.

The next day, Friday, the first of August, I was awake betimes and continued my journey down the stream. I had not proceeded far before I became convinced that my conjecture as to this being the arroyo that ran through Dr. Den's farm, was correct. I saw the residence of my friend, and once more felt that I was restored to communication with my species. I did not go near the house, not knowing who might be about the premises, but crept stealthily down to the sea shore and gathered a quantity of mussels, which I put into my shirt, and carried back to the mountains. I also stopped and got over the fence into the Doctor's garden and pulled up some potatoes which I carried with me, thinking that I might by some chance get fire and cook them. In the hurry of my departure I had forgotten to ask Donna Rosa for some matches. On my return to the mountain I laid down my load by the side of the stream and prepared to make my breakfast. I had heard of the Indians making fire by rubbing two dry sticks together, and I tried the experiment. I labored at it about two hours but was at length obliged to give it up without succeeding. I afterwards learned from one of Dr. Den's servants how to do it, but it was at a time when I did not need the knowledge, and it availed me nothing. He had two sticks, one round and the other flat. In the end of the flat one a hole was bored exactly to fit the diameter of the round one. Into this hole he inserted one end of the round stick, and then rolled it back and forth between his hands until the friction produced fire. The sticks have to be of a peculiar kind of wood, which he pointed out to me. I tried the experiment and succeeded.

I contented myself with breakfasting upon the mussels raw, and enjoyed them pretty well. The tide not being far enough out when I visited the shore, I had not been able to gather many of them, and ate all that I had for breakfast. Toward the middle of the day, I again felt hungry, and resolved to try the raw turtle meat which I had put into the stream in my shirt to keep it fresh. I found, however, that it was too unpalatable. I was not quite hungry enough to get it down. Knowing, however, that if it once got into my stomach it would be nutritious and strengthening to me, I tried an experiment which succeeded. I peeled one of the potatoes, and then scraped it all away with my knife. These scrapings I mixed with water and made of them little balls into which I put small pieces of the meat, and thus swallowed it without any unpleasant taste. In this way I managed to eat a raw potato and the turtle.

I laid down supperless that night determined to get to the beach the next morning earlier, in order to be there at low tide when the mussels were more plenty. Accordingly, before it was quite light, I again started to the beach, and this time secured a bountiful supply. I returned, and after breakfasting heartily, had plenty of them left for dinner.

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I remained in the mountains until the next morning, Sunday, the third of August, when I again descended to the seaside for my usual supply of mussels, and returned to eat them. I began to think now that it was almost time to hear something from my friends at Santa Barbara, unless my letter to Gen. Covarrubias had miscarried. Accordingly after my breakfast, I again descended and cautiously approached the Doctor's garden. Before I reached it I saw a man coming up the canyon leading a horse. He was a Californian, and one whom I had never seen before. I also heard the voice of some one singing. I immediately retraced my steps and concealed myself. I did not again venture to approach the Doctor's house in that direction, but remained most of the day in the mountains, making my way northward so as to come down into the road above the ranch, toward San Luis Obispo; thinking it much safer than to enter it between the Doctor's and Santa Barbara. After cautiously reconnoitering, I went over the point of a low hill just ahead of me, and stepped down into the road. I had not more than reached it before a Spaniard came directly upon me from the direction of the house, and appearing to know all about me, at once gave me to understand that Gen. Covarrubias was at the house, and desired me to come quickly. I went with him at once, and on reaching the garden, I was met by the Doctor, his wife, little Kate, Gen. Covarrubias, and eight or ten servants. The Doctor at once seizing me by the hand and exclaiming—"It is no time to talk," hurried me through the garden and into the house. Just as we entered it the Doctor pointed through an open window to five armed men who were riding along the road to Santa Barbara, coming apparently from the Arroyo Honde. "There they go," he exclaimed, "the rat catchers! They dare not search my house." I had a fair view of the miserable wretches as they galloped by, and as I looked after them I pitied them; yes, actually pitied them. For who can fall so low, and be so just an object of pity, as the human being who can pursue a fellow-man by whom he was never wronged, for hire?

The Doctor explained to me that he had returned from Santa Inez three days after I had left his house. That his wife had kept my note until his return, preferring to send it by his hand to Gen. Covarrubias. As soon as he had read it, he at once ordered his carriage, and taking his lady with him to avoid suspicion, proceeded to Santa Barbara and found the General. While there he discovered that a party under the lead of the White Pig, (Blake), was preparing to go to the Arroyo Honde with great hopes of taking me. They arrived, as he had learned, at the Arroyo on Saturday, the second of August. Besides Blake, the party consisted of a deputy sheriff who had a warrant for my arrest, a Scotch blacksmith and two others. They were all armed with guns and revolvers.

On arriving at the house, they asked the Senora a great many questions about me, but she, poor soul, who was now really ignorant of my whereabouts, told them she did not know where I had gone. Although she this time spoke the truth, they did not credit her, and forthwith searched the house, and old Konoya's hut, and then leaving at the house the bloody-minded son of Vulcan, with his great six shooter and double barrelled shot gun, to prevent the woman or her children from giving me warning, in case I was lurking about the premises, the other four beat the bushes about the mountains for some hours; meeting, however, with no success, they returned to the house, and the next morning, Sunday, returned disappointed and crest fallen to Santa Barbara. These were the five worthies whom Dr. Den pointed out to me from his house, as they were returning from their fruitless search.

General Covarrubias then entered and embraced me. He and his son Onisimo, and a few of Dr. Den's people had been searching the mountains high and low with provisions for me, and would have given me up for dead, but that a California woman named Marie Jesus, who lived with her husband in the garden, had seen me go to the beach for mussels on Friday. He told me he had been roaming through the mountains, singing—"Covarrubias! Covarrubias! no instructions!" in order to attract my attention, and let me know who and where he was. I told him I had heard the singing, and explained to him that I did not recognize his words or his voice, and therefore did not reply. The Doctor brought out some fine English ale and I consumed three small bottles of it before I quenched my thirst. It was the first thing in the shape of stimulus I had tasted for many days, and after the fatigues I had lately gone through, it revived me wonderfully.

In the meanwhile Donna Rosa set her servants to work preparing me a nice chicken, and then invited me to come into the parlor and seat myself by her on the sofa. She kept gazing at me, wretched and forlorn as I was, and murmuring pauvre viejo, etc.

I felt that I must have cut but a sorry figure in my ragged clothes, and but for the heartfelt kindness with which I was treated, and which placed me quite at my ease, I should have felt very awkward at finding myself in such a condition in the presence of ladies.

After enjoying a fine supper, and passing a delightful evening with that good and deservedly happy family, about nine o'clock it was thought advisable for me to leave the house. Donna Rosa provided me with a pillow and some blankets, and then, accompanied by the General, the Doctor, and a few of his people, I entered a corn field adjacent to the house, and in the centre of it made my camp. This was destined to be my hiding place for six weeks. The Doctor gave directions to the woman Marie Jesus and her husband, who lived in the garden,

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to watch over me and provide me with food until further orders. He then gave me a double barrelled gun, and told me that in the morning he would go to town, and make arrangements to thwart if possible the getting up of any further expeditions against me, or at any rate get the earliest intimation of them from his friends. He cautioned me against letting any one see me but those who belonged to his own rancho, and assured me I need have no apprehensions as to their fidelity and discretion. He and the General then bid me good night and left me. When they had gone I laid down on my blankets and felt happy. I poured out my spirit in thankfulness to Heaven that I had, after wandering for thirty days through the wilds of Santa Barbara, unsheltered and unfriended save by strangers, whose good feeling to me had been rendered useless by treachery, at length found a haven of rest, and a protector and friend on whom I knew I could rely. I fell into a sound and untroubled sleep, for I knew that I was guarded by the honor of a hospitable gentleman.

When I awoke on the morning of the fourth of August the sun was some hours high. My frequent potations of the Doctor's ale on the previous evening, together with an unaccustomed sense of security, had made my sleep more than usually sound. I found one of the Doctor's servants, Santiago, the husband of Marie Jesus who lived in the garden, standing by me with a good breakfast and some hot coffee. He informed me as well as he could that Don Nicholas, as he called the Doctor, and General Covarrubias had started early for the city. I had a slight headache when I awoke, but a drop of good brandy before breakfast, and the hot coffee, made me all right. I found my place of refuge very comfortable. The corn was so tall that I was continually shaded from the sun except at mid-day, when I made myself an awning by fastening the corners of a sheet to four stout corn-stalks. I had cleared out a place sufficiently large to enable me to move about comfortably, and, all things considered, I was very snugly lodged.

On Sunday, Donna Rosa, accompanied by her sweet little children, paid me a visit, and inquired through little Kate, after my health and comfort. The Doctor did not accompany her, for when absent in the city of a Sunday, he never returned till evening, always waiting to attend church. I replied to the kind lady that I was very comfortable, and after a very agreeable visit she returned to the house. That evening, the Doctor returned, and came out to the corn-field to see me. I learned from him that the hunt after me appeared to be rather flagging. None of the San Francisco Vigilantes were in Santa Barbara, nor had he heard of their being in the vicinity. Jack Power had started off in as suspicious a manner as he could in company with an old Spaniard disguised as me, taking the road to Los Angeles, and had been hotly pursued by the dauntless and zealous Curtis and Gough, and eight or ten lunch-eaters. The Doctor brought me a two weeks' file of the San Francisco Herald, besides a number of other papers, and I was abundantly supplied with the news. I here learned of another surmise as to my whereabouts. They had doubtless come to the conclusion at San Francisco that I could not possibly be in the State and have escaped my indefatigable pursuers, and on looking round for some place to locate me, had lit upon my native city. I also had the pleasure of reading in the San Diego Herald of the twenty-sixth of July, the following flattering notice of my movements from the pen of my soi disant friend, J. Judson Ames, Esq., publisher of that sheet:

Gossip about Ned McGowan.—This notorious individual is probably by this time in the State of Sonora. He was seen at Cariso Creek, on the desert, in the early part of this week, by the Express rider from Camp Yuma, who conversed with him, and by whom Ned sent his respects to Major Harvey, telling him that Col. Baker had arrived thus far safe, if an opportunity should offer of forwarding the message. He stated that he was going to Sonora. The Expressman says that Ned had "a very poor horse, but some mighty good brandy!" If they know at Camp Yuma that he has been indicted in San Francisco, there is some chance that the ballot box stuffer may yet swing at the end of a hempen cord.

This fellow after penning the above, had the impudence to approach me in Sacramento, (since my unexpected return) and extend both of his hands, expressing his most heartfelt delight at seeing me once more safe and in good health. My reply to him on that occasion is not at all pertinent to this narrative, but I desire that he will call it to mind, and then be assured that it was mild and gentle in comparison with the sketch of his history, dating from the days of President Tyler to the present hour, which I have promised myself the pleasure of drawing at some future time.

(To be Continued.)

UKIAH EXCURSION

The NORTHERNWESTERN PACIFIC announces its second excursion to Ukiah will be run on Sunday, May 22d. No stops are made in transit except for train purposes, and you are guaranteed a seat as no more tickets will be sold than seats provided. On this ride, passing as you do through the beautiful valleys of Marin, Sonoma and Mendocino counties one can have a most enjoyable day. The scenery is varied and for forty-six miles you skirt the Russian River. The leaving time from San Francisco is 8:45 a. m., and from Ukiah 5:00 p. m. Tickets are only $2.50 for round-trip and are now on sale at City Ticket Office, 874 Market street, and also at the Ferry

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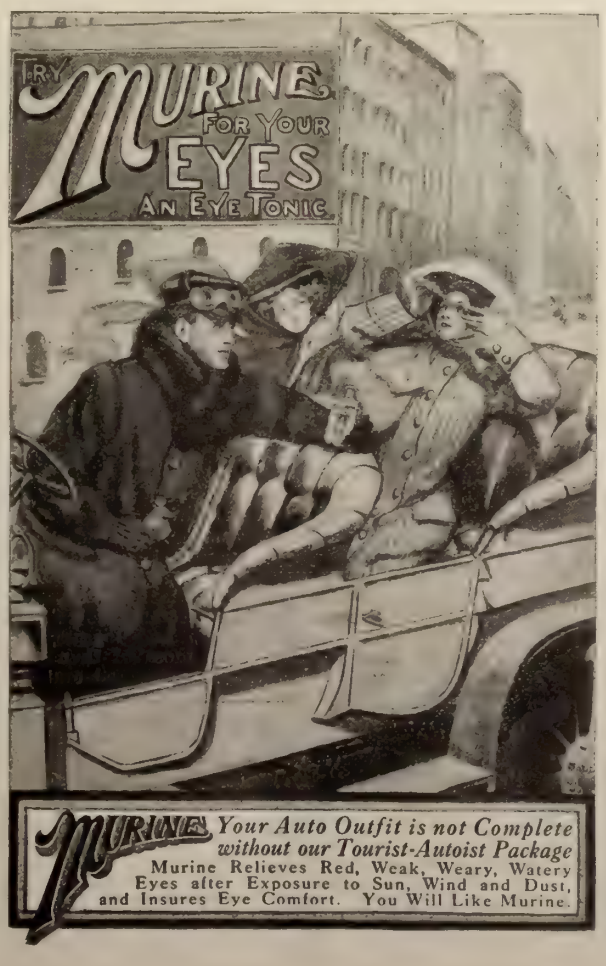

Auto Notes

The Bay Cities Electric Company reports the sale of a four passenger Columbus Electric Victoria to Mr. Albert Frank of the well known firm of S. H. Frank & Co., leather merchants. The car is for the use of Mrs. Frank and the fact that she has already become an adept at driving after only one lesson is a tribute to the ease of operation and perfect control of this popular Electric. The Victoria body will be used during the summer in the country and will be replaced for use in the city during the coming fall and winter with a four passenger Brougham body which is interchangeable on the same chassis.

Announcement was made recently by Ivan L. deJongh, sales manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, to the effect that A. Meister & Sons of Sacramento have been appointed agents in that territory for the Kelly line of delivery wagons and trucks for which the Standard Motor Car Company are the Western representatives. A. Meister & Sons are one of the largest dealers in vehicles in the Sacramento Valley and through their selling force expect to dispose of a great many of the Kelly trucks this season. The first shipment of these vehicles for the Sacramento agents will arrive this week.

Ten thousand nine hundred miles on Diamond tires without a retread is the experience of Mr. F. T. Seripps of Pacific Beach, Cal., on his Buick "20." He writes The Diamond Rubber Co. that the tires look as though they would easily do 2000 more miles before it would be necessary to retread. "This service," he writes, "has been over the worst roads that any car could have traveled." Not only has he had exceptional mileage from Diamond tires on his Buick but he further writes that he is receiving from 8,000 to 10,000 miles from them on his Great Smith car and because of this service is a very ardent booster of Diamond quality.

J. Rose of the Howard Automobile Company has just returned from an extended trip up the Sacramento Valley. Rose took up a Buick "40" toy tonneau of which he made delivery in Dixon. According to his report, the auto business is very much on the boom in this section of the State. In Winters he declares over 130 automobiles are owned while practically every farmer of any consequence is driving a machine. The horse racing season was on in Woodland and Rose says that the town could hardly hold the automobiles in which the ranchers drove to town. Sacramento is selling several hundred per cent more cars this season than ever before. Abreast of the most popular of these machines is the Buick.

A new "Overland Scout" issued "ever now and then" by the Willys-Overland Company has just appeared. The "Scout" is not a catalogue by any means but a genuinely interesting automobile journal filled from cover to cover with just the kind of material for which the auto fan hankers. The articles are above all else readable and are written in a highly pleasing style. The illustrations too are made from the best cuts and are selected from photographs collected from all over the country. Among the more interesting stories are "The Racing Marion," "Autos versus Broncos," "What Makes the Car Go," "From Michigan to Florida" and "Can the Auto Aid My Business?"

H. M. Owens, president of the San Francisco Motor Club, is working for the success of the coming Tanforan Good Roads meet with admirable energy. Accompanied by George Detrick he left town recently to motor down to San Jose. The purpose of his trip was to interest the auto enthusiasts of the different towns en route in good roads generally, and especially in the big carnival of May 29 and 30. "We do not expect this trip to start anything new in good road sentiment," said Mr. Owens, "for various communications have convinced us that the people in this section are already strong for more extensive road improvement and support. The real reason for our going is to keep things moving as they are started, and by such advice and information as we can offer, to expedite matters as much as possible."

G. Scharlach with a party of friends recently made a trip in his White Gasoline Car to Los Gatos and Saratoga and return. They went down on the other side of the bay and came back by this, making a total of 146 miles on the tour. Mr. Scharlach reports that the roads are rapidly improving and touring conditions are almost ideal. The car ran in great form the whole way, consuming but eight gallons of gasoline.

The ability of the Chalmers to negotiate mountain roads and such as are not the best is well exemplified in a report just received from Dr. L. C. Gregory of Fort Bragg by the Pioneer Automobile Company. Dr. Gregory has one of the most extensive practices in that section of the State and his calls often take him into the neighboring lumbering and logging camps where the roads are exceptionally poor, most of them cut up by the heavy hauling to which they are subjected and others

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9457, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to submit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said executors, at Room 609, Union Trust Building (also known as Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank Building), at the northeasterly corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said place the undersigned have selected as their place of business in all matters connected with the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased.

YUNKER HAMERSEN,
PAUL HAMERSEN,
E. D. BLOCK,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Hebrock, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHARLES S. WHEELER, Attorney for Executors.
609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY, Executor of the estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Benjamin Francis Handy, Executor, at the office of Arthur H. Barendt, Attorney-at-law, 510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY,
Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Weir Handy, alias Elizabeth Weir Reid, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 7th, 1910.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT, Attorney for Executor.
510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

designed for little more than sledding purposes. The Doctor, however, makes all these trips in a Chalmers which throughout a year of service has been equal to all occasions. The up-keep expense during this whole period totals just $3.60.

The Haynes Auto Sales Company's entire force in San Francisco have found themselves exceedingly busy during the past week. Two additional men were required to unload and equip arriving cars so that deliveries could be made to owners as specified. Last week four carloads of Haynes machines went out on deliveries while two more carloads are now being unloaded, all of which are sold. The company has found it impossible to keep cars on hand even for demonstrating purposes and prospects have accordingly been looked after in machines borrowed from private owners.

The Babcock Electric Carriage Company has just issued a statement of the Babcock's recent achievements in Eastern hill-climbs and endurance contests that is rather surprising to those who are inclined to hold all electrics in contempt. There are at least a dozen of the famous hill-climbs listed in which this electric broke all marks set by gasoline cars of near its price and all but equalled the time of several of the big $4000 machines.

No lubricating oil has established its right to be called the racing car driver's choice so clearly as Monogram. A large majority of winners in all the big racing events are users of this oil. In the Fresno to Coalinga run Free who drove the Winton to such a remarkable victory was using this lubricant, as were the Buicks who won later events. A good majority of the other entries and winners were aided by Monogram.

S. G. Chapman has just unloaded a shipment of ten Hupmobiles which he is now equipping for delivery. This makes twenty of these cars received during the past four days all of which were sold before arrival. Twenty more Hupps are now en route from the East. These machines are a part of the additional allotment secured by Chapman during his recent Eastern trip.

The Buick truck is rapidly achieving a state wide reputation for its economic superiority as a commercial vehicle. Ed. R. Walbridge of Red Bluff, owner of the Tuscan Springs and Hotel, recently came to town and took delivery of one of these trucks which he drove back home. This vehicle, together with two more, for which he left orders with the Howard Company, is to be used in transferring merchandise between town and the springs.

Although not of age, Howard Bauer, the Buffalo boy who has been driving an Oakland "40" in several of the important hill-climbing events of the country has a record that might be envied by those twice his years. Young Bauer has the distinction of winning in every event in which his car has been entered. In some events he not only piloted his machine to victory in the class for which it was entered, but usually won the "free for all" events, defeating cars of great horsepower rating and selling for much more money.

The handsomest thing that has ever come to town in the way of a motor commercial vehicle is probably the Autocar truck, delivery of which has just been made to the Shasta Water Co. by Walter C. Morris. The bed of this vehicle is specially constructed, being composed of an upper and lower structure each containing compartments for 250 syphons. This gives the whole truck a 500 syphon carrying capacity. The truck is handsomely painted and lettered and is attracting no end of attention.

Something of the satisfaction that R. D. Chapin, president of the Hudson Motor Car Co. found in his Western trip is indicated by a letter written to the Hudson factory from California. It reads: "Perhaps the most pleasing feature of my trip has been the excellent reputation which the public have given the Hudson car because everywhere I go they say it is the best looking and the best built car for the money. This sort of reputation is very hard to get and harder still to keep, but one thing you can feel assured of, and that is that having secured this reputation we are going to spare no expense, brains or energy to maintain it. All motor cars on the coast get about fifty per cent more use in the year than in any other section of the country, consequently this reputation for service is harder to get out here, and it is intensely pleasing to find the Hudson car so well regarded."

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(Incorporated)

461 Market St., San Francisco

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Chas. K. Harper, 874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased.

JOSEPH H. TILLINGHAST
Administrator of the Estate of Ella P. Tillinghast, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHAS. K. HARPER, Attorney for Administrator,
874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE UPON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8903, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of G. G. BURNETT, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Jennie S. Burnett, G. W. Burnett and Jennie P. Gruver, in the above entitled estate, wherein, as executors of the estate of G. G. Burnett they ask permission to borrow Fifty Thousand (50,000) Dollars upon certain real property hereinafter more particularly described,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said matter be and appear in this Court Tuesday, June 14, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made granting permission to mortgage the said property hereinafter described,

And it is further ordered that notice of this hearing be published for four successive weeks prior to said date in "Town Talk."

The following is a particular description of the property desired to be mortgaged:

1st. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Turk Street with the westerly line of Larkin Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Turk Street, and thence easterly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches along the said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Six (6).

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Larkin Street with the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet to the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, and then easterly eighty-five (85) feet along said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Nine (9).

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. P. BLACK, Attorney for Petitioners.
P. O. Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased.

JOHANNA WAHL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mamie Lou Duncan, also known as Edna Cockrill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, 802 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased.

LEONORA HERTEL,
W. M. CRIM,
Executors of the Estate of George F. A. Hertel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Executors,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., San Francisco. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, Deceased—No. 9581, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of W. C. Graves, Room 24, 51 Third Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased.

J. J. GRAVES,
W. C. GRAVES, Jr.,
Executors of the Estate of Jefferson G. James, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 21, 1910.

W. C. GRAVES, ESQ., Attorney for the Petitioner.
Room 24, No. 51 Third St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by undersigned Alfred J. Brandenstein, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. U. Brandenstein, No. 250 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, deceased.

ALFRED J. BRANDENSTEIN,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Brandenstein, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

H. U. BRANDENSTEIN, Attorney for Administrator,
No. 250 Montgomery Street, Room 400, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. H. McCloskey, Executor of the estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Norman A. Eisner, Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased.

H. H. McCLOSKEY,
Executor of the Estate of Harriet Miller, sometimes called Hattie Miller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Attorney for Executor,
Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2736, N. S.—Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEORGE BUECKER, also known as GEORGE BUECKER, Deceased.

SOPHIE BUECKER, as administratrix of the estate of John George Buecker, also known as George Buecker, deceased, having filed herein her petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Seventeen Hundred Dollars ($1700.00), or such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet, wherewith to pay off and discharge a certain promissory note now secured by a mortgage on certain property belonging to said estate, and hereinafter described, and for the purpose of securing said loan to mortgage to the lender of said sum of money the undivided one-half interest belonging to the above named deceased, in and to that certain parcel of real property situated and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-fifth (25th) Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 172;

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at its Courtroom, Department Number 10, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Friday, the 10th day of June, 1910, then and there to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

It is further ordered that service of this order be made by publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

Dated May 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner and Administratrix,
501 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9382, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SUE RODEN, Deceased.

LILIAN RODEN, administratrix of the estate of SUE RODEN, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Thursday, the 16th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court (Department No. 10 thereof), in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell the said real estate, at either public or private sale, as shall seem to said administratrix to be for the best interests of said estate; and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 9th day of May, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix 557 Mills Bldg. San Francisco 5-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,044.

WILLARD A. GARDNER, Plaintiff, vs.
JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased.

ALOIS S. BAUM,
Executor of the Last Will of Caesar N. Spiero, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg. San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSINA GIESEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Arthur Brand, Room 808 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSINA GIESEN, deceased.

FRED GIESEN and LOUIS GIESEN,
Executors of the Estate of Rosina Giesen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd 1910.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Executors,
Room 808 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 5102, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE DEELY, Deceased.

Erna Weinberger, a judgment creditor of and interested in the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 14th day of June, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing Laurence Deely, Administrator of the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, ROSE DEELY, as shall be necessary,

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, May 6th, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Erna Weinberger,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St., opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate in said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 14th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the City and County in which said real property to be sold is situated.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9369, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWIN WALLACE CARPENTER, Deceased.

MAX THELEN, the Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Edwin Wallace Carpenter, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of all the real property of the above named decedent, for the purposes therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court that it is for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein that the whole of the real estate belonging to the said estate be sold, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay the expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 31st day of May, 1910, at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator with the Will Annexed to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the said deceased, at either private or public sale as he shall judge to be most beneficial for the said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 21st day of April, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. M. MANNON, Jr., Attorney for Petitioner,
1236 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Thomas E. Curran, her attorney, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES E. SHARKEY, also known as BERNARD C. SHARKEY, deceased.

ANNIE J. SHARKEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of THOMAS E. CURRAN, Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET FORD, formerly MAGGIE J. CASSIDY, deceased. PHILIP J. CASSIDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Ford, formerly Maggie J. Cassidy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

THOMAS E. CURRAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with will annexed of the estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACQUES ESCAIG, deceased.
NORBERT C. BABIN,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Jacques Escaig, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 23rd, 1910.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 9, Probate thereof, made on the 25th day of April, 1910, in the matter of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, on or after the 23rd day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the law office of Mastick & Partridge, No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, State of California, all of the right, title, interest and claim, property and estate of the said deceased at the time of her death, and all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that her said estate has acquired since her death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all of that undivided one-quarter interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the southeasterly line of Howard Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence southeasterly and along said southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinabove described must be in writing and may be left at the law office of Mastick & Partridge, No. 68 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or be delivered to the executor personally, or be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase said interest in said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned, ten per cent of the purchase price, and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.
Dated, San Francisco, May 2,1910. EDWARD S. NORTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Sarah S. Norton, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTIRIDE, Attorneys for Administrator,
No. 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

Letters

A Book of Absorbing Interest

The pioneer times of the middle west, the Harrison-Van Buren campaign and the Mexican War itself are all so far in the back ground today that except to the student it makes little difference whether "Nathan Burke" is a biography or a bit of unconventional fiction. Either way it is both entertaining and instructive enough to hold the attention from the initial paragraph to the last word where the narrative is abruptly broken off. He was a man of the type we have elected to distinguish as "Lincolnian." Burke's parents died when he was so young that he was scarcely conscious of having had any. There being no public institutions for the care of waifs, Nathan Burke, like other babies in the same predicament, was taken into the household of a neighbor, poor but willing, and there he lived until his fifteenth year, taking his part in the farm labors with the Williams boys, going to school the few weeks when there was a school to attend and in the intervals hunting and fishing and absorbing a knowledge of woodcraft, until he secured a position as chore boy at the munificent compensation of twelve dollars a month in the "city" home of the Duceys. Jake Darnell who was Burke's preceptor in wood lore had been with Daniel Boone and deer were still to be found within a few hours of primitive travel from the "city." We have a vivid picture of the "Log cabin and hard cider campaign," and its catch phrase of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." We follow the career of Burke, promoted betimes from general utility about the Ducey home to clerk and head accountant in the store, spending his spare money for books and his spare time in the study of them, much to the annoyance of his mistress, still enchanted with the docility of the negro servants whom she had known before her marriage brought her north and still retaining her habit of discussing her white assistants in unrestrained tones, as if they were deaf or idiotic, to be tickled when she condescended to address them, and flattered when she rewarded them with tid-bits from the family table or cast off finery of her own. As Burke's star ascends that of the scion of the Ducey house sinks. It would be hard to say whether heredity or environment had the most to do with it in either case. George Ducey could look for nothing from his mother save effeminacy and good looks, nor was there more to be expected from the paternal strain. Burke on the other hand scarcely knew his parents' names, much less any thing else concerning them, and he had to rise or fall by his own efforts, there being no one else interested. Young Ducey would probably have been instructed in snobbishness by his amiable mother in any case, but it is evident that the much-boasted democracy of that pioneer settlement has been grossly exaggerated, for the line between the chore boy and the young "gentlemen" of the town was as sharply drawn as it is today, and Master George would have found himself more at home in a modern university than he evidently did in the primitive colleges which he attended as long as he could endure the lack of consideration shown him by professors and classmates. He did not cut a better figure in the war where he was provided with an officer's commission, than have the scions of more recent statesmen who have traded on their parental "pull." The story is artlessly put together, clear and simple in its style, yet lacking what we are pleased to call "literary finish," as would naturally be the case when such work is undertaken by a person unaccustomed to much writing for publication. The numerous letters which are introduced not only shed much light on the Ducey household and the town inhabitants but on the educational standards of that day. Mary S. watts, whose name appears on the title page, assures us that she has tampered as little as possible with the judge and general's own work, on the principle of old George Marsh's epigram, "You let a man talk for half an hour and he'll tell you what sort of a fellow he is," and she could not have selected a better plan. This is one of the books that one is apt to lay aside with a sigh of regret because there is not more rather than of relief that the end has come at last, but of course it all depends on "the one." From the Macmillan Company.

"The Rules of the Game"

Stewart Edward White is giving us a new view of the football hero in fiction. Hitherto the college-bred sport has had but to conquer. Coming and seeing have been superfluities on his part for it was a foregone conclusion that having played through four years under educational guidance he could not but sweep any world before him. Bobby Orde, who occupies the center of the stage in "The Rules of the Game," is the son of that John Orde who was "The Riverman," and a mighty good man, too. The elder Orde thinks there is no occupation to be mentioned in the same breath as lumbering. He is a very wealthy man, for readers will probably remember that early in his career he began to buy up western timber tracts to hold against that time when the eastern forests would have disappeared, but he has never told Bobby, nor for that matter any one else, the extent of his holdings. Now, the son having graduated from the football field with a post-graduate course as professional coacher, he is put in harness. John Orde does not wish him to have any advantages through birth and connection. He believes in letting every herring hang by its own gills, so Bobby is to make good on his own account and thus far he has not done it. Given a position in the Chicago office of a big firm he is found to be weak in simple arithmetic, inaccurate in copying statistics, and too little interested in his work to find out what the various figures and letters stand for. He isn't capable of filling a simple clerkship so is sent up to one of the mills to assist the bookkeeper and there again, the same thing happens. He sees in the country such a fine place for training—for sports, of course, and ere long he disgusts his superior who finds him making so many errors in keeping tally that he is given his time and a lad who has had not even high school training is called in from the yard to take his place. Orde had just about come to the conclusion that he was less capable than he had flattered himself but that by sticking to it, in time he would learn, when the shock came. He found out that in the business world, as distinguished from college, there is no time. Important transactions cannot be held up while college graduates learn to add columns of figures, write legibly and copy reports accurately while they forget the careless habits they have been diligently cultivating. Eventually Master Bobby will probably prove worth the salt that goes to season his food but up to the present his college education is not only so much time wasted but so much useless lumber to be discarded. On the whole he is a pretty nice boy but it is an open question yet in the minds of readers as well as in those of the lumber men, whether he is going to prove anything like as capable a man as his father was. The story, in its initial chapters, is a good bit truer to life than any of the presentments of the ex-footballer kicking the round world before him to any goal he desires.

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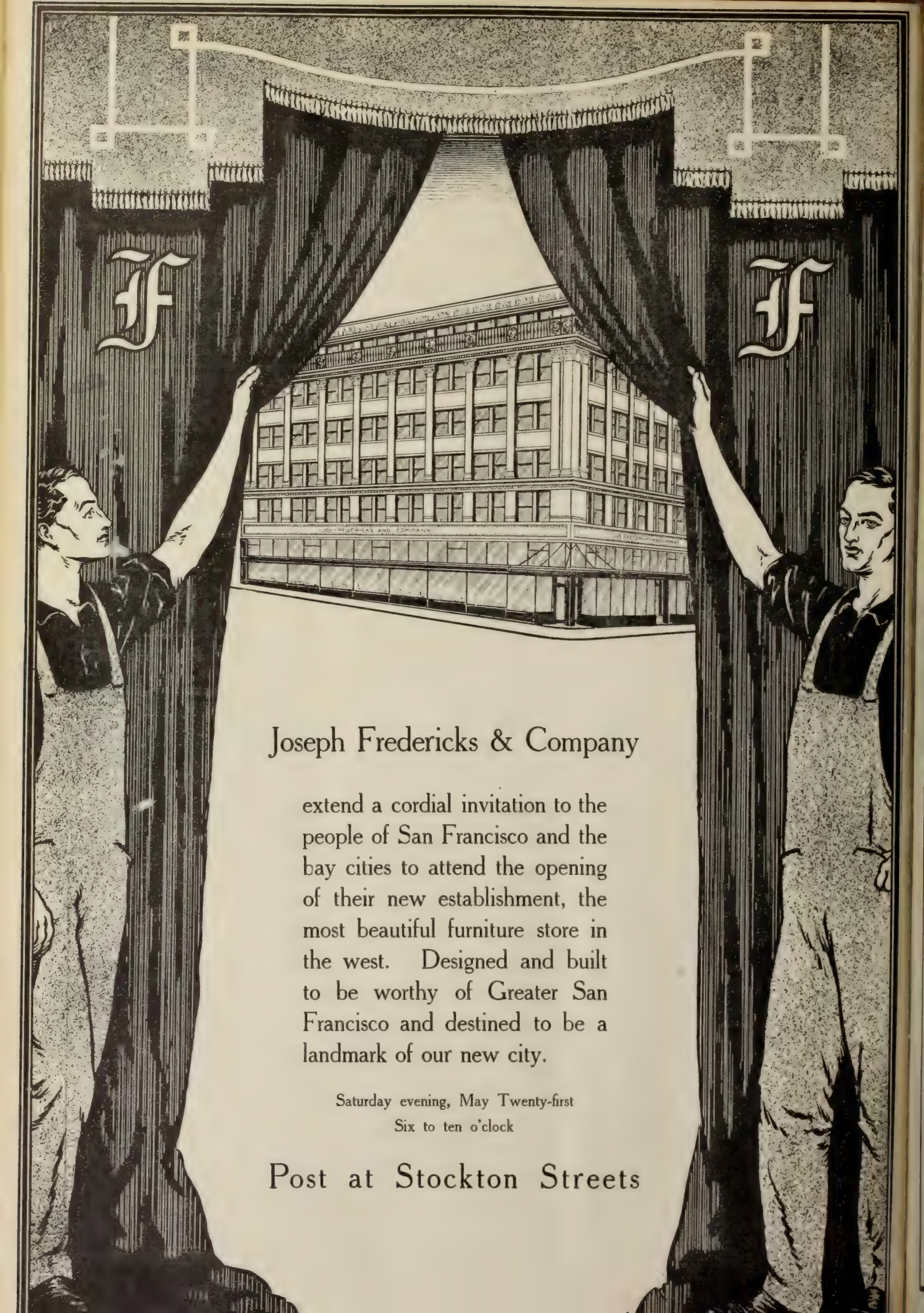

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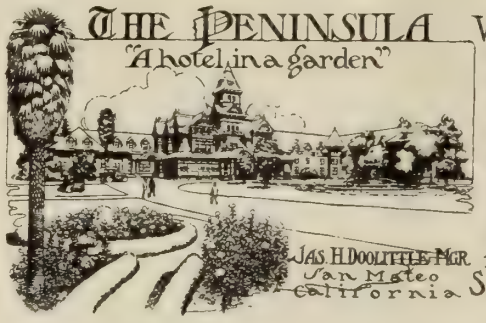

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Our Imaginative Astronomers

The eccentricities of Halley's comet, bringing as they did confusion and humiliation to many distinguished scientists, and tending to shake the faith of laymen in the dogmatism of the men profoundly versed in astronomic lore, are much to be deplored. It is evident that what the astronomers don't know about comets is almost as vast as what the hog has yet to learn about the precession of the equinoxes. This however is not so discreditable to the astronomers as some people imagine. The only just criticism to be made with respect to them is that they talked too much. To live up to the best traditions of science the scientist should refrain from exploiting his half-baked theories in yellow journals either for the delectation or the amazement of the mob. Science has been described to be "the statement of truth found out," and the supposition is that it is a combination of good sense and reason the highest reach of which is the recognition of human ignorance. Our astronomers have been letting their imagination run riot, speculating about what might happen, making undigested hypotheses the basis of startling speculations, and stimulating among the ignorant all the worst misgivings of superstitious awe. The more familiar we become with the mental processes of the men behind the twentieth century telescope the greater becomes our respect for the ancient students of nature who had no means of verifying the observations of the senses through experiment; the more we wonder how they could have succeeded as they did. At the same time, notwithstanding all the boasting of the great advance that has been made in astronomical research in modern times, we realize how little the world owes to students of the heavens since the night when Galileo expounded the principles of astronomy to the Doge of Venice on the tower of St. Mark's.

Perennial Graft

It must be discouraging to civic patriots to perceive that their efforts to extirpate dishonesty from public life are in vain. Rare is the day that passes without their learning of the discovery of some act of dishonesty on the part of a servant of the people. Notwithstanding all the spasms of morality that have seized the people in the principal cities of the country in recent years graft is still enriching the unscrupulous. Corruption in politics remains as one of the characteristics of the government established by our forefathers for the benefit of mankind. We are told by the prophets of civic regeneration that the prevalence of unscrupulosity in public office is due chiefly to the malign influence of the predatory interests that manipulate the machinery of politics. But we know that long before the "interests" became intrenched in the political field there was corruption in public office, and more of it than there is today. The White House itself was involved in scandal more than once in the days long antecedent to the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of a few men. When conventions were collarless, long before the boss ruled with an iron rod, exposures of dishonesty were of periodical occurrence in State legislatures. In those days when the science of American politics was young the ramifications of big swindling schemes extended through the halls of Congress, and statesmen of exalted station were besmirched as a result of their greed. Experience teaches that venality is not the by-product of any system of politics; that it flourishes in many atmospheres and burgeons under a variety of conditions. It would be easy to show that there is less impurity in politics today than there was fifty years ago. If there appears to be more now it is because the civic conscience is more sensitive than formerly, and for the reason also that reformers have developed great faith in the efficacy of vociferation and denunciation. The corruption that is in public life is due rather to the laxity of morals in private life than to the methods by which our political affairs are conducted. The maxim that the people get the kind of government they deserve means among other things that the morals of public servants are no worse than the morals of their constituents.

Carnegie's Pet Hobby

Just before starting for Skibo last week Mr. Andrew Carnegie had a few words to say about universal peace from which we infer that he is laboring under the delusion that the idea is of recent growth and that the Hague Tribunal is a conception of the current generation. The fact is that for several centuries people have been talking about abolishing war. Before Mr. Carnegie was born associations were formed for the purpose of making peace perpetual. Kant wrote an essay on the subject, and there were philosophers in the early part of the last century who ridiculed the notion that human ingenuity could devise a scheme by which the rude trade of bloodshed could be abolished. It was even argued by learned Christians that war was a moral necessity involving benefits of compensation such as continually lurk in evils, a necessity because of opposite tendencies of a still more evil character. The poet Wordsworth entertained some such view of the matter as may be learned from his lines:

> "That God's most dreadful instrument,
> In working out a pure intent,
> Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
> Yea, Carnage is his daughter."

As to the Hague Tribunal the principle of that institution was thought of by Thomas De Quincey, who, nevertheless, regarded the project to abolish war as "the most romantic of all romances." He declined to join one of the innumerable peace societies of his time, but he bequeathed half a crown to the chief association for extinguishing war, the half-crown to be held in trust until needed, by which time, in his opinion "it will have become a fund so large as to overshadow the earth." De Quincey believed in the moral necessity of war, but he predicted that the range of war would be prodigiously circumscribed by reason of the causes of war being diminished "by the force of opinion focally converged on the subject." He believed it possible to achieve this consummation by means of an Areopagus or central congress for all Christendom with the purpose of "healing local or momentary animosities and taking away the shadow of dishonor from the act of retiring from war." Thus did De Quincey adumbrate the Hague Tribunal.

Our Defenseless Coast

The launching of the fourth American Dreadnought, the Florida, reminds the New York Sun that there is not a single battleship on the Pacific Coast or in Asiatic waters. "That being the case," says the Sun, "would it

not be well to give heed to the admonition of Brigadier-General Anderson, U. S. A., retired, that 'if it is the adopted policy of the Government to keep all our battleships on the Atlantic seaboard, then at least the bulk of the army should be kept on the Pacific Coast?'" This is a question that deeply concerns the people of this coast. It should inspire agitation. Its importance should be impressed on the representatives of this coast in Congress. Some time ago appeals were made to the Administration to increase the strength of the Pacific fleet, and we were told that it was considered very bad policy to make two comparatively weak fleets out of one strong fleet, and that we must wait till more battleships were added to the navy. It was argued that as there was more danger of an invasion on the Pacific than on the Atlantic Coast the strong fleet should be maintained on this side of the continent. The argument made no impression on the powers that be, and our representatives in Congress allowed the matter to drop into the limbo of forgotten things. Now comes General Anderson in the Pacific Monthly sounding the warning that if the American people are to feel secure from attack on the Pacific Coast they must resort to "obligatory training for manhood military service." He calls attention to the fact that our military land forces on this coast consist of only 10,000 regulars exclusive of the staff force. He says that only 40,000 regulars are available, outside of our dependencies, to repel invasion, and that military equipment is almost entirely lacking on the coast. He declares it idle to contend that the cruiser squadrons in Pacific waters could prevent the landing of a Japanese army convoyed by a great battleship fleet. The New York Sun thinks it proper to applaud General Anderson "for telling the American people that they fail in a patriotic duty to themselves when precautions are not taken to prepare for an invasion that may never come, but that might have ruinous consequences if it surprised them without arms in their hands." And the Sun thinks that his proposal that the greater part of the regular army in the continental United States be stationed on the Pacific slope is worthy of the General Staff's serious consideration. What do our own newspapers think about the matter? Do they, or will they, give it a thought? They are very busy at present discussing the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the latest moral issue and other live topics of burning interest, but perhaps they may find time to rouse a few statesmen who are now preoccupied with the mending of their political fences and to persuade them that it is their duty to heed General Anderson's suggestions.

Labor Problems

The following letter is so full of interesting information, so conducive to wholesome reflection that it is deemed worthy of prominence:

Editor Town Talk: I am glad there is one paper in San Francisco not afraid to tell of the evil effect the closed shop is having on San Francisco. As you have taken up this topic for discussion perhaps it will interest you to know that the Hammond Lumber Company and Swayne & Hoyt are having steel steamers built at Long Beach; also that Captain Higgins has gone to Eureka to have a steamer built. The closed shop is the reason this work is not being done in San Francisco. Many of the union men who lost their jobs in the Union Iron Works are now working ten hours at Long Beach and Los Angeles is getting the benefit. San Francisco is surely getting the worst of it. And our un-American labor unions are making conditions harder ever day. Do you know that lumber is being sent from this city to the Middle West to be manufactured into doors which are sent back and sold in this city? In the labor news published in the Chronicle of Thursday last you will find that the Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters' Union has finally decided that the reduction in the number of apprentices from one to each journeyman to one to five journeymen must continue, though it throws about two hundred helpers out of work. Do you know what this means? It means diminishing the opportunity for American boys to learn a trade. This is one of the worst evils of unionism. Boys are driven into the street to make room for journeymen, many of whom are aliens. Have you read the book printed by the Commonwealth Club for April containing a record of its transactions touching the subject of labor problems in California? If not get it and see what interesting flubdub aids the digestion of some of our leading citizens. Your comment on Mr. Weinstock is timely. I wonder if he would remain an ardent union man if the unions unionized his store. I wonder if Hale Brothers would be kow-towing to the unions if organized labor took an interest in the wages that girls are paid in those stores. This is a matter that you should look into. The principal argument in favor of the closed shop is that it prevents employers from cutting rates. That being the case the White House must be getting the worst of it in the dry-goods business. Mr. Raphael Weil, an honest merchant, pays high wages. He is in sympathy with his employes, but he isn't always parading his great humanitarian principles.

—Employer.

San Francisco, May 21st.

We have taken the advice of our correspondent and read the printed record of the discussion of labor problems before the Commonwealth Club by employers and members of labor unions. We find it a very interesting volume. All of the old familiar problems that men have been discussing for many years are therein presented with views on both sides of every abstract question that have been expressed thousands of times by partisan debaters of industrial issues. The arguments with one exception are time-worn and hackneyed. The one exception emanated from Mr. Russell Wisler, a union man, who holds that there is no such thing as the "public interest" in labor disputes. This proposition he conceives to be conclusively demonstrated by the circumstance that in all labor disputes organized labor affirms that its interest is identical with the public interest whereas capital affirms that public interest is its interest. Thus does this profound logician, who apparently was taken most seriously by the Commonwealth Club, arrive at the conclusion that public interest is a myth. Yet

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he talks about the paramountcy of that interest, and holds that to concede the paramountcy of what he denies to have any existence at all is "to abandon all hope of justice and to reduce the elements of the problem to the level of mere convenience." This is strange doctrine, and we are surprised that it went unrefuted among so many intelligent men as those that constitute the Commonwealth Club. The very name of the club ought to have acted as an inspiration on some of the members. To concur in Mr. Wisler's doctrine is to hold that the very fundamental principle of trades-unionism is not entitled to recognition. That principle is the principle of combination for the general good of working men. If there is such a thing as the general good of a class why is there not such a thing as the general good of society? And certainly society is not made up of the two classes—capital and organized labor. The theory of civilization is that society is like the human body, for the benefit of which all parts should be articulated, since if one goes wrong the rest suffers. To concede that there is no better rule for men than that each individual or each clan should strive for a selfish benefit without caring how such conduct will affect the widespread network of society is to hold that anarchy is superior to social order. Class interest destroyed every nation that has ceased to live except in history. Yet we hear class interest preached without protest to a body of men banded together for the benefit of the commonwealth.

The Duel

His eyes were bright, his teeth were set,
His arm looked lily-white and fair.
His weapon shone, as though 'twere wet
With liquid moonbeams. All his hair
Blew backward from his brow, the while
I stood and watched him with a smile

I think it was a kiss misplaced
Upon a cheek deemed his alone.
Or, 'twas another's favor graced
The bosom of a maid; I've grown
To think and do and then forget:
So, 'tis enough to say, "We met."

How frantic with unholy rage
He grew that night! I still can see
Him, restless; like a lion's rage,
His foolish, boylike, bravery.
Ah well! he made one foolish thrust—
And I took Chance, as all men must.

I threw my rapier on the snow
And crossed to where the stripling lay,
His friends around; I stooping low
Drew near his lips. I heard him say,
"He wins who gets her love!" and then
He neither stirred nor spoke again.

'Twas from that hour my fortunes fell:—
God! even down to this, the last!—
For here I lie, and know full well,
The loaded dice of Death are cast.
Hush Father! listen! this is true;
The maid he loved died that night too!

It little mattered then to me,
That she was dead, I loved her not,
And little cared; 'twas strange that she
Should share his grave. Perchance they rot
Clasped cheek to cheek, as lovers might.
'Tis mine, to sleep alone to-night.

Alone, good Father! hark! I heard
A sound upon the window pane!
A little tap, as though a bird
Had fluttered there; Hush! there again!
I see a face all drawn and white!
I shall not sleep alone to-night.

God! it was cold the night we fought,
The night I grinned when he grew mad.
I mind me how his breath was short,
And what a reckless guard he had.
And she died, too, his promised bride!
From grief 'twas said. How things betide

Is very strange. Look, there he is!
You cannot see? Ah, well, I can!
He smiles, as though 'twere nought amiss,
That I lie here, a dying man.
If he would fight, then he knows well,
Our weapons must be crossed in Hell.

I played with lust, I toyed with gold,
I courted fools and little cared,
I deemed life something bought, or sold,
According as the vendor fared.
Look! he is there, all drawn and white,
He comes to watch my bed to-night.

—Francis Andrews.

Perspective Impressions

Mr. Flannery ought to be satisfied with an acquittal. Vindications are a delusion and hot air.

Nat Ellery, the good roads' gubernatorial aspirant, is paving the road to Sacramento with good pretensions.

It is too bad the wrangling Spreckels brothers cannot refine themselves as well as sugar.

France has an earthquake," says a chronicle headline. Now the question is, What is France going to do with it?

Colonel Roosevelt is said to have that tired feeling. He can now sympathize with the savants who listened to him in Berlin.

It may not be at all significant, but nevertheless it may be worth mentioning that no colored preacher has yet protested against the Johnson-Jeffries' fight.

At a caucus of buzzards the other day it was resolved to censure George Knight for slandering the species. "We are public benefactors," said the chairbird. "We eat carrion to purify the atmosphere. It is an outrage to compare us to an editor whose journalistic emanations are more poisonous than the gas in a comet's tail

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It is too bad that just at the moment when the Call claimed the credit of having reduced the price of fish in the interest of the ultimate consumer Gus and Rudolph should have started a movement to compel the reduction of the price of sugar.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(This serial account of the adventures of a fugitive from the vengeance of the Vigilance Committee begins with the history of the circumstances that led to the organization of that so-called law and order body. McGowan has told us of his escape from San Francisco, of his flight to Santa Barbara and of the many romantic episodes that marked his career during the months he was in hiding. All the while the Vigilance Committee kept up a search for him, and he was assured of being hanged if captured. In the seventh instalment the reader accompanies him to the home of Dr. Nicholas A. Den where he was given protection.—Editor's Note)

(Eighth Instalment)

Early in September, I received a visit from my friend, the Hon. Pablo de la Guerra. It was the first time I had seen him since my arrival in the county, though I was by no means ignorant of his many good offices to me during my adversity. I was, as may be supposed, delighted to see him, and his visit, though short, was very agreeable. He was on his way to San Luis Obispo on some private business, and had taken the opportunity to call on me.

A few days after I was visited by the gallant and chivalric Capt. Thomas Moore. This gentleman is the son of a Post-Captain in the British Navy, and an Irishman by birth. He had adopted the sea for a profession, and he it was who secreted in his ship the Irish patriot D'Arcy McGee, when the British authorities were in pursuit of him, and brought him safely to America. He had been a great traveler, and the chances and changes of a sailor's life had thrown him in 1851 on the shores of California. He had married a young and beautiful California lady, and was located as a permanent citizen of Santa Barbara, on a rancho called "Sal si Puedes," about forty miles distant from the residence of Doctor Den. I was very much pleased at making his acquaintance, and found him a most worthy gentleman and agreeable companion. He had recently been to San Francisco, and informed me that one of the Executive Committee of Vigilance had declared in his hearing, that if they could but get me back there, they would spare my life just long enough to erect a gallows on which to hang me, and no longer. He informed me that himself and some friends had been endeavoring to procure a schooner, for him to command, and safely run me into some port in Mexico, but had failed in the enterprise. After a very long and agreeable visit he departed, having first cordially invited me to visit him at his house, which I promised to do as soon as it could be considered safe.

About the middle of September, Doctor Den started for San Francisco. His little daughter Kate had been for the past two years under the care of the Sisters of Notre Dame at San Jose, and it was now past the time when she should have returned to her studies. She had learned to speak and write English fluently and grammatically. Her Spanish too, I was told, was pure Castilian. She told me she disliked French, but I told her all young ladies ought to learn it, and without it she would not be accomplished. She promised me she would pay more attention to it the coming year. I sent several messages by the Doctor to certain friends in San Francisco, and wishing me comfort and safety while he was gone, he and his little daughter departed.

A few days after this, as things appeared pretty quiet, it occurred to me that I would avail myself of Captain Moore's invitation and visit him at his ranch. Accordingly, on the morning of the twentieth of September, I told Santiago that I intended to take a trip to Sal si Puedes, and asked him to accompany me as guide. He was delighted at the idea of a holiday, and saddling two of the finest horses on the place, he reported himself ready for journey. The Sal si Puedes is situated on a wagon road that runs from Santa Barbara to San Luis Obispo, through what is called the Gaviota Pass, avoiding the mountain of Santa Inez which is of course impassable for wagons. As we did not get off until late in the morning, we did not arrive at our destination until just before night-fall.

The road lay for the first twenty-three miles after leaving the Dos Pueblos, (Doctor Den's place) along the coast, passing Senor Ignatio Ortega's ranch, and the Arroyo Honde. It then suddenly turns into a very deep and narrow mountain gorge, running eastward from the coast. This is the Gaviota Pass—and a more wild and lonely spot one would not wish to see. It seemed as if formed by nature for purposes of ambuscade. After traversing this pass for about three miles and a half, we came suddenly to the Rancho of Las Cruces, the residence, it will be remembered, of my Spanish friend whom Power had deceived as to my destination when he took me to the Arroyo Honde. As may be supposed, I had no particular desire to see any one here, or to be seen. We therefore rode on without halting, seeing only one man on the road, a Californian, from whom we got some grapes. The country now became more open and level, and after riding about seven miles further we came to the Rancho of San Julian. This is one of the De la Guerra estates and is an extensive and valuable piece of property. About eight miles further brought us to Sal si Puedes, the residence of my friend Captain Moore. We had left the road shortly before getting there to take a near bridle path over the hills. As Santiago had not been there before for three years, he remembered this path but indistinctly, and the consequence was that it took us some time to find the place. At length, however, we stumbled directly upon it. Turning the foot of a low hill who should we see but the Captain, who on seeing us, welcomed us very cordially, and guided us to the house. I could not help telling the Captain that Sal si Puedes (get out if you can) was a good name for his place. I saw that he kept a store there, and told him that he reminded me of the fool in Philadelphia, who said if all the world were dead he would open a house on the "Ridge Road," not stopping to think where his customers were to come from. He told me to come into the house and tomorrow he would show me where his customers came from. I then entered with my kind host and he introduced me to his young bride. He had been married but three months. The Senora is a daughter of Captain James W. Burke, an Irish gentleman who has resided in Santa Barbara for thirty years, having married a California lady shortly after his arrival. The wife of the Captain, whose name is Madelina, speaks no English as yet, and is very pretty, lady-like and hospitable. I had by this time picked up enough Spanish to understand most that was said, and generally make myself understood, and though it was a little awkward, I managed with the aid of Captain Tom to get on in the conversation pretty well. I enjoyed an excellent supper at my friend's hospitable board, and after passing a very pleasant evening, we retired for the night. My friend seemed very apprehensive that I had come from my hiding place in the corn too soon, and lest any one should have observed me on the road, he placed me in the room adjoining his own, so that he could be on hand to assist in case of a demonstration against me. I enjoyed a sound sleep, however, without molestation of any kind, and in the morning took a delightful bath in a hot spring adjacent to the Captain's house. I then sat down to a pleasant breakfast, and was made to feel quite at home by my hospitable host and hostess.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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It being Sunday, we were visited by a great number of Californians and Indians who came to purchase all descriptions of goods at the store. Some of them had ridden fifteen and twenty miles out of their way to get the Captain's whiskey, which was a pure article and only fifty cents a bottle, while at the Mission of Santa Inez and other places of the sort, the article was miserable and the price a dollar. I told the Captain I wanted to purchase a dress for Marie Jesus, the wife of Santiago, whereupon he directed her husband to select one that pleased him, and then presented it to him. I could not induce him to let me pay him for it. In vain I expostulated, he only replied, "you have probably use for what money you have, another time you can pay me." And I had to submit.

I remained with my hospitable friend till the next day, (Monday), at four o'clock p. m. He would not permit me to start earlier lest some one of the people who had been at the store should have identified me, and, in order to secure the reward that had been offered for me, lie in wait at Las Cruces or in the Gaviota Pass, with the expectation of my passing in the day time.

All things being in readiness, the Captain gave us a bottle of his best whiskey, and particularly impressed Santiago with the necessity of great care and watchfulness in going through the Gaviota Pass. Santiago promised faithfully to obey his instructions, and bidding farewell to the good Captain and his lady, we started. My visit to the Sal si Puedes had gratified the Captain and been most agreeable to me. I felt as though I had another true friend in case of need, and I began to look upon myself as less of an outcast, and more nearly approaching every day my former position among my fellow creatures. Indeed the Captain had told me before I left him, that in case of any unforseen circumstance compelling me to leave my asylum at the good Doctor's, I must unhesitatingly make my way at once to him, and as long as he had life I should have protection.

Santiago and I rode on without anything of interest occurring till shortly after we had passed the San Julian Ranch, when we saw a couple of grizzlies playing on the side of a mountain not far from us. There were a great many cattle in the vicinity and they were running in every direction, frightened at the grim intruders on their domain. I felt alarmed and drew my pistol, anticipating an attack. Santiago, however, gave me to understand that there was no cause for apprehension, and the horses we were riding having often been used for lassoing these animals, cantered on without exhibiting any signs of fear. Santiago told me that at that particular ranch these beasts are very destructive of the stock, killing a cow or a bullock almost every night. The Californians hunt them with the lasso on horses trained for the purpose. Notwithstanding we rode at a brisk gait it was after night when we arrived in the neighborhood of Las Cruces. Here we dismounted and tightened our saddle girths. Santiago laid his ear to the ground and listened for the sound of horse-hoofs, but hearing none, we again mounted and rode silently past Las Cruces and through the Gaviota Pass without molestation. Having struck the coast, we rode the remaining twenty-three miles at a round gallop, and alighted at Dr. Den's at two o'clock in the morning. Of course no one was stirring about the premises, and betaking myself to the corn-field, I slept till day-light. The day after my return from Sal si Puedes, Donna Rosa told me that if I thought it perfectly safe, a room was at my disposal in the house, where I would be more comfortable than in the corn-field. All things taken into consideration I concluded that by this time I could safely accept the offer of my kind hostess, and accordingly a room was prepared for me, and I was from that time until my departure from Santa Barbara domiciled under the hospitable roof of the good Doctor.

I was now very comfortable, and almost began to forget my sorrows. One thing, however, I could not banish from my remembrance, and that was that an indictment for murder found by a Grand Jury of my countrymen was hanging over me. My original intention, as has

(Continued on Page 31.)

The Physician at the Supper Table---VI.

By the Sybarite

It was half an hour past midnight when the Doctor and his friend commenced discussing a Spanish omelet and a bottle of Rudesheimer, the latter having been purchased especially for the club.

"I noticed a few days ago, Doctor, that there had been several cases of bubonic plague at Glasgow, again, and an alleged case at Honolulu."

"If I were going to confine myself to a single wine during the rest of my life I would unhesitatingly choose Rudesheimer or Schlos-Johannisberger."

"You know, Doctor, I have never quite understood what this bubonic plague is."

"Yes, sir, I would choose either Rudesheimer or Schlos-Johannisberger. I staid several days near where these noble wines were made during my last run through Germany. On the Rhine, or on its tributary rivers, between Coblentz and Mayence, all the most celebrated wines of Germany are grown. The grape preferred for cultivation in this region is the Riesling, a small white, harsh species. The reputed characteristics of German wines are generosity, dryness, fine flavor, and endurance of age. It is averred that even the strongest are never saturated with brandy. The whole eastern bank of the Rhine to Lorich—a tract called the Rheingau, about fourteen miles in extent—has been famous for its wines for ages. Here is Schlos-Johannisberger, once nearly destroyed by Gen. Hoche. To Steinberger is assigned the next rank. Grafenberg is thought to produce wine equal to Rudesheimer, which is a wine of the first Rhine growths. Marcobrunner, Roth, and Konigsbach are highly esteemed, but Bacharach has lost its former celebrity. These are all white wines of the Rhine country. Its red wines are deemed inferior. Red Assmannshauser is pronounced the best. The most celebrated of Moselle wines is the Brauneberger, of which there are numerous varieties. One of these, known as Gruenhauser, used to be styled the nectar of the Moselle. In Wurtzberg is grown Steinwein, produced on a mountain so called, and named by the hospital to which it belongs, Wine of the Holy Ghost.

"The German wines, and also the Italian wines, are much truer than the French and the Spanish. Nearly all of the two latter that are sent to America have been adulterated. For this reason the Italian wine is infinitely the more wholesome beverage and ought to be more sought after. There is no doubt that greater care in its preparation would greatly improve its character, but the Italian peasant is obstinately conservative. He will go on using the same vats from year to year without ever thoroughly cleansing them, and will often mix all sorts of grapes together. The time during which the wine is let to ferment exercises also a great influence on its quality, and here again the peasant proprietor, with his small cellarage limits and his restricted capital, is at a disadvantage. He cannot afford to keep his wine long; he must turn it over and make it into cash. Of

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all Italian brands Chianti is most in request, and its superiority is due in a great measure to the quality of the grapes which grow on the spurs of the Apennines, where there is a great deal of sun and very little rain. It is not likely that the making of wine in the French sense will ever take root in Italy. The Italian has a great dread of what he calls vina malizato, or falsified wine; literally, wine that has been made malicious. Genuine wine he calls sincere.

"By the way, the most precious wine in the world is that contained in a cask named the Rose in the Bremen town hall cellars. It is Rudesheim Rhine wine from the year 1653, and the cask is replenished by degrees, whenever wine is drawn, with carefully washed and dried gravel. It is never sold, but destined exclusively for the sick of Bremen, who receive a very small quantity on production of a doctor's certificate. At present the supposed value of this unique wine has so increased that a bottle containing eight glasses would cost $1,600,000, a glassful nearly $200,000 and a drop $46.20."

"As I have often said, Doctor, you are a perfect encyclopedia on all such matters. I would like to have a few hundred drops of that wine to sell."

"I have given some thought to what has been termed the bubonic plague, and I find that it is the lineal descendant of that which was cleared away from London by the Great Fire. It represents one of the many epidemics which history teaches us devastated Europe during past ages;—pests, these, abolished by the disappearance of the dirt which forms their soil and breeding place. We know the germ of the plague. It was discovered by Kitasato in 1894, and independently in the same year by Yersin, whose protective serum is used as a preventive. The germ is a somewhat shortened and rounded bacillus, that flourishes at a temperature approaching that of the blood. Apparently the germ does not multiply by giving off spores or seedlike bodies, but by simple division of the parent germs into others. It is easily killed. A temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit destroys it quickly and acids also act efficiently in this direction. Yersin found the plague germ living in the soil in affected places. In the earth it appears to be nonvirulent, but placed in another environment, say the animal body, it speedily develops its disease-producing powers. Cows, sheep, pigs, cats, and, of course, rats, are affected by it, but the dog is said to enjoy an immunity from the attentions of this bacillus. Gaining access to the body, through the skin for the most part, and probably through some abrasion or wound, the bacilli make for the glands, and as these swell and enlarge, constituting what we doctors call buboes, the disease has become known as bubonic plague. The fleas which infest the rat are also credited with a share in the diffusion of the ailment, for, charged with the microbes, these parasites will infect other rats, or may possibly inoculate man. It may be added that in one form of the plague the lungs are liable to be specially involved, and the coughed-up matter in that case is highly infectious. So far, I do not believe we have had any real bubonic plague in California. But we should be on our guard against it; for, like smallpox, it comes like a thief at night.

"And that reminds me that, of all the plagues which have arisen from time to time, or infested cities or countries, none is more dreaded, none is more persistent, none is more easily communicable or fatal than was smallpox a century ago. But whence or how the disease arose it is not easy to say. Other plagues have vexed the earth for a time and then passed away, leaving no vestige of their ravages as did the great plague at Athens during the Peloponnesian war, or the plague in England of Charles II.; but smallpox, not content with twelve centuries of sway, still holds its own, despite the discoveries of science. It is unquestionably true that diseases of such contagious nature generally arise among filthy and ill-conditioned people confined in narrow quarters. This was the case with the Athenian plague, and it was again the case in the Jewish quarters of European cities. Contagious diseases were comparatively rare among the Romans and Greeks of the illustrious period, owing to the free public baths and excellent sanitary and gymnastic habits of the times. It was reserved for the middle or dark ages to furnish the most dreadful examples of pestilence. Smallpox arose in the very darkest period of mediaeval times. It first invaded England in the ninth century; it was common in Arabia in the tenth; the Crusades carried it through all Southern Europe; it reached Norway in the fourteenth century; in 1517 it was carried to St. Domingo by the Spaniards along with slavery, the Inquisition, the rack and a host of other infamies; three years later it crossed to Mexico and slew three millions; it invaded Iceland in 1707, and Greenland in 1733, slaying a fourth part of the residents in the former and a large proportion of those in the latter country, and despite all that medical skill has done and is doing to cast it from the earth, it bids fair to retain its hold, in some measure, as long as population, ignorance, destitution, negligence and carelessness continue to combat the physicians and the dictates of common sense. Its history is thus unique; other contagious diseases have proved as fatal under similar circumstances for limited periods; none have continued their blasting work for ten centuries in all climates from Mexico to Greenland. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that its approach should be hailed with terror as is the approach of almost no other disease. Yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, even, have caused no such potent and widespread destruction. The very air it taints carries infection; garments in contact with patients carry their baneful power for years if shut up in tight closets; it can be communicated by mail or by hand, by railroad, by ocean voyage, by money, and by manifold means which cannot be guarded against. It is not only dangerous, but loathesome in its progress; it drives away a man's friends, and often thrusts a beautiful woman into unutterable tortures, and leaves her sometimes a wreck for life, with ruined health and disfigured countenance. When to all this is added its persistent reappearance at almost definite periods, it is not to be wondered at that small pox scares are so dreadful and so common.

"Why, vaccination is the guardian angel of the human race; and to the memory of Jenner should be erected the grandest monument ever conceived. But, come to think of it, no; great monuments are erected only in honor of those who kill, not to the memory of those who save. To be sure vaccination and even revaccination are not always preventives. But the percentage of cases of persons who have been vaccinated are small, and the deaths smaller. Of course, there have always been masses of people and some few physicians who have opposed vaccination. And there have been scrofula and other humors transmited through vaccination. So, men have fallen out of windows and off roofs; but would you do away with windows and roofs in consequence? Let me impress it upon you, my friend, that—"

Waiter—"You are wanted at the telephone, Doctor. There's been an accident—"

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Theodore Roosevelt

(This appraisement of the personality and character of our ex-president is from the pen of Professor G. D. Herron, a cultivated American educator. It was written for the New Age, a London weekly devoted to politics, literature and art, and it was printed in the issue of April 28th.—Editor's Note)

I have been asked by the New Age to write about Theodore Roosevelt. It is difficult to write of so dominant and delusive a personality without in some measure using language that fits the subject. In both word and deed is Mr. Roosevelt himself so terribly personal that it is impossible to write about him in an impersonal way. To speak of him in any terms that at all characterize him is to lay oneself open to the charge of personal feeling. I confess I do feel deeply about Mr. Roosevelt, but it is because I believe him to be the most malign and menacing personal force in the political world of today. He is the embodiment of man's return to the brute—the living announcement that man will again seek relief from the sickness of society in the bonds of an imposing savagery. He is a sign, and one of the makers, of universal decay. He is the glorification of what is rotten and reactionary in our civilization. To speak calmly of one whose life and achievements are a threat and an insult to the holiest spirit of mankind, this is not easy for anyone who cares about mankind, or carries within himself the heart-ache of the generations. About other men one may write judicially, and leave something for inference. But one can only truly write about Mr. Roosevelt by telling the truth about him; and that means the use of plain and terrible words. That is the tragedy and terror of having to speak of him at all.

Quite recently I have been criticised for saying that Theodore Roosevelt is the most degrading influence in our American public life and history. I said this because it was true. It is what many thoughtful Americans know; it is what no one with a reputation to lose will say. We are all afraid of him; we are afraid of him just as we are afraid of the plotted revenge, of the bludgeon from behind, of the knife in the back, of the thief in the dark. No one knows what this man will do if one enters the lists against him; but whatever he does, it will be to avoid the question at issue, and to come at you unawares: to seize an advantage that only the dishonorable and shameless accept. Whatever he does, he will never fight you fair; he will never strike a blow that is not foul. In some respects, Mr. Roosevelt has the field quite to himself; the majority of men have still some rudimentary feelings about the truth; and if not this, then an ordinary sense of humor, as well as the lack of opportunity, saves them from any foolish attempt at competing with Mr. Roosevelt in the art of clothing flagrant falsehood with the garments of moral pomp. It is notorious, too, that no man will now contend with Mr. Roosevelt because no man will so demean himself as to fight upon Mr. Roosevelt's terms. It is also notorious that Mr. Roosevelt will avail himself of this fact, as he did in his controversy with Mr. Edward H. Harriman; as he did in his amazing and disgraceful articles against Socialism; as he did when he condemned, for the sake of his own popularity with a capitalist press, the two labor leaders, Moyer and Haywood, while these men were still on trial for their lives. He knows that his most bitter opponent will observe some of the decencies of combat. Observing none of these himself, he has all the choice of weapons; and he chooses without reference to the weapons of his opponent. Indeed, no white man would be found with the controversial weapons of Theodore Roosevelt upon his person. And no white man has had, or would wish to have, Mr. Roosevelt's opportunity for investing the most skulking personal revenges with the air of a champion of the public good.

But it is not against a mere individual that I protest. I object to Mr. Roosevelt from the fact that he voices and incarnates the fundamental social immorality, the doctrine that might makes right—that no righteousness is worth the having except that which is enforced by brute words, or brute laws, or brute fists, or brute armies. Mr. Roosevelt stands for a life that belongs to the lower barbarian and to the jungle. He has set before the youth of the nation the glory of the beast instead of the glory of the soul. The nation has been hypnotized and saturated with his horrible ideals, as well as by his possessional and intimidating personality. Of course, the nation is itself to blame, and in this reveals its own decadence, for the heroes we worship, and the ideals we cherish, are the revelations of ourselves. Yet it is this one man, more than all others, who has awakened the instinct to kill and to conquer, and all the sleeping savagery of the people. It is he who has put the blood-cup to the lips of the nation, and who bids the nation drink. And one of the strangest ironies that ever issued from academic ignorance, and what will prove to be one of the historic stupidities, is the endowment of this naked militarist with the Nobel Peace Prize; and this because, in the interests of the great bankers and of his own military policy, he was instrumental in depriving Japan of the full fruits of her victory.

Theodore Roosevelt leads a recession in the life of the world. He betokens the enfeeblement of mankind, its lack of a living faith. He is the ominous star of the New Dark Ages, wherein the faithless soul of man will seek forgetfulness and excitement in military murder and political bestiality. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has imposed upon the world an impression of strength; but he is essentially a weakling, an anthropological problem, a case for the pathologist. His psychology is that of the savage at one time, and of the hysteric at another. Intellectually, he is an atavism, the recrudescence of an antique type; he belongs with the rulers of the Roman degeneracy, or with the lesser Oriental despots.

And Mr. Roosevelt is the last man whose name should be spoken of in connection with democracy. He does not believe in democracy at all; nor in freedom at all. He is no more of a democrat than Genghis Khan or Louis XI. He likes liberty less than Cromwell did; and Cromwell liked liberty less, by far, than did Charles I. Only these are big names to put beside the name of a man so morally small, so ignorant of essential excellence, so ruthlessly inconsiderate of his fellows, as Theodore Roosevelt.

But supposing Mr. Roosevelt were one of the soul's gentlemen, supposing he politically meant to do social good, it is by methods that belong to the darkest phases of human history—the methods of the tyrant who believes his own will to be the only righteousness, and all opposition to that will to be the one unrighteousness; and who proceeds to stamp its opposers with what he means to be an indelible infamy, or to kill if he can. As the best example of this sort, Cromwell tyrannized over a nation, and over the souls of men, for their own salvation and for the glory of God. And this is the method by which every tyranny or tyrant seeks justification. It is the only method Mr. Roosevelt cares for or believes in.

Yet no man ever ruled other men for their own good; no man was ever rightly the master of the minds or

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bodies of his brothers; no man ever ruled other men for anything except for their own undoing, and for his own brutalization. The possession of power over others is inherently destructive—both to the possessor of the power and to those over whom it is exercised. And the great man of the future, in distinction from the great man of the past, is he who will seek to create power in the peoples, and not to gain power over them. The great man of the future is he who will refuse to be great at all, in the historic sense; he is the man who will literally lose himself, who will altogether diffuse himself, in the life of humanity. All that any man can do for a people, all that any man can do for another man, is to set the man or the people free. Our work, whensoever or wheresoever we would do good, is to open to men the gates of life—to lift up the heavenly doors of opportunity.

This applies to society as well as to the individual man. If the collective man will release the individual man and let him go, then the individual will at last give himself gloriously, in the fullness of his strength, unto the society that sets the gates and the highways of opportunity before him. Give men opportunity, and opportunity will give you men; for opportunity is God, and freedom to embrace opportunity is the glory of God.

The Spectator

The Revel at the Fairmont

During their recent convention the California Pharmaceutical Association held a smoker in the Norman room of the Fairmont which has been the subject of much whispered comment by all who were present. I hardly think the local druggists were responsible for the form of entertainment provided, because it was not the kind which would appeal very strongly to them. It was rather of a nature to tickle the crude susceptibilities of the bewhiskered visitors from the prune belt and the tall timbers. The entertainment ran largely to hoochee koochee dancing executed by damsels from the Barbary Coast attired in filmy and abbreviated garments. I am told that some of the dancers out-Salomed Salome in the abandon of their display and the suggestiveness of their contortions. It was red hot stuff and the rube druggists couldn't get enough of it. Spurred by their applause the dancers vied with one another in the presentation of unusual effects until the affair took on the complexion of a Paphian rite. One dancer was so bold that my pen modestly refuses to do justice to her posturings. Another feature of this smoker was the signs of an alleged facetious character which were tacked up all over the room. They were supposed to parody the signs that used to adorn the old-fashioned drugstore. In reality they were exceedingly broad and vulgar. It is surprising to think of an affair of this sort taking place in the Fairmont, but of course the management of the hotel had no means of knowing how the makers of pills and potions were going to entertain themselves. The Fairmont people would not countenance such an entertainment if they knew of it in time. In this case they didn't.

Phil Stanton's Airy Persiflage

It is a hundred to one shot among politicians that Phil Stanton, the Favorite Son of Los Angeles, is not going to poll many votes in the prune belt. Stanton toured Tulare County a few days ago in hot pursuit of support for his gubernatorial ambitions, crowning his efforts with a characteristic ebullition of humor in the town of Visalia. When the vote of Tulare is counted Stanton will begin to realize that his brand of humor is out of place in a political canvass. It was at the Palace Hotel in Visalia that Stanton emitted his little jeu d'esprit. Entering the dining room he seated himself at a table and when a waitress approached, asked her: "Have you any prunes?" Naturally the waitress replied that prunes were on the bill of fare, whereupon Stanton replied: "Well, keep 'em." The waitress failed to see the joke and all those to whom she retailed the incident were equally dense. Some were so deficient in the sense of humor as to feel that it was a gratuitous insult and this feeling is spreading through the prune belt, to the detriment of Stanton's candidacy. Which shows how careful an office seeker should be about the diffusion of airy persiflage.

A Letter from "The Barbarian"

The following letter anent my recent comments on "The Confessions of a Barbarian" may prove of interest:

May 19, 1910.

To the Editor of "Town Talk,"
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir: I was very much amused by your review of my book. Far be it from me to challenge your critical judgment! But you will perhaps permit me to correct two misrepresentations of fact:

(1) I have never boasted of any relations with the Kaiser, interviews to the contrary notwithstanding. You know as well as I that it is impossible to get an idea out of a newspaperman's head, once it is rooted there.

(2) In the second place, you state that the love letters quoted in my book are products of my own imagination. If your paper is willing to defray the expenses, I shall be glad to render an affidavit to the effect that the letters reprinted in the chapter in question are literal translations of the German originals, with the elision only of such portions withheld from publication for very good and adequate reasons.

Let me also state that I have no intention of suing you for libel.

Very sincerely yours,
—George Sylvester Viereck

A Confession of Disappointment

I cannot help feeling a good deal disappointed to learn that the lusty blood of the Hohenzollerns does not course in the young veins of Mr. Viereck. I did not think the less of his talents because I imagined that there was a bend sinister on his coat of arms. I have not the vulgar horror of illegitimacy. In Richard Savage's too little known poem, "The Bastard," I have always found much that was admirable. I have never blamed Davenant overmuch for boasting his left-handed descent from Shakespeare. Because the dilettante of Strawberry Hill was the natural son of old Sir Robert Walpole I have

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never thought the less of his Gothic romance or of his gossipy letters. If Lord Chesterfield's illegitimate son had inherited the literary skill of the polished letter writer, his father, I would regard him with equal respect. To come closer home I think neither more nor less of an American president because I am firmly convinced that he was the natural son of Aaron Burr. In short, those who wish to understand my views on the subject of bastardy need only read the interesting remarks which Balzac makes in his "Catherine de Medici." So I am disappointed to receive Mr. Viereck's disclaimer. My statement of his descent was founded on an article published about two years ago in the New York Times Saturday Review of Books. The article was signed by Otis Notman (obviously a pseudonym) and contained the following statements:

A grandson of the great Kaiser Wilhelm is living in New York. He is an editor and a poet—many regard him as among the greatest poets of the age. . . . . The fact that George Sylvester Viereck is a grandson of the German Emperor, William the First, and a cousin of the present Kaiser, has been asserted by his friends, and has lately been whispered about in the literary coteries of the city. The circumstances that the parentage of Mr. Viereck's father was openely declared at a Socialist meeting a day or two ago, and that the young poet, when asked about the matter, confirmed the truth of the story, make it possible now to print it. . . . . Mr. Viereck does not voluntarily tell the story of his descent, though he freely admitted the truth to me. . . . . "The story of Viereck's parentage," said Alexander Jonas, editor of the Volk Zeitung, yesterday, "is taken as an authentic bit of history by all Germans who are conversant with the life of the old Emperor William."

Otis Notman goes on to tell of the romantic attachment which existed between Edwina Viereck, the poet's grandmother, and the Emperor, then King of Prussia, in the days of the Revolution of 1848. To Otis Notman Viereck is quoted as having made this statement: "I would rather have written 'Nineveh and other Poems' than be the German Emperor today." The Times Review of Books is a conservative paper, yet the week following that in which Otis Notman's article was published, we find the editor referring to Viereck twice as "a Hohenzollern." If Mr. Viereck ever set the editor right, the retraction has escaped me.

Sapleigh—Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—Miss Keen—Really, Mr. Sapleigh? Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do!

Older the Uplifter

Verily the way of the uplifter is hard. Take for example Mr. Fremont Older, and by way of illustration, his unvarying experience in his beloved cause of morality and civic decency. Rebuff is his portion and rebuke the staple of his diet. No sympathy or encouragement does he get from his fellow citizens; no acclaim save that which he gives himself in the columns of the one virtuous and incorruptible journal. For a time it was thought that the repeated miscarriage of his designs was due to an unpropitious environment. The supposition was that San Francisco was incorrigible, as far beyond regeneration as Sodom, as passionately devoted to corruption as Gomorrah; that the filth of an Augean stable was more congenial to the perverted taste of the people than the balmy air of the glorious gardens of Hesperus amidst the Isles of the blest. This supposition has been exploded. Like Hercules of old our giant of reform, his zeal undiminished despite the futility of his club and his arrows against the Nemean lion of corruption, has wandered afar in the performance of his labors but to learn that he is a prophet without honor abroad as well as at home. The honest farmer of Marin County is as callous to the benign influence of Older as the unregenerate citizen of the modern Babylon. And now according to Mr. Older there is no honesty among farmers. By the outcome of the Flannery case he is convinced that it is as easy to seduce a farmer as a metropolitan merchant. True, while the trial was in progress he was of the opinion that only two jurors had been tampered with, but the verdict made it clear to him that the whole jury was debauched. Hence the repetition of the old familiar editorial whine that so often saluted our ears in the days not long past when after vain efforts to intimidate juries the public was advised that the machinery of justice had broken down.

The Frankness of Battarus

Mr. Older in my opinion is unfortunate in his methods. As a crusader in the interest of public decency he pretends to be more decent than he is, and juries regard him with suspicion. Now this preposterous affectation is not at all necessary. If none but impeccable citizens were justified in attempting to advance the cause of reform there would be no prosecutions for crimes against the commonwealth. It has been said that if we all got our deserts we should all be in jail, but it does not follow that we must all be tolerant of all kinds of crime. It is because each of us abhors the sins he is not inclined to that the world is a tolerable place to live in. But Mr. Older seems to think it necessary to pretend that there is no sin that he does not abhor. Battarus had the right idea on this subject. I commend Battarus to the consideration of Mr. Older. Battarus pursued the pandar's ancient calling. Once upon a time he caused the arrest of Thales, a Phrygian plutocrat, for assault and battery, and he conducted the prosecution himself. Like Mr. Older he asked for a verdict in the interest of the people, but he made no virtuous pretensions. "Deem not that in protecting me," he said, "that you are guarding the interest of a poor pimp. No, the honor and independence of your city are at stake." He said a lot more in this vein, and he got a verdict, but he impressed the jury by a frank confession of his own iniquity. "I follow a disreputable trade," he said; "that I don't deny. My name is Battarus; and my father Sisymbus and my grandfather Sisymbriscus (both inglorious names) were pandars before me. When I ask you for a verdict, gentlemen, I am thinking not of myself but of all the strangers who take refuge in your city."

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Older as a Witness

Older not only lacks frankness, he is given to dissimulation and misrepresentation. This is too bad. He is fighting for some good principles and occasionally he has a good case. But he never tries to win on the square, and the truth almost invariably comes out. It came out in the Flannery case when Mr. Older was on the witness stand. He admitted that if Abbott had not implicated Flannery the bunco man would not have been released from jail. In other words Abbott had to give the "right kind" of testimony to earn his freedom. This admission was of great benefit to Flannery, especially as Sheriff Taylor had sworn that Abbott had not implicated Flannery until after his second meeting with Older. A fine sample of Older's talent for frame-ups was given during the trial when he called for Jerome Bassity. Every day the Bulletin shrieked for Bassity, and told how important it was that Bassity should be put on the witness stand. On the last day of the trial Bassity appeared in court, and learned that he wasn't wanted. When the trial was over Older wanted to know why his testimony about Flannery's offer to "cut up the town" with him was permitted to go unchallenged. "Why," he asked, "didn't George Knight ask for the name of the man that conveyed the message?" The answer is, Because George Knight had too much sense.. As the testimony involved collateral matter the defense would not have been permitted to impeach the witness. Older knew that he was perfectly safe in giving the testimony. And the outcome has vindicated Knight's judgment. The verdict of the jury in effect pronounces false the testimony procured by Mr. Older in Mr. Phelan's sybaritic apartments and strengthened with liberal doses of whisky in a prison cell in San Rafael where the prisoner's feelings were harrowed up with pictures of Oscar Wilde's miserable experience in Reading Jail supplied by the esthetic editor.

How an Editor Can be Made Useful

Mr. Older has reached a point where he can be converted into a very useful citizen of this city. He can be made to serve the purpose of irradiating the understanding of men far from the madding crowd who are laboring under a delusion regarding the character of this community. The better Mr. Older is understood, the easier it becomes to understand San Francisco. I am therefore heartily in favor of the exploitation of Mr. Older in remote sections. I believe that he should be induced to contrive a frame-up in each county of the State in order that the people might appreciate his artistry and the effect of it on public morals. In every section of the State there are people who still believe that Mr. Older and the cabal which he represents have suffered most cruel treatment at the hands of the people of this city. The experience of Older and his employers is conclusive in the opinion of many an honest farmer and many a bucolic journalist that this community is unlike any other community under the sun. The belief is still prevalent in the interior that human nature in San Francisco by some mysterious chemical process has been rendered absolutely inhuman and that as a consequence our average citizen is possessed of exotic ideals and filled with curious, fantastic notions of morality akin to nothing on this planet. Now perhaps there is no better way of disabusing the minds of our neighbors of this fallacy than that of encouraging Mr. Older to propagate his frame-ups, to circulate his personality, to localize his slanders and disseminate his whines. It might be a good thing for the city to diffuse Mr. Older from San Diego to Siskiyou, to impregnate the atmosphere with him and leave the rest to the Board of Health.

The Woes of a Laureate

It appears that Mrs. Maclafferty has discovered the difficulty of wiving a poet. My sympathy goes out to her. Maclafferty is the author of a set of verses entitled "The City Loved Around the World." I think several thousands of these were printed and carried east by our exposition boosters, which proves that they are mighty poor judges of verse. Maclafferty's verse is not even mediocre. He is the Alfred Austin of San Francisco, the halting laureate of our Panama Fair—and an unsatisfactory husband. Who was it that was appointed poet laureate of England because he lived on very good terms with his wife? Maclafferty has attained the same distinction by the contrary route. While his verses halted his connubial bliss stood still. Perhaps Maclafferty thinks with Flaubert that "however refractory the Muse may be, she is better than any woman." In his case the Muse has been exceedingly refractory. "Art is wife enough for me," said Michelangelo. "Rhyme is too much husband for me" it is possible that the poet's spouse may have murmured when she applied for a separation. "The position of lover is not a sinecure," said Byron, and it seems that the position of wife to a poetaster is not safe. Again I condole with Mrs. Maclafferty. It is bad enough to ask a woman to live with a real poet, but to wive a poeticule must be punishment too severe even for heroic womanhood.

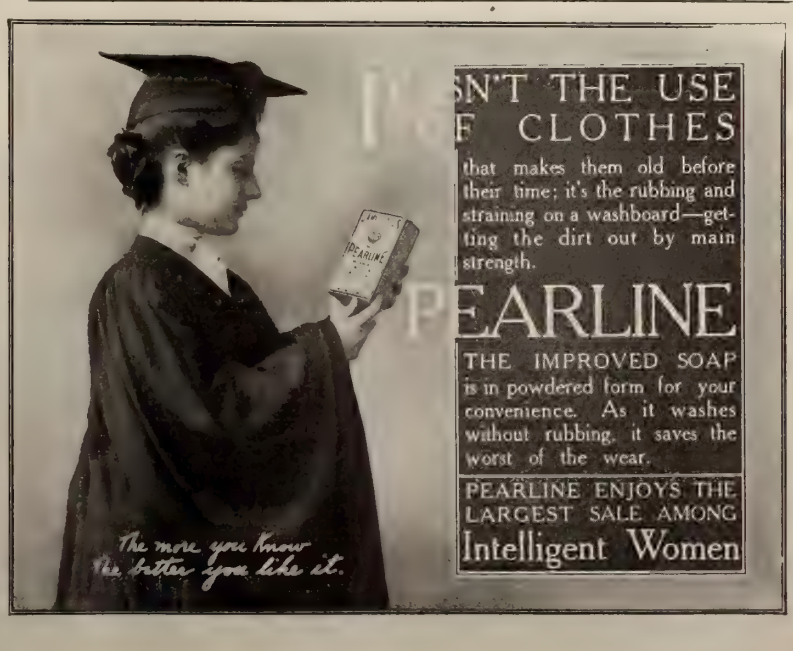
First Reveller—I say, old man, your wife won't do a thing to you when she smells the whiskey.

Second Reveller—When I'm near her I'll hold my breath.

First Reveller—You won't be able to. It's too strong.

Debut of a White Seal

A white seal made his appearance on the seal rocks the other day and excited a great deal of interest not only among the other seals but also at the Cliff House. It was the first time that anybody in this part of the world had ever seen a white seal. The stranger did not receive a cordial welcome. On the contrary several of the veteran members of the herd resented his intrusion and tried to prevent him from pre-empting a basking place on the rocks. But he would not be denied, and he spent the day warming himself in the sun and occasionally asserting himself in stentorian tones. When the sun went down he tumbled back into the water and started on a journey down the coast. John Farley, boniface of the Cliff, who is an authority on the zalophus Californianus, and who claims to know all about his habits the distance that he covers in his excursions and the why and wherefore of his trips, says that the white seal will return in about two weeks and sojourn in this neighborhood for some months. "He is now a member of the



seal-rock herd," says Farley. "His visit the other day was for the purpose of being initiated and selecting a partner, and from the manner of his departure I am satisfied that he arranged everything satisfactorily." Sam Rucker who is as much of an authority on Farley as Farley is on seals is sceptical. He says that if there was a white seal on the rocks it was one that had been kalsomined by Farley either to advertise a certain brand of champagne or to supply a pretext for a monologue on his favorite topic. But whatever may be the truth regarding the seal's coat, the fact is that a milk-white seal did visit the rocks and spend a day there.

Maud Allan's Probable Receipts

I asked an experienced theatrical man what he thought was the probable total of the receipts for the Maud Allan dancing exhibitions. He calculated for a short time and told me that he thought she played to a business of about $30,000 in her nine recitals. He said he thought she received about $800 for each performance in this city, although gossip has had it that she received as much as $2,000 every time she danced. At $800 per performance Miss Allan's share of the takings would be $7,500 in round numbers, not a bad sum for the amount of work done. It seems that there are a good many fingers in this dancing pie and that every finger must get its plum. Miss Allan must first of all give Butt, her London manager, his proportion of the receipts. R. E. Johnston is her manager for the United States and he must be taken care of. Klaw and Erlanger also have some sort of a financial claim which must be settled out of every "gate" though I do not understand just where they come in. Then of course there is the local manager who supplies the theater and the orchestra, in San Francisco Will Greenbaum. So it is plain that Miss Allan has to cut up her earnings with a good many claimants. In spite of which I understand that she has waxed very wealthy. Miss Allan's father has been in town with her, having come on from London to watch her reception in her old home. He is introduced as "Miss Allan's father, Mr. Allan."

Mrs. Mighels' Apologia

The following letter has just come to me from Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels apropos my comment on her cremation of what she considered books of evil tendency:

1607 Baker St., S. F.
May 21st, 1910.

To Ye Editor of Town Talk:

Dear Sir: Although I have been quite ill for a week, yet it has been in my mind to take up your challenge as to whether I had the right to set myself up as an authority on the values of things literary.

If my time is short I must speak. If it is long so much the better. I can then prove what I say.

I know it is popular nowadays to belong to the ephemera—those daintily winged insects which flitter and glitter in the sunlight for a brief hour extolling themselves for their just-bornedness and their soon approach of finality. Now my mother belonged to the immortals and she trained me in the ways of the immortals—to live long, to think much, to die gloriously to earth which is the gateway to heaven. What do I mean by that? Why that she never ceased gleaning the wisdom of the ages which she tried to pass on to me. In the next place I sat at the feet of Adley Cummins when I was nineteen, and he read to me in the years following from the priceless lore of his research from sixty languages and dialects. He bought for me translations of the stories I liked best—that of "Damayanti" and "Shakuntala" from the Sanscrit; he shared with me everything that he found as the pearl-diver would give his sweetheart the choicest gems he brought up from the sea.

I have met graduates of universities who talked pompously of the study of English literature and prated of Shelley's "Skylark." But when I asked them of "Prometheus Unbound" they dismissed it haughtily as of little worth because the professor had not given it to the class. But I read "Prometheus Unbound" aloud to my three-year-old child who bade me go on, the same as my mother had read Byron's "Manfred" to me at that age and I had said go on. "More."

Do you get a glimmering of what I mean? There is a hereditary instinct for values literary which cannot be taught in any university. And I have that.

At the age of eleven I roamed through the library of the late Judge Turner who included on his shelves many of the works that the members of the Bohemian Club of today take great delight in—Boccoccio's Decameron, Montaigne, racy French volumes of the most approved quality. I read Don Quixote, and what was worse, Gil Blas with equal fortitude, bothered only to know what a ragout might be. Those people were always eating ragouts, with such a relish that I doubted very much if it were a simple stew they were raving over, such as we had. If it were then they were silly people. Already I had mastered the Arabian Nights—Edward Lane's edition. Next came Les Miserables translated by Chas. E. Wilbour—the edition that was sent to the front in the time of the Civil War so that every soldier came back from the war prepared to be the protector of some helpless child as was Jean Valjean who was the real hero of that hour. I have seen other translations of this volume I would not permit to enter my house for they are vile and unspeakable. But I had Wilbour's translation and I decided definitely that no other book equaled the one that told the story of Cosette. . . . .

Today I say the same; it is the greatest novel that was ever written if you get Wilbour's translation. When Adley Cummins read it in the original French he was moved to laughter over the extravagances of the great author's cerebrations. It was spoiled for him and for me too, nearly. Adley considered this translation into English better than the original for our people because it was more sane. So you see it is not a small matter, this choosing of our books, when a masterpiece strikes some as vile because of the lack of judicial quality in the translator.

We lived with the poets and the philosophers. They were our intimate friends. . . . . Adley Cummins' philological library which was the joy of students was destroyed during the great fire, in the Free Library, and will never be reproduced. The readers of the libraries seem to have lost their zest for the deeper culture and are all like a lot of sheep demanding

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the "best seller for that" month. I find very little initiative. Very little gift at finding out what is best on the shelves. I myself have gone back to Bulwer whom I find magnificent, and his pictures of English life as true today as when they were written.

But it matters little about ourselves. The grown are already either made or broken. I am raising my protest for the children. I think we ought to give them a chance for their lives. My ambition is to establish a "Little Library" for the younger children—to give them things to read that are full of the zest and joy of living—not pages full of sneers and jeers at life and what it contains.

I was taught much by my own daughter who had this instinct for things literary developed to a remarkable degree. Her favorite book in childhood was Charles Carleton Coffin's "Story of Liberty." She carried it around with her under her arm at ten years of age and fairly absorbed it. She was so taken with "Aesop' Fables" that she began making up little stories like them herself. She also adored "Les Miserables" as the story of a kind man to a poor unprotected little girl. Children of the erudite have a hard time sometimes however.

Little Virgil Markham, son of the poet, has been fed on deep things since he arrived on this sphere but he does not fail to express himself. After a hard evening of reading aloud by an enthusiast of a certain kind, the child went to his mother and said complainingly, "I-don't seem-to-care-much-for-that Browning." So with my daughter, she came to me in London holding a book in her hand. "Mamma, I don't want you to read this—it is awful—I am sorry no one told me and kept me from doing it—I don't want anybody else to read it. Shall we pour kerosene on it and take it down in the yard and burn it up!" I agreed with her at once and that was the first literary bonfire I ever assisted at. The book was "Camille." When the children of my neighborhood tell me they hate that "Alice in Wonderland," that they think her too silly for anything and that they cannot read it through—I feel that we ought to do better than to thrust upon them such things. When a boy asks, "Shall I bring Peck's Bad Boy and put it in the fire?" I think it about time the authorities were waking up and doing something better for the children, than letting them run at large in literature like homeless and parentless beings.

I would recommend that missionary work of this kind be done in different neighborhoods individually.

Finally, I have no wish to do away with books that reveal the truth in a human way. I burned "Black Rock" because it was false. I keep "Anna Karenina" because it is true. No gang of men in a mining camp are going to stay away from a side-show to listen to one woman sing "Shall we gather at the river." The mixing of religion and pruriency together is very offensive to me. I think the Sunday School libraries should be overhauled. My last word is a quotation from Adley Cummins, "Life is short and time is valuable." Why not seek the things worth while?

Very sincerely yours,
—Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels.

Morality and Art

Mrs. Mighels makes the Tolstoian assumption that a book cannot be a great work of art unless it is moral. The difficulty with this assumption lies largely in formulating a definition of morality which will be generally acceptable. What Tolstoi and Mrs. Mighels would call immoral other authorities insist on regarding as highly moral. Is it not simpler and more logical to accept a work of art in accordance with its author's intention? It might not have been the intention of the author to amuse high school girls—he may have written for grown-ups. And if his work is a work of art it will not prove harmful to mature minds. Mrs. Mighels claims a hereditary instinct for literary values, yet she brackets Boccaccio and Montaigne with "racy French volumes of the most approved quality." "I read Don Quixote, and what was worse, Gil Blas," she writes. Are we to infer that Don Quixote is bad and that Gil Blas is worse? If that is Mrs. Mighels' meaning, her instinct for literary values must be at fault. A nice sense of literary values would hardly prefer the translation of a masterpiece to the masterpiece itself, would it? It is a truism that all great books lose in translation. Does Mrs. Mighels mean that Hugo loses in translation something which he would have been better without? I am afraid Hugo would exclaim, if he heard this, "traduttori traditori!" The story about Mrs. Mighels' little girl is interesting, but of course we are not to infer that Mrs. Mighels allowed her daughter to act as her literary censor. The spectacle of a mother and daughter cremating "Camille" —(I suppose Mrs. Mighels refers to "La Dame aux Camellias")—does not impress me and I choose to imagine that in that instance Mrs. Mighels allowed sentimentality to obscure her sense of literary values. One more question: Is "Anna Karenina" truer that "Madame Bovary"? And if so, by what standard of truth? Art values must not be estimated in terms of personal prejudice.

Jones—What did your rich uncle leave you when he died?
Smith—Nothing.
Jones—Didn't he say anything to you before he passed away?
Smith—Yes, he said nothing was too good for me.

The Nickelodeon Craze

Every theatrical man in town is complaining that the craze for nickelodeons has eaten into the vitals of the legitimate theatrical business. "The nickelodeons," said one of the complaining managers to me, "have emptied our galleries. They have not appreciably hurt the orchestra or the balcony but they have played the deuce with the gallery. Don't underestimate the gallery. The hundred dollars a night that the gallery used to mean to us was not to be despised. The gallery god is a great agent to spread the news of a good play—and incidentally to help damn a bad one. He is enthusiastic, a sound critic and apt to have more influence with his friends who are in search of theatrical amusement than the blase white-fronted chap who sits in the orchestra chair. Every good actor and actress will tell you that they are delighted to win the approval of the gallery god. And

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now he is being lured away from his old love by the spell of the moving picture. I cannot altogether blame him. The nickelodeon provides an entertainment that is as attractive as it is cheap in price. The films depict most dramatic events and depict them with consummate skill. The nickelodeons are putting forth their very best efforts to please the old gallery god. Can we legitimate theatrical men say as much? How long will the craze last? I cannot tell. I am not even sure that it should be called a craze. Why may it not be destined to remain as a definite department of the amusement game? It is from that viewpoint, anyway, that we theatrical men ought to reckon with its influence. There is no sense in our pretending that the nickelodeons are not hurting us or that they will not hurt us for long. The antic of the ostrich will gain us nothing. It will not win back the good old gallery god."

Edwin Emerson's Erudition

Our old friend Edwin Emerson, the Cuban colonel who is considered a great soldier by some men of letters and a great man of letters by some soldiers, blazed on the editorial page of the Examiner a few days ago. His brilliance was the erratic brilliance of a comet and it was of Halley's comet that he wrote. An erudite man is the colonel, albeit something obfuscated by the fogs of history. He speaks of Charlemagne "who ruled all Europe and other domains of the ancient Roman Empire." This is an interesting assertion but slightly inaccurate. Charlemagne did not rule all Europe, he did not rule domains outside of Europe and he did not rule the ancient Roman Empire. Colonel, you must look to Bryce and not to Gibbon for the empire which Charlemagne ruled. It was not the ancient but the Holy Roman Empire, a distinction with a difference. The colonel speaks of Plutarch, "the ancient Roman historian." Here again interest is gloriously independent of accuracy. My dear Colonel, don't you know that Plutarch was a Greek?

Fogarty at the Press Club

There was a jinks at the Press Club last Saturday night and Frank Fogarty was there. Fogarty became a favorite in the Press Club when he was last in San Francisco and he has been a good deal entertained by the newspapermen during the past week. He never tells in private any of the stories which he uses on the stage, that being against the rules of the vaudeville circuits, but he has such a wealth of material that he is never at a loss for a laugh-provoker. Fogarty was not the whole show at the Press Club jinks but he certainly made the biggest hit among a lot of very talented people. The newspapermen couldn't get enough of him. I left the club shortly before four in the morning and he was still sitting in the jinks room with an intent crowd about him, spinning convulsing Irish yarns. One of the best things Fogarty does is to recite John Locke's beautiful poem, "Dawn on the Irish Coast." I have seen natives of the Emerald Isle wipe away furtive tears under the spell of this heartfelt poem as recited by Fogarty. Another selection which made a great hit was one of his own compositions called "The Ould Neighbors," a recitation throbbing with pathetic truth. And then his description of the City of Geck, ending with the Geck anthem! It is as nonsensical as Lewis Carroll's "'Twas brillig and the slithy toves" and much funnier. Frank Fogarty is a great artist in his line and I am not a bit sorry that I stayed up so late listening to him.

Henry Took a Costly Nap

This jinks at the Press Club was a very successful affair. La Estrellita, the Spanish dancer from the Portola Cafe made a great hit with her original interpretation of the "Yip" song. She sings it with a knowing air, a rolling of the eyes and a shrug of the shoulders that give it an entirely new meaning far from its ordinary inanity. Senor Wanrell contributed to the program and of course the newspapermen insisted that he give them their favorite "Pagliacci" prologue. One never tires of hearing Wanrell sing that. Of course Nat Landesberger

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was there. With Sigismondo Martinez at the piano he played a Legend by Wieniawski and the Humoreske by Dvorak. That reminds me of a funny incident. A. J. Henry, the photographer who is one of the most popular members of the Press Club, took forty winks during Nat's playing and as he was sitting in a conspicuous position his dereliction was conspicuous. When Landsberger finished one of the newspapermen called the attention of the chairman to Henry's little nap and suggested that fitting punishment be meted out. Randall Borough, the artist, who was in the chair, rose to the occasion. He condemned Henry to pay for his nap by buying the drinks for everybody in the room. Henry made a clever defense but bowed to the judgment. There was a big crowd at that jinks and I am not going to tell how much that little drowsiness cost the photographer.

Jack Crothers' New Emprise

Jack Crothers, for many years the business manager of the Bulletin, has surprised everybody by quitting his position. Some say that he found it impossible to get along with Fremont Older; others that he had a disagreement with his uncle, R. A. Crothers. Whatever the cause, Jack is out and "old man Crothers" has announced that he will henceforth be his own business manager, an arrangement not likely to last very long. Meanwhile Jack Crothers has undertaken a novel enterprise. Some time ago he leased to the St. Francis Hotel part of his fine farm at Niles. It is the intention of the hotel to raise there its own butter, eggs, milk and other dairy produce and I understand that Crothers is going to take charge of this "St. Francis Hotel Farm." as it is to be called. One of the things he is going to do is to stamp on every egg the date on which it was laid so that patrons of the hotel may be sure that they are getting a fresh article. The new enterprise is a very interesting one and its practical operation will undoubtedly be carefully studied by our other hotels.

He—What kind of stone would you like in the ring, darling?
She—Oh, Jack, dear, I've heard so much about baseball diamonds. Do you suppose they are very expensive?

Mr. Wilson Loquitur

"Running a hotel is a very different undertaking from running a steamer," mused Mr. Alva Wilson, the clever assistant manager of the St. Francis. "I never realized this point clearly until recently when I was the guest of the genial Captain Cousins on the steamer 'President.' On the surface it might seem that to take care of passengers on board a steamer would have very much in common with the business of running a hostelry, but it hasn't. I was in Captain Cousins' cabin one day when a tap came at the door. It was a woman in the lowest depths of despair from sea sickness. 'Oh captain,' she wailed, 'what shall I do to get over this terrible seasickness?' 'Take a train,' replied the captain quite seriously. A little later there came another tap at the cabin door and there was the apparition of another woman with much the same question. 'Go out and lie under a tree and you'll feel better." gravely advised the captain. Now we hotel men are pestered with more foolish questions and demands than a sea-captain, but do you think we would dare to treat them in this flippant manner? I should say not. We must take a serious interest in everybody's little troubles and perplexities or our hotel would soon become unpopular. But the sea-captain seems to be a licensed jester; tradition makes all sailors gruff and rough and nobody thinks of being offended when the captain rips out a rude remark or advises a woman suffering with mal de mer to lie under a tree. Yes, sir, running a hotel is a very different undertaking from running a steamer."

Local Man Writes a Play

Waldemar Young who used to be dramatic critic on the Examiner and Chronicle has written a play for Frank Fogarty, the "Dublin minstrel." Ever since Fogarty played his first vaudeville engagement in this city over a year ago Young has been traveling with him as his publicity agent and their association has resulted in Young writing a play which Fogarty will try out next season. The central character of the play is an Irishman who has slowly risen to affluence in New York, raising a family of three children. As the children grow up they become ashamed of their father and of his old friends and simple tastes. The action deals with what happens when this domestic situation reaches its crisis. The play will be called "Kerrigan," "The House of Kerrigan" or by some similar title. The central character was of course built to suit Fogarty and he should score heavily in it. It will be a novelty to see a vaudevillain pass to the legitimate drama. In the past few years the trend has been in the opposite direction. This is not "Wallie" Young's first essay in dramatic writing. With Race Whitney he wrote "The King Maker" which was produced successfully at the Princess and he has also written skits for the Bohemian and Family clubs.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 626 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at Nos. 536 Polk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Charmer from the East

A short time ago a young lady arrived at the St. Francis Hotel, registering from Washington, D. C., who in the opinion of many of the guests at that hostelry was one of the most beautiful and most fascinating young women that had ever come out of the East for the titillation of western pulses. Chief among those who formed this opinion of her were Willy O'Connor, Clare Payne and young Hastings, the heir of one of our oldest established clothiers. These and other young men testified to their admiration for this entrancing traveler by all sorts of attentions. She and her chaperon were the guests at all sorts of jolly theater and supper parties; they had automobiles at their disposal whenever they chose to take a spin; and the flowers!—strangely enough the young lady never accepted their gifts of flowers and whenever a box of choice blooms was brought to her rooms she would send it to the telephone girls and the stenographers of the hotel without so much as examining the card enclosed. This eccentricity only added to her charm. Well, she has departed for the East once more and young Hastings' friends are telling that he followed closely on her heels. Already they are speculating as to whether there is to be honey on the moon. I am not sure. The admiring youth may find that the young lady's affections are already engaged by a wealthy New York stock broker of national prominence.

A New Standard in Entertaining

The fastidious esthete whose refined hospitality has been elevated to the dignity of art will hereafter have a new standard by which to compute the quality of lavish entertaining. A luncheon at the St. Francis during the week established this new standard. The entire space of the white and gold room was utilized for the function at which about one hundred and twenty-five women were the guests of Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld. Mrs. Rosenfeld was formerly Miss Duffy, the daughter of a wealthy sea captain, a woman of delightful personality and fresh charm. When the assemblage was viewed from above a fringe of animated color seemed to surround a long oval landscape garden which was in reality the table. In the center was a tiny lake from which radiated two small streams that wound their curving rills over the miniature garden. Dwarfed trees shaded the streams and scores of canary birds in cages were deftly concealed under the leafage. In the center of the lake a fountain spilled a perfumed spray over the lake in which gold fish gleamed. The stream was banked up with mosses to represent grass and a lawn effect was similarly contrived. Tiny tubs of blossoming plants stood about, giving a true scenic effect in perfect miniature. Small maple trees, cedars and pines gave the table the appearance of a park. The whole scheme was exquisitely wrought out in symmetrical proportions. Mrs. Rosenfeld who keeps her apartments at the St. Francis all the year round in addition to a handsome home in Oakland, received endless congratulations on her original artistry. Following the luncheon, at which many prominent society folks from both sides of the bay were guests, the company enjoyed bridge until late in the afternoon. For this the ball room was handsomely decorated with rhododendrons and other potted flowers and shrubbery. A score of beautiful prizes were awarded to the bridge experts.

Mrs. Alexander's Plans

Determined not to be the least bit outdone by Mr. Greenway who will spend the summer on the other side gathering ideas for the entertainment of the local Four Hundred next season, Mrs. Alexander is announcing to her friends that she also plans to leave soon for Europe. She will head straight for Paris to look over the latest whimsies in cotillon favors and ball room decorations. Mrs. Alexander is confiding to her friends that she plans

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MISS FLORINE ARNOLD
A pretty high school girl, member of the Omega Nu sorority, whose engagement to Mr. W. Robinson has been announced.

to meet Mrs. Carolan in Paris. In fact, had she been able to rent her flat in time, she says she would have left on the same boat with the Carolans. Everyone knows that Mrs. Carolan is determined to assume social dictatorship next winter, for the Czar is said to be seriously thinking of quitting the throne. It is thought that he only hesitates because he wonders on whose shoulders his gorgeous mantle will fall. Mr. Greenway and Mrs. Carolan are the very best of friends, for they have many ideas of social arbitrament in common. Will Mrs. Carolan campaign under the banner of Mrs. Alexander or will she prefer Greenway? Speculation is whetted by the difficulty of answering this question. Mrs. Carolan has incomparable social assets that would make Greenway's last campaign invincible. I wonder if the conference in Paris will settle this tremendous matter?

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Our Gay Night Life

The old town is kicking up its heels more merrily these cool summer days than it ever dared do in the polite and formal winter season. The younger set which really gives society its life and sparkle—I refer to the Peter Martins, the Samuel Knights, the Walter Martins, the Baldwin Woods and the rest of that coterie of young

MRS. ANDREW G. McCARTHY

The beautiful bride of the popular clubman who was Miss Bessie Dargie, the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Dargie of Oakland.

married couples—hasn't had such a frolicsome time since the Portola festival when they played ring-around-a-rosy down Market street to the music of the band. Good times? Why the past two weeks have been perfectly blithesome and merry, with not a bit of the fatigue and yawning of ceremonial society functions where every one is bored to distraction, hoping against hope that something will happen to clear the atmosphere of its deadly dullness. Just step any night into the Powell street cafes after the theater. The Columbia has been uncommonly well patronized and no one ever thinks of going home from the theater without a bit of supper. Since vaudeville has shared honors with the midnight menu at the popular cafes the old night life of the town is as brilliant and gay as it ever was during the palmiest days before the fire. At one of the big glittering places the other night I noticed the Peter Martins with a big table of guests, the handsome Mrs. Peter looking like a Gibson model and holding the center of attraction. Next to the Peter Martin table was Miss Grace George who came over from Oakland after the play with several members of her company and within flagging distance were some of the Maude Adams people, although that dainty bit of femininity was not in evidence. That cafe alone can seat twelve hundred and every table was taken.

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Templeton Crocker's Pin

Templeton Crocker's pearl scarf pin is dividing attention with Miss Helene Irwin's engagement ring these days. Both are rarely gorgeous jewels but the more conspicuous position of Mr. Crocker's makes it more readily observed. In fact it is impossible not to observe it when its wearer is in sight. It is a pear-shaped pearl of milky whiteness as large as a Jordan almond and it rests on a background of dull green scarf with telling effect. Last Monday at the St. Francis the jewel caused a mild sensation in the corridor although Mr. Crocker appeared serenely unconscious of his several thousand dollar adornment. Miss Helene Irwin looks radiantly happy.

She is Fond of the Cliff House

Miss Maude Adams is a passionate lover of the sea and since her arrival here has spent a great deal of time at the Cliff House. She breakfasts there every morning with her maid and sits for an hour or so looking at the seals and the combers. Frequently she dines in the little red room with a group of her friends. Mr. Charles De Young of the Chronicle made her the guest of honor at a dinner at the Cliff House a few evenings ago. Miss Adams is not fond of public attention. She has not submitted to an interview so far during her engagement, much as the dramatic critics would have liked to exploit her. There is no doubt that she derives more pleasure from the silent contemplation of the Pacific than the attentions of society could give her.

Sentimental reasons caused Miss Genevieve Harvey to select Old St. Mary's as the scene of her marriage to Ward Barron. It was there that her parents were wedded. Immediately after the wedding on June 1 the young couple will go abroad. Miss Harvey will wait till she reaches Paris before buying her trousseau.

The Maud Allan Supper

Before departing for New York and London Miss Maud Allan gave a supper to several newspapermen and a number of others who helped to make her stay in this city interesting. Held in the Red Room of the St. Francis and lasting from eleven o'clock Tuesday night until five o'clock the following morning, it was one of the jolliest gatherings imaginable. After supping the party forgot the restrictions of formality and indulged in singing, dancing and romping like so many youngsters. Miss Allan was the merriest of all and declared that the memory of the occasion would dwell with her for a long time to come. In a little talk instinct with feeling she expressed her appreciation of the kindness which had been shown her in her native city and promised to return at the earliest opportunity. Among Miss Allan's guests were Miss Violet Carl Rosa, Mrs. E. S. Simpson, Miss Fernanda Pratt, William Allan, R. E. Johnston, Willard Barton, Ralph E. Renaud, Thomas Nunan, Edward F. O'Day, Ashleigh Simpson, Mackenzie Gordon, Dan Sweeney, M. Del Mue, Oscar S. Frank, A. C. Blumenthal and Fred Maurer. Miss Allan left for the East

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on Thursday morning, a number of her friends gathering at the Oakland Mole to bid her good bye and good luck. From New York Miss Allan will go direct to London to fill an engagement at the Palace Theater. Her plans for the fall include the study of a number of new dances.

Is Miss Innes Keeney going to marry a soldier? I fear not, if Mrs. Keeney can prevent the match by interesting her beautiful daughter in the wonders of Europe or in any other manner.

A Prominent Los Angeles Club Woman

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles of Los Angeles has been much in the limelight during the recent session of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which was held at Cincinatti. Mrs. Cowles who comes of fine old Quaker parentage, is the wife of a Los Angeles physician and has a young sister who has had quite a large measure of success as a concert singer. Remarkable tact, even in the face of trying situations and what might be termed disappointments by most women with aspirations for club honors, has distinguished the career of Mrs. Cowles ever since she has been before the public in the women's world, and that period covers a number of years. She stands in line to be chosen president at the next meeting of the General Federation. She declined at the recent session to accept the nomination for the office, arguing that the incumbent, Mrs. Moore, was the proper candidate. Mrs. Moore was then elected to succeed herself but the accident to her ankle gave Mrs. Cowles the opportunity to preside at important sessions. Probably no candidacy ever advanced in local club circles has caused less factional feeling than that of Mrs. Cowles who has been more than once just within and yet just without the reach of some important political plum. Upon the retirement of Mrs. Shelly Tolhurst at the end of her first two terms, the close of which saw her the most popular retiring president this important organization of wealthy women ever knew, Mrs. Cowles was advanced for the presidency in opposition to Mrs. Roy Jones. The social popularity of Mrs. Jones and that of her husband's family gave her strength enough to carry the day by a narrow margin over her rival, but while interest ran high, no bitterness characterized the campaign. Mrs. Cowles was a most gracious and tactful loser and when the time is ripe will doubtless step into the place most coveted by club women the country over with the good will of her associates everywhere. A candidacy advanced at an inopportune time is considered to have forever lost to another Los Angeles woman the presidency of another national organization of much importance while a small tempest in a teapot which another one was charged with causing at the moment of defeat is credited with totally eclipsing her chances for future honors.

The School of Employment

I have received an invitation to attend an out-door fete today to celebrate the opening of what is called the School of Employment and Vacation Camp and I am very curious to hear more of this novel project. An accompanying circular states that the school is to be established in the Canon del Trocadero at Nineteenth avenue and Sloat Boulevard, Parkside. Out door sleeping is to be one of the features. Miss H. C. Richardson is to be the director of the school and the subjects taught will include dress making, millinery, jewelry making, interior decorating, domestic science, horticulture, poultry raising and other useful occupations. The meals will be furnished by the students of domestic science. The patronesses of this novel enterprise are the following: Mrs. Henry G. Meyer, Mrs. L. L. Fletcher, Mrs. C. S. Aikin, Mrs. George W. Caswell, Mrs. C. A. Hawkins, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Mrs. Helen S. Moore, Mrs. E. L. Stebbins, Miss Catherine Hittell and Mrs. L. A. Hayward.

A Landscape Class at Greenbrae

Mr. Arthur W. Best, the well known painter, has started a summer class for the study of landscape at Greenbrae, a large ark on the slough having been engaged for the purpose. There is a novelty about this class which will commend it to students who might find their work irksome during the summer months under less pleasant conditions. The outdoor classes will be conducted, however, in conjunction with the regular sessions of Best's Art School under the personal supervision of Arthur and Alice Best. Both the life and landscape classes will be continued throughout the summer. Mr. Best expects to paint a number of canvasses which will be exhibited in the fall.

Nearly a Prize Winner

Miss Eleanor Gates, the wife of "Dick" Tully, received one of the five honorable mentions in the contest started by Martin Beck for the best one act play contributed for presentation at the Actors' Fund Fair in New York. It is called "Judge" and will be seen on the Orpheum circuit. The $250 prize for the best sketch was won by C. T. Dazey who submitted a sketch called "The Old Flute Player." All the five honorable mentions were won by women. There were 1853 competitors. Dick Tully, it will be recalled, wrote the first version of the play made popular by Belasco under the title "Rose of the Rancho" and also "Cupid the Cow Punch." I believe this is his wife's first attempt at dramatic writing. She has hitherto confined herself to novels and short stories.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and daughters sailed from New York on May 18 for Europe on the White Star Line S. S. "Oceanic." Miss Kathleen de Young was the recipient of a great many floral offerings from her friends in New York City.

The thirtieth annual commencement of the Irving Institute took place on Thursday evening at Irving Hall, 147 Presidio avenue. Miss Jane Oliver, Miss Lillian Ethel Fisher, Miss Elizabeth Price and Miss Clara J. Dippel took part in the exercises. An address was delivered by Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, D. D. The graduates were Miss Lillian Ethel Fisher, Miss Carmen Herrerias and Miss Alma Stevens Pennington. The next term of the Institute will begin on August 1. During the vacation period Irving Institute and the California Conservatory of Music will unite in a Summer School.

Mrs. Frank Somers was hostess at a delightful dinner to five of her friends on Tuesday night at the Fairmont Hotel. After the dinner the party went to the roof where they viewed the comet.

Miss Claire Nicols was the guest at a luncheon given by Miss Mary Cunningham in the main dining room of the Fairmont on

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Tuesday. The party included the maids who will act as bridemaids to Miss Nicols. Among them were Miss Nora Brewer, Miss Louisana Foster, Miss Alexandra Hamilton and Miss Margaret Calhoun.

Mrs. Uriel Sebree, the clever and popular wife of Rear Admiral Sebree, retired, will be at the Fairmont for a week or so longer before leaving for her home in San Diego. Mrs. Sebree has a host of friends in this city and her time is largely taken up in social entertainments planned for her.

Dr. W. A. McEnery, the well known club man and athlete, winner of the recent Marathon walking race from Burlingame to Del Monte, has given up his apartment at the Fairmont and departed for a three months' trip to Europe.

The exhibit of the San Francisco Artists Society this week at the Palace Hotel brought out a large and appreciative audience on Tuesday evening, the opening night. The exhibit is representative and presents many excellent canvases by the best known among the younger artists of the city. Among the exhibitors are Cadenasso, Theodore Wores, Latimer, Del Mue, Sparks, Matthews, Joulin, Charles Dickman, Haig Patigian and many others. The exhibition is open to the public the entire week. It is being held in the concert room.

Sir Robert A. Hadfield and Lady Hadfield of London were passengers on the Japanese liner Tenyo Maru which recently arrived in San Francisco from China and Japan with the largest passenger list she has ever carried. Lady Hadfield is a sister of United States Attorney-General Wickersham and she and Sir Robert will pay the cabinet officer a visit at Washington on their way home to England. Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield have been on a pleasure tour of the world, and after a week at the Palace intend to spend some time at Del Monte where they want to try out the golf links of which they have heard so much. Although he has been in the United States several times, this is Sir Robert's first visit to the Orient, and he was deeply impressed with what he observed.

Among the recent arrivals at Aetna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mr. Phillip Finnell, Miss Flora Gabriel, Mr. J. A. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Helene Irwin, C. Templeton Crocker, Col. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. George K. Frink, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fischbeck and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoppe.

Mr. E. A. Chase of Riverside, accompanied by A. D. Tharnel, Frank F. Chase and M. C. Gould arrived at the Potter Hotel during the week in a Franklin touring car. Another automobile party consisted of Captain and Mrs. Warner D. Symondson of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Breeden of Los Angeles also motored up from Los Angeles. They were accompanied by Mrs. C. A. Moody and Mrs. H. C. Burmister and daughter.

Mr. R. W. Graham of Coalinga, brother of William Miller Graham and the latter's associate in many of his oil ventures, has arrived at the Potter for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Bishop of Corona Del Mar Rancho, with Miss Bishop and Master Bishop and Miss Bruce, their house guest, are at the Potter for a few days.

Among San Franciscans at the Potter are A. A. Otte, L. M. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. A. Deysold, F. B. Galindo, R. Forsyth, N. W. Jameson, M. R. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, W. F. Morton, Benj. G. W. Camp, C. T. Cutting, A. W. Dimond, Miss F. Brandenstein, J. Snider, Geo. Roberts, Ed. Miner, B. T. Duffy, F. W. Brown, J. A. Hooper, Dr. and Mrs. Ed. J. Creely, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fredericks, W. D. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Gunn, S. Green, Thomas J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Neilson, James A. Helleman, Mrs. R. D. McElroy, R. W. McElroy, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Snedeker.

An auto party of San Franciscans made up of Mrs. Percy Tenroche, Mrs. G. H. Peters, Miss S. Fritz, Mr. E. N. Fritz and E. Fritz Jr. spent Wednesday at The Peninsula.

Mr. Anton Borel was host at a very delightful dinner party at The Peninsula Friday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cotton and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado included J. H. Wood, Miss Ricks, A. W. Noyes, S. Green, E. R. Keil, H. Judell, Arthur Glass, H. Heastand, A. A. Otto, E. N. Christman, D. E. Wasserman, J. A. Enquist, Oscar Boldeman, Robert D. Pike, R. Knighton, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Damm, Miss Helen Allen and Miss Lillian Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McIlroy of San Francisco are spending their honey moon at Del Monte. Mr. McIlroy is a prominent railroad man. Mrs. McIlroy is a perfect blonde and is always gowned most exquisitely.

The list of arrivals at Highland Springs for the week ending May 18 included the following from San Francisco: J. De La Montanya, Miss L. Chrome, Geo. Alpers, Mr. and Mrs. L. Cantel, Mrs. E. Keller, V. H. Owen, Mrs. T. E. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, L. A. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Stevens.

Mr. F. E. Booth of San Francisco who has large business interests in Monterey, spent the week-end at Del Monte, motoring down in his car with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. Trepani, also of San Francisco.

Major-General Barry who has been for some time at the Presidio of Monterey has been doing some excellent work on the Del Monte golf links, having some very exciting and closely contested matches with Major W. K. Wright, Major W. M. Wright, and Mr. L. Berrien, the local professional.

Among the enthusiastic golfers at Del Monte who spend hours every day on the links are Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Jones of Los Angeles, both of whom have a well-established reputation as expert golfers.

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The Editor in His Anecdotage

A Japanese Fable

Once upon a time—so runs the story, which I quote from memory—a certain bald retainer called upon his lord and master, to have a long talk about various matters pertaining to the management of the large estate. It was winter, and when the noble lord came in, he saw to it that a liberal supply of glowing charcoal embers sent forth their grateful heat from a brazier set between them on the floor. Thus they sat flat upon the mats and talked, the retainer now and then uttering exclamations of astonishment at the wisdom of his sage employer, who was known far and wide for his sound sense and unfailing presence of mind. The while they talked, this latter quality received fresh and convincing illustration. For the charcoal, snappy and saucy in the frosty air, suddenly sent a glowing ember leaping into the very lap of the stately lord, full upon his handsome apron of brocaded silk. The bald retainer flew all to pieces in his helpless anxiety to relieve the situation—gazing wildly around for some implement to remove the red-hot coal, and sputtering like a sperm-whale in his excitement. But meanwhile, the master, with a calm remark to the effect that it was of no consequence whatever, had quietly inserted his hand beneath his silken apron, and, with the skillful "chuck" of a boy playing marbles, had shot the saucy fireball back into its proper place before it had even scorched the precious silk. When the excited retainer at length comprehended what had happened, he sat back upon his haunches speechless with admiration, unable to do anything but utter an occasional "Naruhodo" of rapt amazement over such marvelous presence of mind. He had learned a lesson—ever hereafter would he strive to emulate the matchless wisdom of his lord. Meanwhile, the lord sat talking as though nothing had happened, to his faithful, if somewhat abstracted, servitor, whose thoughts were now fixed on loftier themes than tenantry and rents. Would that he might have opportunity to imitate the wisdom of his master! As luck would have it, the opportunity was not long delayed. For the malicious charcoal once more vented its fiery spleen, a living coal leaping this time straight for the flat bald head of the retainer, where it lay and glowed with wrath. It was now the master's turn to become excited. He looked from side to side for some implement of relief; he clapped his hands wildly to summon the maid—and exclaimed:

"Why, man, that coal will burn straight through into your stupid brain!"

But the retainer sat perfectly cool and collected, an expression of calm and elevated superiority upon his suffering brow.

"Never mind," he murmured; "it is of no consequence whatever,"—and, mindful of his lord's example, reached up and chucked himself under the chin!

Bible Reading Up Country

An Auburn attorney defending a client accused of some crime demanded to know what the State's attorney expected. "Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still and have it obey?"

"May it please your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "I object to the gentleman's misquoting Scripture."

"I beg pardon," said the defendant's attorney blandly. "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

And this statement went unchallenged.

Somewhat Complicated

The Census Taker: Your name, mum?

"I don't know."

"Beg pardon, mum?"

"I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this State. In several States it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three States it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name."

"This your residence, mum?"

"I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighboring State, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband."

"Then you're married at present?"

"I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts; divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California; a bigamist in three other States, and a single woman in eight others."

The Faith of a Celestial

A gambler, whose first name was George, used to visit a den in Chinatown and gamble almost daily. One day he rushed into the place and said excitedly: "Hip, loan me $10. Thanks. I'll come in and pay you tomorrow noon, if I'm alive," and out he went with the money. About 3 o'clock the next afternoon a friend of the gambler dropped in on the Chinaman and said: "Hip, where is George today?" and the confiding Celestial wiped his eyes with the corner of his blouse and replied: "George, him dead."

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Stage

A Very Talky Vaudeville Bill

The Orpheum is no place for a deaf man this week. The bill appeals directly to the tympanum and if your tympanum is defective, bring your ear trumpet. Otherwise you will lose six out of the eights acts. Ordinarily deaf people should be fond of the Orpheum, for its entertainments are balanced very nicely between the eye and the ear. If you can't hear you can at least see. But this week there is very little to see. The amusement is auricular rather than ocular. If you are deaf you must be content with the Mascagnos who are acrobats and the Morriseys who are dancers. The dancers are a little above the ordinary and the acrobats a little below. Two of the Morriseys are loose-jointed fellows whom it is a pleasure to look upon; the other two are ladies who would be better in longer skirts. Their legs are too thick to soothe the eye. The rest of the bill is not for the deaf. It is all talk, six numbers of uninterrupted loquacity. One of the six is Frank Fogarty whose talk is warranted not to tire. If the deaf people only knew what they missed in not hearing Frank Fogarty life would become an insupportable burden for them. They might sell their souls to buy their hearing. Not only does Fogarty not tire, he positively refreshes. His jet of talk flows on the ear until the brain is flooded with good humor. Fogarty is no intermittent fountain; he gushes all the time at high pressure. He will keep on gushing until the springs of Irish humor are dried up, a contingency as remote as Home Rule. Cullen is another talker worth listening to. Like Fogarty he is no stranger to us. His "Thank you" and his Prince Albert are institutions. We welcome him with a smile, reward him with laughter and recall, as he goes away, that all his stuff is not new. I hope Cullen does not regard some of his jokes as institutions, like his Prince Albert. The coat will still be presentable when the jokes are threadbare. But I am sure Cullen will not keep them that long. Smith and Campbell are not high brows. Their talk is on rather a low plain, mounting occasionally to little hillocks where it catches the breeze of comicality. "Suey San" is talk pointed by a knife thrust. It is such talk as Chinese never talked in East or West, although white men have been making them talk it on the stage ever since "The First Born" came into its own. It is rhymed talk too, execrably rhymed talk. The deaf man need not worry because he misses "Suey San." The deaf man should be positively glad that he misses "Mag Haggerty's Father." There was trouble at the Davis theater once on account of something like this. Haggerty is a libel on the Irish. Only the Irish sense of humor which can see the funny side of a feeble insult saves him from being booed—a feeble chastisement suited to such a feeble offense. The man who explains the Curtiss aeroplane supplies talk that is interesting but not exciting. It is improving but it is not vaudeville. When an aeroplane can be driven from the flies to the gallery and back it will belong on the Orpheum circuit.

—Edward F. O'Day.

A Year of the New Theater

Mr. Louis V. De Foe, the capable dramatic critic of the New York World, devoted a page recently to a review of the theatrical season of 1909-10 in which he passed judgment on the first year's achievement of the New Theater. Some of his statements are well worth quoting here. He says in part: "The term 'American theater,' is perhaps misleading when applied to the New Theater, for the gorgeous art playhouse, reared by a coterie of millionaires in Central Park West, and opened on November 8 with impressive ceremonies, has proved anything but that during the first season of its existence. To the extent that it has almost wholly ignored the work of native dramatists and made no effective attempt to establish definite standards of manners, deportment and diction, it has been a disappointment even to its best wishers. A curious mixture of dilettanteism and Anglomania which cannot be expected to win the sympathy of the public has prevailed in its management and raised, as to the sincerity of its intentions, a doubt which, however, has not yet amounted to a prejudice. If the institution hopes to make its future glorious, its charity should begin at home and its encouragement should first be extended to our own authors and actors. On the other hand, it is unfair to form too hasty conclusions regarding the New Theater. It has had many difficulties to contend with, principal among which is its too great size for general dramatic representations and its faulty acoustic properties. This first defect is not likely to be remedied, but the hearing facilities will undoubtedly be improved by structural alterations before its next season opens in the autumn. It has also been hampered in the organization of its stock company by the difficulty of securing native actors of recognized ability, due to the latter's contracts with commercial managers. This may excuse the too great percentage of English performers in the company, but it does not explain why a London stage manager, out of touch with our tastes and points of view, was placed in control of its classical productions, a selection which the results of such productions have generally failed to justify. The institution might profitably have done a little more in its first season to cultivate the interest and sympathy of our native branch of the dramatic profession. Its coldness and aloofness have had a dampening effect upon the ardor of actors and audiences alike. The New Theater thus far has been building from the top downward, instead of laying a substantial foundation for its future. It has made an imposing display, but principally in matters least serviceable to the art it is meant to foster. An institution

LILLIAN ASHLEY

The singing comedienne and mimic who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

which holds the Comedie Francaise as its ideal and which aspires to create standards and to exercise a permanent influence over the public taste must be of slow growth. It cannot spring full-panoplied into the arena. It would have made better headway had its policy been more concentrated and had its directorate not kept their eyes so intently fixed upon the foreign stage. However, the energy displayed by the New Theater leaves no ground for complaint. In a season of twenty-five weeks fourteen productions were made, in twelve of which its stock company appeared. The plays covered a wide range, extending from tragedy to romantic melodrama and including both classic and modern comedies. Only two of these plays, neither of which revealed a very high degree of merit, were by native writers. "The Nigger," by Mr. Edward Sheldon, while based on a vital racial problem in our national life, was extravagant, immature, unconvincing and unpleasant; 'The Cottage in the Air,' by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, an American who has taken up his residence in London, proved to be a light romantic piece which depended more upon its scenery than its text for effectiveness. Its whimsical story almost evaporated in the expanse of the playhouse."

The Greatest Theater City

It is interesting to know that New York contains ninety-one regularly equipped theaters. London has fewer theaters and does not support them as well as New York. Paris and Berlin combined cannot boast as many as New York. The aggregate patronage of the stage in London, Paris and Berlin is probably not much greater than in New York when computed on the basis of the amount of money annually expended on dramatic entertainment. According to Mr. De Foe, the Parisian or Berlin playhouses might almost thrive on the sum which ticket speculators, generally with the connivance of box offices, extort each year from the New York public. Mr. De Foe says that speculation in theatrical property almost amounts to a craze in New York. He reminds us that Mr. Al Hayman, the head of the Theatrical Syndicate, has recently asserted publicly that a great financial crash is impending in the amusement world. He says that the absurd overproduction of theaters has greatly increased competition and that the growing popularity of cheap moving picture shows with their phonographic attachments has depopulated the low priced seats in galleries and balconies of the regular playhouses. Seven new theaters were opened in New York during the past year, three will be opened next year and as many more have been projected.

William Collier at the Columbia

An increasing interest in the Maude Adams engagement at the Columbia Theater was shown by the inability of hundreds to secure seats during the past week and already the advance sale for the third and final week of the engagement is such as to presage the selling out of the seating capacity at every one of the remaining performances. In "A Lucky Star," the comedy in which Charles Frohman will present William Collier at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday, June 6, the comedian is said to afford the amusement loving public more wholesome fun than it has been their lot to enjoy for many a day. In "A Lucky Star" Mr. Collier is said to be at his best. He takes full advantage of the opportunities which he has to create laughter and the clever situations with which the play abounds.

Miss Vaughan's Farewell in "Trilby"

For the final week of the Alcazar's regular season, and commencing with a matinee on Monday, is announced an elaborate production of "Trilby," Paul M. Potter's dramatization of Du Maurier's famous story. This play was last presented in San Francisco about eight years ago and Evelyn Vaughan persuaded Belasco & Mayer to revive it as an effective medium of her farewell appearance as their leading woman. It was in the title part of "Trilby" that she made her first emphatic hit in the East and that fact, coupled with the exceptional fitness of certain members of the Alcazar company to interpret the other principal characters, induced her to recommend it as a worthy vehicle through which to bid adieu to the public whom she has pleased so well during her two years' engagement here. In the cast with Miss Vaughan will be Landers Stevens as Svengali, Louis Bennison as The Laird, Will R. Walling as Taffie, William Garwood as Little Billie, Howard Hickman as Gecko, Maurice Stewart (specially engaged) as Zou Zou, Burt Wesner as the Reverend Thomas Bagot, Charles Trowbridge as Dodor, Adele Belgarde as Madame Vinard, Grace Travers as Mrs. Bagot, Bessie Barriscale as Angelie, with the remainder of the Alcazar favorites and many extra people in minor parts.

Pantomime at the Orpheum

Edward Abeles will present a dramatic play by George Broadhurst at the Orpheum next week. "Self Defense" is a pantomimic tragedy which tells the story of a mute Italian lad, charged with murder. Frank Stafford with Marie Stone and a beautiful English setter, will appear in a novel act entitled "A Hunter's Game." He imitates nearly every kind of bird and animal. Miss Lillian Ashley, a singing comedienne and mimic, will be at the Orpheum next week only. Harry Fiddler and R. Byron Shelton, colored entertainers, also come next week. Those who will close their engagements with next week are James H. Cullen, the Morrisey Sisters and Brothers, and Mabel Bardine & Co. Next week will also be the last of the Herring-Curtiss Aeroplane.

MAUDE ADAMS

As Maggie Wylie in "What Every Woman Knows" at the Columbia Theater

Special Music at Idora

Attractive programs have been arranged by the management of Idora Park for Sunday and Decoration Day. Ohlmeyer with his military band is still the leading

HERBERT L. CLARKE

Cornet soloist of Ohlmeyer's Band now at Idora Park

musical attraction and has entertained thousands during the past two weeks. The solo features on Sunday's program will consist of Herbert L. Clarke, the great cornetist and P. J. Parisi on the trombone. At the evening concert Franz Helle, the only Fluegel horn player of note in the country, will render Gounod's "Spring Song." George Mulford, the piccolo artist, will be heard in a selection of his own called "The Humming Bird." Ohlmeyer has arranged for Sunday band programs which will appeal to all musical tastes. For Decoration Day the programs will embrace a number of patriotic selections.

Cohan Musical Play at Ye Liberty

For next week, commencing with a special matinee on Monday, the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will present Cohan's most popular success, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway." The stock company across the bay will offer it for the first time anywhere at popular prices, and this fact, coupled with the popularity of the piece, insures a week of crowded houses. All Ye Liberty favorites are to appear in the cast and they will have the assistance of an attractive singing chorus for the musical numbers. "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" will have the usual run of seven nights only, with the regular Saturday and Sunday matinees.

In the Limelight

Margaret Anglin will be here next month with her production of "The Awakening of Helena Richie."

Henrietta Crosman will take her company to Honolulu between seasons. She will present "Anti-Matrimony" at the Columbia and then will take the steamer for the islands.

Henry W. Savage has arranged for an elaborate revival of "The Prince of Pilsen" for a transcontinental tour next season.

Vesta Victoria, the great English music hall artist, will be heard at the Orpheum in the near future. It was she who made "Waiting at the Church" so popular.

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Seats, $2 to 25c.
June 6—WILLIAM COLLIER in his latest comedy success, "A Lucky Star"

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Commencing with a Matinee on Monday, May 30th,
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Adapted from George Du Maurier's Famous Story of Bohemian Life in Paris
Farewell Appearance of EVELYN VAUGHAN
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Next Week—VIRGINIA HARNED, supported by William Courtenay and the Alcazar Stock Company in Tolstoi's "ANNA KARENINA."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In explaining the sharp rise in stocks during the recent week there are two potent factors to consider, the marked improvement in the crop situation as a result of heavy rains over a wide area of territory, and the fact that negotiations have been concluded for placing large amounts of securities in Europe for investment. The importance of the latter factor is not generally realized by the large speculative interest in this country. It shows not only the stability of American bonds in the eyes of the foreigners, but also the opinion of leading bankers here on the outlook, and this covers legislation on corporate interests and probable tariff adjustment later. The market has shown excellent buying of good stocks on the foregoing factors and this buying usually leads to higher figures, barring accidents. In the coming week we would favor the purchase of the low priced rails.

Wheat—Generous and timely rains in the southwest insure a wheat crop to the limits of the acreage left standing. Texas will begin to harvest the latter part of the week, weather permitting. With European spot and future markets crushing steadily downward under the weight of the wheat that is being put upon them and millers in this country not yet recovered from the effects of their reckless overbuying of some months ago, the wheat promise is far different from that of a year ago. By this time last year the boards had been swept bare in every bin and warehouse in the country; mills were out of wheat and the flour trade was steady and at a normal volume. Patten had secured control of the local stock of wheat in December and following an energetic and able merchandising campaign, had in four months sold enough cash wheat—over four million bushels—to enable him to close his May deal in full control of the market. The crop of last year proved the second largest ever produced in this country—only 11,000,000 bushels below the largest ever raised—and it kept on pouring into these markets after wheat and flour buyers had enough. It is still coming and promises to continue until the next crop is harvested.

Corn—Fine weather for the growth of the newly planted corn allayed the fears of those who expected that the cold weather would give the crop a bad start. It also loosened up a good part of the supply of old corn that had been held back, awaiting the completion of spring work on the farm. The rush to market is by no means general. It is held back by replanting in some sections and by the unsatisfactory prices in others, but nevertheless a very fair volume of corn is now headed for all the big centers.

Cotton—We are entering upon the final stage of what has probably been the most remarkable year in the history of the New York cotton market and like many "finishes," the present situation looks as though it might be very interesting and even the most spectacular of the season. The cotton year began with a drought of serious proportions, and from a bad beginning, the crop had a series of disasters that made the proverbial "out of the frying pan into the fire" sound like a commonplace. With all this came a group of powerful bulls with a large following and then general speculation carried prices to the height reached in the last days of 1909, from which a spectacular drop occurred that put prices down almost three cents per pound. From January until the present time the market has had to contend with a battle of giants. On one hand is the most powerful bull clique that has ever operated in harmony, opposed to the large spot houses who were short of the market and who scoured the world for supplies. Conditions have changed greatly in the last month as to the outlook for the price of cotton futures and such changes have made the thoughtful look at the prospects for prices in a somewhat different light. Economy on the part of the spinners has done its part in keeping down prices, but when it is realized that the jobbers are willing to pay the increased cost for cotton goods caused by higher spot cotton, the mills will have to take our cotton at its market value. Therefore, outside of the very distant months there seems to be very little hope for cheaper cotton.

Cotton—The large sale of copper metal during the past week or so will go a long way toward holding down the copper surplus, but it can hardly be expected that the heavy transactions will be reflected in this month's copper producers' statement. In fact, one of the largest sellers of copper says that the statement for May will be a poorer one than that for April in which month the surplus was increased over 18,000,000 pounds; but he says further that after the next statement, the copper statistics should improve for several months on the side of the producer. Should the price of the metal show any further recession, it is more than certain that foreign interests will take on large lines and hold it for a rise. The metal makes excellent collateral as it is imperishable and bankers willingly lend on it in the London market. There was a steady drop in the exports from about 82,000,000 pounds in January to 31,300,000 pounds during April. These figures, of course, were for deliveries and represented sales of several months previous. It is the opinion of the large copper sellers that the foreign element will come into the market for large tonnages if the price looks attractive enough for a later advance and a profit, but owing to the large surplus now held there, it is doubtful if large amounts can be sold at much above 12½ cents. The trend of the copper stock market is for the better and it is conservatively thought that any of the good standard stocks are a purchase at the present level.

S. G. Chapman has just unloaded a shipment of 10 Hupmobiles which he is now equipping for delivery. This makes 20 of these cars received during the past four days all of which were sold before arrival. Twenty more Hupps are now en route from the East. These machines are a part of the additional allotment secured by Chapman during his recent eastern trip.

During the past week the Pioneer Auto Co. delivered 18 Chalmers touring cars and 14 Hudson tourings and runabouts; also 2 Loziers and 3 Thomas cars. The month of April was the largest month experienced by the Pioneer Company since the concern started.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 12.)

been stated, was to proceed to Philadelphia, but it was only to escape the mob that was hunting me, not to shirk the indictment. I had preserved through every vicissitude of fortune the determination to one day stand my trial before a legally constituted tribunal, unjust as I knew the finding of the bill to be. Conscious of my own innocence, I had nothing to fear from an impartial jury, and was anxious honorably to wipe out that indictment from my record.

The circumstances which have been detailed had thwarted my project of going to Philadelphia, and there was now some prospect of men's minds once more returning into the channel of reason. Hence my every wish and hope was for the arrival of the hour when I could deliver myself up to the officers of the law, without the danger of being murdered by the mob, and I anxiously awaited the tidings the Doctor should bring from San Francisco as to the disbanding of the Vigilance Committee.

I was supplied every two weeks with all the papers and knew all that was going on at San Francisco, and in other parts of the State. I felt very confident that Mr. Buchanan would be elected to the Presidency, but as I saw but few of the eastern papers, I had no idea that Colonel Fremont could possibly carry the number of States that he did. I was thunderstruck when I heard the result, and seeing how nearly an anti-national party had caught us napping, I became a stronger Democrat, if possible, than ever.

About a fortnight after I had commenced sleeping in the house, an accident occurred which subjected my good friend the Doctor, to a serious loss; and as I was partly the cause of it, it grieved me not a little. A man whom the people at the ranch called Senor Benito came to the Dos Pueblos for the purpose of hunting deer. The first day of his arrival he went out with the rifle and killed five, bringing home with him nothing but the skins. He said it was too much trouble to pack the meat, and besides it was out of season. It struck me that it was a pity to kill the beautiful animals merely for their skins, which were only worth half a dollar apiece; so I proposed to accompany him in his next day's hunt, agreeing to bring home the meat myself. Accordingly we started the next morning, and had not been long on the hunting ground, before Benito killed a fine buck. We skinned him, and I hung half of the meat on a tree for my friend "Fred," (the Prussian) who was cutting poles for the garden some distance up the mountain, and packed the other half on my horse to the house. That night Marie Jesus cooked the meat in the garden, and notwithstanding its being a little out of season, every one about the place seemed to enjoy it very much. The next day I proposed to Fred a picnic in the mountains, on the spot where he was cutting poles. This he agreed to and accordingly we provided ourselves with bread, potatoes, Chili peppers, etc., and rode to the place where I had hung up the other half of the deer, and putting it on one of the horses proceeded up the mountain. As he was paid by the thousand for his poles, I agreed both for my own amusement, and in order that he should lose none of his time, to cook the dinner myself, which I managed to do quite to the satisfaction of both of us, and we enjoyed our feast heartily. As a full half of what we had was left uncooked, Fred proposed to let the fire continue to burn until the next day, when he would cook the remainder for his dinner. I suggested to him that there might be danger in leaving the fire on account of the dryness of the weather; but he thought not, and accordingly placed a large log on it and we left the spot. We had not more than got down to the plain when the sea breeze began to blow very fresh, and presently we observed that the mountain was on fire, and the flames rapidly spreading in every direction. So long as it confined itself to the mountain no great damage was to be apprehended, and I tried to comfort myself with the hope that such would be the case when I first saw the spreading of the flames. I was doomed, however, to disappointment, for as the night wore on it increased until everything for miles around was wrapped in conflagration, and before morning it had passed the Doctor's house, and it being the driest season of the year, not a drop of rain having fallen for six months, everything burned before it like tinder. The cattle, deer, and all sorts of game were driven in frightened throngs to the valleys, and as for rabbits and hares, baskets-full of them might have been picked up. Donna Rosa's brothers and several of the neighbors came to her relief, and I think I never worked so hard in my life, as I did in assisting to put it out. At night it was the most awful, and yet the most magnificent sight I ever beheld. Notwithstanding my sorrow and vexation, I could not but admire the fearful splendor of the scene. The mountain side seemed one vast nest of hellish serpents as the hissing flames coiled around the stunted trees, licking away with their fiery tongues, the dry twigs and branches. Ever and anon they would get into some hollow trunk and roar through it like a forge chimney, while dazzling spouts of fire shot through the knot-holes in its sides, giving it the appearance of a tree with branches of flame. They reminded me of the side lights in a brilliant theatre scene; but the back ground was a thousand-fold more terrible and grand. At length when it had got into the plain, with nothing but the short grass to feed it, we managed to get it under, but not until it had destroyed a vast quantity of pasture.

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Capital Authorized	$1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In	750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	166,874.00
Total Resources	5,281,686.00

OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Assistant Cashier; P. Bellemans, Assistant Cashier; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

WELLS FARGO NEVADA NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET Mar. 29, '10

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$10,999,664.56
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,984,601.71
Deposits	24,111,867.07

OFFICERS—Isaias W. Hellman, President; I. W. Hellman, Jr., Vice-President; F. L. Lipman, Vice-President; Frank B. King, Cashier; George Grant, Asst. Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier

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March 29, 1910

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$ 5,602,306.02
Deposits	23,028,250.20
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,311,835.63

We offer our customers every facility consistent with good banking and invite new accounts.

The GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

(Members of the Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,529,978.50
Deposits December 31, 1909	$38,610,731.93
Total Assets	$41,261,682.21

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OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer, Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Asst. Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

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The Doctor's loss from the grass which had been destroyed, amounted afterward to nearly a hundred head of stock by starvation. As may be supposed, I felt very wretched about this affair, and the fact that I had expostulated with Fred against leaving the fire burning, was but small consolation to me. I had suggested the miserable idea of the picnic, and I ought to have insisted on the fire being put out. Notwithstanding the Doctor's severe loss, after that amiable gentleman had returned from San Francisco, and I was upbraiding myself to him for my carelessness, he simply replied, "Mac, if I hadn't had them I couldn't have lost them." He said that owing to his superior pasture land, his neighbors yearly lost twice as many cattle as himself from drought, and it was but reasonable he should sometimes have a little bad luck. As for "Fred," five hundred dollars of wages was due him, every cent of which he was paid without a word of reproach, and further employment procured for him through the influence of the Doctor.

On the second day of November, the Doctor arrived from San Francisco. He brought me several letters and messages from my friends, and all the newspapers. I ascertained by the latter that it was now pretty generally conceded on all hands that I was in Sonora.

The Doctor also brought me a kind message and a couple of bottles of excellent brandy, from my good friend, B. F. Johnson, Esq., the well known and popular proprietor of the Magnolia Hotel, in Sacramento. On the day of the election, while the Doctor and his people had gone to the Mission of Santa Barbara to vote, it struck me that I would write to my friend "Baldy." I did so, and afterward saw published, on the 19th of November, in the Democratic State Journal, the following extracts therefrom:

Letter from Ned McGowan.—A day or two ago, a letter was received in this city from the ubiquitous Ned McGowan, of Vigilance Committee memory. We have been permitted to read it, and we assure the reader that it is a genuine document. Notwithstanding the letters from Philadelphia, telling us that Ned is rusticating in that locality, and other reports that he is dying of the bowel complaint in Utah, Ned is still resident within the bounds of California, "was never in the enjoyment of better health." It will be seen from the extracts we publish below, that Ned, as usual, is disposed to laugh at his own troubles. He thinks, with Mrs. Gamp, that "them as lives in a walley must take the consequences of sich a sitivation," and he is resolved to make the most of the few creature comforts left him. The story of his escape from San Francisco and his wanderings, would make an interesting book, and since Ned is of a literary turn of mind, we have no doubt that he will put himself in print one of these days.

The letter is dated at "Hidden Diggins, Sky County, California."He says:

"Dear 'Old Baldy': Your 'Elixir of Life' reached me in due season by the hands of the best of men, and not a member of the 'purest and best' either, but a high-toned, honest, and intelligent son of the Emerald Isle, who has the good fortune to be well-off in this world's goods. You have my thanks, for it has been a long time since I swallowed anything in the liquor line half so delicious, and under any other circumstances, it would give me infinite pleasure to recommend your dark brandy to the drinking fraternity of this peaceful and glorious land of liberty!!! But, 'situated as I am,' I can only thank you by letter, and not in the customary manner, through the free, independent, and untrammelled press at the Bay; and further I will say to you, that to those who, like myself, can enjoy a bumper in solitude, having, for a season, gone into retirement, and quitted this gay and heartless world, auspiciously and wisely, it will prove an invaluable medicine."

It is evident that Ned found a great solace in his "Elixir of Life."

"I still like to hear something of you poor fellows, who are forced by circumstances to remain in it, (the gay and heartless world)—and particularly when the news is made the more welcome accompanied by such precious stuff—stuff! that's very significant, is it not? I wonder how I chanced to write that obsolete phrase—stuff, stuffer, stuffing! I was about writing you an apology for this lapsus penquae, when 'Chino,' who was looking over my shoulder, said that it was not quite blotted out of existence, being still extant in turkeys and chickens for Christmas, and besides, that in this election for President, the Democrats will be at their old tricks again and stuff the ballot-boxes from San Diego to Shasta.

"I am now studying the Castilian tongue a la Francais. My system of learning Spanish is far superior to Ollendorff's mode, particularly when the teacher is young and innocent. I will give you a small specimen of my improvement. Imagine me in a canyon, adjacent to steep and rugged mountains, where I daily retire for my devotions. A little boy runs up the canyon seeking me.

Boy.—"Don Edwardo! Don Edwardo!"

McGowan.—"Aqui! aqui! mi bueno muchacho."

Boy.—"Ariba, ariba, vamose!"

McGowan.—"Porque, mi bonito, pajaro?"

Boy.—"Bastante hombres en el casa, mucho malo -Vigilantes!"

"I heard enough, and quietly but not slowly, walked to the top of the mountain to catch the cooling breeze—that's all.

"I have often thought of the paragraph little Bartlett (Jules) wrote about me last winter. I like a good thing even at my own expense—anything but strangling—say what they please.

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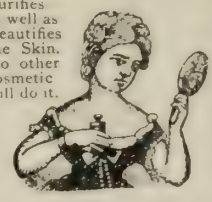
Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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but hands off. After saying something about my acquaintance with a French lady, playing draw poker, etc., he concluded by prophecying 'that my political career, like my amours, would end in a blow up.' It was lucky, some folks think, it was not a 'hang-up.'

"'From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest,
To such a serious end.'

Resp'y your friend,
—Edward McGowan."

The Doctor's news, as regarded the Vigilance Committee and my chances for a safe return, were very discouraging. All of my friends who had written me cautioned me by all means to remain where I was till things looked better, consequently I had nothing for it but to stay quietly where I was, which I did till Christmas had come and gone. My life was pretty much the same every day as I have described it. Occasionally I would quietly ride over to Senor Ignatio Ortega's to purchase whiskey for the Indians; especially on Saturdays, when they would say to me in Spanish—"Tomorrow is Sunday, there will be no work, and we'll drink whiskey with Paisano." I amused myself very often by hunting. The country abounds in game of all sorts. A party, of which the husband of Marie los Angeles was one, killed no less than one hundred and thirty deer in one month. Geese too, and ducks were very plentiful, and could be got by going only a short distance from the house.

A great field sport of the Californians in the dull winter months, and by no means a contemptible one in point of excitement and danger, is lassoing grizzly bears. I saw several of them captured in this way. Both the horses, which are trained for the purpose, and the men, exhibit great quickness and skill in this dangerous sport. Relying on the activity and sagacity of their horses to keep out of the monster's reach, the horsemen soon have a lasso around one foot of the bear; and as quick as possible each of his other feet is similarly secured, and the horses hold all four of the legs stretched out in oposite directions, while he is despatched with a knife. One party which started out from Santa Barbara, succeeded in thus killing ten bears in one day. They are very numerous, and exceedingly destructive of the cattle

Now and then an incident would occur to remind me that I was not yet safe from pursuit myself. For example, one day the Sheriff of Santa Barbara, Mr. Heath, and his lady came to visit the Doctor and remained all night. The Doctor and I were just seating ourselves at the dinner table as the visitors arrived. I had barely time to get up and go into my room without being observed. I did not feel quite sure that even had he seen me he would have attempted to arrest me then, but I thought it prudent to take no chances. Marie los Angeles brought my dinner around the house to the window of my room, where I remained until night, and then taking a pair of blankets and my gun, I stepped quietly out and slept in the garden.

Not far from the house there was a kind of lagoon on the sea beach, where always might be found early in the morning, great quantities of ducks and geese. When I awoke in the morning I determined to go to this place and shoot a brace of ducks for breakfast. Accordingly I took my gun and proceeded down the canyon which led to the shore. On arriving there, who should I see but the sheriff. He too had a gun, and was there I suppose for the same purpose that I was. He said nothing to me, however, although I thought at the time he must have known me, and I quickly walked down the coast and so by a circuitous route back again to the garden, leaving him in undisputed possession of all the ducks in the pond. I thought as he was a stranger at the Dos Pueblos, it was a courtesy to which he was entitled. After he had gone, the Doctor told me that he had related to him the circumstance, and told him that I was perfectly safe from arrest by him, as he knew full well that I was only awaiting an opportunity to go to San Francisco in safety, and stand my trial.

About this time a queer old Indian came to live with the Doctor, who used to amuse me very much. He must have been at least eighty years of age, and according to the old chroniclers of the county he had been baptised sixty years ago. He was employed to look after the sheep, and protect them from the coyotes. The Indians about the place called him El Pastor, (shepherd). He used to keep his account of the number of the young lambs with notches on a stick. He could do very well until he got up to forty, but beyond that number he never could mark. Forty-one notches on the stick would have so confused his account that he could make nothing out of it. Any combination of numbers exceeding the aggregate of forty, was, to him, all the books of Euclid condensed into one problem. When asked how old he was, he would reply—"quien sabe—about forty," and that had probably been his answer to the question for at least forty years.

I used frequently to take my gun and roam up into the mountains where he was herding the sheep and try to talk to him Sometimes I would be quite low spirited and he would say to me—"Why are you sad, old man?" I would shrug my shoulders and say—"I don't know." He would then say—"Is there not brandy at the house?" I would tell him there was, and he would ask—"Why then are you sad?" He considered it unreasonable that I should wish for a greater share of earthly happiness than a bottle of brandy afforded. I beguiled many a weary hour in trying to study out the thoughts and machinery of that poor old benighted Indian's mind

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88 FIRST STREET

At length the Legislature met, and I began seriously to prepare my plans to return once more to the companionship of my fellow citizens.

About the twenty-second of January, an Indian brought me from Santa Barbara, a box containing some clothing and several bottles of good wine and brandy, which had been kindly sent me from San Francisco by my good friend James W. Stillman, Esq. This box was found in Santa Barbara, together with several letters for me, by the Doctor, who immediately sent it to me, but put the letters in his pocket, intending to bring them himself.

On opening the box I found several of the late papers, and as I was glancing over one of them my eye fell on the words: "now that Mr. Broderick is elected to the United States Senate." I read no further. Forthwith I opened the brandy, and circulated it around among all the people of the ranch. I shouted and danced, and made the Indians do the same, and absolutely went wild with delight. I presented Donna Rosa with a bottle of sweet wine, and begged her to drink the health of my friend the Senator, which she did. The Indians did not know what to make of my antics, and I could only shout to them "Bueno para mi amigo." They knew that I had received some good news, and were not at all backward in doing their share of the drinking. I believe I fuddled every Indian about the place, and became su;ciently elevated myself.

The next day the Doctor came home, and we exchanged congratulations on the good news. He is himself a very warm admirer of Mr. Broderick, and had been making a night of it in town with some others of the Senator's friends.

I found among the letters which he brought, one from a friend informing me that preparations were being made for my return in order that I might stand my trial. Daylight had at last broken on the night of my misfortunes, and I anxiously looked forward to the hour when I might go back and mingle once more with my fellow citizens. At last that hour arrived.

On Wednesday, the tenth day of February, as we were sitting at the supper table, I heard a voice which sounded familiarly to me inquiring at the garden gate: "Is this Doctor Den's place?" The Doctor went out, and Donna Rosa and I followed him. It was at seven o'clock in the evening, and quite dark. It did not take me long, however, to recognize in the visitor my friend Captain J. Martin Reese of San Francisco and formerly of Philadelphia. He had just dismounted from his horse, which he had given in charge of a servant, and as I rushed forward to embrace him, the Doctor and Donna Rosa saw by my conduct that he was a friend. I introduced him to my good host and his lady, and we all entered the house. The Captain was the first San Francisco friend that I had seen since I had left Denmison on that dreadful sixth of July, in Santa Barbara, and I could scarcely control my joy. Supper was immediately prepared for him, and I soon became absorbed in the contents of the letters he had brought me. Among them was the following from the Hon. E. T. Beatty, then speaker of the House of Assembly:

"Sacramento City, Jan'y 27, 1857.

Judge Edward McGowan:

Dear Sir:—I have had much conversation with Capt. Reese and others in regard to the practicability of having a special act passed by the present Legislature granting you a change of venue from San Francisco without the necessity of your personal appearance in that county; and am of opinion that there will be no difficulty in accomplishing it. It is so notorious that your person would be in danger of mob violence were you to go back there, to say nothing of the absolute impossibility of your procuring a fair trial in that community, that I cannot conceive of any honest man's opposition to a law so obviously just and necessary. I would therefore recommend to you by all means to come as quietly and quickly as you can to Sacramento, where you certainly will be at least safe from personal violence.

Very truly your friend,
(Signed) E. T. BEATTY

This, together with some other letters which I received from friends in San Francisco, at once resolved me as to my course. I determined to go to Sacramento at all hazards, and trust to the sense of justice of the members of the Legislature to be put in a condition honorably to stand my trial without the danger of falling a victim to the fanaticism of the San Francisco mob.

My friend Reese had a plan to purchase or charter a schooner at San Francisco, and take her, with me in her, directly from Santa Barbara to Sacramento. This arrangement, however, was not satisfactory for the reason that everything depended on my arriving at the capital before the Legislature adjourned, and the time necessary to procure the vessel and send her down the coast, and make the passage back with her to Sacramento, making due allowance for calms and head winds, was likely to exceed the time which the Legislature would probably be in session, the Senate having already resolved to adjourn on the fourth of March. Accordingly, after consultation with the Doctor I made up my mind to start immediately for Sacramento by land, avoiding San Francisco and going by the "Pacheco Pass," to Stockton and thence to the capital. The Doctor and Reese and myself sat up late that night talking over the events of the past ten months in San Francisco, and discussing my future plans of action, occasionally indulging in potations of my host's good brandy; and when I retired that night, I felt really a sense of sadness that with the termination of my misfortunes would also terminate my delightful intercourse with my generous friend and his family. So kind had the Doctor and Donna Rosa been to me, that I felt somewhat of the regret of the "Prisoner of Chillon," when the hour of his release from captivity approached. Not, however, like him, from excess of despair, and long familiarity with misery, but from the reflection that my return to the haunts of my fellow men, earnestly as I longed for it, was bought at the sacrifice of those delightful pleasures which only he can know who has been the recipient, in the hour of his adversity, of the spontaneous and heart gushing benevolence of one of nature's noblemen

(To be Continued)

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4058, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of J. HORWEGE, Deceased.

Upon reading the verified petition of A. W. Horwege, administrator of the Estate of J. HORWEGE, deceased, on file herein;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, department ten of said Court, at the Courtroom thereof, in the Grant Building, No. 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 13th day of June, 1910, at 10 a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard and then and there show cause, if any they have, why the property belonging to said estate and situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of "K" Street, distant south from the intersection of the south line of Fifth Avenue with the east line of "K" Street one hundred feet; thence east at right angles to "K" Street one hundred feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred feet to the point of beginning. Being lot No. 238 in Block 99 as per map of Lands of "Central Park Homestead Association, filed in the County Recorder's office in the City and County of San Francisco, May 11, 1867; should not be leased to Joseph Mallough by the said administrator for a period of five years at an annual rental of $180.00 and upon the other terms and conditions more fully set forth in the petition of said administrator; which is hereby referred to and made a part hereof for all purposes, and to which said petition all persons interested herein are hereby referred.

It is furthr ordered that this notice of said hearing be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco once a week for two successive weeks.

Dated, May 19, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

LIPPITT and LIPPITT, Attorneys for Petitioner. 5-28-3

Auto Notes

Among the recent purchasers of Haynes cars is the Reno Grocer Company, one of the largest wholesale concerns in Reno, Nevada. This car was bought because of the purchaser's belief in its endurance and ability to travel hard roads and assimilate rough usage. It is to be used by the company's salesmen and is to travel the route from Paisley, Ore., on the north to beyond Woodford in Southern California. This is a specially hard course, much of it not being at all designed for automobiling and to make it on a single tour is considered no mean achievement. The Haynes, however, will have to be a regular on the route.

Discussing his recent Eastern visit Clyde C. Kennedy, secretary of the Consolidated Vehicle Company, said: "While East I visited a number of big automobile factories and everywhere was the same story of marvelous demand for this season's cars. There can be no doubt about McFarlan's popularity in the East. The factory at Connersville, Indiana, was as busy as any that I visited and even by working night and day was finding it impossible to catch up with orders. There is an unmistakable tendency in the East toward the six-cylinder car and I believe that the necessity of successful competition will force a large number of the machines now using fewer cylinders to adopt this construction. The McFarlan factory has recently put several of their cars through very severe tests and in every case they have made good. At the time of the Indianapolis auto show a McFarlan made the run from Columbus to Indianapolis, a distance of 185 miles, without a shift of gear. This was merely a trial spin. An idea of the call for McFarlans is given by an instance that occurred while I was at the factory. A dealer from the West came to secure, if possible, an additional allotment of 1910 cars and offered to pay the whole purchase price in spot cash."

W. F. Whittier and Herbert Levy are the most recent car owners to equip with Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires. Levy drives a Locomobile noted for its elegance and the Nobbies add much to its attractiveness.

Geo. Schelling of Santa Rosa has placed his second order with the Standard Motor Car Co. for a carload of machines since taking the agency in that territory. Schelling reports a big demand throughout the northern section of the State for high class motor cars.

Calvin C. Eib, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Co., had as his guests on the opening day of the Shriners' race meet Messrs. Wagner and Warner, starter and timekeeper of the races. Both these gentlemen are very fond of the Lozier car.

Among the record-breaking distributions of automobiles are the achievements of some of the Overland agencies this year. The New York agency sold 1200 cars and was forced to refuse further orders because of depleted allotment. The house in Atlanta, Ga., after having sold 1000 cars put in a call for as many more, while the Dallas, Texas, agency has actually placed every car of a 2000 allotment and is now taking advance orders for 1911 models. The Overland is wonderfully popular in Texas and is much used on the Texas ranges. Its size, mechanical simplicity and ability to negotiate rough going have made it the favorite car among the cattle men.

Ivan deJongh, manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, reports that C. R. Allen has been appointed Oakland agent for Ford cars and has ordered, for immediate delivery, ten of these well known machines. With headquarters at Nineteenth and Broadway the news trans-bay automobile representative will have one of the most central salesrooms in Oakland and will have the facilities for carrying a complete line of Ford cars. Allen will make a feature of the Ford coupe, believing that the level condition of Oakland streets offers a fine opportunity for users of the car in that city.

According to a letter received by The Diamond Rubber Co. Mr. W. J. Newmark of San Mateo has had splendid service from Diamond tires on his Pierce Arrow car. He writes that the front tires have given over 9,000 miles while the rears have covered in the neighborhood of 7,000 up to date.

H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of the White Co., is just in receipt of the following letter from M. McComas of Dallas, Texas, showing the efficiency and simplicity of the White steam car as a kerosene burner:

"I never saw kerosene used before but had no trouble firing up the first time I used it and the only difference I could notice was that I imagined it more effective than gasoline. I am certainly delighted with the Model-O-O and kerosene. We encountered some very heavy rough and rocky roads between Ganesville and Denison and though the car had never been fired up since it left the factory, there was not a moment's delay. The man who bought the car, E. C. Sturgis, and also T. L. Clark, the superintendent of the cotton mills here, who is waiting for the other car which I have ordered, accompanied me in the new O-O. Mr. Sturgis had never touched the steering wheel of an automobile before that day and he ran the steamer for the six miles from Sherman to Denison upon his first attempt without difficulty. Since that initial experience he has taken his family out three times, in each case running the car entirely by himself. The White Company is very modest in its claims about kerosene as a fuel. I fail to see where it takes any longer to get a car ready with kerosene than with gasoline I got the new Model O-O ready in 8 minutes."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZA GORDON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of ELIZA GORDON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Robinson & Getz, Room 403, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZA GORDON, deceased.

J. B. RUEBEN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza Gordon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executor,
45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

NOTICE OF FILING OF PETITION FOR PARTITION AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONER, AND OF TIME SET FOR HEARING OF SAID PETITION AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONER, AND ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING SAID PETITION.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Timothy J. Flynn and Kate I. Prendergast, devisees and heirs at law of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, deceased, having filed in this Court their petition for the partition of the property of said estate and for the appointment of a commissioner or commissioners to make said partition and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that the hearing of said petition be set for Monday, the 13th day of June, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., in said Superior Court, Department Nine thereof at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at which time and place all persons interested may appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the hearing of said petition for said partition and the appointment of a commissioner or commissioners be given by publication of a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County, State aforesaid, for at least two weeks before the date set for said hearing, and by posting a copy of this order at least two weeks before the date set for said hearing in three public places in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge

Dated: May 20, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 20th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners 5-28-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2736, N. S.—Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEORGE BUECKER, also known as GEORGE BUECKER, Deceased.

SOPHIE BUECKER, as administratrix of the estate of John George Buecker, also known as George Buecker, deceased, having filed herein her petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Seventeen Hundred Dollars ($1700.00), or such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet, wherewith to pay off and discharge a certain promissory note now secured by a mortgage on certain property belonging to said estate, and hereinafter described, and for the purpose of securing said loan to mortgage to the lender of said sum of money the undivided one-half interest belonging to the above named deceased, in and to that certain parcel of real property situated and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-fifth (25th) Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 172;

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at its Courtroom, Department Number 10, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Friday, the 10th day of June, 1910, then and there to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

It is further ordered that service of this order be made by publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

Dated May 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner and Administratrix,
501 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco 5-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9382, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SUE RODEN, Deceased.

LILIAN RODEN, administratrix of the estate of SUE RODEN, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Thursday, the 16th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court (Department No. 10 thereof), in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell the said real estate, at either public or private sale, as shall seem to said administratrix to be for the best interests of said estate; and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 9th day of May, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, 802 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE F. A. HERTEL, deceased.

LEONORA HERTEL,
W. M. CRIM,
Executors of the Estate of George F. A. Hertel, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Executors,
802 Balboa Bldg., Market and Second Sts., San Francisco. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY, Executor of the estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Benjamin Francis Handy, Executor, at the office of Arthur H. Barendt, Attorney-at-law, 510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY,
Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Weir Handy, alias Elizabeth Weir Reid, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 7th, 1910

ARTHUR H. BARENDT, Attorney for Executor,
510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE UPON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8903, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of G. G. BURNETT, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Jennie S. Burnett, G. W. Burnett and Jennie P. Gruver, in the above entitled estate, wherein, as executors of the estate of G. G. Burnett they ask permission to borrow Fifty Thousand (50,000) Dollars upon certain real property hereinafter more particularly described,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said matter be and appear in this Court Tuesday, June 14, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made granting permission to mortgage the said property hereinafter described,

And it is further ordered that notice of this hearing be published for four successive weeks prior to said date in "Town Talk."

The following is a particular description of the property desired to be mortgaged:

1st. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Turk Street with the westerly line of Larkin Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Turk Street, and thence easterly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches along the said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Six (6).

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Larkin Street with the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet to the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, and then easterly eighty-five (85) feet along said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Nine (9). THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. P. BLACK, Attorney for Petitioners
P. O. Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased. JOHANNA WAHL,

Administratrix of the Estate of Mamie Lou Duncan, also known as Edna Cockrill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONWAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Jas. P. Sweeney, Attorney for said Executrix, 1201 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased.

JOHANNA CONNELL,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary Conway, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

JAS. P. SWEENEY, Attorney for said Executrix,
1201 Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9457, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to submit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said executors, at Room 609, Union Trust Building (also known as Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank Building), at the northeasterly corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said place the undersigned have selected as their place of business in all matters connected with the Estate of EDWARD HEBROCK, deceased.

YUNKER HAMERSEN,
PAUL HAMERSEN,
E. D. BLOCK,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Hebrock, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHARLES S. WHEELER, Attorney for Executors,
609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. A. Denicke, Attorney-at-Law, 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased.

ELIZABETH BAUMULLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward George Baumuller, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Administratrix,
14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Chas. K. Harper, 874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA P. TILLINGHAST, deceased.

JOSEPH H. TILLINGHAST
Administrator of the Estate of Ella P. Tillinghast, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

CHAS. K. HARPER, Attorney for Administrator
874 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 5102, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE DEELY, Deceased.

Erna Weinberger, a judgment creditor of and interested in the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 14th day of June, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing Laurence Deely, Administrator of the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, ROSE DEELY, as shall be necessary,

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Dated, May 6th, 1910.
Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Erna Weinberger,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St., opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased.

ALOIS S. BAUM,
Executor of the Last Will of Caesar N. Spiero, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate in said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 14th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the City and County in which said real property to be sold is situated.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. 5-14-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, Deceased—No. 9581, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of W. C. Graves, Room 24, 51 Third Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased.

J. J. GRAVES,
W. C. GRAVES, Jr.,
Executors of the Estate of Jefferson G. James, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 21, 1910.

W. C. GRAVES, ESQ., Attorney for the Petitioner.
Room 24, No. 51 Third St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-21-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,653.

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. H. McCloskey, Executor of the estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Norman A. Eisner, Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HARRIET MILLER, sometimes called HATTIE MILLER, deceased.

H. H. McCLOSKEY,
Executor of the Estate of Harriet Miller, sometimes called Hattie Miller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 30th, 1910.

NORMAN A. EISNER, Attorney for Executor,
Rooms 1112-1114 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 9369, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of EDWIN WALLACE CARPENTER, Deceased.

MAX THELEN, the Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Edwin Wallace Carpenter, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of all the real property of the above named decedent, for the purposes therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court that it is for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein that the whole of the real estate belonging to the said estate be sold, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay the expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 31st day of May, 1910, at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator with the Will Annexed to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the said deceased, at either private or public sale as he shall judge to be most beneficial for the said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 21st day of April, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. M. MANNON, Jr., Attorney for Petitioner,
1236 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,044.

WILLARD A. GARDNER, Plaintiff, vs.
JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff. 5-14-5

Letters

"The Girl from His Town"

"The Girl from His Town" jumps us from a Montana mining camp to a London theater, with an intermediate stop at an English country house and a final whirl in Paris. Dan Blair is the hero, if one can admit anything particularly heroic about a youth who has done nothing save inherit fifty million dollars, let himself be made a fool of by an impecunious duchess a good many years older than himself and finally settle down to bliss and blessedness with the girl who sold soda water in the drug store at Blairtown when he was a kid but who, meanwhile, has become the most successful musical comedy actress in London and is in the pleasant habit of sacrificing pearl necklaces and diamond ornaments in order to hand uncounted "wads" to the blind beggars and starving street brats who have the entree of her dressing rooms. Dan Blair is too unbelievably good to be natural. His father is credited with having brought him up wholesomely and given him plenty of common sense advice. There's nothing remarkable about that, but the wonderful thing is that the boy is represented as having heeded it. He even attended college in California without learning anything not prescribed in the books, so that when, at twenty-two, he became master of himself and his millions, he was neither a spendthrift nor altogether a fool though it is utterly impossible to believe him altogether such an innocent. Dan's father, in his less prosperous days, had acted as guide for a game-hunting Englishman and, taking a liking to his employer, there had been a loose agreement between them that some day the boy was to go to the Galoreys, and he, taking the promise literally, dropped down on them without warning. Galorey himself wasn't so bad—nor so very good, either, but it was not long before Lady Galorey was wheedling checks out of the young American for her charities which, like so much of that commodity, began at home and stayed there. Her friend and visitor, the impecunious Duchess of Breakwater, fell very much in love with Dan's fifty millions, and it was not long before she had annexed both him and them temporarily. It was a slight indiscretion on her part which prevented the annexation from being permanent, or at least long enough to entitle her to alimony. Meanwhile the Galorey party had taken Dan to the theater where, in Letty Lind, the star of the piece, he recognized his old acquaintance, the soda fountain girl, likewise his senior. Dan wasn't going to fall in love with Letty, but he did, all the same, and it was through his efforts to have his Duchess of Breakwater take her up that his other love affair came a cropper, after he had presented the delectable duchess with some fine jewels and checks large enough to pay for the restoration of her castle. Dan Blair has a quasi guardian, an old partner of his father's, who comes to London partly on business, partly to see what the lad is up to, and one likes Galorey all the better for the straight forward talk in which he tells Ruggles, without mincing words, just what sort of a nest the youth has dropped into. Ruggles, of course, sets to work to extricate him from the mess, and if he were successful there would be little story left to tell. Letty Lind, otherwise Sally Towney, who, despite her lavish and unconsidered gifts to the poor, has been living the life of her class, has really fallen in love with the little boy who used to do his best to ruin his digestion with chocolate soda in order to gaze on her blonde bangs, but she is willing to sacrifice herself and him and marry the Hungarian count who has been her best friend hitherto, rather than deprive Dan of the fortune which, it appears, is not his at all, but all the property of Ruggles, through some flaw in the title. If Letty will give up Dan, Ruggles will not say a word, but otherwise, they will have to face a cold, cold world penniless. Letty tries the stunt but it will not work. She flees to Paris with Dan after her, and after one wild night in which he makes a few tentative steps on the road "to the devil," and has a nightmare dream of a duel and death to the strains of his Letty's voice singing the old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," he makes an early morning call on his lady love when she prattles sweetly of being together night and day, and learing to cook and sew and watch the sunsets from their humble shack, and it's all very idylic and beautiful, but does any one imagine it would last? Any way, the story of the beautiful actress weeping for the lost joys of sock-darning has a reminiscent and a mirth provoking cadence hereabouts, and as the last line of the last chapter leaves the blissful pair still making plans, there's yet time for them to change their minds. However, there's much to be thankful for. A few years ago the author, Marie Van Vorst, made a personal study of conditions in the cotton mills of the south, and instead of writing an agreeable if not particularly convincing romance, she might have palmed off a child-labor tract upon us. A pretty book with illustrations by F. Graham Coots, from the Bobbs-Merrill Company

The Best Wives

According to Prof. William Thomas of the University of Chicago, country girls make the best wives.

Professor Thomas calls city girls artificial beauties and points to the professional beauty specialists who make a living "doctoring" faces as proof.

"Luxury is the barrier to the matrimonial young men and women of the cities," he declares. "Matrimony to the well-to-do must mean luxury, and the average young man does not want to assume that contract."

"Girls, study your country sisters. Stop this everlasting fashion of stroking a shaggy poodle and wasting time on Teddy bears and the marriageable men will have more time for you. Go out into the country. Live the life of your country sisters, and the bloom of health will come to your cheeks without the aid of cosmetics."

The Fadless Barrymore

A New York newspaper woman who, after much arranging, obtained the difficult entree to Miss Barrymore's dressing room between the acts of "Mid-Channel," began her interview thus: "Now, Miss Barrymore, please tell me all your fads."

"But I haven't any," said Miss Barrymore sweetly. "I care about my family, my friends and my work. Nothing else interests me very much in a personal sense. I don't care to collect things, I don't care to own bric-a-brac, or rare postage stamps, or rugs. Everything about the stage interests me enormously. It always has. Knowing the stage and stage things, for the actor, is much the same as the musician knowing his instrument. A pianist must be interested in pianos if he is going to rise above the level of the average. If you would call the stage a fad, then I have one, but I am afraid that is too obvious a fact to be a discovery." "I am afraid so," said the reporter sadly, and she went away with dashed hopes for she thought that all actresses must have curious tastes

---

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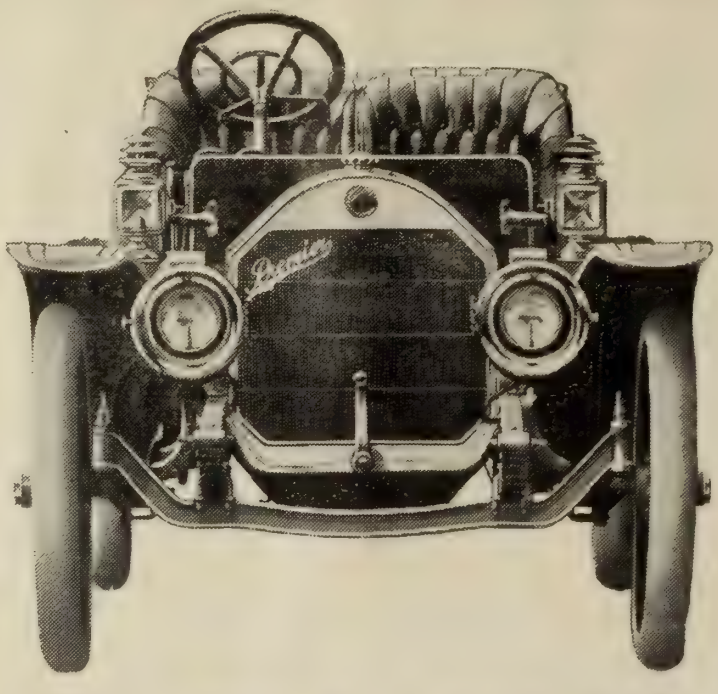

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H-O

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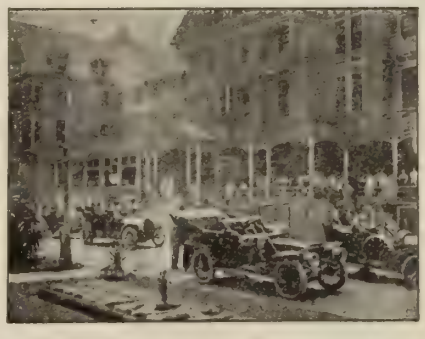

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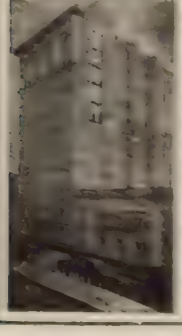

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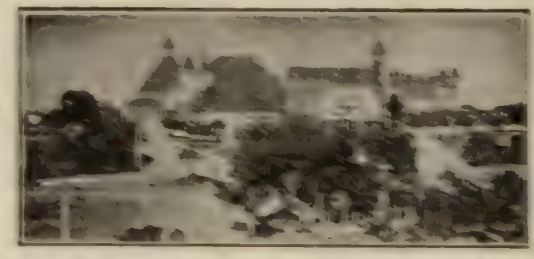

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, June 4, 1910 | No. 927

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Another Victory

A great and wonderful victory was achieved by this glorious and credulous city last week. So the Hon. Percy V. Long informs us, and the Examiner transported with joy on receipt of the glad news gives expression to its emotion in editorial and pictorial rhapsodies. Mr. Long produced an almost unprecedented orgasm in the Examiner office. And doubtless the Examiner infected its readers with its ecstasy. Yet the victory, though pronounced "a substantial victory" by Mr. Long, is hardly the kind of victory to appeal to the imagination of the public. It is quite devoid of the romantic element. Its appeal is to the intellect, not to the heart. To be appreciated it must be analyzed, and consequently it neither inflames nor induces hysteria. The process of analysis is chilling. Gratifying as it may be to be told that we have been allowed a year's time in which to gather data and file a brief in support of our application for permission to make the Hetch-Hetchy Valley part of a municipal water system, the news is productive of nothing like spontaneous enthusiasm except in emotional newspaper offices. It does not make the serene, prosaic citizen boisterous, nor is the sensation that it produces conducive to the hilarity that is symbolized by the throwing of hats in the air and the lifting of voices to the empyrean. Aside from the uninspiriting character of all purely civic victories this Hetch-Hetchy victory is necessarily in the nature of a frost because it is merely supplementary to a whole string of similar triumphs which have been contrived from time to time for the titillation of our emotions. As a matter of fact these Hetch-Hetchy triumphs are beginning to get on our nerves and give us pause. By this last one some citizens have been plunged into sombre meditation. They are asking themselves why it is that the Hon. Percy Long and the Hon. Marsden Manson require a year's time in which to make out a case. These eminent public servants have been immersed in the Hetch-Hetchy problem for several years. The supposition was that they had mastered all its intricacies, impounded all available data. It was understood that they had reached a point where nothing was to be done but to issue bonds, get the money and build the system. But when called upon to enlighten the Federal authorities, to show that we really need the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, they ask for time in which to make out a case. The courtesy is extended, and at once they attitudinize and point with pride to the happy consummation. A great and wonderful victory, indeed! It affords us an insight into the consummate ability available for carrying out the darling scheme of municipal ownership.

The Fight and the Clergy

Thus far the great outcry of the clergy against the Jeffries-Johnson fight has had no perceptible effect on the public mind. The men by whom this barbarity is to be perpetrated are attending to business as though they were quite oblivious of the opposition that has been organized by the guardians of public virtue. The ungrateful press which makes use of the pliant pulpit whenever yellow journalism is in the mood to pull off a spasm of morality is giving no aid or encouragement to its handmaiden. The pulpit is leading a forlorn hope singlehanded and alone. Nay, yellow journalism instead of thundering against the impending iniquity is actually glorifying the objects of clerical objurgation and frankly celebrating the coming event despite the vehement demands of churchmen to save the people from its demoralizing and brutalizing effects. The situation is doubtless deplorable; not, however, in our opinion, because two burly, beetle-browed bruisers are to be permitted to batter each other for the gratification of a depraved mob infatuated with the beauty of blood and the poetry of uppercuts, but rather because it seems to imply the impotency of the pulpit as a moral agent. The pathetic situation is terribly humiliating to the clergy. The representatives of at least half a dozen of the jarring sects united in a mighty effort to rouse public sentiment against the fight, and they haven't evoked so much as the tribute of an echo. Nobody is paying any attention to them. The only discussions that are heard are with reference to the physical condition of the distinguished pluguglies. The vociferations of the clergy are drowned in the clamor for news from Rowardennan, where the champion of the white race is being sweated down to weight in interviews with the obsequious correspondents of an enlightened and enlightening press. So widespread, so pervasive and penetrating is the morbid obsession that even we find ourselves indifferent to the clerical protest and inclined to argue that pugilism is a science that preserves one of the most beautiful of the primitive virtues, the virtue of physical courage. At the same time we feel that the conspicuous futility of the clerical protest is to be deplored. Public indifference in this matter is evidence of the waning of pulpit prestige and influence. It appears that as one of the spiritual motors of the time the pulpit is becoming all but powerless. When we consider the number of sermons preached in our churches every year there is presented to the mind the idea of a vast spiritual instrument of immeasurable potentialities. Yet we are amazed at how little the pulpit is doing toward furthering religious and moral life. In the confusion of polemical strife in ecclesiastical courts occasioned by clamor for new creeds and the casting off of old ones the preachers make a tremendous uproar and provoke the laity to cynicism and scepticism, but in their too frequently misguided efforts to give tone and character to society their voice is hardly heard above the clatter of the world's discords.

Cromer's Downfall

Governor Cromer of Alabama is nearing the end of his term, and the people are much pleased. Governor Cromer is a shattered popular idol. His career presents a fine object lesson for those who would study the ways of the reformer and the psychology of popular enthusiasm. His case abounds in universal characteristics. He is a typical American reformer, a perfect specimen of the printing press hero. He would be easily susceptible of dramatization for the purpose of illustrating the credulity of the people, of exemplifying the saying of Carlyle that popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world, as well as the observation of Montaigne that the vulgar and common esteem is seldom happy in hitting right. A few years ago Cromer was the most popular man in Alabama. He attained popularity in the usual way—by expressing his sympathy with the prejudices and absurdities of the moment. His fulminations against wicked persons in general were accepted as proof of his

superior virtue and his enthusiasm for righteousness. Everybody that disagreed with Cromer was suspected of being a tool of the machine, and vituperated accordingly. Now Cromer has been found out. Alabama has twice repudiated him. The people have demanded better treatment for capital, and Cromer is an abandoned as well as a despised demagogue. He that builded on the vulgar heart has found that it is a giddy and insecure habitation.

Hinman Found Out

Along with the downfall of Cromer should be chronicled also the unpedestaling of the Hon. Harvey D. Hinman of New York. Reform and Hinman have been synonymous terms for several years. Hinman has been the hero of many contests for civic redemption, he has led many a forlorn hope of righteousness. Like Cromer, indeed, like all contemporary zealots of reform and connoisseurs of public pap he won the affections of the people by artful propagation of the impression that he was holier than his neighbor. This impression he contrived by means of wholesale denunciation. Among artisans in the trade of defamation he was recognized as a journeyman of the first rank. Few men were better equipped with the vocabulary of personal abuse. Many a heart was seared and burned with the verbal vitriol which he poured out in the course of his glorious career as a reviler of his fellow man. But Hinman's bag of venom has been punctured. In the State Senate of New York the other day he denounced his associates with all his accustomed fervor. He pronounced them "weaklings and crooks" for amending a resolution for a general investigation of something that was regarded with suspicion. Then rose one of the "weaklings and crooks" and exhibited a sheet of paper in the handwriting of Senator Hinman. It was an amendment protecting from legislative investigation the industrial insurance companies. Now as Senator Hinman is the attorney of an insurance company he realized the urgency of an explanation and the reiteration of his passionate devotion to the cause of righteousness. But only grim silence greeted his words. He sat down conscious of the collapse of his brilliant career. And the gallery smiled. When a reformer who has lived off the destruction of other men's reputation reaches the point where he has to plead extenuating circumstances in his own defense; where he must dodge, not strike; where he becomes the target of those who are better than raw hands with the weapons which were once his alone—when the habitual reviler finds himself in this tragic predicament, there is none so generous as to pay him the tribute of a tear.

The Imperishable Type

Cromer and Hinman have been found out. The people are disgusted with them, but their type persists and fluourishes. The credulity of the people is inexhaustible. To the blandishments of pharisaism they are eternally susceptible. This is perhaps according to a wise provision of nature ordained for the purpose of safeguarding them against the evils of complaisance and constancy. If the people were too wise to be fooled by demagogues they would suffer themselves to be enslaved by practical politicians. The world is a scene of changes, and it is by the constant change in human affairs that we progress. The blatant demagogue who rouses us from apathy, making us dissatisfied and therefore preventing stagnation is a public benefactor. Though his personality is usually offensive to persons possessed of more than the average of worldly knowledge and a practical acquaintance with men and things, yet it must be admitted that he is as much an agency of God as the vulture and the rodent. He has sheathed within him a spiritual truth like every material fact in the vast symbolism of nature. Nevertheless it ought not to be considered to one's discredit to contemn the self-seeking reformer. What is repugnant to our senses it is human nature to abhor even though it be a necessary evil. The skunk is one of the mysterious means employed by an inscrutable Providence its wonders to perform, but it is not to be embraced as a mark of appreciation.

Millikan's Discovery

Professor Millikan of Chicago who has succeeded in isolating an ion of electricity is credited with having made a most important discovery. Perhaps he has taken another stride toward that final goal which is still so far away—the answer to the question, What is electricity? At any rate Professor Millikan is doing the kind of work that is recognized as the most powerful agent of civilization and human progress. His discovery has already been decried; which is what usually happens when a man of science brings a new truth to light in the course of experimental work. His discovery may appear to be insignificant, but in all sciences vast fields of exploration have been opened up by what once appeared to be trivial phenomena. According to a popular fallacy nearly all important discoveries have been the result of accident. It is true that many phenomena fraught with the most momentous consequences have been accidentally discovered; that is they were not produced with premeditation, but in most instances they were the result of scientific experiment. There have been exceptions of course, as for example the discovery of the apparently insignificant property possessed by amber of attracting feathers after it has been rubbed. This was known six hundred years before the Christian era, but it was scientific study of this property that led in modern times to the discovery of electricity. It can be said of Galvani that he might never have discovered the electric current had it not been for the unexpected contraction of a frog's legs. But it was as a result of his experiments that the phenomenon was produced. Even the steam engine was partly the result of researches by scientists. Watt himself stated in his pamphlet entitled "A Plain Story" that he could not have perfected his engine had not Dr. Black and others ascertained what amount of heat was rendered latent by the conversion of

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water into steam. It was by scientific research that Franklin found that lightning and electricity were identical, the consequence being the use of the lightning conductor and all the inventions foreshadowed by the discovery that electricity would pass freely through metals. It was Newton's discovery of the decomposition of light by means of a prism that led to the invention of the spectroscope. Pasteur revolutionized the practice of medicine after learning by experiment of the fermentative powers of yeast. All the great inventions of modern times were made through the application of principles discovered by science to the substances and forces by which we are surrounded. The history of modern civilization teaches us that in all the branches of science the most momentous discoveries have been made by such men as Millikan of Chicago who spent their lives in experimental investigation, searching for new truths that they might in adding to the store of human knowledge either mitigate the miseries or augment the blessings of mankind.

The New Sea Song of the Greedy Lascar

Now some men swim and some men drown,
And a ship she cleared from Glasgow town,
And over the bar steamed she,
With her siren hooting balefully,
Into the fog on the Irish Sea.
And on her deck was an Englishman,
A Briton drunk and free.
And down in her hold where the great fires be
And the engines thunder sullenly,
A sober man, sweating in slavery:
A Lascar man.
Down in the hold was a Lascar man
Sweating in slavery.

Now the mercy of God in the fog ran down
The ship that cleared from Glasgow town:
Down in the deep went she,
With her plates a-gaping woundily,
And her fires all drowned in the Irish Sea.
And over her side leaped the Englishman,
Naked as born to be.
"I thank my God I'm alive," said he;
"I thank my God for His mercy to me,
And never more I'll follow the sea,"
Said the Englishman.
Safe ashore was the Englishman,
And drunk as drunk could be.

And yet in the hold of the ship gone down
The sober Lascar chose to drown—
Drown though his choice was free.
But first he dropped on his bended knee
And hugged his poor little treasury.
And thus to his God prayed the Lascar man:
"Leave the wage of my toil to me,
And I'll thank Thee God most joyously—
I'll thank thee, God, from the deep of the sea
That I walk not the earth in poverty,"
Said the Lascar man.
And down in the depth went the Lascar man
With the wage of his toil in the sea.

Now that Lascar man I would rather be
And take my ease on the floor of the sea
And share with a mermaid my last rupee
Than walk this land of liberty
In misery.

—Norreys Connell.

Perspective Impressions

Helen Emery Aoki ought to be permitted to repent in obscurity.

President Wheeler has gone to Europe to become a member of Colonel Roosevelt's "Back from Elba" entourage. Even a little reflected glory is soothing to the soul of Berkeley's first citizen.

Mr. Roosevelt's admirers are now measuring his popularity by the number of applications that were made for permission to participate in the home-coming parade. Not a very good standard of measurement. The passion for parade is universal.

Some of our university students are going to work in a logging camp this summer to earn money with which to defray their expenses at college. This is much better than working as bell-boys at summer resorts and taking tips for expense money.

The Hon. Theodore Bell heaved a sonorous sigh of relief when M. F. Tarpey decided not to run for Governor. But Theodore is not yet out of the woods. The proverbial yellow dog may be found for the emergency.

At the primary election in Indianapolis last week less than forty per cent of the vote of each party was cast, though the people had the opportunity of casting a direct vote for United States Senator. And yet we are told that the people really want to rule.

According to the muckrakers it doesn't matter what the joint Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee reports since Ballinger stands convicted before the bar of public opinion. Quite right. The people always believe what the muckrakers tell them. So even though the minority report should acquit Ballinger of wrongdoing, as it is likely to do, the Secretary must consider himself an unstriped convict.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(This serial account of the adventures of a fugitive from the vengeance of the Vigilance Committee begins with the history of the circumstances that led to the organization of that so-called law and order body. McGowan has told us of his escape from San Francisco, of his flight to Santa Barbara and of the many romantic episodes that marked his career during the months he was in hiding. All the while the Vigilance Committee kept up a search for him, and he was assured of being hanged if captured. In the seventh instalment the reader accompanies him to the home of Dr. Nicholas A. Den where he was given protection, and where he remained until, as we learn in the eighth instalment, his friends arranged for a journey to Sacramento where the legislature was in session—Editor's Note)

(Ninth Instalment)

My friend the Captain, on being apprised of my determination to return north by land, instantly declared his intention of accompanying me. This proof of his friendship, though not unexpected, was greater than I was willing to accept. I expostulated with him on his folly in incurring the dangers and discomforts of such a trip at that season of the year, assuring him that I could make my way through alone; but all to no purpose. He only replied that he had come to me to help me out of my misfortunes, and did not intend to leave me until he had seen me safely through. Accordingly it was arranged that we should start together, and the next morning the Doctor, sending Reese's hired horse back by an Indian, drove him to town in his buggy, where it was necessary he should go in order to provide himself with equipments for his journey. I gave him a note to an Irish gentleman of the name of F. J. Maguire, Esq., who I thought would be a proper person to assist him in making his arrangements.

I forgot to mention that I had made the acquaintance of this gentleman during my stay at the Dos Pueblos. He was a frequent visitor there, and a very clever and intelligent man. He was one of the patriots who were driven from Ireland by the tyranny of their rulers, and is very respectably connected at home. His brother is a member of the British Parliament, and editor of the Cork Examiner, one of the ablest presses of the kingdom. Although for a year past he has been at perfect liberty to return to his native land under shelter of the bill of amnesty passed by Parliament in behalf of the expatriated Irishmen, he prefers to remain under the wings of our Eagle, and has permanently located upon the soil, having married a California lady, a sister of the wife of Captain Thomas Moore, of Sal si Puedes. He was originally educated to the bar, but has abandoned his profession, preferring to engage in mercantile pursuits. He is a gentleman of fine attainments and will doubtless ere long take a distinguished position among the citizens of his county. To this gentleman, who keeps a store in Santa Barbara, I commended my friend Reese.

The Captain was received very kindly, not only by Mr. Maguire, but also many others of my friends in Santa Barbara. He was introduced to the Mayor, Don Antonio Maria De la Guerra, who gave him a letter to one of his brothers at Los Alamos, a place we were to pass on our journey north; also one to a nephew of his at San Luis Obispo. In short, the Captain was so kindly treated, and liked Santa Barbara so well that he did not get back to the Dos Pueblos until Thursday night.

Being a little superstitious about starting on a Friday, it was arranged that on Saturday morning we should bid adieu to the hospitable roof of my protector. I was not sorry for this respite, for I knew I should feel many a pang at parting with the Doctor's little children, who were very much attached to Paisano as they called me, and I really loved them; particularly my little favorite, Alphonso. I knew that he would miss me, for I was always the confidant of his little childish sorrows; and he would have no one to go with him into the mountains, and carry him over the brooks, and make little boats and shoot quail for him. Then, too, there was smiling little Nicolas, Guillermo, and Alfredo who used to run to Paisano every morning to get him to help them hunt the new laid eggs. Poor little innocents! may they never be scathed by the Sirocco breath which first introduced them to their wandering friend.

At length the hour of parting came. On Saturday morning, the 14th day of February, everything was got in readiness for the start. It was a wild and wintry day, but time was everything to me, and start I must. Two of the Doctor's finest horses for our relays had been in some time, resting for the journey, and a guide had been provided whose name was Jose Lopez. He was to accompany us the first three hundred miles. In case of trouble from arrest on the road, I was provided by the Doctor with a letter to the District Judge, Don Joaquin Carrillo, who was then in San Luis Obispo, which would, as far as his authority was concerned, have insured me at least fair play. We were also to be accompanied on our first day's journey to the Mission of Santa Inez by the Rev. Father F. C. Rubio, who was chief in control at the Mission, and was at that time on a visit to Doctor Den. The good Padre made a short prayer for our safe return to our friends and my speedy deliverance from all my troubles, and we were then ready.

I kissed each of the little children, and shook Donna Rosa warmly by the hand. I then shook hands with all the servants, and presented to "Juan de Dios" a little mare which was unfit for the journey. I had bought her some three months before from a German, for the sake of the saddle and bridle that were on her. The Doctor and I then walked to the gate, and I must confess that I could not keep back the tears which were streaming down my face. The rest of the party had started, and as I was about to mount, I desired to express to Doctor Den my appreciation of his great goodness, and the everlasting debt of gratitude I owed him, but my heart was too full and the words stuck in my throat—all that was in me of my mother gained the ascendancy, and I could not articulate. The Doctor bade me desist, and told me he wanted no thanks. He then in a few words gave me some good advice about my future course in life, and murmuring "God bless you!" I waved my hand to him and his, and rode after my companions who were already some hundreds of yards on the road.

The Father Rubio appeared to have taken quite a liking to my friend Reese. He had ascertained that he was a Catholic, and being himself from old Spain, he thought it was a rare thing to find one of his own religion among the Americans. We cantered on as comfortably as we could in such weather, smoking our cigars, and chatting with the old Padre, and without anything of interest occurring, commenced about twelve o'clock noon to cross the mountain of Santa Inez. It was raining very hard and the trail, bad enough in the dry season, was now rendered very slippery and in some places dangerous. The crossing occupied about two hours, and was very trying on our animals. The Father and myself rode the entire distance, but no gibes or coaxing could induce the Captain to venture it. And indeed I do not blame him. To any one unaccustomed to such traveling it seemed fool-hardy in the extreme to risk one's neck on such a road. I had ridden it once before at night, and, considering that I ought, after that, to be willing to try it by day-light, I would not dismount; though I confess, at times, I felt by no means certain of safely reaching the other side. Reese frequently walked and led his horse until we reached the plain on the other side. We ar-

(Continued on Page 29.)

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The Longing

By Emil Davies

The accident was as bad as it was sudden; the doctor had just told him that he had about twenty-four hours to live. At first he felt stunned, but then, resolutely facing the situation, as he had so often done in business matters (of what minor importance they suddenly seemed in a moment like this!) he mapped out his twenty-four hours. His affairs were in good order, he was heavily insured, so that his wife and children were sufficiently well provided for. He wondered if the doctor had told his wife.

The thought that he would not see his two children grow up caused him a moment's anguish; and there was his wife! But he felt there was no time to be lost in vain regrets, and these thoughts, too, he put resolutely from him.

Suddenly a mad longing seized him, an overpowering desire. He must at all cost bid farewell not only to his wife, but to the other two women who had played a part in his life; the problem was how to do it in the few hours allotted him without compromising either of the women or wounding the feelings of his wife; and the time was short.

In the case of Enid, his wife's cousin, it was easy enough; from the earliest days of his acquaintance with his wife, he had been brought into such close contact with her cousin and later on with the husband that there would be nothing out of the way in his wishing to see her; moreover—and he smiled somewhat bitterly at the reflection—their relationship had not been such that he need in any way hesitate to make what was, after all, a perfectly natural request. As regards the other woman, who had played a more intimate part in his life, it was a little more awkward; true, she was one of his wife's friends, and she and her husband were frequent visitors; but the relationship—at any rate, so far as the world was concerned—was not of a sufficiently close nature to justify such a request.

The brain of the dying man worked rapidly, and in a few minutes he had evolved his scheme; at the worst it could be regarded as the whim of a man who knew he had only a few hours to live. He would ask to have a few minutes with half a dozen friends; and Enid and Mary lived close at hand, and the message could be sent that he wished to see them and their husbands. Mary would understand, and would lose no time; as regards Enid, well, he could only hope that she would come at once without awaiting her husband's return home. The thought that his whole plan might miscarry if they were out, rendered still more intense his longing and determination to see them; and he certainly did also wish to say good-bye to one or two other close friends.

The wife, half-fainting, carried out her husband's wishes without comment, hurriedly dispatching messengers and telegrams. He lay there listening to the ticking of the clock marking off his span of life, and listening for a ring at the door, with rapidly increasing excitement. The first ring heralded the advent of the doctor, who, on being informed of the man's request, acquiesced; it would make no difference, he said.

The wife, making a supreme effort not to break down, came in and arranged the pillows. He spoke to her tenderly, discussed with her the future of the two children and herself as calmly as the circumstances permitted. Then in somewhat awkward fashion he said to her:

"And now listen to me, Ada; keep my memory fresh in the minds of the children, but if later on, occasion offers for you to marry again, I do not want you to think that if I knew of it I should object."

"Don't talk like that," replied his wife; "it is quite hard enough for me to keep up without speaking of such things."

He waved his hand protestingly.

"Never mind," said he, "I always think of the future, and you may be glad some day that I should have spoken of this as I have done."

For some time they talked together, until they were interrupted by the arrival of the man's closest friend.

The wife left the friends together.

The dying man had a number of requests to make of his friend, the only one germane to this narrative being that a packet of letters in a certain drawer of his office desk should be destroyed. After a brief conversation the friend, much affected, departed.

There was a sound of voices in the hall, and for the first and last time in his life the dying man felt himself to be like a potentate with a stream of callers waiting audience of him.

There was no mistaking Mary Gordon's voice. He heard her ask the wife breathlessly regarding the accident, heard her say that she had at once telegraphed to her husband, but could not wait, so ran round immediately. Some further conversation which he could not hear, took place; then the door opened and the woman who, after his wife, had played the largest part in his life, entered the room. They looked at one another; she with dishevelled hair and great staring eyes, he with the look of a man who knows he is gazing for the last time on someone dear to him.

He was the first to break the silence.

"This is a pretty ending to the play," he said.

"But is there no hope?" she asked.

"Do you think the doctor would tell me with such brutal frankness that I had only a few hours to live if there were?" he replied, with a tinge of bitterness.

"Are you in pain, dear?" she said, bending over him.

"No," he replied, "that is the strange thing; and do you know, it seems to me that I can think and see things more clearly now than at any time in my life? I suppose it is the mind already to a great extent emancipated from the body."

"Always philosophizing, even near death. And what do you suppose is going to happen to me when you are gone?"

"There is Walter—" he said.

She waved her hand with a gesture of despair.

"Is this the time to talk like that? One thing, I shall follow you soon, be it to Heaven or Hell."

"Don't talk like that, Mary," he said, "it's silly."

"It's not silly," she replied. "You first showed me what there is in life; you brought out whatever soul there is in me, and if you are gone what is there to live for? I have no children," she added, shortly.

"You are over excited," he said, "but it is nice to hear you talk like that. Still, time heals everything. While I think of it," he added, "I have already arranged for your letters to be destroyed, so have no fear on that score."

"I don't care who knows," she said, defiantly.

"But I do," he said, simply; "and I am dying, and I would not cause Ada any pain. You women cannot understand that it is possible for a man to love two—yes, even more—of you at the same time."

She looked curiously at him.

"There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have never dared," she said.

He nodded questioningly.

"Is there another?" she asked. "I have often thought there must be."

(Continued on Page 34.)

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The Spectator

Flood's Loyalty to This City

San Francisco has no more loyal son than James L. Flood, the millionaire. This fact was demonstrated not long ago in a manner which will surprise many who think they know what is going on about them. The fact is that James L. Flood seriously considered disposing of all his San Francisco interests and making his permanent home in New York. This thought came to him in the most natural manner—he had tempting offers from various sources for nearly all of his valuable properties here. All the Flood holdings are in splendid condition, beautifully improved and so leased that they carry guarantees of handsome incomes for many years. This of course has recommended them with particular force to investors. When Flood received offers for various holdings he was sorely tempted. He likes New York very much on account of its varied opportunities for amusement, its proximity to Europe and so on. But though he was tempted he did not fall. Flood confided to a friend of his that the thought of all that San Francisco meant to him swept over him and gave him pause. Here his father accumulated his millions, here he was educated, here he formed his family ties, here in brief the name of Flood is indissolubly connected with civic history. When he pondered these things he determined that he would never forsake San Francisco. All the offers of investors were incontinently turned down.

A Spreckels Tradition Broken

It has remained for a member of the third generation of the Spreckels family to break a strong family tradition. The member in question is Jack Spreckels, the son of John D. and the tradition in question runs to the effect that Spreckels money should not be invested under ground. Claus Spreckels would never have anything to do with mines or oil wells. All his ventures were made in the upper spaces of the earth. The old sugar king used to say that he was too old to speculate on what the earth might produce and that he would leave all that sort of thing to the younger fellows. This by the way was also a rule of business with Collis P. Huntington. Adolph, John D. and other members of the Spreckels family followed the business rule laid down by their father. No mines or oil wells for them. But now Jack Spreckels has broken the rule, shattered the tradition. With Billy Maguire who used to be the secretary of the Bank Commission, he has gone into Bakersfield oil and stands a fine chance of making a barrel of money.

Kent is a Tough One

The news that William Kent, millionaire reformer of Marin County, intends to run for Congress against Duncan McKinlay has reached Chicago. Now Chicago knows Mr. Kent. He flourished in that opulent, breezy metropolis some years ago, and he did things there, things that worried certain practical politicians and hungry jobholders. Chicago remembers Kent, as may be learned from the Evening Post of that city. The Post says that it quickens the pulse to think of Kent in Congress; also it makes one's notion of insurgency real and vivid. The standpatters "wouldn't talk to a dog," says the Post, "the way Mr. Kent used to talk to Alderman Johnny Powers in the old City Council days—no sir-ee. And to have this wild Amos, this rich muckraker, speaking out his unpleasant moral ideas—surely, they would rather face a message from Roosevelt." The Post credits Kent with having an interesting vocabulary. "Short, vigorous words are at home in it, living peaceably—like the rattlesnake with the owl and the prairie dog—in a mind likewise tenanted with the classics and much modern political lore." I have heard that Mr. Kent is that rara avis, a conscientious, sincere reformer as well as a practical politician. If so he certainly feels sore every time he thinks of the breed of reformers he has been herding with in this neck of the woods.

Pity the Poor Poet

The case of Mr. James Henry MacLafferty is clearly one that calls for police interference. In a little volume of his verse published by Paul Elder he tells us that his Muse is a relentless tyrant who bids him write and heeds not his prayer for emancipation from poetic thraldom. Oft he pleads (to use his own words) "To spare me till another time" promising that later on he will "worship in poetic rhyme." But the tyrant muse is inexorable; there is no rest for the weary poet; he must ply his plectrum as the galley slave his oar. Mr. MacLafferty evokes my profound pity. Odesmithing for pleasure is perhaps one of the most agreeable of pastimes, but what an awful fate is that of MacLafferty. One has but to read his verses to apprehend the severity of the torture he is compelled to endure. With half an eye you can see they are not the exhalations of the spontaneous ferment of a heated imagination. Between the rhymes you can read the tragic story of travail. If the poet fails to move you with anything in the nature of imagery, at least he enables you to conjure up the vision of himself in the throes of parturition. The tyrant has made him sweat as well as rhyme.

Larks He Has and Has Not Met

Nevertheless it is evident that Mr. MacLafferty is a man of sentiment. It is evident that he loves to feel like a poet, to indulge in moral reflections on the state of his soul, revive recollections of joys and sorrows, and persuade himself that he is en rapport as it were with the hidden secrets of nature. But it is also evident that he doesn't write like a poet. Lacking keen sensibility, breadth of emotional capacity and spiritual insight, he strains impotently for a semblance of poetic life. Instead of ideas and thoughts such as are worthy of a melodious setting he gives us words and rhymes that are commonplace and uninspired. Also he gives us a good deal of nonsense. Why he should have gone to the trouble to tell us that the skylark never sang for him

> Save soaring in the pages
> Of Shelley, Wordsworth and Tennyson.
> To sing for all the ages,

is a question that puzzles me. A curious poetic conception, this, of a bird singing for a poet by proxy. The

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meadow-lark MacLafferty has heard singing in the fields, and MacLafferty sings of the meadow-lark. His song is in the nature of a musical criticism. He tells us that the meadow-lark has a contralto voice and that he blends his treble with his alto. While he was about it he might also have assured us that the meadow-lark never gets off the key, and that in producing his tones he gives us a lesson in the art of concealing art.

Scorn not the Dictionary

In a pome addressed to the Columbia river MacLafferty pronounces it "Monarch crowned of mighty rivers." In the next line he withdraws the crown and reduces the river to the rank of 'peer of any flowing stream." This may be good poetry, but it is certainly a confusion of ideas, as our odesmith may learn by consulting his dictionary. Again, in a lyric about Shasta he sings of a "height profound." Surely a dictionary would serve as first aid to poetry in the case of Mr. MacLafferty. Far be it from me to suggest, however, that Mr. MacLafferty needs nothing but a dictionary to enable him to reach the Parnassian height. Nor do I wish to be understood as disapproving of his ventures in metrical compositions. If he must write, verse is the most suitable medium of expression for him. For as Goethe has said, he who would write prose must have something to say, while he who has nothing to say can make verses.

The Dipsomaniac—You see, doctor, I've taken gold-cures so often that I suppose I might be considered a guaranteed gold-filled case.

Physician—Ah! Then probably the Emmanuel Movement would make you as steady as a clock!

Judge Lawlor Rebuked

Judge William P. Lawlor has just received another lesson in criminal jurisprudence. The Court of Appeal of this district in setting aside the verdict in the case of E. W. Emmons, convicted of obtaining money by false pretenses, has pointed out for Judge Lawlor's benefit the impropriety of which he was guilty when he framed up an instruction to the jury in the interest of the prosecution. At the same time the court has taken occasion to explain to Judge Lawlor why it is in the nature of a perversion of justice for him to indulge in sinister insinuations calculated to influence a jury against a man accused of crime. It appears that the judge was asked to inform the jury of a fundamental principle of justice in this language: "The defendant has a legal right to take the stand as a witness, or not to do so, just as he pleases or as his counsel may advise. The mere fact that he does not testify raises no presumption or prejudice against him, and the jury cannot draw any unfavorable inference against a defendant who does not offer himself as a witness." Under the law it was Judge Lawlor's duty to give the foregoing instruction as requested by defendant's counsel. But Judge Lawlor in the fulness of his self-confidence, believed that by the exercise of a little cunning he could apparently comply with the law without doing so. A foxy judge, is Lawlor. Well equipped with tricks and stratagems is he. In lieu of the instruction asked for he read section 1323 of the Penal Code: "A defendant in a criminal action or proceeding cannot be compelled to be a witness against himself, but if he offer himself as a witness he may be cross-examined by the counsel for the People as to all matters about which he was examined in chief. His neglect or refusal to be a witness cannot in any manner prejudice him or be used against him on the trial or proceeding." Now what was wrong about this? The code contains the law, and surely it cannot be wrong to read the code to a jury. Apparently not. Judge Lawlor turned a trick against the defendant that the average layman cannot see through. It was decidedly wrong for him to read that section of the code to the jury; nay, his reading of it was a piece of mean, juridical cheating. The "question before the jury," as the Court of Appeal says, "was not what could be done if the defendant had taken the stand as a witness for himself, nor as to whether he could be compelled to testify against himself." The only question was whether he had a right to hold his tongue, and whether the jury had a right to draw an unfavorable inference from his holding it. The effect of the reading of the code was to inform the jury that if the defendant had taken the stand he could have been cross-examined, and furthermore to suggest the probability that he did not dare to subject himself to cross-examination. Thus did Judge Lawlor indulge his fondest predilection. And as a consequence of his congenital indisposition to give a man a fair trial the taxpayers of this city must undergo the expense of a second trial. The Court of Appeal has not permitted Judge Lawlor to go unrebuked. "The defendant," says the court, "was entitled to a fair trial. He was entitled to a simple statement of the law pertinent to the issue without having it coupled with another statement not pertinent to the issue which robbed it of all its force as to defendant's rights. He had the right to stand mute." Also: "We cannot conceive of any occasion arising during the trial of a criminal case for giving the jury an instruction as to the fact that the defendant could be cross-examined if he should be a witness."

A Tribute to McManus

Lieutenant McManus of the police force is a fine fellow. His Irish wit is as rich as his brogue, his whiskers are the envy of all the captains on the force and his athletic feats are famous. You would not think it of one of his bulk but Lieutenant McManus can turn the most graceful flips into a swimming tank. These and other accomplishments has Lieutenant McManus and in addition a host of friends. But the lieutenant has just lost an old-time friend and thereby hangs this tale. Terry Welch was a friend of Lieutenant McManus, a very dear friend indeed. Terry, by the same token, keeps a bit of a cigar stand and as business in the cigar line is no better than it ought to be, Terry has also started a bit of a pool room in the rear of his cigar stand. When the chief of police gave orders recently to shut up the pool rooms, a patrolman was stationed outside of Terry's place to see that nobody went inside to make a bet. Being a

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man of spirit Terry resented the intrusion of the bluecoat. "Go away" he bade him many times, but all in vain. And then: "I'll make ye go away. Liftinint McManus is me frind." "Much good that will do you," answered the guardian of public morals. So Terry swore a mighty oath that he would have the policeman put off the block and went to see McManus about it. He returned dejected. "Well, did you see your friend?" mocked the policeman. "What frind?" countered Terry. "Why, your friend McManus" explained the bluecoat. "Me frind McManus is it?" answered the wrathy cigar man. "Let me tell ye, he's no frind of mine. If a million of his kind was in jail and two-bits would save thim all, I'd drop the quarter in the bay, so help me."

"Don't be afraid of the bacon, Mr. Jenkins," said the landlady to the new lodger.

"Not at all, madam. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not frighten me a bit."

A Union Labor Incident

An incident which occurred recently at the Novelty Theater affords an excellent illustration of the impossible lengths to which the labor unions carry the application of their rules. If it does not help to explain what is robbing San Francisco of her legitimate opportunities it will be told in vain. A large club of talented youngsters hired the Novelty Theater one night in order to give an amateur dramatic performance. For an orchestra they had a number of girls who played the piano, violin, mandolin and other stringed instruments. To handle the mechanical part of the performance they hired an electrician, a property-man, a stage carpenter and two assistants, all of them union men. If they had had more experience in matters theatrical they would have hired only the electrician and a stage hand because two men could easily have attended to their needs but they did not know this and accordingly supplied work for five men instead of two. Were the men grateful for the night's work? Perhaps they were—until they discovered that the orchestra was composed of non-union girls. They declared that they could only work in conjunction with union musicians and as it was too late to change the orchestra when this ultimatum was delivered, they went on a strike. If sympathetic theatrical men had not come to their assistance the youngsters would have been compelled to postpone their performance. But a couple of gentlemen connected with the theater took off their tuxedos, rolled up their sleeves and saved the night for the kids. What do you suppose those boys and girls think of the practical workings of union labor?

A Monument to an Editor

A most unusual thing was done at the meeting of the Sacramento Valley Development Association in Colusa last week. It was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of an editor. This is the first time anything of the kind has been suggested or even thought of in this country since the perpetuation of Benjamin Franklin's memory in bronze. And it can hardly be said that the tribute was paid to Franklin's memory on account of the services he rendered to his country as a journalist. The fact is, as we have been reminded by the Sacramento Valley Development Association, that in this country which has its character formed by the press, which regards the press as the foremost palladium of its liberties, the men behind the press are not held in high esteem. The pen of course is mightier than the sword; there is no force so great as the newspaper, which is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one, but while the soldier and statesman captivate posterity and are sculptured prodigally for the inspiration of generations to come the editor goes to his grave with no prospect of being honored either in song, metal or marble. Therefore the case of General Will S. Green, founder of the Colusa Sun, the editor to whom a monument is to be erected by the Sacramento Valley Development Association is a notable exception. And of course there is a reason for this being so. General Green is to be nobly remembered because he nobly lived. A man of fine feeling, of high impulses, his conception of the obligations of a newspaper were such that the Colusa Sun commanded universal respect and confidence. A newspaper is good or bad according to the character of the man that makes it. The Colusa Sun reflected the character of General Green, and from its tone it was evident that according to his philosophy if the liberty of the press meant the liberty of defamation and calumniation he was ready to part with his share of it. True to his philosophy he wielded powerful influence and won the affections of all that knew him.

Mrs. Sam Rainey's Benevolence

"Kid" Nelson, one of the most popular members of the Corinthian Yacht Club, is being congratulated on the good fortune which recently came to him. Like many good things in this life, the good fortune came on the wings of sorrow and young Nelson is mourning in the midst of his prosperity. Mrs. Sam Rainey, the widow of the well-known politician, met Nelson at the race track where she was for years a constant visitor. The youngster was employed there and first came to Mrs. Rainey's notice on account of his smiling promptness in running errands for her. After the death of her husband Mrs. Rainey, being childless and lonesome, adopted young Nelson and he lived under her roof with all the attentions of a favored son until her recent death.

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When Mrs. Rainey's will was opened it was found that she had left all her property, amounting to about $40,000, to "Kid" Nelson.

Mrs. Mighels Explains

Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels writes the following letter in reply to my comments of last week:

1607 Baker St., S. F., Calif.
May 29th, 1910.

To the Editor of Town Talk:

Dear Sir: I agree with you in all you say, but an ellipse occurred, and a comma was missed, which made it appear otherwise. Don Quixote is magnificent. I meant only that it was strong meat for a child of eleven and that for a child Gil Blas was worse, only the innocence of childhood made it innocuous. The wit and brilliance of Montaigne and Boccaccio remove them from classification with the authors of the racy volumes of the later French schools. I must tell you that my little girl was over twenty and a little married lady of great dignity when she became my literary censor as she was already over my manners and English generally, for she inherited her father's instinct for grammar and good taste.

As for the comparison between the value of Anna Karenina and the value of Madame Bovary, if you will give me one moment I think I can make clear the distinction I draw between them. It is properly within the province of literary art to deal with the terrible, such as sorrow, grief, jealousy, revenge and death. But it is not within the province of literary art to deal with the horrible, such as mutilation, foulness, cannibalism, deformity and mania. The mere mention of these latter arouses disgust. The terrible relates to the normal passions of mankind, the horrible to the abnormal. It is not the immoral that I am inveighing against in literary art—it is the abnormal. Anna Karenina is a natural woman. She loves and she suffers as a natural woman would do. Madame Bovary is a case for the doctor not the author. There are worse crimes than breaking the seventh commandment, such as ingratitude and treachery. The long drawn-out revenge of Anna's husband in refusing to get a divorce from her and refusing to let her marry the man she loved is the terrible passion that masters that drama of Russian life. Any natural woman can sympathize with Anna. No normal woman can sympathize with Madame Bovary. She would drown herself first. The nice people of France do not read these books any more than do the nice people of San Francisco spend their evenings in the opium joints of Chinatown. They have delightful books to read there, such as Fanchon the Cricket and Sans Famille—which latter I am now reading with childish delight for the third time. But I brought it with me from London. You cannot get it here.

With best wishes for your continued success, and admiration for your fairness and justice, I am very sincerely yours,

—Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels.

In Answer to Miss Coolbrith

Herman Scheffauer, at present a resident in the University settlement, New York, has called to my attention a very beautiful poem written by Miss Ethel Talbot in answer to "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" by Miss Ina Coolbrith. Scheffauer says that Miss Talbot is full of admiration of the beauty and pathos of Miss Coolbrith's lines but objects to their burden of melancholy and helpless resignation. So she has written "Give Love Today." Miss Talbot is one of the most gifted as well as youngest of England's poets. Here is Miss Coolbrith's poem:

"When the Grass Shall Cover Me"

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor Winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say "How kind she was."
You will say "How true she was."
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow,
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was:
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

This is Miss Talbot's answer:

"Give Love Today"

When the lean, gray grasses
Cover me, bury me deep,
No sea wind that passes
Shall break my sleep.

When you come, my lover,
Sorrowful-eyed to me,
Earth mine eyes will cover;
I shall not see.

Though with sad words splendid,
Praising, you call me dear,
It will be all ended;
I shall not hear

You may live love's riot
Laughingly over my head,
But I shall lie quiet
With the grey dead.

Love, you will not wake me
With all your singing carouse,
Nor your dancing shake me
In my dark house.

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Though you should go weeping,
Sorrowful for my sake,
Fain to break my sleeping,
I could not wake.

Now, ere time destroy us—
Shadows beneath and above:
Death has no song joyous,
Nor dead men love—

Now, while deep-eyed, golden,
Love on the mountain sings,
Let him be close holden;
Fetter his wings.

Love, nor joy nor sorrow
Troubles the end of day.
Leave the Fates tomorrow:
Give Love today.

Our California Literati

Scheffauer, by the way, has been telling New York through the columns of the Sun the story of what California has done for American literature. He has not attempted to tell the whole story by any means, contenting himself with fragmentary extracts from the lengthy record. Scheffauer says that Californian writers are essentially the product of Californian civilization. He thinks that the influence of our climate is as undoubted as that of old Greece and Italy. It grows larger, stronger and better formed bodies than that of the East and the environment stimulates intellect, imagination, ambition and soul. Another influence, he finds, is that of the old pastoral civilization, Spanish and Mexican. He explains that California was the home of great land owners and missionaries, isolated from the rest of the world by its boundaries, the Pacific, the Sierra Nevadas and Mexico and that the poetic glamor of the old life is still felt. Then too there is the glamor of the Orient, "an almost actual touch with China and Japan." He adds that "most potent of all perhaps is the opportunity for a free, open air existence, almost Dionysian, in close companionship with sun and fruit and flowers. Then there are the traditions of the Argonauts and pioneers; all make for romance and poetry. Those early men were of adventurous spirit and journeyed in the days of arduous and terrible travel. It was a picked lot of men and women who settled, the unfit being eliminated; this has had its own effect on the character of the descendants. Also the people are a wine drinking people, which fact has always been associated with poetic inspiration. Whatever the cause or causes may be, California has proved herself a fosterer of bards, either native born or quickly adopted. Of all poets I rank bards as of the highest type, followed by poets merely, then poettes, and lastly, poetasters, of which the tribe is innumerable."

An Imposing List

Scheffauer tells of the great exodus of Californians, following the appearance of William Randolph Hearst in eastern journalism. "At the time of the first exodus," he says, "those in power here prophesied that there would soon be a walking back on uppers. Some who have refused to take part in fulfilling this prophecy are Robert H. Davis, editor of Munsey's Magazine, Robert Mackay of the same publication, Lincoln Steffens, Cosgrave of Everybody's and Bailey Millard, formerly of the Cosmopolitan. They didn't walk; they stayed. There soon came a time when most of the popular magazines were edited by Californians." Then he goes on to enumerate some of the writers who have achieved country-wide fame. "Joaquin Miller and Edwin Markham are deans of the bards of course, while George Sterling of the younger school is of incomparable powers. Edmund Clarence Stedman has termed Ina Coolbrith the greatest of our woman poets. Others are John Vance Cheney, Edward Robeson Taylor, Lorenzo Sosso, Lionel Josaphare, Nora May French, the young genius who committed suicide, Louis Robertson, Charles Keeler and Herbert Bashford. Many distinctive writers hailing from out there are more appreciated in England than in the East. A notorious example is Ambrose Bierce. His "The Midst of Life," issued in San Francisco seventeen years ago, has been reprinted dozens of times abroad—pirated in Germany, France and England. It was to the influence of California that one of the greatest world poets responded, and California is inclined to claim Robert Louis Stevenson for her own together with his close friend Charles Warren Stoddard. Among other children, native born and adopted, are Gertrude Atherton, Jack London, Helen Hunt Jackson, Frank Norris, who participated in the eastward exodus; Miriam Michelson, Herman Whitaker, John Muir, Mary Austin, Phillip Mighels, Geraldine Bonner, Adeline Knapp, George Wharton James, Eleanor Gates, W. C. Morrow, C. F. Lummis, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, James Hopper and many others. How the Irwins, Will and Wallace, and Gelett Burgess added eastern laurels to those gained in California is well known. Then there is Emma Frances Dawson with a gift almost as weird as

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Poe's—and a neglect almost as great. California has given her playwrights too, among them Elmer Harris, Eugene Walter, Belasco and Richard Tully; and the same atmosphere produced artists for acting—Modjeska, adapting her for America, David Warfield, Nance O'Neil and many, many others. Then there is Sibyl Sanderson, Rita Fornia and—creators of a new art—Maude Allan, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis. You see that California produces something else besides prizefighters."

Saphead—Weally, don't you think—
Miss Cutting—Not while you are here. It would seem selfish.

The American Chantecler

Some of the most interesting things that have been said about Theodore Roosevelt in Europe have not come to us via the Atlantic cable. The correspondents engaged in celebrating the Colonel as he moves along astonishing the world and paralyzing the groundlings are of the opinion that his fellow-citizens care to learn only of the homage that is paid to him. Anything tending to show that he is not taken seriously by everybody they solicitously suppress. For example they have concealed from us the fact that Paris was convulsed with laughter by Georges Bourdon, who called attention in Le Figaro to his discovery of the fact that Roosevelt and Chantecler speak the same language. In a letter addressed to Edmond Rostand he says of Colonel Roosevelt: "He has fulfilled the ideal you have presented to us in your play." And this he proves by a comparison of the ideas expressed by Chantecler of the play and Chantecler of the Sorbonne lecture. Bourdon heard the lecture. Speaking of Roosevelt, he says: "The more he brandished his ideas, the more familiar they seemed. Where had I met them before. Of a sudden I remembered. In 'Chantecler'." The keynote of the Sorbonne speech, according to Bourdon, is expressed in these lines from "Chantecler":

"I crow in my vale, and my ultimate aim
Is to teach other roosters to do just the same."

The witty Frenchman concludes thus:

No doubt you will be as much amazed as I am that an American who has been taking a vacation from politics by shooting wild beasts should come out of Africa with the same thoughts about humanity and life and destiny that are expressed by a poet who writes plays among the passion flowers of Southern France.

Roosevelt and Grant Compared

The correspondents with the Colonel have not thought it worth while to let us know what "Labby's" paper thinks of Teddy. Yet there is much in Truth to inspire wholesome meditation. Listen to Labby:

The tour of Gen. Grant, when ex-President, round the capitals and courts of Europe was humdrum and quiet, and indeed just nothing compared to that now made by Col.—to give him his military title—Roosevelt. Yet Grant turned the tide of victory from South to North. He brought the United States in safety and without a Caesarist wind-up through one of the greatest civil wars ever known. He must have passed through Europe unnoticed had not the different monarchs he called on invited him and Mrs. Grant to dinner. And they did this without going out of the ordinary course. Not a soul noticed Gen. Grant on the boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix as he sauntered to and from the American bar to take a glass of whiskey as an appetizer before each meal. His instinct led him to keep his goods on the back shelves of his store. That of ex-President Roosevelt is to show them well in the front window. But few persons thought Grant interesting until he revealed his great character and tender nature in his last illness from a cancer in the throat. In that time of sore suffering he wrote his memoirs, not for any egotistical satisfaction, but to assure a fairly good income to Mrs. Grant. The pen to correct and revise only fell from his hand a few hours before the fatal moment.

Think not that I want to draw any invidious comparison between Gen. Grant and the ex-President whose rush around the capitals and courts of Europe has turned all attention from the approaching comet. The parallel is rather to bring out the incapacity of the public from top to bottom to see greatness when not set forth with some striking or sensational element. The course of going straight from the White House to the wilds of Uganda was too much out of the common not to hypnotize all lookers on, imperial, royal and other.

Nat Landsberger's Fright

Nat Landsberger, the favorite violinist of the Press Club, is head of the violin department of the University of the Pacific at San Jose. He was down there recently at the graduation exercises of his pupils. After the ceremonies he was the guest of Professor Pierre Douillet, dean of the music department, at luncheon. The two musicians discussed a sumptuous repast at one of the best known of San Jose's restaurants. Professor Douillet stepped up to the desk on his way out and Landsberger loitered, waiting for him. While Douillet was speaking to the cashier Nat stood idly, his hands clasped behind him, vaguely conscious that his back was turned to a table on which stood a small square box. Suddenly he felt a cold slimy touch on his fingers and a mixed emotion of loathing and horror swept over him. He wheeled around and read on the box: "Beware! Live Rattlesnake." The deadly reptile was regarding him

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Estate of RAHEL BEHRENDT, Deceased—No. 9684, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executor of the last will and testament of RAHEL BEHRENDT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713, in the building now known as "Union Trust Building," situate at the northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rahel Behrendt, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Rahel Behrendt, Deceased.
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN, and A. L. WEIL,
Attorneys for said Executor, Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 6-4-5

with its terrible eyes. The wire screen prevented the rattler from using its fangs on Nat's hand but it had darted its loathly tongue at his finger. Landsberger has a morbid dread of snakes, in common with many musicians, and he nearly fainted from the shock. Professor Douillet took him quickly to a drug store and washed the hand in carbolic soap, but though there was no danger Landsberger did not recover from the shock for twenty-four hours. The rattler had been caught in the San Bernardino mountains and brought north by a friend of the restaurant keeper. Truly it was a queer thing to put on exhibition in such a place.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 626 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at Nos. 536 Polk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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Where Life is Life

* By David Leslie Brown

Tired?

Dragged out?

Over-worked?

Or just simply sick of the city and its roar and rustle, its dusty streets and glaring walls?

Listen.

Do you want to freshen yourself up?

Don't take tonics—that method of recuperation is an insult to any respectable stomach.

Don't quit your work and lay around the house—stagnation breeds a hundred devils.

Man is essentially a child of Nature. He is never thoroly happy and contented when he is confined to the city where he labors for himself and others.

Isn't that right?

It's true we are fascinated by our business or social interests here—and we are proud of our city growing daily more splendid and complete on her many hills. But fascination is not contentment, and pride is not happiness.

Right again?

Good!

No matter who we are, no matter what our temperaments are, we're all human. And the human is a combination of the Divine and the Natural. Some people say all three are the same—perhaps so. There are many Trinities that are One.

So then—being human—we are filled with longings and desires for Things and Enjoyments: for the Real and the Satisfying in Life.

And being Divine—we know how to fulfill our desires: the knowledge of the Art of Living is actually ours. Control of conditions is the Divine Right of Man.

Again—being Natural—we turn to the open fields, to the eternal hills, to the running brooks, and the pulsing seas, for the delight and happiness that the City with its squared sections of masonry—however elaborate—cannot give.

Brother—you and I are longing again for the Open Road. There's a need in our bodies for a breath of the pine woods, and the odor of damp earth. There's a need in our souls for a little communion with the Naturally Divine.

Listen—I know where the trout can be seen in deep, clear water, that tumbles one instant over rocky beds, and the next sweeps silently on in limpid swirls. I know where there are horses which we can mount and ride over mountain trails, among such scenes that even Gods must worship there. I know where rocky, castled crags rise high into deep blue skies—where a Shasta's eternal snows glisten in a brilliant sun-light thru verdant frames of wild lilac and maple and willow. I know where tall pines and firs sway gently in a soothing breeze—where the perfume of the wild honeysuckle, the bay, and the azalea intoxicate the soul. I know where the Sacramento River and the Soda Creek ripple harmonies in shaded woods—where elfs and fairies dance.

I know—for I've been there.

Come!

Come, brother—pack up your khaki suit, get our your old high boots—and that crumpled hat you wore last year! Tie up your fishing-rods and net, brighten up that greasy Winchester—let's go where life is life! A comfortable sleep in a Pullman tonight, and tomorrow morning we are there—at Castle Crag.

They'll meet us at the train—bright, happy-faced men and women who take care of this wonder-spot in the Shasta Range. They'll take us up the shaded road, over the bridge where we can see the trout at play in the rushing water; up—up among pine alleys, past cool fountains splashing in the morning sun-light; up—up to level grounds where are nestled cozy log-cabins among the bushes and the trees. There we'll see Mount Shasta, and the Crags; there we'll look on great vistas of this ten-thousand-acre tract of forest and farm. There'll be flowers in our darkened room in the log-cabin—they're always there: somebody thinks of us all the time! There'll be hot running water in the corner, and a cooling shower-bath—say, doesn't your blood tingle already?

Then there'll be a steaming luncheon awaiting us in the Tavern, after a lounge and a walk around the magnificent grounds, where are tennis-courts, a reading and dance-hall, vine-clad arbors—stone-piles, and wood-shacks. These latter are the monuments here of the Better Life—the life of freedom, of joyful work that is play, of animation and inspiration.

Oh, there's all of this at Castle Crag! I know—for I was there.

Brother—is that grip packed yet?

*(Copyright applied for by David Leslie Brown.)

AT CASTLE CRAGS FARM

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Miller Graham Unhusbanded

Through the medium of a cable despatch from London the Call has worked a remarkable change in the marital condition of Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara. From a fascinating wife it has metamorphosed her into a "fascinating widow," a transformation calculated to fill Mr. William Miller Graham with bewilderment. Mr. William Miller Graham is still in the land of the living, in fact it may be said with considerable assurance that Mr. William Miller Graham is very much alive. Further than that, Mr. William Miller Graham is very much devoted to his wife, though not more so than Mrs. William Miller Graham is devoted to her husband. But even the most devoted husband may be pardoned for viewing with some concern the cabled report that his wife—turned for the nonce into a "fascinating widow"—is the object of a romantic passion. The despatch stated that Lord Robert Osborn Innes-Ker "is said to be desperately smitten with Mrs. Miller Graham." It may be true that this younger brother of the Duke of Roxburghe who is reputed to be a fortune-hunter, has succumbed to the charm of Mrs. Miller Graham's charming personality and many millions, but it is not, assuredly, the fault of Mrs. Miller Graham that a lord should fall in love with her without taking the trouble to ascertain whether or not she is free to accept his attentions. The question is, what will Miller Graham do? Will he summon his charming wife from London or will he join her in the magnificent Grosvenor Square mansion which she leased and which would have been the scene of brilliant entertainments had not the death of the king brought the season to a close before it commenced, so to say? Miller Graham has been increasing his wealth by successful oil deals of late. In conjunction with William Mitchell of the New York house of E. F. Hutton and Company he recently added another million to his fortune and started East as soon as the deal was completed. Will he go on to London or will Mrs. Graham join him in New York?

The Wiltsees to Live Here

The tall figure of Ernest Wiltsee, mining engineer and longtime associate of John Hays Hammond, has been much in evidence around the Palace Hotel during the past few days. There is a reason for his presence here, a reason which will interest both the financiers and the social bavardes. Ernest Wiltsee has been down at Bakersfield as the representative of a big French syndicate and Bakersfield has yielded him wealth as it has yielded it to a thousand others during the past year. Wiltsee's activities have already been rewarded to the tune of one hundred thousand dollars and if the oil wells in which he is interested continue to yield as bountifully as they are yielding now he will pull a cool million out of the fields. That Wiltsee is greatly impressed by the possibilities of the Bakersfield oil fields there can be no doubt. He has given up his office in Broad street, New York, and has told some of his friends here that he will give over his mining activities to devote himself exclusively to oil for some time to come. That means that his headquarters will be at Bakersfield indefinitely and that California will see more of him than it has for some time past. And this is where the bavardes should sit up and take notice. Mrs. Wiltsee is to join her husband here and society will be given an opportunity to enjoy her charming personality. Mrs. Wiltsee is a famous beauty and is a wonderfully artistic dresser. She is passionately fond of pearls and these jewels appear in most of her portraits. I cannot at the moment recall an American woman who has been painted by more celebrated artists than Mrs. Wiltsee. Artists are overjoyed at the chance to have her sit for them because she possesses the exceptional personality which inspires their brushes. Some of our artists have long yearned for the opportunity to put her beauty on canvas and now that she is to be with us I make no doubt that she will sit for one or two or them.

Photo [illegible]

MISS MADELINE TODD

The daughter of Dr. Hamilton Todd of Oakland whose engagement to Mr. Roy Cowles has just been announced. Miss Todd is a very gifted musician. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Taking Time by the Forelock

A good story about one of our society leaders is just now going the round of the tea tables amid a chorus of titters and giggles. The daughter of this lady is traveling in Europe and is at present exploring the antiquities of Rome. The girl's birthday was a few days ago and to celebrate it the society leader invited a number of her daughter's girl friends to drink tea with her. In the course of the function she suggested that it would be a nice compliment for all the members of the tea party to share the expense of a cablegram to her absent daughter. The girls took to the idea and the society leader sat down at her desk and prepared a lengthy cablegram of congratulation and motherly advice. Now one of the girls happened to be of a practical turn of mind and it struck her that the long cable would cost a good

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deal of money. So she suggested that perhaps the idea better be abandoned as it would arrive in Rome the day after the birthday. "Oh, I thought of that," explained the society leader very sweetly, "so I sent it yesterday." The girls saw that they were "stung," but without a murmur each and everyone of them paid her share of the cost of the cablegram sent the day before.

Charlie Hastings' Infatuation

A friend in Washington has given me a quiet tip to look out for the announcement of the engagement of Charlie Hastings, well known here and in Los Angeles,

Photo, Genthe

MISS LEOLA SPOFFORD STONE

A beautiful society girl who is gifted with a fine voice.

to the beautiful Miss Florence Carney whose family lives in the national capital. Indeed I should not be at all surprised to hear of the engagement, for I have had reasons of my own for supposing that Hastings has fallen a victim to the charms of this very magnetic young lady. For several years Hastings has avoided the limelight, a conspicuous change of demeanor which caused a great deal of remark. I understand that Miss Carney is far from averse to his addresses and that she has asked him to meet her people. After that a formal announcement would be in the natural order of events.

Hanford Joins His Wife

R. G. Hanford, the millionaire whose interests include the wonderful Natomas Consolidated, leaves for the East this week and will join his wife in London for a tour of Europe. This announcement sets at rest the persistent rumors, no doubt wholly unfounded, that Mrs. Hanford intended to secure a legal separation. Just where this disagreeable rumor originated it would be difficult to say, but no doubt it was started at the time of the unfortunate de la Montanya affair. It will be recalled that Hanford was the dinner guest of Mrs. de la Montanya on the evening that she committted suicide and that she used his pistol for the deed. The unpleasant notoriety connected with that affair caused Hanford to leave San Francisco as quickly as was consistent with the adequate explanation of his connection with the happenings of that fateful night. Mrs. Hanford was in the East at that time and Hanford joined her there. Now that they have planned a continental tour together, no doubt the story of their disagreement will die of inanition.

Will She Take a Fourth Husband?

Out of New York comes the rumor that Mrs. Jackson Gouraud is going to marry again. This may surprise some who are not familiar with the unusual temperament of this California girl, but others who have known her and witnessed her eccentricities will accept the rumor quite as a matter of course. It is not very long since Jackson Gouraud died. The conventional year of mourning still lacks several months, but Mrs. Jackson Gouraud is far from conventional. The man whose name is being associated by Dame Rumor with that of Mrs. Gouraud is Emerson Foote. This gentleman, it seems, has been on intimate terms with the Gourauds for a long time and has redoubled his attentions since Mrs. Gouraud was widowed. Mrs. Gouraud is by no means a young woman now but her old friends still think of her as Amy Crocker, the vivacious, the spectacular, the bizarre. As everybody knows her first husband was Porter Ashe. When that romance ran its course she married Harry Gillig. After a second application to the divorce court she became Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud while her daughter by Porter Ashe married the brother, Powers Gouraud. And now the belle of the old days in Sacramento and San Francisco may become Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud-Foote.

A Social Censor Coming

I hear that the exquisite Andre de Fouquieres is thinking of paying a visit to America and of extending his travels even to this wild and wooly edge of our crude continent. If that be true we should be prepared to welcome him and incline respectful ears while he lisps out his ideas of what's what. Andre de Fouquieres combines the qualities of Hall McAllister, Ned Greenway, Berry Wall and Harry Lehr which is going some, as our debutantes would say. He is the social arbiter of Paris and he doesn't altogether admire American women. He thinks that they are deucedly overrated in the matter of dress, not of course those favored few who have been schooled in his beloved Paris but the mobs who scamper over from vulgar little New York. If Andre thinks poorly of the American woman he thinks less of the American man. Him too he criticises in the matter of dress. In fact Andre rarely criticises anything else, for he considers dress about the most important thing in the

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universe. Decidedly Andre is a man of strong views, a regular Demosthenes hurling philippics at the criminals who transgress the sacred code of fashion. I shall await his coming with impatience, conscious that he will arraign me and all my kind, convict me without trial and sentence me to social ostracism for not dressing as he does.

The Morris-Garlick Nuptials

A pretty wedding of the past week was that which made Miss Isabel Morris the bride of William Hobart Garlick, at Grace Pro-Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The bride who was gowned in a dainty lingerie gown, with white hat, was given away by her mother, Mrs. W. F. Morris, the Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham reading the impressive Episcopal service. Miss Jeanette Powell was the maid of honor, and for the occasion wore a dotted mull gown of white, with pink and white lingerie hat, and a shower bouquet of Cecil

A BON VIVANT IN RELIEF

Being the latest work of Haig Patigian, the well-known San Francisco sculptor. It will perpetuate the features of Frank Unger in the Lambs Club of New York and the Bohemian Club of this city. Two bronze casts have been made, one of which will be presented by the Bohemians to the Lambs.

Breuner roses. The bride's bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley and white tulle. A. L. Wilcox attended Mr. Garlick as best man, and the ushers were H. K. Defendorf, Frank Huddart and Mr. Barnett. Following the church service a reception and wedding supper were enjoyed at the Hotel Victoria where Mrs. Morris and her daughter reside. Pink and white sweet peas and ferns made the decorations for the several round tables that surrounded the bride's. The bride's table carried a pretty arrangement of lilies of the valley and Cecil Breuner roses. Seated at the table of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Garlick, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Defendorf, Miss Powell, Miss Lind, Miss Helen Hough, Miss Browning, Miss Richards, Miss Linette Hough and Miss Dora Thayer. Mr. Garlick and his bride are to make their home in Berkeley on their return from a honeymoon trip which is taking them south. Mrs. Garlick is the youngest daughter of Mrs. W. F. Morris, and like her mother and sisters, is possessed of more than an ordinary share of good looks and grace of manner. She is a graduate of Miss Head's School. Mr. Garlick is a Cincinnati man who has been associated with local business interests for the past two or three years. Previous to the wedding the bride-to-be entertained ten friends at luncheon on Tuesday last in the private dining room at the Hotel Victoria. Pink roses and ferns made a beautiful decoration for the table, the pink color obtaining in the dainty favors and the bon bon holders. Delicately colored place cards bore the names of Mrs. Defendorf, Miss Coswell, Miss Thayer, Miss Browning, Miss Lind, Miss Stanton, Miss Hough, Miss Parnell, Miss Trask and Miss Morris.

A COMPLIMENT TO THE HOSTESS

How can you more fittingly express your appreciation of her invitation than by taking along a box of candy from one of Geo. Haas & Sons' four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market street, near Ferry.

Many Los Angeles Brides

The month of May saw an unusual number of interesting weddings in Southern California and June promises to retain its reputation as the banner month for brides. Miss Francisca Broderick, one of the most popular singers of the society Kirmess, was married last week to Walter J. Schmal after a short period of prenuptial entertainment in the upper circles of society. Miss Alice Fay and Glen A. Calkins also celebrated their wedding about the same date. Young Calkins and his bride will spend a month honeymooning in California over automobile routes. Miss Mabel Phelps, a most popular member of the younger set, surprised her friends by setting her wedding date a little in advance of the day announced for the celebration of her marriage to Clarence Douglas Bricker. The couple are sojourning at Santa Barbara. One of the most interesting brides of the first days of June is Mrs. Thomas Ridgway who, as Miss Grace Rowley, the daughter of a prominent capitalist of Los Angeles, was introduced to formal society very recently. Miss Beatrice Banning Ayer, daughter of a prominent Boston family, was united in marriage within the last week to Lieutenant George Smith Patton Jr. of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry. The wedding was solemnized at Beverly, Mass., but as

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Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON'S 4-DAY HAIR COLOR possesses a remarkable power for restoring the dark shades of hair which has turned gray. Sold for twenty years, used by satisfied thousands. Cleanly - Quick - Certain - Contains no harmful ingredient. If "dyes" and "restorers" have disappointed you, try this. It never fails. A free sample on request. Mrs. Nettie Harrison Co., San Francisco. At druggists $1.00

Wedding Presents at

Nathan-Dohrmann Company's

This store is famous for the beauty and individuality of its offerings for bridal gifts.

Most of them are obtained abroad by our representatives and are selected from the best workmanship of France, Germany and England.

NATHAN-DOHRMANN CO.

China, Glass, Silver and Kitchen Ware

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the groom is a Southern California man it was interesting to a large circle of local friends, a number of whom were able to witness the ceremony. Mrs. Vinetta Beggs and W. R. Woolwine have set out on a wedding trip in an automobile. Among other weddings soon to attract the attention of the fashionable set will be that of Miss Floy Pixley and J. Glen Marks. Miss Pixley is a daughter of the D. C. Pixleys and closely related to Frank Pixley, the librettist.

In the Social Spotlight

Miss Isabel McLaughlin, the charming stepdaughter of Dr. W. A. McEnery, arrived home from New York on Tuesday and with Miss Theresa McEnery has taken apartments at the Fairmont. Miss McLaughlin is attending one of the fashionable finishing schools in New York where she will graduate this fall. It is expected that her debut will be one of the social events of the season, as she is not only beautiful and talented but an heiress in her own right as well.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont are General John McClellan and family who have returned from an extensive trip to Honolulu where General McClellan has been on duty for some time. In the party are Mrs. McClellan, Miss McClellan, Miss Josephine McClellan and Master John McClellan. General McClellan is expecting orders to call him East in the near future.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her two daughters who have been at their summer home in Mayfield came up to the Fairmont early in the week for the wedding of Ward Barron and Miss Genevieve Harvey. On Monday night Mrs. Barron gave a dinner at the Fairmont to the immediate families of the bride and groom. The table was decorated in American beauty roses and after the dinner the party attended the performance of Maude Adams at the Columbia.

Mr. Richard Costello and Mr. D. M. Brereton of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. are spending their vacation at Paraiso Hot Springs.

The rates from San Francisco to Paraiso Hot Springs have been cut from $8.00 to $6.35 and from San Jose to $4.70, including auto.

Mrs. Jack Matheis accompanied by Mrs. H. M. Alexander drove her motor car from this city to Del Monte on Saturday night, negotiating the San Juan grade with complete success. The two ladies made the return trip on Monday afternoon.

The annual opening dinner and ball of the Santa Cruz Casino and Cottage City will take place on Saturday night, June 18. There will be a band, an orchestra, fireworks, electrical illuminations, confetti battles, etc., every concession in the Casino and on the Boardwalk being open to the public. The annual dinner in the Grill Room will take place in the evening at seven o'clock, and those who desire to attend should make reservations ahead. The cost will be $1.50 per plate. During the dinner Dobronyi's celebrated Hungarian orchestra will render a select program and male and female singers will also assist in the entertainment. The celebrated Santa Cruz Beach Band, composed of thirty pieces, will furnish a band concert on the bandstand in front of the Casino, and fireworks will be displayed from the end of the pier. The twenty-two thousand electric lights, both inside and outside of the buildings, will be turned on, all of which will tend to make this a brilliant occasion. At nine p. m. the annual grand ball will take place in the Ball Room with music by the brass band.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Lent and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hooker motored to Aetna Springs recently.

Mr. Chas. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin spent the holidays at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. James Mee and Mr. John Hubert Mee are registered at Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Miss Hazel King and Mr. Lindsy Scrutton motored to Aetna Springs recently.

Messrs. H. M. A. Miller, C. A. Miller and E. C. Miller spent the week end at Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease motored to Aetna Springs recently.

The Beringer Musical Club announces it fifteenth piano and vocal recital for the evening of June 7, under the direction of Prof. and Mme. Joseph Beringer, at Century Club Hall. Miss Irene De Martini, Miss Frances Westington, Miss Zdenka Buben, Mrs. H. J. Widenmann, Mrs. Lois Patterson-Wesitsh, Messrs. Harry Bultmann, Milton Mowbray and Harry Samuels will be participants.

The exhibition and sale of the San Francisco Artists Society which came to an end on Saturday night was one of the most attractive and successful of all that have been held. The Concert Room of the Palace in which the exhibit was held, with its harmonious tones of gray and gold, its soft lights and architectural symmetry lends itself perfectly to an occasion of this kind. Robinson's "Hetch-Hetchy Valley" attracted much attention, not only because of its merit but also because it is the only painting of the valley that has been shown here. Chris Jorgenson's "Lyell Group," a scene in the high Sierras, also caused much comment. Among the artists exhibiting were Charles Dickman, Guiseppe Cadenasso, Gottardo F. P. Piazzoni, C. Chapel Judson, Ferdinard Burgdorff, W. A. Coulter, H. W. Seawell, Chris Jorgenson, L. P. Latimer, Theodore Wores, Maurice Del Mue, Will Sparks, Leslie Boronda, Xavier Martinez, Eugen Neuhaus, Joseph Raphael, Gordon Coutts, H. Hammarstrom and Ralph Stackpole.

Mrs. J. Boyd Nixon of Philadelphia is visiting her son, Boyd Nixon, at the Hotel Victoria.

Miss Helen Wall, a Philadelphia visitor who spent the past week at the Hotel Victoria, has sailed for the Hawaiian Islands where she will remain for some time.

R. O. Underwood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Underwood were recent visitors in San Francisco and were guests at the Hotel Victoria.

The Southern Pacific has arranged a special excursion rate for the Native Daughters Grand Parlor which will bring a great many to Santa Barbara in June. This goes into effect Monday, the 13th, when special round trip fares to and from

A Crocker Tract Catechism

Q. Who lives in the Crocker Tract?

A. People of wealth and culture.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Q. How does one get there?

A. By the clean swift Key Route electric trains.

Q. What sort of residences are there in the Crocker Tract?

A. Elegant tasteful modern villas, each with spacious gardens and grounds.

Q. How about conveniences?

A. The Crocker Tract has every convenience of the city with all the charm of the country.

Q. And the view?

A. It is matchless---the whole sweep of city, bay and the Golden Gate, with Lake Merritt lying like a silvery mirror in the foreground.

Q. And what's the climate like?

A. Warm, usually free from fogs and wind.

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WICKHAM HAVENS INCORPORATED, Oakland Bank of Savings Building

ENTIRE TOP FLOOR

San Francisco and Santa Barbara will be sold for $10.90. At least five hundred visitors are expected and many reservations have already been made at the Potter, their headquarters.

W. C. McChord Jr., U. S. A., was among those registering at the Hotel Victoria during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Graham arrived at the Potter during the week from Los Angeles by automobile. Mr. Graham is assistant freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Company for the Pacific division.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbe Hook arrived recently in their machine and are guests at the Potter where Mr. Hook is well known. Mr. and Mrs. Hook were married about a week ago, Mrs. Hook having been Miss Rebecca B. Pearce.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stone, prominent people of Duluth, Minn., who have spent the past winter at the Potter Hotel, left for home on last Saturday. They have spent their winters here for many years.

Mrs. B. N. Rowley was a dinner hostess of the week at the Hotel Victoria where she entertained sixteen guests in honor of T. N. Swyney.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cotton and Mr. and Mrs. Searles were among the week-end guests at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ehrman have left the city for San Mateo where they will spend the summer at The Peninsula.

Mr. James Carolan was among the people who spent the week end at The Peninsula.

Mr. P. B. Hammond and Mr. Roy A. Silent, prominent Los Angeles business men, were registered at The Peninsula recently.

Mrs. C. N. Buckler and Mrs. M. Stevenson of El Paso, Texas, are summer guests at The Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Ramsdell went down in their car last week for a few days of golf and motoring at beautiful Del Monte.

Lieutenant-Commander Henderson of Mare Island is at Del Monte with Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Urban Cronan of New Haven. Lieutenant-Commander Henderson is a fine golfer and during his leave of absence will probably do some very clever work on the Del Monte links.

Mrs. M. A. Cachot returned during the week from a three months' tour of the Orient, and has re-established herself in her apartment at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lindies are spending their honeymoon among the roses at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. James Porter Mills, Miss Olive Mackenzie, Miss Lilian Dartbery, Miss Mary Beresford, all of London, motored down from the Palace last week and will be for some time at Del Monte.

Mrs. Fountain Finnell and her son sailed on the Korea on Wednesday for the Orient where they are to spend three months. Mrs. Finnell and her son have been guests at the Hotel Victoria during the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Addeson of Berkeley motored down to the Vendome for the week end.

Mr. Ellis B. Hayman of London and Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart of London are making a month's stay at the Vendome.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer was hostess at a delightful luncheon on Tuesday in the grey room of the Fairmont Hotel. Twelve guests assembled around the flower laden table which was set in the main dining room overlooking the bay. Among those present were Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss E. Marion Warren.

The list of arrivals at Highland Springs for the week ending May 25 included the following from San Francisco: Mrs. M. A. Kennedy, C. E. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Whitney, Miss R. Kay, Mrs. E. G. Wheeler, E. M. Gillette, Miss Hecht, J. Hecht, L. P. Signor, L. N. Swartz, F. Bochman, N. C. Babin, A. C. Wolf, Col. R. D. Fry, E. Carrigan, Chas. Day, A. A. Allen, I. Elexander, Mrs. Wm. Boyken, A. W. Boyken, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Samuel, H. C. Bruver and N. Crocker.

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HOME SHUT OFF FROM CITY'S CLAMOR

The residence pictured is the property of Attorney Thomas C. Warren and is located on McAdam street in Rock Ridge Park. It is placed among sylvan surroundings, where the warmth of the California sunshine makes climatic conditions perfect for the enjoyment of home life.

The charm of the surroundings, the short distance from business and yet the complete obliteration of all suggestion of business life from the home place is to be found throughout Rock Ridge. It is hard to realize that the owner of such a home leaves his office at Fourteenth and Broadway in the heart of the business district of a great city, and after a ride for fifteen minutes on the street car, a part of the trip over the green golf links of the Claremont Country Club, walks 458 feet to his own doorway.

RESIDENCE OF THOMAS C. WARREN

Mr. Warren and wife, formerly Miss Bernice Oudsley of Berkeley, will occupy this new home in Rock Ridge about the middle of the week.

OAKLAND ATTRACTIONS

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE OAKLAND Direction H. W. Bishop

Week Commencing Monday, June 4th, Every Evening
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
BISHOP'S PLAYERS Offer the First Popular Price Production of George M. Cohan's

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Future House, 25c and 50c—All Performances

MACDONOUGH THEATRE 14th & Broadway, Oakland H. H. Campbell, Mgr. Phone Oakland 87

Tuesday and Wednesday Nights, Matinee Wednesday, June 7th and 8th

MAUDE ADAMS

In "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

June 1st to 6th, inclusive, and June 9th to 12th, inclusive

KOLB & DILL

Will Present a Varied Repertoire including their Great San Francisco Success "THE MERRY WIDOW" and "The DEVIL"

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Take Key Route—Oakland's Million Dollar Fun Factory.

25c round trip from San Francisco via Key Route includes admission.

OHLMEYER'S CORONADO BEACH BAND

Open Air Concerts this Afternoon and Evening.

AFTER THE PLAY

THE FORUM CAFE

OAKLAND

Under the management of GUSTAV MANN

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased.

BELLE DUNN CLINCH and JOHN J. LERMEN,
Executors of the Estate of Charles G. Clinch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Executors,
Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal

6-4-5

Stage

The Disinterment of "Trilby"

"Trilby" awoke at the Alcazar this week after a sleep of many years. Having slept the sleep of the wornout in the tomb of dead dramas it awoke to sluggish vitality, its blood thinned to anemia and its pulses beating a slow and feeble measure. "Trilby" is not what it used to be. It has not retained the energy transfused into it from the Du Maurier story. Its joints are stiff with premature old age and its crotchets have alienated the sympathy which would have been extended gladly if the years had ripened and mellowed it. But the years have dealt unkindly with "Trilby," so unkindly that it would have been better to let the play sleep undisturbed with others cut off in their none too vigorous prime. "Trilby" is sweeter as a memory than as a resurrection. It would be pleasanter to read its epitaph than to write of its revival. Its epitaph was prettily inscribed in words that breathed amenity with as much veracity as usually abides in epitaphs. Pausing by its tomb we would have been minded to speak no ill of the dead. We would have dropped a tear to the memory of the dear departed. Perhaps we might have breathed a prayer for the repose of the soul of Du Maurier who afforded us so much entertainment in the days that are gone. But "Trilby" has been rudely taken from its resting place. It seems that it was not dead but sleeping. So, at least, the Alcazar management thought. Whether it walks as a living thing or a ghost, it is not the "Trilby" of old. It smells of mortality, its cerements tell of a departed fashion. Yet does the fragrance of recollection linger in our nostrils. Alas, the "Trilby" of Evelyn Vaughan and Landers Stevens is not the "Trilby" of Mary Van Buren and Wilton Lackaye, the "Trilby" of my particular recollection. Svengali lived in Wilton Lackaye; in Landers Stevens he is a caricature. Where is the terrible hypnotic eye, the sinister clawlike finger, the diabolical laugh? Gone bevond the power of Landers Stevens to summon them. There were greater Trilbys than Mary Van Buren, but I never saw a lovelier. Miss Vaughan is a pretty Trilby but no more. She is listless, uninteresting, a figure for the background. Svengali would have scorned to conquer so yielding a subject. The weakling Gecko might have hypnotised her. I remember Theodore Roberts as Taffy, a fine figure of a man and an actor of parts, as we all know. Will Walling plays Taffy well. I remember too the only Zou Zou in the world, Ignace Martinetti. A man of sentiment might shed tears over that memory, seeing Maurice Stewart. Where, oh where is Ignace Martinetti? Bennison's Laird was not bad, though his Scotch was not conducive to clear enunciation, or perhaps the whiskers were to blame. Garwood's Little Billie lacked distinction. Burt Wesner's Rev. Thomas Bagot was a joy in facial expression. It is so seldom that I have seen Adele Belgarde in any but fashion plate clothes that her Mme. Vinard aroused no critical impulse. Her duds have always been more important than her acting. It is too bad that Miss Vaughan should have chosen "Trilby" for her farewell. She might easily have made a better selection, one that would have allowed her to do justice to her talents. In the long and imposing list of Alcazar leading women Miss Vaughan takes an honored place. The Alcazar belongs to San Francisco history more peculiarly than any other theater and Miss Vaughan may be sure that she will have a page. That is a great deal for any actress. I do not know Miss Vaughan's plans but I am sure that her career at the Alcazar will open many managerial doors that might otherwise have stayed shut. But if I might offer her a bit of advice I would tell her to let "Trilby" return to its resting place. Even the beautiful "Ben Bolt" cannot keep it fresh and sweet.

—Edward F. O'Day.

VACATION PREPARATIONS

Don't regret that you didn't do it. Take along a box of candies. Just the kind you want at any of Geo. Haas & Sons' four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market street, near Ferry.

Max Beerbohm's Marriage

It now appears that a romance is the explanation of Max Beerbohm's retirement from the post of dramatic critic of the Saturday Review of London. At least that is the reason given out, though it does not appear why married life should incapacitate Mr. Beerbohm from passing judgment on plays. Perhaps Mr. Beerbohm thinks that critics should be bachelors. At any rate it is announced that he is to marry Miss Florence Kahn of Tennessee, an American actress. That Max Beerbohm should fall a victim to the charms of an American actress is surely the irony of fate, for he has never expressed very high opinions of any American actors or actresses. In fact he has expressed rather contemptuous opinions of our theater whenever the opportunity offered. Miss Kahn is favorably known for her interpretations of Ibsen and Sudermann heroines. She was once leading lady for the late Richard Mansfield. She made her London debut about two years ago. It would be interesting to look up in the files what Max Beerbohm said about her on that occasion. A good story is told of Beerbohm's first interview with the editor of the Saturday Review. When he succeeded Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic the editor informed him what salary "G. B. S." had been receiving, and added, "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced, you can scarcely expect as much." "Oh, yes, I shall," replied Max. "Indeed, I shall expect more! You see, as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Now, as I know nothing about it, it will be awfully hard work."

WILLIAM COLLIER

In "A Lucky Star" at the Columbia Theater

Virginia Harned at the Alcazar

Virginia Harned's five-weeks' engagement in the Alcazar commences next Monday evening with an elaborate presentation of "Anna Karenina," dramatized from Tolstoi's famous novel by Edmund Guiraud and translated for the English stage by Thomas William Broadhurst. The play begins when Anna, wife of Alexis Karenin, meets Vronsky, a cavalry officer, and they suddenly manifest interest in each other. In the second act, showing a race course, Vronsky confesses his love and when she repels him he rides recklessly in a steeplechase and is hurt. Her anxiety shows her husband where her affection has wandered and by telling her that Vronsky is dead he leads her to confess her love. When she discovers that Karenin has lied to her she leaves

FRANZ HELLE

Fluegel horn soloist with Ohlmeyer's Band now at Idora

him and he uses their little son as a bait to bring her back, refusing to permit her to obtain a divorce. In the third act Anna and Vronsky have eloped to Venice and are living as man and wife. Realizing that her reputation has suffered and learning that Vronsky is eager to rejoin his regiment, she decides to return to Russia and make another effort at securing legal separation from her husband. While clandestinely visiting her son she is discovered and driven from the house by Karenin. Vronsky's home, near Moscow, is the scene of the final act. Anna is beginning to realize that Vronsky is tiring of her, and when she is reliably informed that Karenin has finally consented to a divorce she understands that Vronsky no longer wishes to marry her. He goes away, in opposition to her desire, and she throws herself in front of a railway train just before he returns to ask her forgiveness. This is said to be one of the most thrilling stage effects ever conceived. In the cast are twenty-eight speaking characters, and each of the five acts has an elaborate setting. William Courtenay will be seen as Vronsky, a part which he has played many times and Will R. Walling as Karenin.

Vesta Victoria at the Orpheum

Vesta Victoria is coming to the Orpheum next week. She is without doubt the most famous and popular singing comedienne that has visited New York. Several years ago she was brought to this country by the late Tony Pastor and her biggest song hit in those days was "Daddy, Won't You Buy Me a Bow-Bow?" which became popular through the land. More recently she scored tremendously with "Waiting at the Church" and "Poor John" and for her first season in this city she promises quite a number of new song sensations. The "Code Book" will be presented by Messrs. Hammond and Atwell. It is a one-act play telling of the efforts of Colonel Nakumura of the Japanese War Bureau of Information to obtain copies of the signals and information contained in the Code Book which is kept in every United States Recruiting Station. De Witte Kaplan and Herbert Walter are the authors. Mr. Walter is a native of this city. Paul Spadoni, the juggler, is another attraction. Lyons and Yosco, the harpist and the singer, will appear in a musical act. Mrs. Richard Rees, one of the best of our local sopranos, will make her vaudeville debut and will be heard in several favorite songs.

Collier at the Columbia

William Collier will present "A Lucky Star" at the Columbia Theater for two weeks beginning Monday evening. Collier is too well and favorably known to San Francisco audiences to require any introduction. His clever portrayals in such successes as 'Caught in the Rain," "On the Quiet," "The Dictator" and "The Patriot" gave him high rank as a farceur. In his latest success Mr. Collier, it is said, is seen to better advantage than in any previous offering. The scenes of the play are all laid in Holland and the characters are Dutch. English, Scotch and American. Mr. Collier's company is a large one and exceedingly capable.

Idora Attractions

Ohlmeyer's big military band will swing into its final week at Idora Park tomorrow. Sousa maches and military music are proving exceedingly popular and during the last three weeks "the park beautiful" has been thronged with music lovers. As an added attraction during the final week of Ohlmeyer, Florence Drake Le Roy, the well known soprano soloist will sing at every concert, both afternoon and evening. Miss Le Roy appeared last season at Idora with the Conway band and won unstinted praise. From the scenic railway at one end of the grounds to the witches' den the concessions continue to furnish amusement for the merrymakers every afternoon and evening.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Securities have been without marked feature in the recent week, fluctuations being within a comparatively narrow limit. The tendency however has been somewhat toward betterment as a result of a good absorption of some of the leading stocks on recent declines. The real factor for better sentiment among influential interests has been a distinctly favorable turn of affairs in the great crop country where ample rains have prevailed recently and warmer weather is in evidence. A heavy decline in wheat, corn and cotton has been the result, removing a dangerous situation in the commodity markets of the country. The official announcement of the placing of over sixty million dollars of American bonds with French investors and the probability of other large sums being taken in the near future, were important factors in banking circles and mark a new era in international affairs financially. Banking syndicates continue to hold aloof from market operations, awaiting a further advancement in the crop situation and the putting through by Congress of the railroad bill. It seems unlikely that these interests will participate in any market operations until the earlier part of June when conditions will be more propitious. We feel conservatively bullish on the outlook for stocks and we believe commitments should be made on any moderate recessions.

Wheat—There was no mistaking the trend of the wheat market during the past week, prices having been on the down grade from the start and the week wound up in the collapse of the much advertised May wheat deal. There have been many factors to account for the liquidation in all options. The weakness in the outside markets, the poor flour demand and the made-to-order weather were too much for the bulls. Early in the week several cargoes of wheat came down from Duluth to be delivered on contract. When the scattered outside long interest saw how easy it would be for the bears to deliver the actual wheat they deserted the big bull leader and prices collapsed. The ideal growing weather and the elimination of the church bug as well as the hessian fly has added millions of bushels to an already increased acreage which will no doubt give us the largest wheat crop on record. Of course the spring wheat has not yet been made but is so far advanced that with normal conditions the crop promises to be a bumper one. The foreign situation is decidedly weak. Liverpool prices are below ours for the July option. With good crops everywhere it will be hard to bull this market even after a decline of 16 cents.

Corn—The break in wheat prices was an added bear factor in a market already weak. Receipts have been quite liberal and the demand has been limited. Foreign news is generally bearish and there are no signs of an export business at this level. Weather, while a little too cool, has on the whole been quite favorable. The corn has all been seeded and the ground has had plenty of moisture. With warmer weather the growing crop will make rapid progress. Farmers are showing a willingness to market their corn even at this decline and a further decline can be looked for.

Cotton—It is estimated that from 350,000 to 370,000 bales of cotton will be received on the month contracts by the end of May. This will be the largest volume of transactions in May futures for any year on record. Ordinarily concentration of so large a quantity of cotton in one market at this stage of the season would tend to depress prices. In this case however that has been largely prevented by continuous sales to mills for domestic distribution and for export from week to week on a scale quite unusual for the New York trade. Even the most bearishly inclined hardly expected May to pass out without a good bulge. Instead May sold off, in fact around low point. Even the Miss Giles report on estimated cotton conditions which is usually close to that made by the United States Government had no marked effect. Precedent does not show that any of these reports has more than a temporary or sentimental effect. Although a great many reports continue to give unfavorable conditions for the new crop and little or no increased acreage in a great many southern States, yet one and all agree that Texas will show a bumper crop. One good authority writes us as follows: 'I have been in all sections of Texas during the last week or two and had a good chance to study the cotton situation. The acreage is very much larger than last year and the plant looks healthy and clean. The people in Texas predict the largest cotton crop in years. With another rain about June 15 and July 1 Texas will make more cotton than they will be able to pick. I interviewed an English cotton buyer at Gainesville, Texas. He said spinners are not buying any cotton to speak of, because they expect a big crop and look for ten cents, probably eleven cents, but not higher." He then recites numerous other instances that tend to confirm our old opinion that October and December cotton will sell at or under 11 cents.

Copper—Copper shares, both on the New York stock exchange and New York curb in the past week, have been a little stronger on account of the continued strength of the price of electrolytic copper. Statistics that come to hand regarding the consumption and production of copper continue to be extremely favorable for the producing companies for they show that the consumption in the United States is at the rate of seventy million pounds per month and that European consumption is at the rate of fifty million pounds, which just about balance the present rate of production, i. e., one hundred and twenty million pounds per month in the United States. As spring business continues to grow the consumption of copper appears to be increasing steadily, though rather slowly. As near as can be learned the producers are fairly well sold up. It is expected by many in the trade that the copper producers' statement in June will make a favorable showing compared with the April report. A substantial increase over last month in the European exports for May is looked for. Considering the conditions and general outlook for copper we see no reason for changing our former idea that we will in the near future see a better market for the good standard copper stocks. Generally speaking the market seems a purchase at the present level.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 11.)

rived at the Mission of Santa Inez, at the foot of the mountain, about two o'clock p. m. We had ridden twenty-two miles.

Father Rubio had a good dinner provided for us while we dried ourselves by a roaring fire, and we soon were making ourselves very comfortable over the Padre's excellent California wine. As the weather was very tempestuous, and our guide wanted to procure an extra horse at the College Farm, distant about three miles, we determined to remain where we were till the next day. Everything about this Mission, except the old church building, is in a state of sad decay. There are still there, however, the vestiges of fine improvements built by the Indians in the palmy days of the church in California; and I observed among other things, the ruins of what was once a splendid aqueduct, built of brick, and the shattered remnants of an extensive grist-mill. At a distance, however, the general appearance of the Mission of Santa Inez is still imposing, and it is only upon a nearer approach that the marks of ruin become painfully apparent. There is still a splendid domain, containing many leagues of land, connected with the Mission. It is the property of the church, and under the supervision of Archbishop Allemany, whose agent is Doctor Nicholas A. Den.

There is also a school here for boys, under the management of a Mr. Campbell, formerly of Philadelphia. There were but twelve scholars in it, however, at the time of our visit. Three of them were nephews of the Hon. Pablo De la Guerra, and three of them sons of Mrs. Robbins, from whom, it will be remembered, I obtained food when starving back of Santa Barbara. The boys all spoke English with but slight Spanish accent, and when the little fellows discovered that I was the wanderer of whom they had heard, they were untiring in their efforts to please me.

On Sunday, the fifteenth, after the Padre had finished the morning services in the chapel, he gave me a letter to the Mission of San Juan in Monterey County, in case I should need assistance when I got there, and after dinner we departed for "Los Alamos." A great part of the road was very bad and it rained hard the entire distance. Just as night set in we arrived, very cold and wet, at our destination. Alighting, we sent in by the guide the letter with which Don Antonio De la Guerra had furnished Captain Reese, and presently we were ushered into a very comfortable apartment where a bright fire was blazing and were introduced to the family, which, including children and grand-children, numbered some twenty-six persons. At this place we were treated very hospitably. After supper one of the family played and sung for us, and, when we were shown to our room, we discovered that the lady of the house had surrendered her own to us as being probably the most comfortable she had. Several Americans were about the place, and partly on this account and because we wished to make San Luis Obispo in one ride, distance about fifty miles, we left the next morning without stopping to take coffee. We breakfasted as we rode along on pinoli and California cheese, a supply of which the guide appeared to have had ever since he left the College Farm at Santa Inez.

About noon we stopped at a place called the Guadalupe Ranch, and dined on jerked beef without bread or salt. We rested about an hour and again took the road. Owing to the misfortune of being led the wrong road by our guide, we did not reach San Luis Obispo that night, but were compelled to stop ten miles short of that place, long after dark, hungry, wet and weary, at the ranch of a gentleman of the name of John Price, Esq. This gentleman has been in the country some thirty years. Owing to the lateness of the hours, and our being strangers to him, it was some time before he would consent to accommodate us for the night. Finally, by dint of persuasion, and telling over the names of my friends among the old Californians, with whom he was acquainted, I succeeded in opening his heart, and he admitted us. He gave us some excellent whiskey, good beds and plenty of grain for our horses. He was quite inquisitive as to our business in the lower country, and in reply to his questions, we told him that we had come down from San Francisco in the steamer to attend to some business in connection with the sale of some land, but that, being detained till after the steamer had started, we were making the best of our way back by land, having important matters to attend to at Sacramento before the fourth of March; which latter part of the story was literally true. After a comfortable night's rest we partook of an excellent breakfast, and on offering to pay our host for his accommodation he declined taking recompense for anything except the barley our horses had eaten. Bidding Mr. Price good-bye, we resumed our journey, but owing to a rather late start, did not reach San Luis Obispo until about ten o'clock a. m.

Remembering that I had been identified in that place on my journey down the country, I did not care to pass through it, and so endeavored to go around by a very rough and hilly road. Observing that our movements were watched in the outset by persons about town, we thought it was best that the Captain should ride at once into the place and purchase some cigars, sardines, etc., and, in the event of any one identifying him, to say that we were looking for a lost horse. Accordingly he rode through the town, stopping to make his purchases, and on joining me on the other side, he said he had been rec-

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ognized by a man to whom he had told the story agreed upon, and had no further trouble. We rode on about two miles further, when we stopped and turned our horses out to graze while we sat down on our blankets and enjoyed a luncheon and a smoke. After resting about an hour we again took the road and with nothing further occurring, about the middle of the afternoon reached the Rancho of Santa Margarita, distant but twelve miles from San Luis Obispo, where we concluded to stop for the night. This rancho is the property of Senor Joaquin Estrada. It has been a Mission, but the old building is now used as a sort of restaurant. One of the brothers of our host had married into the De la Guerra family, and on discovering that we were acquainted with Don Pablo, he treated us with marked hospitality. We had an excellent supper and good beds. At this place I found an Irishman who had seen Reese in Santa Barbara, and I judged from the way he looked at me that he knew me. He talked a great deal about McGowan and his persecutors. Being pretty well posted on that subject I joined freely in the conversation, and finally told him that I had seen McGowan at the house of Doctor Den, at which place I understood he had been, since leaving Santa Barbara. This appeared to satisfy him that I was not the "ubiquitous." Whether he knew me or not was of very little moment, for I felt sure from his conversation that he was an out and out anti Vigilante. He finished the conversation by saying that McGowan could not be the monster he had been represented, or Doctor Den would not have sheltered him so long as he had done. In this opinion I of course acquiesced, and shortly afterward we all retired for the night.

The next morning after breakfast we again took up our line of travel, and rode on without stopping until we came to the hot spring, mentioned in my journey down the country. Here we halted and took a pleasant bath and luncheon. We let our horses feed a short time, while we rested and smoked our cigars, and then rode on as far as the Mission of San Miguel where we halted for the night. Notwithstanding the Mexican who keeps the place had informed us before alighting that there was feed for the horses, when he had unsaddled them we discovered that there was not a particle for them to eat about the premises. Here was a quandary. To turn them loose to graze was out of the question, as the place was infested with a parcel of Indians who had a trick of stampeding the horses of travelers for the purpose of getting the reward usually offered for their recovery. It was at this place, I remembered, that young Castro had lost a horse in this manner, on the downward journey. I had the horses securely locked up, and then set about trying to buy some corn for them from the Indians. I managed, after hard work, to induce an old Indian to sell me a dollar's worth by bribing him with a drink of brandy. This was but short allowance for four tired horses, but we were compelled to be contented with it.

The fellow who kept this place was a surly brute, and evidently mistook us for robbers. When we first alighted the members of the household, including several Senoritas, were assembled in the main building, but on seeing us he drove them at once out of sight. Having distributed their scanty allowance among the horses, we entered the house and sat down to a miserable supper which we attempted to wash down with some villainous claret. After supper we were shown to a kind of cell in the old building, where, on dirty beds, we passed a most uncomfortable night. As soon as it was light I arose and went out with the guide among the Indians to endeavor to procure some more corn for the horses. For some time my efforts were unsuccessful. I showed them money, but they said they did not care for any of it; they had no corn to sell. I had a bottle of good brandy left, and traveling at that season of the year I would not have parted with it for five dollars. Nevertheless, if money would not do, the brandy had to go rather than the horses should go unfed. My eye fell on a good-looking young Indian leaning against a door-post and listlessly looking at us. I asked him in Spanish if he would not like a drink of cognac. He replied "very much"; whereupon I told him if he would get me the corn I would give him the bottle and pay him beside. He entered the house and after a noisy altercation with an old hag, returned with a serape half filled with corn and acorns. I gave him the bottle and some silver, and he and an old Indian, who appeared to be his father, finished the liquor in two drinks. We then bought some sardines from the Mexican who kept the place and left it in extreme disgust. I cannot conscientiously advise any one who may travel that road to stop at the Rancho of San Miguel. The cross-grained varlet who keeps it, is but a poor specimen of a California Boniface. He not only charges three prices for all that he sells, but treats his guests all the time as if by so doing he was conferring an immense favor on them.

After riding some eight or ten miles we came to a small stream, which, in order to cross, we were obliged to swim. Here we found several parties encamped on both sides of the stream; they had wagons and among them were several women. They had arrived respectively from the north and south the previous night, and had waited until morning in the hope that some one would come along and show them the best crossing place. I told the guide, supposing that he was most accustomed to that sort of thing, to go in first; but, being a very timid man, he hesitated. Presently, however, to cut the matter short, Captain Reese plunged in with his horse, and the guide and I following, we all reached the other side in safety. The wagons then followed, but the mules became entangled in the harness, in the middle of the stream, and a young Spaniard, who

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afterward told me he was from Martinez on his way to Los Angeles, went to the rescue of the women, and crossed them over safely, one by one, on a fine little mare he had with him. I gave this young fellow a box of sardines and some of our claret, in return for which he treated us to some hot coffee, some of his Indians had just made. We unsaddled our horses and let them feed, while we breakfasted and took a smoke. After an hour's rest we resumed our journey, and traveled, without stopping, until we reached the Rancho of San Benito. We had been told, at Santa Margarita, that we should find good entertainment at this place, and we were not disappointed.

The proprietor is Mr. Thomas Watson, an American gentleman who has resided in Monterey County some thirty years, and has a large family of sons and daughters, one of the latter of whom is the wife of E. L. Williams, Esq., County Clerk of Monterey. We did not have the pleasure of seeing the proprietor himself, but his son, Thomas Watson Jr., entertained us very handsomely. Shortly after we entered the house I saw a gentleman who, I ascertained, was a deputy sheriff of Santa Cruz County and had been at the ranch several days. Not caring to be much in his company, for reasons which will be understood, and, beside, being very weary, I retired early. I had not been asleep long when I was awakened by two men entering the room. One of them, whom I recognized as the sheriff, had his face blacked. This circumstance puzzled and somewhat alarmed me. At the same time I heard him remark—"It would be funny if they were to steal my horses, and I am to leave tomorrow." Presently he washed his face and he and his companion again went out. I lay awake for some time wondering what the blacking of his face could mean, but finally coming to the conclusion that it probably had no connection with me, yet still very curious as to the mystery, I fell asleep.

After breakfast the next morning, we were informed that the sheriff, who was on his way to Santa Cruz, two days' journey on the road we were traveling, would embrace the opportunity of having company, and ride with us. I did not like the idea much, as the face blacking of the previous night was still unexplained. I was fearful that he was on the look-out for me, but had as yet failed to identify me. I knew that a letter had been very foolishly written from Santa Barbara to San Francisco, to an indiscreet friend there, apprising him of my intended journey to the Capital, and I feared that he would inform every one of the fact, and thus perhaps, unintentionally have me intercepted. Indeed, I afterward discovered that he had circulated the news far and wide, but fortunately, those who ought not to have known it did not believe it, a statement having appeared about that time in the San Francisco Herald, that a passenger, recently arrived in a ship from Canton, had seen me in that place. I presumed if the Committee contemplated capturing me, that between this point and Stockton would be the most likely place they would undertake it. Therefore, considering everything, I felt by no means pleased at this addition to our company. There was nothing for it, however, but to ride off boldly with the sheriff, which we did.

Happily, however, we had not gone far before my apprehensions were relieved. The sheriff, who proved to be a very pleasant, companionable man, accounted for the mystery of the previous night, by telling me he had been engaged with the young ladies in a game called "smut," and having been beaten, had submitted to the penalty and had his face blacked. This gentleman's name is Charles Williams, Esq., and he is a brother of the above mentioned county clerk. We had that day a very pleasant ride, and arrived early in the afternoon at the Mission Soledad, where we halted for the night. I recognized the keeper of this place, whom I had not seen on my way down. His name was Harris, and he was formerly bartender at the "Willows," a resort well known to San Franciscans. He did not know me, however, I was so much altered, having lost forty pounds of flesh since he had last seen me. He desired us to register our names in his book, and I wrote mine as "Samuel Chapman." I procured from him writing materials and addressed a letter to a gentleman at Monterey named Charles Harron, Esq., an old Philadelphia friend, informing him of my journey to the Capital. I knew that he was discreet, and my only object in writing was to have the pleasure of once more communicating with an old friend.

We were very comfortably quartered at the Soledad, and the next morning after breakfast, prepared to renew our journey. We were told before starting that a few miles from the Mission we should come to a stream which at that season was impassable, owing to the quick-sands, unless we were fortunate enough to find an old Indian who lived about there, and induce him to show us the firm footing. Both the Sheriff and Harris were of the opinion that we had better go another road which was thirty miles longer, the chances being against our finding the Indian. As thirty miles, however, was a great item to tired horses, I thought it was best to go on to the stream and take the chance of finding the Indian. After some consultation this plan was adopted and we started for the stream, where we were fortunate enough to find the Indian, and at last by dint of silver and coaxing, and above all some whiskey, we were safely landed on the opposite bank.

Here we found a party of travelers with wagons, waiting for some one to guide them across the river. Some horsemen were riding in front of the wagons armed with rifles, and for a moment I fancied that they might be my old friends the Vigilantes, and prepared for an attack. I soon saw, however, that one of the wagons contained a woman, and was reassured as to the character of the party. The sheriff was acquainted with one of them and stopped a moment to converse, while I

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rode on. I learned when he rejoined us that they were on their way to the lower country to purchase brood mares, intending to take them through Mexico to Texas, and that they hoped to accomplish the trip in one hundred days. The animals can be procured at very low prices on this side, and, if safely got through the journey, command a handsome profit. At noon we stopped to eat something and let our horses graze. As we were now within thirty miles of San Juan in the Salinas Plains, up to which point the Sheriff knew the road well, and beyond it we did not need a guide, I determined here to despatch Jose back to Doctor Den. Accordingly I gave him a letter for the Doctor, letting him know how we got on; and, taking with him two of the horses, the guide started back.

After he had gone, the Sheriff loaned me one of his fresh horses, and we galloped on our journey. We stopped at one or two places to get water, one of which was the ranch of the Mexican who had been so near being shot for a deserter, at whose house it will be remembered I passed a night on my journey from San Francisco. His wife recognized me, but he did not till he saw her smile at me, and then he too remembered me. He asked me many questions, and I told him that since he had seen me I had been in Mexico. I doubted, however, from his looks whether he believed the story. It mattered little, however, for of course, he was ignorant of my name, and we stayed but a few moments at his door. After riding a few miles further we came to a place called the Canada Verda, where, to oblige the Sheriff, we stopped a little while to give him an opportunity to see a friend on business. This gentleman was the Judge of the Plains, and I knew him the moment I saw him. It was Don Manuel A. Castro. He had represented San Luis Obispo the previous year in the Legislature, and it was at the Capital I had seen him. As he did not recognize me, however, I did not accost him.

A few miles further on, we came to the store of Mr. Johnstone where we halted for the night. This gentleman came to California during the war, as a member of Colonel Stevenson's regiment. I had known him before, when he was employed in the office of P. K. Woodside, Esq., at that time Clerk of the Supreme Court. He did not appear to recognize me, however, and I did not that night make myself known to him, although I knew he was a Democrat of the right stripe, and had no fears as to his discretion.

We were very comfortably accommodated at this place, and in the morning as we were about to start I paid all the bill, including the Sheriff's who had so kindly loaned me his horse, and who I knew, having been some time absent from home had paid away his last dollar at the Soledad. Here the Sheriff was to part from us, he being within a few miles of his home and our roads lying from this point in different directions. Accordingly we bid him God speed, and saw him off. As I was about mounting I observed Johnstone eyeing me very closely. He seemed to know me, and yet was in uncertainty where he had seen me. He had a bottle of whiskey in his hand which I suspected he wanted to give me. Knowing that it would be perfectly safe, I at length asked him if he did not know me. He said he knew me very well but could not for his life say who I was. I told him and he seized my hand and pressed it very hard. He asked me why I had not stopped at his place on my way down the coast. Dennison, with whom I then was, had been a fellow soldier with him, and had stopped at his door where I took a drink but did not dismount, and hence he had not recognized me. He gave me the bottle of whiskey, and wishing me a safe journey saw me off.

It was Sunday morning, and as we approached the town of San Juan, we thought it safer, as many persons would probably be there from the country, not to pass through the place. So we avoided it by a mountain road to the right, and sent the letter which Father Rubio had given us, to the Priest at the Mission, by a man whom we found cutting wood, and who told us he knew him. A few miles further brought us to the Pacheco Pass, through which we were to strike into the interior and shape our course in a northeasterly direction to Stockton. At the foot of the mountain we saw a small ranch, and on being informed by some women whom we saw gathering mushrooms that we could get quarters for ourselves and horses for the night, we concluded to finish here our day's ride.

The person who kept this place looked familiar to me, and I soon identified him as a stage driver I had known on the road between San Francisco and San Jose, named Harper. He and his partner had each married a French woman, and settled down in this romantic spot, where they were farming, and raising a few stock. We had a good supper and comfortable lodging, and started early the next morning before breakfast to cross the mountain by the Pacheco Pass. It is seven miles over the pass, and the road is perfectly good and passable for wagons at all seasons of the year. It was constructed by a Mr. Firebaugh, under a franchise granted him for a term of years by the Legislature for that purpose. He has the privilege of keeping a toll-gate, which is situated at his house on the summit. About a mile and a half from the gate we met Mr. Firebaugh in company with a workman superintending some repairs in the road. We paid him our toll and asked him if we could be accommodated with breakfast at the house. He told us that his wife would prepare some for us, and accordingly on reaching the summit, we stopped. Here we saw Mrs. Firebaugh with her little son. She had apparently just arisen, and the Captain and I were both struck with her singular beauty and lady-like deportment. I could not help wondering how a lady so charming could content herself in so wild and out of the way a place as

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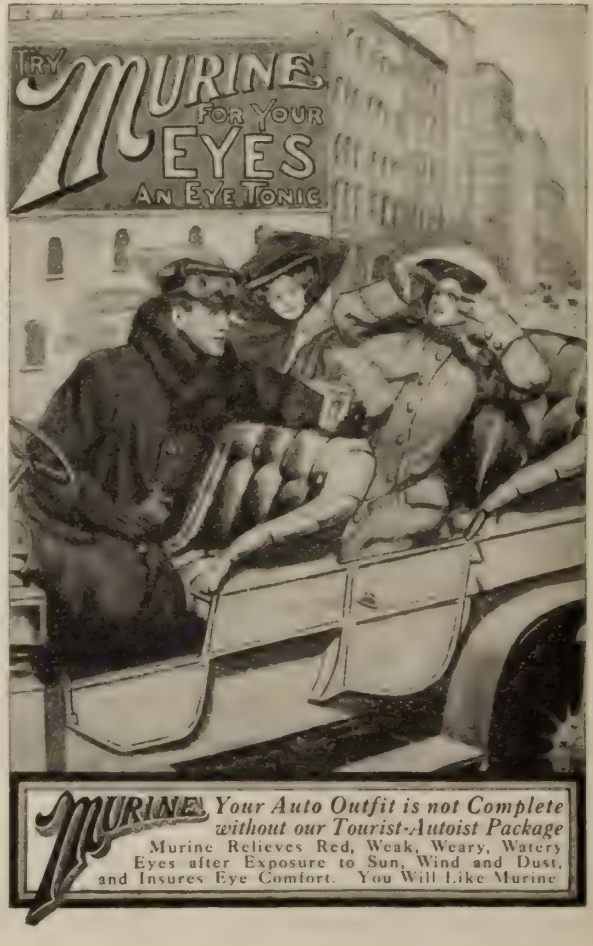


the Pacheco Pass. I should infer, however, from what little I observed of her that she is one of those rare and precious gifts in the shape of woman, whose happiness is in her husband, and whose paradise is his home. We informed her of what her husband had said about the breakfast, but at the same time declined to trouble her. The fire was not yet made, and before she should have put herself to the trouble of making it for me, I would have dispensed with breakfast every day for a week. She set before us a bottle of excellent whiskey of which we partook, but she declined receiving any pay. I gave her little son a small piece of money, and bidding her good morning, we resumed our journey. After riding about twelve miles we came to a large unfinished frame house. The people about this place appeared to be a mixture of French and Spaniards. I identified one of them as a San Francisco Frenchman, but he did not know me. I imagine he was but a visitor there. Here we took breakfast, and again mounting, rode on until we came to Hill's Ferry on the San Joaquin river, where we found a very good hotel, and stopped for the night. At this place, we fell in with a tall, cadaverous looking old fellow, who I judged from his conversation to be a squatter. He was accompanied by a young lad, and he told me they were looking out for a place to "locate." He said he had lived in the valley of San Jose. They were traveling on foot with one pack animal. He had been a lawyer he told me, and I should judge by his appearance and sanctified twang he had been a preacher too. After conversing with us some time, he and the lad made their bed on the floor and we retired to our room. After an early breakfast the next morning, we resumed our journey intending if possible, to reach the City of Stockton that night, but forty miles distant. It rained and stormed dreadfully, however, and, after riding about twenty miles, we were fain to ask shelter at a neat little cottage we espied on the roadside. This house was kept by a young Welshman and his wife, who lived very comfortably and were surrounded by a family of pretty little children. The gentleman's name is Griffith. We were hospitably welcomed, and a large fire was soon made for us at which we dried our clothes and blankets. We found here an old gentleman, named Major James Martin Lewis, familiarly known in that neighborhood as "Uncle Jemmy Lewis." He is a brother of Colonel Joel Lewis, so well and favorable known to the citizens of Sacramento. This old gentleman I have since learned, has lived seventy years, and had served as a sergeant under General Jackson during the Creek war. He was gazetted by that veteran for his gallantry in being the first man on the enemy's ramparts at the famous battle of the Horse Shoe. He knew me, though I did not recognize him. I suppose he called me to mind from the circumstance of my having once acted as the friend of his nephew, Doctor Dickson of Mississippi, in an unfortunate affair of honor, in which that gentleman fell. I did not know until after starting the next day, that the old gentleman had recognized me. I entered freely into conversation with Mrs. Griffith, and found her very intelligent and not a little inquisitive. She asked me why I had not stopped at a large hotel we had passed after leaving Hill's Ferry. I replied that I always preferred to stop where there was a lady, because I invariably found the accommodations better and neater. She looked very knowingly at me and told me that my dress and language did not correspond, and that for some reason I was traveling in disguise. I thought this was very strange, not knowing at the time that "Uncle Jemmy" had told them who I was, and making some joking reply, I changed the conversation. I also met at this place a gentleman of the name of Judge Seneca Dean. He is an uncle of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, the actress. At the table the conversation turned upon the "ubiquitous" Judge McGowan. Judge Dean stated that McGowan had been pointed out to him once in San Francisco. At this I observed a sly smile on the face of mischievous Mrs. Griffith. I however looked them full in the face, and continued my dinner as though McGowan was a personage in whom I felt no interest whatever. I told Judge Dean that I had business with the Legislature, and he gave me a letter to the member from Stanislaus, in which county we then were. In this letter he mentioned no name, but simply commended the bearer to the gentleman to whom it was written.

It rained incessantly all that day and night, and the next day at twelve o'clock we started for Stockton. I saw two persons approaching the house after I had mounted, and rode off first to avoid observation. Presently I was overtaken by Captain Reese, who told me that just as he was leaving "Uncle Jemmy" had said to him: "Young man, that is Judge McGowan. I know it is. Don't tell me any lies about it. I am his friend, and if danger threatens him let him come back here. I've a good double barrelled shot gun, and we'll protect him!"

Reese laughed, and bidding the gallant old fellow good-bye, rode away. I now understood the remarks of good Mrs. Griffith and Judge Dean.

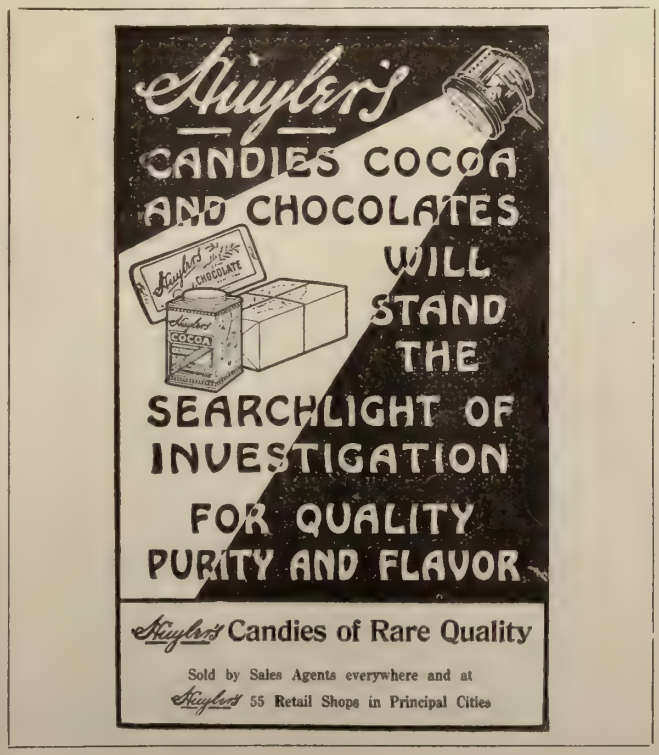
Stockton was now but twenty-two miles off, and notwithstanding the roads were very bad, and it was raining very hard, we determined if possible to reach it that night. We pushed on without stopping, until we got to French Camp. Up to this point we had been enabled to travel at a pretty fair rate, but in traversing the five miles which intervened between it and Stockton, so wretched was the road that we were occupied full three hours. At length, some time after dark, wet, weary and cold, we rode into the good City of Stockton, and I felt after nine months of pilgrimage and banishment that I was once more really mingling with my fellow men.

On entering the town, Reese met a person with whom he was acquainted, and I requested him to inquire for the residence of Samuel Brooks, Esq., the County Treasurer of San Joaquin County. I had not the pleasure of an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Brooks, but I knew enough of his character to believe that, under the circumstances which then surrounded me, I might safely trust my life in his keeping. He was, however, spared the annoyance of my visit, for Reese was informed that he was absent in San Francisco

My next inquiry was for Col. John O'Neal, the County Clerk That gentleman soon appeared, and after congratulating me on my safe return, conducted us to a good place to stable our horses. He then accompanied us to the room of one of his friends and very kindly sent out and had a warm supper prepared and brought to us, which was very acceptable, as we had eaten but one meal that day. Many of my friends who resided in Stockton were now informed of my arrival, and before we retired for the night I was visited by several of them. I cannot convey any idea of the gratification I felt at finding myself congratulated and sympathized with by some of the first men of the State, notwithstanding the continuous stream of vilification and slander that had been poured over my name during my voluntary exile. It was to me a harbinger of happier days, and an assurance that not only my individual troubles were about ending, but that there still existed in the minds of the true men of the State sufficient respect for the Constitution and our laws to render their supremacy in the land once more certain, and that at no distant day.

The next morning I was visited by the Hon. Charles M. Creaner, District Judge of that Judicial District. He was very glad to see me safely returned to stand my trial, and when, in the course of our conversation, I asked him if he was not afraid, on account of his position, that he might be compromised by visiting me under such peculiar circumstances, "Sir," said he, "if I am to be compromised by extending the hand of sympathy to one who has been barbarously hunted by blood-hounds, the sooner the better." Such a sentiment fervently expressed by such a man, infused new life into me. Personally I was a comparative stranger to Judge Creaner. Although both of us were members of the same political party, we had sympathized and acted with opposite wings of that party, and there was very little more in common between us politically, than, from our slight acquaintance, there had been personally. When, therefore, I contrasted this language of the high toned Judge, with the pitiful cowardice, meanness and ingratitude of some of my friends, into whose nostrils I had blown the breath of political life, I could not but painfully learn and bitterly digest the lesson I was thus taught in human nature. The Judge, on learning my intention to proceed to Sacramento for the purpose of endeavoring to procure the passage of a law by which I might be safely and fairly tried under my indictment, very kindly furnished me with a letter to the Hon. A. R. Meloney, the Senator from that District, and, after a most agreeable visit, took his leave

(To be Continued)



REDUCE THE CARES

Of housekeeping. One decidedly practical way is to use Borden's Pioneer Brand Evaporated Milk in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk.

The Longing

(Continued from Page 12.)

He flinched from the question in her eyes.

"Yes, and no!" he said, helplessly.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"There was another in my thoughts," he said, "but nothing more."

"I think I know who it is," she replied, "and I can't for the life of me understand what you can see in her."

For the first time, a faint smile flickered across the face of the man.

"I don't suppose you would," he said.

"But tell me what it is," she asked; "you are not the man to run after a pretty face."

"Potentialities," he replied.

"I see," she said, bitterly. "Just as you have made money in taking poor businesses and building them up, I suppose it was your idea to take some of us poor married women with 'potentialities,' and develop us."

The man ignored the tone of mockery in which this remark was made, and looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"You have expressed it beautifully," he said. "That is just the wit that so attracted me to you."

The distant murmur of voices in the hall reached them.

"We must say good-bye," he said; "I cannot stand much more."

She kissed him passionately, and ran out of the room without looking round; nor did she bid farewell to the wife, who looked after her with a sad and somewhat puzzled air.

The doctor looked in again.

"Your husband is having too much excitement," he said to the wife, "but I haven't the heart to refuse him his wish to see more friends; but do not let them stay alone with him longer than you can help, and let there be some interval between each visit."

In succession the dying man bade farewell to other friends and his only relative, his sister, who had hastened to the house.

He asked if his wife's cousin had come, and was informed that she had been there for some time, and was with his wife, who, unable to bear the strain any longer, had gone to her room

"Who is there besides Mrs. Wilson?" he asked.

"Mr. Armyn," was the reply.

"Ask him up," he said; "and when he has gone, ask Mrs. Wilson if she will come and see me; and I don't want to see anybody else except the mistress."

"Sit down, old man," he said, as his friend entered the room

"I have often thought you would come to say good-bye to me," said Armyn, "but never this. A man of fifty-five expects to go before a man born twenty years after him. What a cursed world it is! Now, if it had been an old bachelor like me, it would not have mattered, but you with a wife and children—! Everyone will be shocked. In the whole of our set you have always been held up as the model husband and father."

The dying man gazed at him with a look half-mocking, half-affectionate, but said not a word.

"Don't worry too much about money matters," proceeded the elder man; "if you don't leave enough for the wife and chicks I can do a bit there; I have enough and to spare, as you know."

"Armyn." The dying man said this in a tone that made his friend leap towards him. "I can't talk much more, and this is no time for beating about the bush. Mark what I say, and don't interrupt. You have made the silly mistake that so many men do who are born into a business; if they don't marry before they are forty they never do, and they are fools. In a few hours I shall be dead. There is enough money for the wife and children, so I am not thinking of that; but after a year or two, ask my wife to marry you; she will make you a good wife."

The elder man turned scarlet like a startled girl, and stammered out a protest, but his friend waved him out of the room with the word: "Remember!"

There was a knock at the door, and Enid Wilson entered. She bore traces of emotion.

"Enid," he said, "I want to talk to you. Is Frank here?"

"No," she replied, "I telephoned him, and I expect him here in an hour or two. I hope he will be—" she broke off

"'In time,' you were going to say, I suppose?"

She nodded.

"I want to have a talk with you," he said. "How often have we had a private conversation since you were married?"

"About four times, I suppose," she replied.

"That is about once every three years," he said. "I am afraid we shan't be able to improve the average much—not so much as I had hoped."

She shot a quick glance at him.

"I want to ask you two questions," he said. "Will you promise to answer them?"

"I don't know," she replied. "You must not get excited, and the doctor says I must not stay more than ten minutes with you. Surely you want to be alone the last hour or two with Ada and the children."

"Yes," he replied, "but I want you to answer two questions, and then I can die satisfied. You know," he said, and he looked her straight in the face—"Ada and I have been very happy together; from the beginning to the end."

"Yes," she replied. "Frank has always held you up as the model couple."

"Well, we have been happy," he said; "but in those quiet moments when a man looks into the recesses of his own heart he likes to toy with the thought of what might have been, and there is one question has always come to my mind."

"And that is—?"

He sat up and looked intently at her.

"Supposing I had asked you to marry me, which I very nearly did, would you have said 'Yes'?"

"That is not a fair question," she replied; "and you seem to forget that I have a husband." She walked to the window.

There was a short silence.

"I feel rather caddish," he said, "in using approaching death as a lever, but do you remember that evening on the river? It is three years ago last June?"

"You mean when Ada—?"

"Yes," he said, "I see you do. That evening I had a feeling which I am afraid will not come true; and I was going to ask you if you would—no, I can't say it now! Oh, this accursed accident!"

He closed his eyes and fell back on the pillows.

"Good-bye," he murmured.

She came to him, the tears streaming from her eyes, and kissed him tenderly.

"The answer to both questions would have been 'Yes.'" she said; and then she went from the room

* * * * * * * * * * *

Events took a strange turn, not only damaging to the doctor's reputation, but embarrassing to others: the man recovered!

"Doctor, you operated on that patient in No. 49, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Make a successful job of it?"

"No, I didn't. The operation was disgustingly simple, and the man wasn't in the slightest danger at any time. The elaborate preparations I had made for handling a critical case were wholly wasted."

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Auto Notes

W. H. Durphy, commercial vehicle expert, in a recent interview said: "The perfect working order of any gasoline engine depends upon each working part being properly lubricated. This means just enough oil as too much is fully as disastrous as too little. An expert chauffeur realizes this and acts accordingly. The inexperienced driver, however, has many accidents through carelessness or ignorance on this very point. Most often he allows a lead pipe to become plugged and access of oil is prohibited. The Chase Wagon is built primarily for the inexperienced driver and consequently a system had to be devised whereby these lubricating dangers would be obviated This was achieved by making the lubrication automatic. The oil and gasoline are mixed so that all the vapor is charged with the lubricant. Compression in the crank case forces this through all the bearings and the only requisite to proper lubrication is a running engine."

"Nothing so definitely demonstrates that the price asked for a car is justified by the value offered," said E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Automobile Co. in a recent conversation, "than the ability of the car to maintain that price year after year and at the same time experience a marked increase of demand. In a market where free competition is the rule an inevitable law forces prices to seek their proper level. In spite of the fact that the Lozier commands a higher average price than any other car made, it has enjoyed during the last two years an increase of business of 167 per cent—a greater percentage of increase than shown by any other of the seven leading cars which sell at $3.500 and over."

George P. Moore, Pacific Coast representative of Monogram oils, has just returned from a trip to Downieville, Sierra County, where he is interested in some mining prospects. Moore is very enthusiastic about this country and declares that among other things, it is fast becoming a resort for motorists. Only last year the San Francisco Motor Club sent the first pathfinder through this territory and put the roads on its map. Since then motoring interest has been on the increase and this spring finds numerous auto parties traveling through the vicinity. Although the roads are all mountainous, the grades with one or two exceptions, are gradual, and even on the steepest reasonable care of brakes is all that is necessary to safe automobiling.

J. W. Leavitt says that the Willys-Overland Company reports very satisfactory results for the foreign selling campaign recently instituted by them. Six Overland cars have been ordered during the past week for immediate delivery in the Philippine Islands and the Continental Motor Co. of Sydney has been appointed to represent the interest of the car in Australia.

Announcement has just been made that Chanslor, Lyon, the well known Auto Supply and Accessory firm, will establish a branch in Fresno in the near future. The location will be in J street and the establishment will be open for business by June 1. H. J. McCoy, manager of the local Chanslor, Lyon house, states that the Fresno concern will be stocked with a complete line of the firm's accessories and that it will be made a distributing basis for all the interior towns.

Although not given official notice a record was nevertheless made by a woman on the Los Angeles Motordrome. Mrs. Phil H. Lyon, one of the fair auto enthusiasts of the southern metropolis, drove a Buick "40" over the course for four miles, making three of them in 46 seconds flat each and the fourth in 47. It is safe to say that this is the fastest that any woman ever drove an automobile. Mrs. Lyons was as cool and collected throughout the run as a veteran driver.

Mrs. C. B. Bussell, owning a Columbus Electric Victoria, heads her letter to The Diamond Rubber Co.: "No tire trouble for three years." She further writes that a set of four 30x3½ Diamond Tires on her machine have been running since 1907 with the total trouble to date of one puncture. Needless to say, she is a believer in Diamond quality.

Mr. Harry C. Warwick, accompanied by his wife and son, took a recent fishing trip to the head waters of the Purissima, as a guest of the Hatch Lumber Co. Mr. Hatch stated that Mr. Warwick's Chalmers "40" was the first machine within two years that had been able to negotiate the roads of this section which are extremely poor and hilly. The Chalmers however made the whole trip without a single adjustment.

The Pioneer Automobile Company reports the sale of a Lozier touring car to Mr. L. E. Hanshett. This is the fourth Lozier car purchased by Mr. Hanshett in the last few months. He now has three Loziers on the coast, besides a Lozier of the Briarcliff type which he keeps for use when in New York.

Senator J. B. Sanford of Ukiah who is prominently known as one of the foremost Democratic leaders in the State, has

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just completed a tour of the Sacramento Valley in his new Chalmers "30." Writing of the trip the Senator says: "The journey was made by way of Santa Rosa, Sonoma, Napa, Fairfield, Vacaville, Winters, Woodland and on to Colusa. The first day the run was made to Woodland, a distance of 161 miles, with the greatest east. Here the party remained over night and proceeded on to Colusa the next day. The return trip was made by way of Bartlett Springs to Bartlett Landing, to Upper Lake and to Lakeport, a distance of 84 miles, in a half day. From Lakeport the journey to Ukiah was concluded by way of Highlands to Hopland and thence to Ukiah. The distance traveled during the trip was 397 miles and not a mishap of any kind occurred. This car, the Chalmers "30," has now traveled over 1500 miles and no trouble has been experienced, whatever, not even a puncture."

Wm. Wagner, superintendent of the Motor Car Service Co., made a Sunday tour with a White Steam Car through Contra Costa County. Mrs. Wagner, the children, and Mr. and Mrs. Spring accompanied him on the trip. Wagner reports the tunnel road in especially fine touring condition and all the roads in the county in much better shape than they were last year.

S. C. Chapman reports the following deliveries made recently: Hupmobiles went to R. L. Doughlas and J. H. Kent, both of Fallon, Ore., J. C. Doolittle of San Mateo, I. G. Igeick of Orland, Miss Teal of Oakland and the Auto Livery Co. of Lakeview, Ore. The Auto Delivery Co. also received delivery of an Oakland "30" touring car. Mr. Sanborn of San Jose took an Oakland "30" roadster

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZA GORDON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of ELIZA GORDON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Robinson & Getz, Room 403, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZA GORDON, deceased.

J. B. RUEBEN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza Gordon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executor.
45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4058, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of J. HORWEGE, Deceased.

Upon reading the verified petition of A. W. Horwege, administrator of the Estate of J. HORWEGE, deceased, on file herein;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, department ten of said Court, at the Courtroom thereof, in the Grant Building, No. 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 13th day of June, 1910, at 10 a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard and then and there show cause, if any they have, why the property belonging to said estate and situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of "K" Street, distant south from the intersection of the south line of Fifth Avenue with the east line of "K" Street one hundred feet; thence east at right angles to "K" Street one hundred feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred feet to the point of beginning. Being lot No. 238 in Block 99 as per map of Lands of "Central Park Homestead Association, filed in the County Recorder's office in the City and County of San Francisco, May 11, 1867; should not be leased to Joseph Mallough by the said administrator for a period of five years at an annual rental of $180.00 and upon the other terms and conditions more fully set forth in the petition of said administrator; which is hereby referred to and made a part hereof for all purposes, and to which said petition all persons interested herein are hereby referred.

It is furthr ordered that this notice of said hearing be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco once a week for two successive weeks.

Dated, May 19, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

LIPPITT and LIPPITT, Attorneys for Petitioner. 5-28-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY, Executor of the estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Benjamin Francis Handy, Executor, at the office of Arthur H. Barendt, Attorney-at-law, 510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH WEIR HANDY, alias ELIZABETH WEIR REID, deceased.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS HANDY,
Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Weir Handy, alias Elizabeth Weir Reid Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 7th, 1910

ARTHUR H. BARENDT, Attorney for Executor
510-511 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 5-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administratrix of the estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-707 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased.

NELLIE L. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Anna M. O'Brien, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Administratrix.
Rooms 701-707 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal 6-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE UPON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8903, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of G. G. BURNETT, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Jennie S. Burnett, G. W. Burnett and Jennie P. Gruver, in the above entitled estate, wherein, as executors of the estate of G. G. Burnett they ask permission to borrow Fifty Thousand (50,000) Dollars upon certain real property hereinafter more particularly described,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said matter be and appear in this Court Tuesday, June 14, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made granting permission to mortgage the said property hereinafter described.

And it is further ordered that notice of this hearing be published for four successive weeks prior to said date in "Town Talk."

The following is a particular description of the property desired to be mortgaged:

1st. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Turk Street with the westerly line of Larkin Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Turk Street, and thence easterly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches along the said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Six (6).

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Larkin Street with the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet to the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, and then easterly eighty-five (85) feet along said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Nine (9). THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. P. BLACK, Attorney for Petitioners.
P. O. Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF EXECUTOR TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE SOLD UNDER A CONTRACT WITH DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No 9634, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 31st day of May, 1910, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, executor of the last will of Sarah Collins, deceased, has filed herein his verified petition praying to be authorized to convey that certain parcel of real estate hereinafter described to W. P. Fuller & Company, a corporation, duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California; said Sarah Collins being bound by contract in writing to convey the same, and having died before said transfer was made; and the hearing of said petition is set for Friday, the 1st day of July, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of department number ten of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

The following is a description of the real estate:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Langton Street, distant thereon southeasterly one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet from the point of interesection of the northeasterly line of Langton Street with the southeasterly line of Howard Street; running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Langton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southwesterly eighty (80) feet to Langton Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of one hundred (100) vara lot number two hundred and fifty-nine (259).

Dated this 31st day of May, 1910. JOHN FITZGERALD,
Executor of the Last Will of Sarah Collins, Deceased

JOHN COTTER QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor.
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-4

NOTICE OF FILING OF PETITION FOR PARTITION AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONER, AND OF TIME SET FOR HEARING OF SAID PETITION AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONER, AND ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING SAID PETITION.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Timothy J. Flynn and Kate I. Prendergast, devisees and heirs at law of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, deceased, having filed in this Court their petition for the partition of the property of said estate and for the appointment of a commissioner or commissioners to make said partition and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that the hearing of said petition be set for Monday, the 13th day of June, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., in said Superior Court, Department Nine thereof at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at which time and place all persons interested may appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the hearing of said petition for said partition and the appointment of a commissioner or commissioners be given by publication of a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County, State aforesaid, for at least two weeks before the date set for said hearing, and by posting a copy of this order at least two weeks before the date set for said hearing in three public places in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Dated: May 20, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 20th, 1910. H. I Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners 5-28-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR ZEBRACKI, otherwise known as and called ARTHUR STANISLAUS EQUES. ZEBRACKI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased

T. E. K. CORMAC,
Administrator of the Estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

VINCENT SURR, Attorney for Administrator.
Room 163, Hansford Block, No 268 Market St., San Francisco 6-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a news paper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,044.

WILLARD A. GARDNER, Plaintiff, vs.
JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. A. Denicke, Attorney-at-Law, 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased.

ELIZABETH BAUMULLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward George Baumuller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Administratrix,
14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2736, N. S.—Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEORGE BUECKER, also known as GEORGE BUECKER, Deceased.

SOPHIE BUECKER, as administratrix of the estate of John George Buecker, also known as George Buecker, deceased, having filed herein her petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing her to borrow the sum of Seventeen Hundred Dollars ($1700.00), or such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet, wherewith to pay off and discharge a certain promissory note now secured by a mortgage on certain property belonging to said estate, and hereinafter described, and for the purpose of securing said loan to mortgage to the lender of said sum of money the undivided one-half interest belonging to the above named deceased, in and to that certain parcel of real property situated and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-fifth (25th) Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 172;

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, at its Courtroom, Department Number 10, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Friday, the 10th day of June, 1910, then and there to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

It is further ordered that service of this order be made by publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County of San Francisco.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

Dated May 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner and Administratrix,
501 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9382, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SUE RODEN, Deceased.

LILIAN RODEN, administratrix of the estate of SUE RODEN, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Thursday, the 16th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court (Department No. 10 thereof), in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell the said real estate, at either public or private sale, as shall seem to said administratrix to be for the best interests of said estate; and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 9th day of May, A. D. 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased.

JOHANNA WAHL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mamie Lou Duncan, also known as Edna Cockrill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONWAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Jas. P. Sweeney, Attorney for said Executrix, 1201 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased.

JOHANNA CONNELL,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary Conway, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

JAS. P. SWEENEY, Attorney for said Executrix,
1201 Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 5102, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE DEELY, Deceased.

Erna Weinberger, a judgment creditor of and interested in the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 14th day of June, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing Laurence Deely, Administrator of the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, ROSE DEELY, as shall be necessary,

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, May 6th, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Erna Weinberger,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St., opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased.

ALOIS S. BAUM,
Executor of the Last Will of Caesar N. Spiero, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate in said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 14th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the City and County in which said real property to be sold is situated.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. 5-14-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, Deceased—No. 9581, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of W. C. Graves, Room 24, 51 Third Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased.

J. J. GRAVES,
W. C. GRAVES, Jr.,
Executors of the Estate of Jefferson G. James, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 21, 1910.

W. C. GRAVES, ESQ., Attorney for the Petitioner.
Room 24, No. 51 Third St., San Francisco, Cal 5-21-5

Letters

A Tommyrotic Novel

Victoria Cross can usually be depended on for some degree of cleverness, even if her morals are a minus quantity. She has been so long hailed as a genius that she has evidently come to believe it herself, and to assume that she may take liberties unreproved, for "The Eternal Fires" might well be the outcome of a wager that she could write the most absurdly tommyrotic romance of the century. Irene was celebrating her seventeenth birthday by sitting in the corner of the schoolroom and wondering why, having that morning engaged herself to marry Stephen Hall, she felt none of the thrills and ecstasies which she had expected from her perusal of novels and poems. Stephen himself, in the flesh, broke in upon her reverie, for Irene was a pupil-teacher in the school presided over by the father of her lover. Stephen was a very commonplace, materialistic young man whose ideas took the direction of home-making, the cost of furnishings and the provision for future little Halls, but Irene was all spirituality and ideality. Her chiefest joy was reading Pindar in Greek and wanting to know all about everything. Small wonder Stephen cut short his call, and left her dreaming to the accompaniment of heavenly music which heralded the approach of a god, Apollo, no less. He invited her to accompany him and without hesitation she went, out the window and up through space, to the heavenly mansions. There isn't much left to the imagination as to what went on there after Diana informed Irene of the honor to be conferred upon her—that she was to become the bride of Apollo, to accomplish a wonderful mission on earth and if she succeeded, to return and be immortal for ever and ever. Next morning attired in a sheet of sunlight tied on with a strip of rainbow, Apollo took his bride for a jaunt down the Milky Way in his golden chariot, where they jogged along at the moderate pace of two thousand miles an hour, and the god bestowed two kisses and a flower of Amaranth by way of wedding gifts, and any amount of advice which, however, doesn't appear to have been specially practical. Don't go to imagining that this is only a romantic dream. Not a bit of it, for when Irene awoke in her own room next morning she found herself without even the proverbial "stitch of clothing" on. Her everyday garments had evidently been left in the sky and the sheet of sunlight with its rainbow sash had taken unto themselves wings. Moreover, the bride of a night hied herself to London and consulted a high class specialist who charged her a fee of three guineas for confirming her hopes. Any way, Apollo had provided for contingencies by promising to dictate his poems to his wife, she, of course, to sell them for vulgar, earthly coin, but Apollo doesn't seem to have known much about the poetry market, for the heavenly lyrics wouldn't sell, and if it hadn't been for the generosity of a poor artist who occupied the adjoining attic, it's a fair chance that Apollo's wife and child would have starved. But Irene had one other asset, her beauty, which proved more marketable. She became an artist's model. But the artist, like the publishers, insulted her and her engagement at an end, she accepted an invitation to go yachting with a Croesus for six months. Finding her virtue invulnerable, this Haynes entered into an agreement by which he was to be content with her presence only and the satisfaction of having all his world believe the worst. Irene didn't care about her reputation and she had made an advantageous deal by which Apollo's child was well provided for, so off she went in high spirits while the poor artist who had stood by her in her poverty, hoping that some day he might win her love, retired to his garret to commit suicide after willing all his few possessions to her. Haynes, the agreeable Croesus, had not, of course, the remotest idea that Irene would make him live up to the letter of his agreement, so after providing her with silks and jewels and all else that he could think of, he drank himself into bravery and went to her cabin, but Apollo, who had looked on unconcernedly enough when it was only a case of food and shelter, fire and clothing, now asserted himself as he had promised to do in such a contingency and the adventurous millionaire was struck dead by lightning which set fire to the yacht. Irene, though burning to death, knows it is only her material body which is being destroyed and that she is now on the way to her promised immortality, having fulfilled her mission in bearing and providing a comfortable maintenance for the child. Holmes once said that the foolishest book is a leaky boat on a sea of wisdom—some will manage to get in in spite of you, but Dr. Holmes never encountered the ghostly shadow of anything so utterly idiotic as "The Eternal Fires," which comes from the house of Mitchell Kennerley.

Sam Turner, Early Bird

It is a very interesting and engaging young man whom George Randolph Chester has depicted in Sam Turner, "The Early Bird." Sam was born a hustler and circumstances developed the trait until, at twenty-seven he is able to meet some of the big financiers on their own ground, checkmate their clever moves and anticipate their intentions. As he explains to Theophilus Stevens in the first chapter, "You used to go after these things yourself. Now you send out people empowered only to look and not to purchase." Sam Turner has a partner, a "kid brother" who is the apple of his eye, and it is Jack who has enjoyed all the advantages of culture, leisure and adulation. "My kid brother"is quoted in every second sentence and for a wonder, the youngster is neither an inflated balloon nor a solid chunk of stone, but really all that Sam represents him to be. Sam has started out to enjoy a vacation of a fortnight spent at an obscure summer resort where there would be no intrusion of business, but Sam Turner could no more escape from business than he could leave the earth. The very first thing he did was to fall in love, very completely and thoroughly, too, and though his courteship furnishes comedy enough for the reader, it is desperately serious for himself. The real obstacle to his success lay in his addiction to business, his habit of pushing every deal through as quickly as possible, and the perversity with which business crises would precipitate themselves every time that things showed the remotest probability of going smoothly with him and Josephine. As to the vacation which the reader is all the while smiling at, when brother Jack remonstrated at the decision to run off somewhere else and close up a deal—"But you're on your vacation. That's no way to rest." "On my vacation!" snorted Sam. "Of course I am. I'm not losing a minute of my vacation. The proper way to have a vacation is to do the thing you enjoy most." Pleasure is the thing we like doing; work the thing we like to get done, and there's a vast difference between the "Early Bird" who is up and about because he enjoys early rising and the early worm who is forced abroad and takes no pleasure in it, so falls victim to the alert bird. Sam Turner puts the same qualities to work in legitimate business that Wallingford made use of in his get-rich-quick schemes, and in the two Mr. Chester has depicted careers almost diametrically opposite. "The Early Bird" comes from the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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VIEW OF ROCK RIDGE PLACE, LOOKING OVER THE BAY WITH MT. TAMALPAIS IN BACKGROUND.

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You who have been waiting to build your home in an exclusive residence park—Come out and see Rock Ridge Place.

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You who want your home protected from flats, apartments, double houses, laundries, etc.—Come out and see Rock Ridge Place.

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You who have not found your ideal homesite—Come out and see Rock Ridge Place.

Rock Ridge Place is an exclusive little residence park between The Country Club and Claremont, and between Rock Ridge Park and Broadway on the sloping hills that look out over the city and bay.

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SACRAMENTO EDITION

Vol. XVIII. No. 928 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 11, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

The Sacramento Hotel

The cities of Northern California during the past year or so have been taking their place with the cities of Southern California in the matter of hotels. Excluding San Francisco and Oakland from consideration the northern cities have not compared well with the southern cities in the matter of hotel accommodations. Now however through the enterprise of their citizens they are coming into their own. Sacramento is one of these. The Hotel Sacramento has given it a conspicuous place on the hotel map of California.

The Hotel Sacramento need not fear comparison with any hotel in the State. There is no hotel of its size in the State better equipped. There is no hotel of any size in the State where the service is better or the effort to please more untiring. Truly the Hotel Sacramento is a hostelry of which Sacramento's citizens may well be proud.

Of colonial architecture, built of reinforced concrete the Hotel Sacramento is six stories high and contains two hundred and thirty rooms, two hundred of them with private baths. The dining room can accommodate six hundred people and the presiding genius of the kitchen can satisfy the most exacting epicure that ever ordered a dinner. The hotel operates its own refrigerating, vacuum cleaning, electric lighting and steam heating plants.

The lobby of the hotel to which there are entrances both on Tenth and K streets, is finished in Italian marble with an encircling mezzanine floor opening into beautifully furnished parlors and writing rooms.

Below the sidewalk is a rathskeller where supper may be served for dancing parties; also a very cosy buffet, barber shop, manicuring and chiropodist parlors.

But the feature of the hotel of which the management is particularly proud is the roof garden with its chairs and tables and flowering shrubs. From this roof garden a splendid view of Sacramento and the surrounding country may be had. Close at hand looms the grand dome of the capitol and in the distance may be seen the Sacramento River winding along like a silver thread. In the warm weather for which Sacramento is famous this roof garden is destined to great popularity. Already it is spoken of by travelers who have passed an hour or so amid its beauties.

The success of a hotel depends upon the experience of its manager. The Hotel Sacramento would not be popular, with all its conveniences, unless a popular man were at its head. There is such a man in the Hotel Sacramento. He is Mr. Albert Bettens, one of the best known hotel men in this State. It is only necessary to state that Bettens used to run the California Hotel in this city and that he is at present running not only the Hotel Sacramento but also the St. James Hotel in San Jose. With Mr. Bettens in charge it is no wonder that the Hotel Sacramento has from the first been so conspicuously successful

The Capitol of California, Set in a Park of Luxuriant Growth.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII San Francisco, June 11, 1910 No. 928

To Sacramento via the Netherlands Route

Calling the Attention of San Franciscans to a Charming Trip by Water from This City to the State Capital

By Robert McTavish

When will the Sacramento River come into its own? When will its manifold beauties commend it to Northern Californians who love to travel by water? Will it take another generation to impress upon us the too-little-known fact that we have within easy reach one of the most picturesque bodies of water in the West? Or will we wake suddenly to the realization of a new interest, to the fascination of a new recreation, to the spell of a practically undiscovered waterway?

These are thoughts which come to one in the course of the trip by steamer from San Francisco to Sacramento. It is not yet what might be called a popular trip. The steamer carries many passengers, it is true; but they make only a small part of the thousands who travel every month from this city to the capital. And most of them are unfamiliar with the trip by steamer. They seem to be making it for the first time. It is a new experience. No, the trip is not yet popular. It is still a novelty, an experience full of unknown possibilities; not a familiar excursion fraught with well-known, eagerly

Steamer "Navajo," Southern Pacific Netherlands Route.

remembered attractions. Some day it will be different, of course, but today the trip up the bay and the Sacramento River is an excursion into strange waters and unfamiliar scenes.

"The Netherlands of America" somebody has felicitously christened the lower Sacramento River region. There is an alluring charm in the name. Not all of us have had the good fortune to explore the waterways of Holland, but we are all more or less acquainted with the somber beauty of Dutch landscape and waterscape. Surely if the Netherlands of America possess even a modicum of the interest which attaches to the Low Lands of Europe, they are worth exploring. The reasoning is perfectly sound, as all those have discovered who have devoted a day to the trip.

At eight o'clock in the morning when the Steamer "Navajo" leaves the Pacific street dock the bay is alive with passenger traffic. The ferry boats headed for San Francisco are black with commuters. But the bay, unlike the Sacramento River, is a well-conned lesson to San Franciscans, so the voyager to the Netherlands of America may well sit down to breakfast in the comfortable dining room of the "Navajo" with the consciousness that he will not miss anything that he has not seen before. It is when the steamer has passed Alcatraz and Angel Islands and approaches the Contra Costa coast and San Pablo Bay that the trip begins to be interesting. A balmy breeze blows along this coast and the landward view is beautiful. Sitting in an easy chair on the upper deck, sheltered from the hot rays of the sun by an

Looking Past Belvedere to Mount Tamalpais.

awning that extends almost from rail to rail one may enjoy the peaceful picturesqueness of the hills shimmering in heat and kissed by a sky of Italian blue. At the foot of these hills and in strong contrast to their tranquility wharves stretch out into the water and there are great factories and warehouses near them, humming with industrial activity.

As the steamer approaches Carquinez Straits a scene of wonderful charm unfolds itself. On both sides rolling hills clothed in the richest verdure bound the horizon while below stretch to the water's edge fat fields and pas-

Pontoon Ferry at Grand Island.

tures. The red roofs of farm houses peep out from groves of poplars and willows. In the distance are Mare Island and Vallejo and before the steamer emerges from the narrows pretty Benicia with its church steeples is seen and the mind runs back to the historic days when here was the capitol of the State.

To the sportsman Suisun Bay is more interesting than the Bay of San Pablo, for here are the celebrated Suisun marshes, the favorite resort of game birds. But to the

lover of nature it is the changing effects of sky and water, the purple of the hills and the dun of the lowlands that fill the mind with exaltation. The eye roves in lazy satisfaction over scenes that artists have never yet adequately interpreted. Land and water meet in perfect harmony and the sun gilds their surfaces, softening the tints of the earth, warming the gorgeous hues of the bay and clothing the trees, the shrubs and the flowers in more glorious raiment. It matters not how interesting your book or magazine, you will cut few pages while the "Navajo" is traversing this fascinating region.

The steamer is now in the midst of the delta lands of the Sacramento River. Islands abound, small and large, some covered with dense undergrowth, others stretching into hundreds of acres of carefully cultivated grain and orchard and vegetable lands. This is a region of immense productivity, for not only do the lands yield their fruits for a hundred markets but the waters are alive with fish and inshore the nets of the Greek and Italian fishermen are spread for their catch. We pass private wharves and up long shady vistas of waving trees

The River at Grand Island.

catch glimpses of homes that evidence prosperity and happiness. They are but transient glimpses as the steamer races along, but they fill the mind with pleasant thoughts and images. Now too we pass little villages, at some of which we stop. They are full of bustle as the steamer approaches. There is freight to be loaded and unloaded, there are passengers waiting on the wharves to go aboard and friends waiting for passengers who leave the steamer, men in their shirt sleeves and broad straw hats, women and girls in light summery garments with parasols. The inevitable bare-footed boy is frolicking about and the toot of motor horns tells of farmers who are not worrying about mortgages or poor crops.

Of all these villages Rio Vista seems to me the most picturesque. Its housetops, gaily painted in green and red, emerge from the treetops. A trim little school house tops the neighboring hill, a sharp church spire points to heaven, like the finger of religion. Everything looks neat and clean and newly painted. The eye lingers long on this sweet hamlet, turning to catch a last glimpse as the steamer threads the curving channel between the islands.

Running in a narrow channel between wooded banks that have been re-enforced by the hand of man against the ravages of the flood waters, the steamer carries us now through a region of enchantment. That must be a dull unimaginative mind that does not respond to the poetry of the scene. Here one realizes how well the phrase "Netherlands of America" fits the lower river. The cool of afternoon broods on the waters which, save where churned to foam by the steamer's wheel, are as still as mountain pools. Tall trees with outstretched branches hung with moss cast fantastic shadows on them. Inviting nooks along the banks invite the wandering eye. How pleasant it would be to drift along this stream in a little boat, exploring the crannies, picking flowers and

With Breeze and Tide, a Typical Sacramento River Craft

perhaps potting a rabbit in the tangled thicket. Here and there immense dredgers, scooping tons of silt from the bed of the river, call us back from our sentimental musings to a realization of the invaluable work which the various irrigation districts are doing to deepen the waterway. They are interesting things these big dredgers with their house boat comforts. As we pass them the workers and their wives pause to wave a friendly salutation.

As we approach Sacramento the aspect changes a good deal. There are more signs of man's activities. Factories send heavenward their columns of smoke, automobiles traverse the roads and wagons laden with the produce of the teeming river lands. There is more traffic on the river, pleasure craft and craft intent only on business.

Keeping the Levees Safe. One of the Ever-Working Dredges

Then the great dome of the capitol looms in the sky and we know that our trip is nearly completed.

A pleasant trip indeed it has been; a trip to be repeated many times; a trip to be recounted to one's friends; a trip which will never be forgotten, which will never lose its charm in retrospect even if future fortune permits us to explore the other Netherlands of Europe

Sacramento

By A. L. Crane
Secretary Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

Sacramento is growing by leaps and bounds. The population has practically doubled during the past six years. Business has grown proportionately. Property values have doubled, trebled and in some instances, quadrupled. The population when the last Federal census was taken was about thirty thousand. It is more

The Steamboat Landings at Sacramento.

than sixty thousand now and growing at the rate of ten thousand a year.

Sacramento is fairly alive with vim, vigor and enterprise. New railways, overland steam lines and interurban electric lines are building to and through the city. Many new enterprises, some of them involving millions of capital, have recently been established. Bank deposits and bank clearings for each month show a marked increase over the corresponding month of last year and

Moonlight at Steamboat Slough.

of previous years. The city assessment roll increased thirty per cent in two years. The assessment of Sacramento County increased forty-seven per cent in the same period.

The rapid growth of Sacramento reflects a condition that is co-extensive with the Sacramento Valley. It is the result of an era of development due principally to the opening to settlement of Sacramento Valley lands. This settlement has only just begun; the millions of acres awaiting settlers is assurance of a much greater growth.

Sacramento is situated at the strategic point for the control of the commerce of this great valley empire, being at the head of tide water on the Sacramento River and at the natural point of convergence of railway lines crossing the State in any direction. It is and always

One of Sacramento's Busy Streets.

will be the financial, commercial and railway center. It is also an important manufacturing center, having the main shops of the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific Railways. The combined advantages of water and rail transportation and of abundant power in nearby mountain streams which electrical transmission renders easily available, insure a large industrial development.

New buildings, public buildings, business blocks and homes, are visible evidences of this growth. Both the

Inside of the Old Frontier Post—Sutter's Fort, Sacramento.

county of Sacramento and the city have undertaken large building enterprises during the past two years. The county is building a new courthouse and jail at a cost of $660,000; it is building 100 miles of macadamized roads with concrete bridges at a cost of $825,000. The city is building a city hall at a cost of $300,000, and has just completed a new high school building at a cost of $250,000.

When the Torpedo Flotilla Visited the Capital

The Southern Pacific Railroad Bridge at Sacramento.

Sacramento is situated in the center of a vast area of fertile lands. The improved sections are among the richest to be found in the State. In the river delta below this point there are a hundred thousand acres of

The Brick Factory at Riverside.

reclaimed lands that rival in fertility the Valley of the Nile. At Florin, Elk Grove and Galt, large areas are devoted to berries, grapes and fruit. This is the center of the Tokay belt. Along the American and the Cosumnes Rivers are alfalfa and corn fields. fruits and

An Orchard Landing at Ida Island.

grapes. At Fair Oaks and Orangevale large areas are devoted to oranges, olives, lemons, figs and other fruits. This county contains the principal strawberry district of the State, produces the bulk of the asparagus crop and furnishes beans to the markets of the world. Practically all the peaches, pears, plums, grapes and other deciduous fruits shipped from this State pass through Sacramento. Eighty-five per cent are grown within a radius of fifty miles.

A River Beach near Courtland

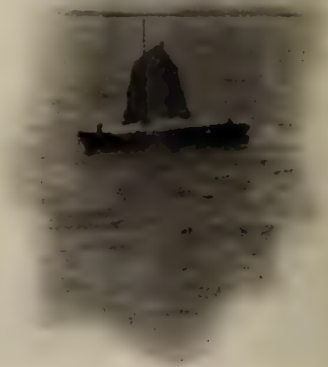
Throughout the Sacramento Valley great ranches are being offered for sale in farm tracts. Some of these are near this city, all must contribute to Sacramento's growth. Among the most important developments now

A Glimpse of the River close to Sacramento.

pending is a sale, for colonization purposes, of the Haggin ranch of 42,000 acres, which adjoins the city north, and the recent purchase for the purpose of reclamation and colonization of 60,000 acres of swamp lands east of the river near the city.

A Sacramento River Homestead

Hay Barges or Scow-Schooners



A Chinese Junklet out for Shrimps

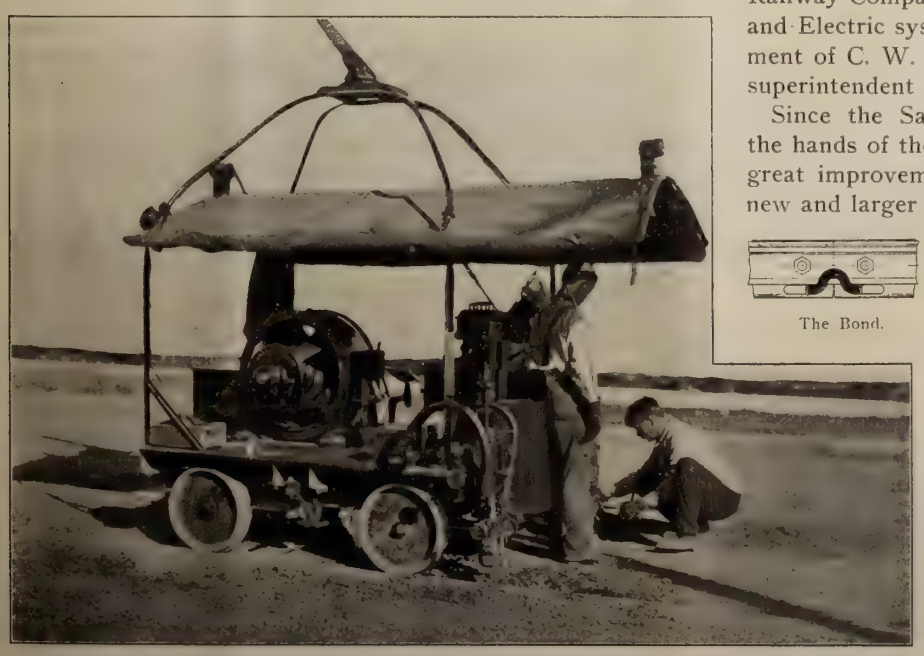
Pacific Gas and Electric Facts

One of the most troublesome things in connection with the proper maintenance of efficiency in an electric street-car system was to keep the joints of the rails so connected by a solid metal bond that there would be a continuous back circuit for the current, after passing through the trolley wire, the car motors, and the wheels, to return through the rails to the power house. The rails themselves must be slightly apart to allow for expansion during warm weather; otherwise a continuous, solidly-welded, steel rail might be used.

As these bonds were generally attached to the rails out of sight, just below the level of the roadbed, they used to receive scant attention, and the losses of electric power through a defective track-return circuit were sometimes considerable. Then a rail-bonding device, mounted on a trolley car and operated by electricity taken from the trolley wire, was introduced. The purpose of this bonding car was to create intense heat at the point needed and then weld into clean, burnished spots on the two adjoining rails a connecting piece of heavy copper. The weld is so perfectly made by this means that no cracks or fissures are left to grow wider through wear and erosion. The junction thus formed is so complete that no force can tear away that bond; it is fused to stay. It cannot be removed except after considerable mutilation and a lot of work with proper tools. The operation of brazing a bond to ordinary rails takes from forty-five to sixty seconds, using an alternating current of about 2,000 amperes at five volts, after converting and transforming about twenty amperes at 500 volts taken from the trolley wire.

All the necessary apparatus is mounted on a small trolley car. The accompanying illustration shows the bonding car used by the Sacramento street-car system, which is owned by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. The man squatting down is holding the bond, but he is no "bloated bond-holder." That is Paul R. Shipley, the foreman.

The car is provided with a small portable electric grinder for burnishing perfectly smooth the spots to which the bond is to be fused. A brass-lined bonding clamp is adjusted. On the burnished side of the rail this clamp holds a carbon electrode pressing the copper bond against the spot where the weld is to be made, and on the opposite side of the rail the clamp holds close a copper electrode. Then, as the electric current passes from one electrode to the other, through the bond terminal and the rail, the carbon becomes incandescent and, combined with the great current density in the surface of the steel, generates the heat required to produce a perfect weld at the exact spot desired.



The Electric Rail-Bonding Car, and Foreman Shipley of the Company's Car Shops at Sacramento.

The Bond.

Near the northern outskirts of Sacramento the Pacific Gas and Electric Company owns an amusement ground known as Oak Park. It is operated in connection with the company's twenty-nine miles of city trolley-car system. The park consists of an area of tree-shaded lawns, a skating-rink building, a scenic railway, a theatre building, various nickel-getting sideshows; and the Sacramento baseball grounds and grandstand. The accompanying picture, from a snapshot taken when the buck was not defying the trespasser, shows the deer in the paddock near the skating-rink. The buck (on the right) was presented to the park about three years ago by George Wisseman, and its mate, eating with it, was presented by Charles Hart. The doe in the foreground is their young one, and was born at the park.

Deer in Oak Park.

In January of 1906 the Sacramento Electric Gas and Railway Company became a part of the Pacific Gas and Electric system, and is now under the management of C. W. McKillip, with Edward S. Jones as superintendent of the gas works.

Since the Sacramento works have passed into the hands of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company great improvements have been made in the plant, new and larger sets of oil-gas generators have been installed, new purifiers have been constructed, and a 500,000 cubic-foot storage holder has been built. The street-main system has also been extended to keep up with the growth of the city, and a high-pressure gas system has been installed at Oak Park. Recently it was decided to increase the oil-storage capacity at the gas works, and a 10,000-barrel steel oil-tank was placed upon a barge in San Francisco and towed up the Sacramento River to the yard at the gas works.

The California National Bank of Sacramento

Not only a land mark, and a conspicuous figure among the buildings of Sacramento, but also an enormous power for good is the California National Bank. Its handsome red sandstone building stands on the corner of Fourth and J streets, and is at the present time undergoing large and extensive alterations and additions.

The bank was originally incorporated under the title of "California State Bank," March 31, 1882, with a small paid up capital of fifty thousand dollars. It began business with three employees, and seven officers. The original quarters were in the building on the southwest corner of Fourth and J streets, now occupied by another bank, and it was in the summer of 1889 that operations were begun for the erection of the present handsome building. In January, 1907, the institution was nationalized, under the title of "The California National Bank, of Sacramento."

In contrast with its humble beginning, it is interesting to note that its present capitalization, surplus and undivided profits show one million, four hundred thousand dollars, with total assets of over ten millions. Its employees now number nearly fifty people, and some idea of the steady expansion of business may be gained from the fact that the alterations and additions now in progress, will give an increased floor space of three to one; six new teller cages, large additional private office, and a handsome Directors' Room. The present safe deposit vaults will be converted into an additional cash vault, and new safe deposit valuts, four times the capacity of the present ones are being built. These new safe deposit valuts are being built of twenty-four inch concrete, reinforced with a net work of steel rails. Next to this, on the inside of the valult lie four inches of Manganese steel, taken from the rock crushers of the gold dredging companies. These jaws are the hardest Manganese known, and are absolutely drill proof. Inside of this, on the inside of the vault lie four inches of Maninches of armour plate, similar to that used by the United States Government on its battleships. The door alone will weigh over fifteen thousand pounds, and will be one of the latest and most approved models, operated by the latest Yale time locks.

In all the years of its existence, the California National Bank has played an active and prominent part in every movement which has had for its object the uplift and betterment not only of Sacramento, but of the great valley, as well.

Its Directorate are men of wide experience and skill, and the influence of their work has permeated the whole of the institution.

The Central California Traction Company

The Sacramento Valley is growing rich in electric railroads, and the latest addition to the net work of steel rails, which are rapidly grid-ironing the valley in every direction, is the Central California Traction Company.

This road will be another connecting link between Sacramento and Stockton, and is practically built all the way between those two cities. Leaving Sacramento on Eighth and J streets, the line runs south to X street, skirts the edge of the city to Thirtieth street, runs through Oak Park, one of Sacramento's leading suburbs, out on to the Upper Stockton Road. This road is traversed for a short distance, until the line reaches the new subdivision owned by the company, called Colonial Heights, a subdivision which is destined to be the handsomest and most ideal residence section which Sacramento will enjoy. Leaving Colonial Heights, the road will run through a great vineyard and dairying country, touching several large vineyards, hitherto without direct transportation, passes close to the town of Florin, crosses the Cosumnes River, and thence on to Lodi, where it connects with the section of the road which runs direct to Stockton.

The enormous value of this new transportation to Sacramento cannot be over estimated. It will open up territory hitherto only accessible by country road; it will afford farmers, fruit growers, dairy men and poultry men new markets for their products, and facilities for doing their shopping in large centers.

The road itself is a splendid example of modern railway building, its construction and road bed being equal to any transcontinental line. The equipment will be of the best, thus enabling the company to maintain very fast schedules, and a most convenient service.

Mr. George W. Peltier is the guiding spirit of the road. He has taken a personal interest in all its operations from the preliminary work to its opening, and the vigor with which he has prosecuted every movement has contributed very largely to its success.

Colonial Heights, the new subdivision just opened by the company is being laid out with beautiful parks and boulevards; it will have cement side walks, curbings and gutters; the lots are wide and deep, and thanks to the Central California Traction Company, it will enjoy a suburban service similar to no other, with a line running to it, past it, and through it. Already many people are buying home sites there.

Ryde, the Port of Grand Island (Northern Bank).

A Bit of the House Boat Colony at Sacramento.

MLLE. FLORETTA

Premiere aerialist with Grigolati's famous aerial ballet who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

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Corporation-Baiting

The attitude of the Administration toward railway corporations as indicated by recent developments at Washington is decidedly gratifying to everybody who believes that these corporations are making too much money and that checks should be put upon them. What the effect of this attitude may have on the country at large is another matter not to be quite apprehended at the present moment. We are not inclined to indulge in pessimistic prophecy. But at the same time we are not to be persuaded by corporation-baiters that the present situation is not fraught with menace. This situation is but an aggravation of that which was precipitated by Mr. Taft's predecessor when he began urging governmental supervision of corporations and characterizing as visionary the hope of adequate control by the several States. Along with uncertainty as to the final outcome of the agitation by a Republican President of the principles that were once regarded as distinctly Bryaniac came the halt in that "abounding prosperity" about which Mr. Roosevelt was exceedingly enthusiastic in his first annual message of 1901. Now that uncertainty seems about to be succeeded by something definite perhaps we should rejoice on the theory that it is better to hasten the inevitable evil day than to remain disquieted and disturbed. Apparently public sentiment is in favor of empowering the politicians to harass the railroads as much as they please. And doubtless it is better that the public should experience the effect of indulging the politicians than that it should be kept in ignorance of the folly of such indulgence.

Our Thrifty Italian Fellow-Citizens

Now that the searchlight of official inquiry has been thrown into our Italian colony it is easy to comprehend the amazing prosperity of our Latin Quarter. It will be remembered that our thrifty fellow-citizens from sunny Italy astonished us by their enterprise and celerity immediately after the great tragedy of 1906. Long before the insurance companies began pouring out their golden treasure the pactolian stream was flowing through the channels of commerce at North Beach, flushing them of debris, and insuring a rich harvest for the building trades. Not figuratively, but actually, were the ruins of the old town still smoldering, when the Italian banks—and there are more of them than of any other kind—opened for business, not a little of which consisted in emptying tin cans and stockings that had been handed over the counters by representatives of the fish, vegetable, flower and scavenger industries. Prosperity was burgeoning in the Latin Quarter months before it took root elsewhere, and the first signs of rehabilitation were those that were manifested in that populous section where the air is ever fragrant with the allium sativum and race suicide is unknown. The phenomena that excited much comment in the spring of 1906 we can now understand. The Italians of San Francisco have a genius for organizing business. Our greatest trust magnates can get pointers worth having from the astute gentlemen who, availing themselves for assets of the fish in the sea, constructed a perennial corner in crabs and transformed the humble sand-dab into an aristocratic pompano to become the staple of a giant monopoly. Wizards in finance are these scions of the ancient world-conquerors of the Mediterranean. They have built up in our midst not one but several monopolies, and all of them are Latin from top to bottom. Italians catch fish for an Italian trust, and the fish are marketed by Italians. Our vegetables and our flowers are raised by Italians for Italians and they are marketed by Italians. Assuredly from the commercial standpoint at least the Italian is not at all inferior to the Yankee.

Our Vanishing Factories

The Examiner has discovered that San Francisco has not all the industries that it should have. But the Examiner does not tell us the reason why. It affects the belief, however, that more industries would be flourishing in San Francisco if all of us could be induced to cultivate the habit of buying home products. "San Francisco should be a great cotton manufacturing city," says the Examiner; "and the boots and shoes for the whole Pacific Coast should be made here too"; also, "San Francisco should have great furniture factories." Nothing is needed, we are told, but energy. Let energy be developed and "capital will be forthcoming." All of which would be amusing to local capitalists who have been forced out of business by organized labor were it not for the sadness that tinges their emotions when they are reminded of the days agone when San Francisco was on a footing with other cities in the matter of the price of labor. Not many years ago San Francisco manufactured boots, shoes and furniture for the whole Pacific Coast. It also manufactured a great deal of clothing and a great deal of machinery. One by one the manufacturers either went out of business or established their factories in other cities. It is not hard to learn the reason why. Those that have remained to apply their energies in other fields are not reluctant to discuss the story of the transition. The melancholy fact is that San Francisco has suffered greatly at the hands of organized labor, and that as a consequence rival centres of industry have grown up on the Pacific Coast. Now it does no good to sequester the truth when discussing the slump in our commercial affairs. To this slump and to nothing else must be attributed the comparatively small increase in the population of San Francisco in the last ten years. The telling of the truth is not conclusive of an unreasonable hostility to the fundamental principles of unionism. The justness of those principles are universally acknowledged. Nor is the average employer in San Francisco prejudiced against labor in its efforts to secure decent treatment; but every employer of labor knows that the unions have availed themselves unreasonably and unjustly of the strength of the position which they have obtained in this city. And while conditions remain as they are we need not look for the application of energy to the revival of abandoned industries. On the contrary we are bound to see others languish into inanition. Even now the Union Iron Works, once the pride of the city, affords us an example of the dismal trend of affairs. The plant that once employed six thousand men, supporting families comprising nearly twenty thousand people, has now about a thousand wage-earners on the pay-roll. The firm that put the Oregon into service, that constructed some of the finest war vessels of our navy will now consider itself lucky if permitted to build one or two submarine boats.

A Glimmer of Sanity

Among the refreshing signs of the times is one that indicates a suspicion in the minds of magazine editors that the public is surfeited with muck. Occasionally nowadays one may find a magazine in which there is nothing of special interest to lovers of detraction and defamation, nothing calculated to strengthen popular distrust of conservative statesmen or to foster the delusion that to regenerate the nation we must emancipate ourselves from all the restraints of our representative form of government. So great a change has come over the spirit of some of our magazine editors that they are actually engaged in repairing reputations that but a short time ago they seemed bent on utterly destroying. For example the Metropolitan for May accords posthumous justice to the late E. H. Harriman, one of the many victims of that most popular of all calumniators, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Truth, the child of time, has come to vindicate the great railroad magnate. We learn from testimony that cannot be gainsaid that he was not only innocent of the things of which he was accused, but that in more than one instance good and even generous actions for which he deserved the highest praise were stamped with the imputation of bad motives. Not less rich in lessons for the susceptible and misguided public is an article in McClure's for June from the pen of Asher C. Hinds, parliamentary clerk of the House of Representatives, which treats of the subject matter of the recent sensational squabble between Speaker Cannon and the insurgents. From Mr. Hinds we learn of the insincerity of the men who have been making political capital out of their opposition to the Speaker's methods. Men of intelligence may not be in need of enlightenment on this subject. None, perhaps, but the average citizen, has been deluded by the howling demagogues of the House. But even those that are more or less familiar with the situation, and that are not to be deceived by the simulation of outraged feelings, will find much to interest them in what Mr. Hinds has written. For he not only explains why the rules are as they are and why the enforcement of them is essential to orderly procedure, but he enlivens his exposition with historical narrative from which we learn that insurgency in a mild form has been practiced since the second decade of the last century. As long ago as 1812, when Henry Clay presided over the House of Representatives, John Randolph of Roanoke declared that "the last relic of freedom of debate" had disappeared from the House. The history of the House is interspersed with similar discoveries with respect to this last intangible relic. Fifty years ago Thomas S. Babcock of Virginia, who became the Speaker of the First Congress of the Southern Confederacy, hit the nail on the head when he said "Whatever goes wrong in the House of Representatives, whatever a man has to explain before his constituents, he is very apt to attribute to the rules of the House of Representatives." And it was about the same time that Clement Vallandigham of Ohio declared on the floor of the House: "Your Speaker, whatever his natural disposition may be, is, by the necessities of his office, a despot." Thus we see that friction between the Speaker and a militant minority is far from being either a phenomenon of the current dispensation or the result of the peculiar and malign obstinacy of Joe Cannon. It is true that for the first time it has produced a conflagration, but the spectacular consummation is altogether theatrical as we may learn from McClure's. And now let us hope that other magazines will soon realize that muckraking is not the only kind of journalism worth while; that the other side of the story may be worth telling; that perhaps for the public there is as much entertainment in the truth about insurgents as in the fiction that has popularized demagoguery and paralyzed the imagination of the masses.

Roosevelt's Fatal Gift of Gab

We have been waiting a long time for Colonel Roosevelt's unbridled tongue to "shake out its master's undoing," and at length it appears that the inevitable has happened. Giving rein to the habit of speaking his mind for the edification of mankind, it will probably be found that the fox has brayed like an ass once too often. Infantile is the apprehension to which the Colonel's latest enormity is inaccessible. Among his ardent admirers at home there may be many who regard his boorish impertinence as nothing more than a characteristic specimen of the sublime frankness of their candid hero. But there are certainly few so obtuse as not to perceive that the sentiments which he expressed touching the politics of Egypt are bound to produce a relaxation of his hold on the public imagination. The indications are that the American Napoleon has blundered egregiously. If he is en route to St. Helena before getting back from Elba some of us will be profoundly grateful. Yet at the same time none of us should be insensible of the humiliation that he has brought upon the nation. By his conduct not only in England but wherever he has peacocked since his emergence from the African jungle he has been an object lesson in the science of government, inspiring most unpleasant criticism of republican institutions. What are men of intelligence to infer with respect to a people that has made a prodigious idol of this featherbrain quack; of a people to whom he is a fetich, a world-straddling Colossus, the incarnation of all virtue and wisdom, the ultimate salvation of a nation? Philosophers have said that to recognize the principle of equality is to insure the triumph of mediocrity. Does not their judgment appear to have been vindicated by the purblind homage that we have paid to our Bombastes Furioso of Kettle Hill? Democracy, we are told, rests on the legal fiction that the majority has not only force but reason on its side, the consequence being that it hands over the decision of all that is greatest to all that is the most incapable. Does not this observation receive color both from the applause that we have given to charlatanism and the protracted morbidity of Rooseveltism? The impression that it does, we may be sure, is prevalent in Europe now that Europe has become intimately acquainted with the First Citizen of the Republic.

The Man and His Epoch

Assuredly with the dawning of Roosevelt on the intelligence of Europe has come an awakening. There

The Hub.
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No Branch Stores—No Agents.

THE ARRIVAL OF SEVERAL LINES OF NEW SUMMER GOODS PUTS US IN A POSITION TO SHOW YOU FASHION'S LATEST DECREE. YOU ONLY SEE MEN'S CLOTHES WHEN YOU COME HERE, AND THEY ARE THE BEST MADE.

JEWELERS' BUILDING
Post Street, Near Kearny, San Francisco.

was a time when Europe thought that Roosevelt was a statesman of profound genius. The European estimate of him was based on what seemed to be the judgment of the pharisaical, mob-coddling American press. Furthermore the judgment of many Europeans was unconsciously influenced in his favor by his aspersions on the institutions of his country and his intemperate animadversions on the methods of our politicians, our financiers and our great industrial concerns. His lamentations over the failure of the Constitution, his strictures on the courts, his philippics against undesirable citizens—all these extravagances of a pampered Ego appealed to European prejudice against the United States, and won for the archetype of all our uplifters the unbounded admiration of our severest critics. Pleased were they to regard him as a great patriot who was resolved to redeem his vulgar country and purge it of corruption. Now they have a quite different opinion of him. At close range they have discovered that he is mainly an egotist, lacking in mental poise and devoid of discretion. His culture they know to be sham, his ideals of the worst primitive nature. They are amazed that a man whose mental equipment is so light should have been able to create an epoch in one of the most powerful of civilized countries. Yet the prodigy of his performance is much greater than they are able to conceive. Mr. Roosevelt's achievements are to be considered miraculous for the same reason that we consider miraculous the performances of the mediocrities whom Christ chose for his Apostles. Despite his limitations such was the potency of his personality that he did even more than create an epoch. He revolutionized our standards and principles of morality; he made our reverence for the handiwork of our forefathers fall into decay; he threw so powerful a spell over the masses that they believed him incapable of doing wrong and worshiped him most when he did wrong. And the masses have yet to recover from his malign influence. They still regard the betrayal of a confidence as one of the most beautiful of the virtues. A Kerby they believe to be qualified for sainthood. The principle that the end justifies the means they approve with all the enthusiasm with which it was first employed by their idol and mentor. The masses have yet to return to peace, sobriety and steady habits. The obliteration of hysteria, quack reform and fictitious strenuosity has yet to be accomplished. Mr. Roosevelt's notion of reform continues to obtain throughout the country. Our sense of justice is as defective today as it was the day that we read the "Dear Maria" letters, as it was the day we learned of the Machiavellian treatment that Harriman received. We are still in need of that refinement of manners which facilitates apprehension of the absurd and the banal. We need a Fielding or a Hogarth, a Swift or a Voltaire to sharpen our perceptive faculties, to enable us to differentiate a confidence game from a square deal. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt may not be able to work us again, but assuredly it would be absurd to consider ourselves immune.

Unworthiness

Love turned upon the secret ways and fled,
  Pursued by phantoms to his guarded keep,
  Where lay he safe and desolate to weep.
Forlorn as Hope, his heart renewed and bled
And the lone anguish smote him with a dread
  And barren sorrow. Still he heard the deep
  And threatening cry that drove him from the steep
Remoter height where he had dared to tread.
His eyes uplifted to the mountain sought
  That evermore lost form and face that shone
  Like the fair promise of an unknown land.
He knew himself for evermore alone,
  For where he had not stood and had not fought
  There stood the angel with the flaming brand.

—Alfred E. Randall

Perspective Impressions

Hiram Johnson says that if the polls were opened this week he would be elected. Hiram thinks that he is as close to God as he was to Langdon.

Counterfeiters ought to be eager to break into the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri, where a plant for the manufacture of bogus money has been in operation twenty years.

Labor Commissioner McKenzie is being abused for telling the truth about the need of Oriental labor in California. Which reminds us of the saying of Bishop Horne, "If anyone will tell me how truth may be spoken without offending some, I will spare no labor to learn the art of it."

"I am impelled to speak mainly because of my deep concern in the welfare of mankind and future civilization. My first thought is bound to be for the welfare of the masses of mankind." Theodore Roosevelt speaking as an emissary of Heaven at Guild Hall, London, May 31, 1910.

When Poultney Bigelow made a flying trip to the Panama Canal and passed judgment on the work that was being done there Theodore Roosevelt expressed his astonishment, saying that the character of Bigelow's judgment was to be inferred from the brevity of his visit. As the Colonel spent less than a week in Egypt may we not apply the same principle for the purpose of deduction?

The success of the Spreckels-Phelan publicity bureau in spreading the reputation of San Francisco for corruption is evidenced by George Bernard Shaw's allusion to this city in his discussion of Colonel Roosevelt's Guild Hall speech. Of graft in Pittsburg, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia Shaw has not been informed, so he holds up this city as the one and only horrible example.

The Illinois legislature that was bribed to elect Lorimer to the United States Senate was chosen at a direct primary. Nevertheless our faith in the belief that the voice of the people is the voice of God must not be shaken.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(This serial account of the adventures of a fugitive from the vengeance of the Vigilance Committee begins with the history of the circumstances that led to the organization of that so-called law and order body. McGowan has told us of his escape from San Francisco, of his flight to Santa Barbara and of the many romantic episodes that marked his career during the months he was in hiding. All the while the Vigilance Committee kept up a search for him, and he was assured of being hanged if captured. In the seventh instalment the reader accompanies him to the home of Dr. Nicholas A. Den where he was given protection, and where he remained until, as we learn in the eighth instalment, his friends arranged for a journey to Sacramento where the legislature was in session—Editor's Note)

(Tenth Instalment)

We remained in Stockton the whole of that day, and then turned our horses' heads in the direction of Sacramento. For the first six miles the road lay through a lake of water, formed by the recent heavy rains, and in many places it came up to the horses' flanks.

After riding but a short distance further we came to Wood's Ferry, where we stopped to feed our horses and dine. At this place we met Mr. John Hodges, a partner of Judge Terry in the proprietorship of "Terry and Hodges' Mills," which, as many will remember, were burned down while Judge Terry was imprisoned by the Vigilance Committee. After dinner he pressed us to accompany him to his home and pass the night. As we did not care to reach Sacramento till Saturday night, we accepted his kind invitation, and accordingly set out for the mill, which is some ten miles off the road, and situated on the Mokelumne river. On arriving at the crossing place near the mill we found that the water had risen so much that it was idle to attempt to ford the river, and so remained on the side where we were, and found lodgings with some young friends of Mr. Hodges, who treated us very kindly, refusing any compensation for their hospitality.

In the morning we mounted our horses and bidding farewell to our hosts, commenced the last day's ride of our weary pilgrimage. We rode on without stopping or meeting with anything of interest until we came to the ranch of Mr. Thomas Harrigan, the proprietor of the Centerville Race Course, a few miles from Sacramento. Here we concluded that it was advisable to halt, and get some information as to how matters stood before venturing into the city. We found everything all right, however; for my friend Harrigan, who was delighted to see me, informed us that friends were prepared for our arrival, having been expecting it for several days. Accordingly, after partaking of a hearty supper, we again mounted and, shortly after night, rode into the capital. We put up our horses at a livery stable, and repaired at once to the Magnolia Hotel. I immediately sent for Mr. Charles T. Botts, a lawyer of eminence in Sacramento, and engaged his professional services. A writ of habeas corpus was prepared, to be sued out in case the sheriff of San Francisco, hearing of my arrival, should be compelled, in the discharge of his duty, to come to Sacramento to arrest me, and preparations were made to draft such a bill to be introduced into the Legislature as would meet the circumstances of my case.

These steps being taken, about eleven o'clock, I went with some friends to the bar of the Magnolia to drink, and, though I saw dozens of faces around me, I was not recognized by one. Every one took me for a ragged old miner just come in from "the diggings." It was soon known, however, that I had arrived, and I was visited by swarms of friends. I did not get to bed that night until three o'clock. I arose early in the morning, and placing myself in charge of my good friend William Williamson, Esq., I proceeded at once to a clothing store, and dressed myself in a full suit of decent apparel, and in the course of the morning a friend sent me a present of a very stylish White Hat, which I immediately donned and felt that "Richard was himself again."

It was thought advisable that on that day (Sunday) I should see as many of my friends as possible, and make the acquaintance of those new members whom I did not know, in order that I might tell them my story, and my reasons for asking the passage of the law which was being prepared. Accordingly I remained in my room holding a sort of levee and my friends must have brought nearly a thousand persons to see me. I stated my case to those on whose power I was compelled to rely, and had every reason to believe that my application would not be made to the Legislature in vain. That night I thought it prudent to leave the hotel, lest the officers of San Francisco should arrive late, and a hearing of the writ (it being Sunday) could not be obtained. Accordingly I went with a friend to a retired part of the city, letting but few know the place of my retreat. On awaking the next morning I inquired for the San Francisco papers, being desirous of seeing how my return to the upper regions suited my Vigilante friends, and one of the first things that met my eye was the following from the San Francisco Bulletin of Sunday, March 1st:

> Ned McGowan, the ubiquitous, has actually arrived in Sacramento. This time there is no humbug about it. He puts up at the "Magnolia" Hotel, where during all of yesterday he was the centre of a large circle of admirers with the like of whom this city swarms at present. Sacramento at this time resembles one of the old Jewish "Cities of Refuge," where murderers and other criminals could flee for shelter from the avengers of blood. How long this state of things shall continue depends entirely upon the inhabitants themselves, and of course is no business of the San Franciscans.

The next day, my counsel, Mr. Botts, set about the drafting of a proper bill for myself, to be introduced into the Legislature. It was thought, however, on reflection, that a copy of my indictment had better first be procured in order that the bill might be made to hold water at all points, and exactly meet my case without the possibility of its object being defeated by any "after-claps" in the way of technical quibbles. Accordingly a telegraphic despatch was sent to a friend in San Francisco requesting him to go to the office of the county clerk and procure a copy and send it up at once. Lo! and behold, however, it was ascertained, on application, that, notwithstanding the indictment had been found ten months previously, there had been filed no such document in the clerk's office of the court in which I was to be tried! After much diligent inquiry, it was found that the exceedingly scrupulous and careful district attorney of that county, Mr. H. H. Byrne, had actually deposited it in bank, lest, I suppose, some of my friends in their anxiety for my safety, might steal it from the county clerk, and thus expose his precious carcass to the wrath of his great "bug-bear," the Vigilance Committee, of which institution, doubtless for sufficient reasons of his own, he stood in mortal dread. He probably would have spared himself this precaution had he known that, attributing my indictment more to his base and selfish cowardice and ingratitude than to a conviction on the part of the grand jury that I was guilty, I always intended, conscious of my own innocence, to return and be tried whenever I could safely do so.

After some trouble the copy was procured and sent up to Sacramento, and the bill being prepared on the third day of March, it was placed in the hands of G. Jefferson Hunt of San Bernardino County, one of the most influential members of the Assembly, to be by him introduced into that body. The bill provided for a change of

(Continued on Page 31.)

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Desolate

Under the moon, on a night of June,
I played in the desert on my bassoon:
It was most wonderful and grim
To play to the listening Seraphim;
It was most marvelous to play
In the lonely desert, under the moon,
While a lion sang to the deep bassoon:
And louder I played, with a touch of iron;
For I was desolate and grim,
And my heart was one with the heart of the lion,
Tuned by the holy Seraphim.

—E. H. Visiak.

The Forest Theatre at Carmel

Being an Explanation of the Aims of the Carmelites in Their Projected Open Air Play House Written by One of the Projectors

By Michael Williams

A copy of the Call for May 9 has reached me here, where I am temporarily staying, and I find it contains an article attributing to me the honor of having suggested the idea of The Forest Theater of Carmel-by-the-Sea. It is true that the present movement toward realising the idea of an open air theater at Carmel (which movement appears to possess vitality, and to promise success) was initiated by me, but the actual steps in the matter were taken by Mr. Herbert Heron, who is the stage manager of the Forest Theater Society, and himself a practical actor, and a dramatist besides. To his energy and enthusiasm allied to his expert knowledge, are due the fine beginning of the dramatic work at Carmel. But everybody is helping. It is largely a group movement. The idea has been in the air at Carmel a long time. Mary Austin cherished it, and promoted it when here. And it is a part of a general plan for artistic work of a more than personal kind which is being wrought out at Carmel.

I trust you will allow me to take this opportunity to say something regarding the aims and objects of The Forest Theater Society, as the subject is of some public interest and much public importance.

In the first place, The Forest Theater Society is not in any way a commercial enterprise. While it will be our aim, and, we trust, our achievement, to make the venture pay for itself, and something over (as much over, indeed, as possible), nevertheless, The Forest Theater Society is not in any way a commercial enterprise. If we make any money above actual expenses—and, as you see above, I hope we will—this excess will be applied to enlarge and extend our dramatic work—or other artistic enterprises. For instance, an artistic magazine. All such plans as there, however, lie in the future. All I want to do by mentioning them at present is to make it clear that this is purely an artistic movement.

All over the civilized world today there is a renaissant movement in dramatic art. Particularly is this true of the English speaking countries. Perhaps because they so sadly needed a revival of dramatic art do these countries now seem so prominent in the dramatic world.

In many of the great cities—London, Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, New York, Chicago, and elsewhere—artistic repertory, or "independent," or subsidized, theaters are springing up and meeting with deserved success. After having been looked upon for many generations as a mere after-dinner entertainment, or time-killer (save when Shakespeare was presented) the drama is now being recognized by an ever-growing body of people as an Art, comparable to poetry, and music, and prose literature. It is seen to be an instrument of creative life, even as the sister arts are when employed at their best uses. Not only in special theaters, but on the general commercial stage is the new spirit being welcomed. Animated by the hope of contributing worthwhile efforts to the cause of the dramatic renaissance, The Forest Theater Society was organized. We have an exceptional opportunity. We feel we can do something at Carmel that would be very difficult or perhaps impossible to accomplish elsewhere. As all know who have ever had the happiness of visiting it, Carmel is wonderfully beautiful. All the influences there make for beauty. Poets, novelists, and other writers, some of them of national importance, live there, as well as artists of other kinds, and many intellectual people, some of them connected with our universities.

Those who do not make Carmel their all-the-year home come in the summer and at Christmas, and other times. And continually there come and go artists, travelers, cultured people of all grades. Thus, a theater at Carmel, devoted to the highest kind of drama—and to that alone—has a most exceptional opportunity for achieving the best kind of success. It is Beauty in the drama that will be striven for at Carmel. The beauty that is truth—the truth of poetry, the truth of honest prose realistic drama, the truth of the dance, the truth of masques; in short, realizing that Beauty has many aspects, The Forest Society will try its best not only to understand and interpret the truth and beauty of Shakespeare, but also the truth and beauty of Ibsen—the mystic truth of Maeterlinck—and the logical truth of Shaw. But much more than this, the Forest Society will aim first of all at understanding and interpreting the works of American dramatists, preferably the new and untried ones. Realizing that drama, like all the arts, must continually experiment, and try new forms, and adapt itself to evolution, the Forest Society sees clearly even before it begins its work that it is going to make many mistakes in staging new works—but it also clearly sees that to stage but one authentic work of dramatic art that might have been lost but for it, would be to achieve a magnificent success.

There are many people (and not all of them Californians, either!) who find reason to believe that the Golden State is the predestined chief province of American art, in many branches. In literature, California's contribution to the nation's creative art is already splendid and famous. In painting, too, she has done wonders. Why not in drama as well? If the Forest Theater Society remains true to the ideals that inspire it now, California may be given reasons to feel proud of it.

—Rosemont, Arizona, May 13, 1910

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The Spectator

Berkeley Professors Want Carnegie's Money

From the despatches we learn that Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, has discovered that an enormous number of ill-trained doctors have been graduated from cheap medical schools. Dr. Pritchett has discovered many things that are not mentioned in the despatches. He has discovered for example that the professors of our State University are not entitled to share in the pension fund of the Carnegie Foundation because the Hastings College of Law does not come up to the required standard. This is the college of which the good Dr. E. Robeson Taylor is dean, and the students of which are so ill-trained that they are unconscious of the impropriety of contributing to public clamor in courts of justice where men are on trial for their liberty. Dr. Pritchett's attitude toward the Hastings College of Law has been the cause of much heartburning in the faculty of our State University, the members of which believe they could perform their duties with much greater enthusiasm if they had before them the pleasing prospect of pocketing a little of Carnegie's tainted money in the less halcyon years to come. The philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt for money does not run very deep in Berkeley. Even in the academic groves, where intellect has its apotheosis Mammon that has enriched his thousands and damned his ten thousands is seated securely on his throne. Hence the frequent discussion that has been had there of the melancholy situation arising out of the deficiencies of the Hastings Law College. As a result of these discussions Dr. Pritchett has been an honored guest at Berkeley. He has been wined and dined there, and otherwise cajoled and coddled to the end that he might conclude that the Hastings College to the contrary notwithstanding the general average of the university was such as to subdue his scruples.

The Regents Implored

But the professors of Berkeley have learned that in order to qualify for a pension out of a private fund they must induce the regents to make the Hastings College conform with the Pritchett standards. And this they are eager to do despite the principle involved. This principle has been enunciated by certain ultra-dignified and dry-as-dust critics of the Carnegie Foundation. They have said that it might be all right for private schools to adopt regulations for the benefit of their professors, but that it might be highly improper for a State University to do so. According to their view of the matter a university supported by the people of a State ought to be conducted with a view to the best interests of the people of that particular State rather than in deference to the whims and crotchets of some multi-millionaire. Now, it is argued that the Hastings College of Law is an institution designed to make it possible for any young man to enter upon the study of law and that if it were standardized to enable the Berkeley professors to draw a pension the whole spirit of it would be altered. It is further argued that in view of the selfish motive of the Berkeley faculty the regents should not be guided by the proposals emanating therefrom. Furthermore it is suggested that a sense of delicacy should restrain the Berkeley professors from taking action in a matter which they cannot be expected to resolve impartially. But the professors have taken action. The professors of Berkeley are great moralists. And they are ever as ready to determine issues between themselves and the people of the State as they are to pass judgment on issues between other individuals and the people of the State. Therefore they have not hesitated to implore the regents to pay deference to the Carnegie Foundation.

A Cautious Pittsburgher

A few days ago a stranger entered the Fairmont and wrote in the register "R. J. Rust." He asked for good rooms and was shown to a suite overlooking the bay.

EUGENE J. DE SABLA JR.

Returning to the office he expressed his satisfaction with the accommodations and taking a pen wrote after his name, "Pittsburg, Pa." The clerk regarded him with questioning curiosity. "It is very simple," said Mr. Rust with a smile in answer to the clerk's look. "I do a great deal of traveling and I happen to be a resident of Pittsburg. All over the country there is a conviction that a traveler from Pittsburg has rolls of yellow bills to throw at the birdies. I am not poor but I am not one of Carnegie's multi-millionaires, so I take the precaution at all the hotels where I stop to secure my accommodations before I make known where I come from. I do not insinuate that the precaution would be necessary here, but I have found it well worth my while in some hotels and I take no chances. I am willing to pay my way but not to pay double because of an accident of birth. Do you blame me?" And the clerk admitted that he did not.

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UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Kirkpatrick's Blunder

Colonel Kirkpatrick of the Palace finds that he made a blunder in the arrangement of the chairs and settees in the beautiful lobby of the new hotel. At the northern end the furniture is upholstered in stamped leather while at the southern end of the corridor it is done in damask and tapestry. Now the sun shines brightly at the southern end of the lobby and the politicians who love to bask in the sun almost as much as in the favor of a boss have preempted that part of the lobby for their own. While other guests are content with the leather accommodations the pollies sprawl on the red damask and the blue tapestry chairs and settees and these are beginning to show signs of wear. What wonder? when country office seekers scratch matches on the priceless pieces or attack them with jackknives or dent them with the barrels of their heavy revolvers or knick them with their carelessly disposed hobnailed shoes. As it is impossible to move the politicians out of the sun Colonel Kirkpatrick is thinking of putting the durable leather chairs and settees below the "political line" and shifting the more valuable furniture to the other end of the lobby. Of course he might put up a sign: "No politicians wanted" but what would the Palace be without the politicians?

The Good Judge Wilbur

There are certain salutary reflections which just at present commend themselves very seriously to Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of Los Angeles for whom the cloistered and fugitive virtue has no attractions. Imbued with the spirit of the times, and apparently unaware that a superfetation of virtue in job-chasers has provoked impatience in Heaven as is evident from the fate that is overtaking the righteous overmuch, Judge Wilbur has sallied forth to win the suffrages of the people by prejudicing voters against his fellow-citizens. Up and down the State he is going, making broad his phylacteries and thanking God he is not as other men. This is unprofitable business as every student of the Bible knows, and Judge Wilbur is immersed in the Scriptures in all his leisure moments. So fond is he of the Bible that he thinks it an outrage that it is not used in all our public schools, which is one of the reasons why his long-haired friends in Los Angeles think that he should be elevated to the Supreme Court. Now singularly enough Judge Wilbur is behaving in a manner against which the Bible abounds in warnings. "Come not near to me, for I am holier than thou" is a sentiment the Bible tells us to which utterance is given only by men who are a smoke in the nose of the Almighty. Yet Judge Wilbur has made this sentiment the shibboleth of his campaign. He asks the people to vote for him because as the courts are corrupt they should vote for "men of truth, God-fearing men and haters of unjust gain." Thus does Judge Wilbur modestly stamp himself with the Hall-Mark. Thus does he proclaim his own goodness; thus, in defiance of the Bible's warnings, does he justify himself before men. Listen to Judge Wilbur, or read what he has to say in the Boughten Bulletin, the organ of those that devour widows' houses, and you may be inclined to suspect that he is properly to be classified with the men, who, being pure in their own eyes "are in need of washing from their own filthiness"; men who hate their brethren and ask that the Lord be glorified; the self-cannonized "who pray in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men."

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history, and mention the date.

Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt 'cos he had a date with Cleopatra

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A Man San Francisco Needs

This city is sadly in need of a man to handle big amusement enterprises, a man of courage, of original ideas, of high business capacity and of magnetic personality. Los Angeles has such a man in Dick Ferris and Santa Cruz is proud of Fred Swanton, but what man has San Francisco to do what these men have done? It would be a great thing for San Francisco if Fred Swanton could be induced to devote his energies to the exploitation of amusement attractions here. I am moved to this statement not merely by the consideration of what Swanton has done for Santa Cruz but also by his achievement with Rowardennan. Everybody in northern California knows how Swanton has made Santa Cruz one of the most attractive and popular beaches in the State. Not many realize yet what he has done with Rowardennan. Rowardennan is a beautiful resort but hitherto it has been comparatively unknown. Since Swanton took hold of it, however, it has attained international renown. It all came of Swanton's resourcefulness, of his knack for being at hand to greet opportunity. There are a hundred places in the State where Jeffries might have trained as comfortably as at Rowardennan, but the proprietors of those places were not as enterprising as Fred Swanton. As a result of his energetic methods

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Rowardennan has become a familiar name in all parts of the world. Interest in Jeffries is worldwide and everybody who reads the sporting page of a newspaper knows that the big fighter is training in a resort of the Santa Cruz mountains familiarly called "Rowdy Dow." The name is used as freely in "The Pink 'Un" of London as in the "World" of New York. The traveler who comes to California will remember the place and visit it. The advertising benefits which Swanton has derived from the presence of Jeffries are incalculable.

The Terms Berger Made

Of course Fred Swanton had to offer big inducements to Jeffries in order to get him to Rowardennan. Sam Berger, the manager of the heavyweight fighter, drove a hard bargain. I am told that Swanton made an agreement with Berger to keep ten members of the training entourage free of charge, to give the champion twenty-five per cent of the bar receipts during his training and the gambling privilege as well. The gambling privilege is worth a great deal of money. A party of Olympic clubmen paid a visit to the training camp a short time ago and went up against the gambling games with the result that they departed about three thousand dollars poorer, except in experience, than when they arrived. It is apparent that Berger made a good business deal. But so did Fred Swanton; his house is crowded all the time and it will figure prominently on the hotel map for many years to come.

Mother—Samuel, where are those green apples I left in the pantry?

Samuel—They're with the Jamaica ginger that was in the medicine chest.

Jesuitism and Rooseveltism

A minister of the gospel in Los Gatos has been accused of trying to win an election by stealing a ballot-box. The gentleman doubtless acted upon the theory that has come to be generally accepted throughout this enlightened nation, the theory that to serve a good cause a man is justified in calling the devil to his aid. This is the theory on which nearly all uplifters have acted who have been uplifting in accordance with the example of a certain revered President of the United States who once upon a time incorporated in a message to Congress a purloined letter which had been given to him by the Hon. Francis J. Heney. It was on this newly consecrated theory that young Kerby recently betrayed the confidence of his employers. It was by putting this theory in practice that the golden-rule Chief of Police of Toledo, who is now defending himself against a charge of gross immorality, won the favor and applause of all the muckrakers of magazinedom. There was a time, before we adjusted our moral view-point in accordance with the philosophy of the great Tribune, that we regarded with abhorrence the principle that the end justifies the means. The popular idea of Jesuitism is that it embodies this principle; and by reason of this idea bitter reproaches have been hurled at a great religious order. But in justice to the Jesuits be it said, they have always disclaimed the maxim and held that no justification for the imputation can be found in their teaching or in their literature. Even their enemies, however, do not seem to think it at all singular that the maxim which the followers of Loyola indignantly repudiate has become one of the fundamentals of American morality.

Gambling in San Francisco

A few weeks ago I told of meeting an Easterner who likes to gamble a little now and then and of hearing from his lips an expert estimate of the Northern, the gambling place just below the northern boundary line of San Mateo County. I met this fellow again recently and asked him whether he had been down there of late. His answer surprised me. He told me that he no longer found it necessary to make a long automobile trip to the county line for the purpose of hazarding a few gold pieces because he could risk his money with a great deal of comfort in the heart of San Francisco. I repeat that I was surprised. Do not mistake me for a greenhorn, please. Do not think that my eyes have been closed to the opportunities for gambling which have been offered in this city for many moons. I am not of those who imagine that the lid has ever been securely fastened on gambling. I happen to know just the contrary. But at the same time I was not prepared to learn that my eastern acquaintance would frequent the sort of gambling houses which I have in mind. They are squalid places in squalid neighborhoods and the company is promiscuous. I did not think the easterner had a taste for that sort of gambling. Further questioning convinced me that my estimate of him was correct. He does not like to gamble in low places and he does not have to. There are gilded gambling places in San Francisco, places adorned with all the tinsel so dear to the gambler's heart, places of bright electric lights and fine carpets, exquisite furniture and respectful servants, places where hospitality is dispensed to the gamester with a lavish hand. It is to places of this sort that my eastern acquaintance made reference when he told me that he no longer needed to leave the city when he felt the necessity of taking a chance.

A Place Off Market Street

There is no need of describing all these places. They are much alike, differing only in the degree of luxury with which they are fitted up. All are run on practically the same principles, although some make the pretense of being gentlemen's clubs while others more bold do not. One of these gambling places to which my eastern friend occasionally resorts is in the first block of Turk street, not very far from Market street. He gave me a good description of it. It must be an elaborately fitted place. And it must be making a pile of money for its proprietors. Who the proprietors are I am not going to say because I am not certain that my information is correct. The three names which I have heard men-

Milo

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tioned in connection with this place have been very much in the public mouth recently. If these three men are in reality the proprietors, they must be making a barrel of money for the place is well patronized and the play runs high. Craps is the most popular game there and in craps, I am given to understand, the percentage is enormously in favor of the dealer. The expense of running one game of craps—and in this place there are more than one—is quite heavy. The men who preside at the crap table are paid $15 a day and there are six of them on duty during the twenty-four hours. So one table alone costs $90 a day in wages. But $90 is only a drop in the bucket at a crap table. My eastern acquaintance estimated for me that this particular gambling place represented an investment of $7,500. Supposing there are three men interested that would mean that each had put up $2,500. He thinks that each clears $500 a month without difficulty. Not a bad investment, is it?

When the Place Was Raided

My eastern acquaintance told me with considerable amusement of an incident which happened in this place last Saturday afternoon. It was a sort of a raid. If it had been the ordinary sort of raid my eastern acquaintance would not have regarded it with amusement, for he has a healthy respect for law and does not care to go to jail. But it was a most unusual sort of raid. The play was proceeding merrily when suddenly a buzzer buzzed. This was the signal of warning. It meant that there was danger at hand. The gamblers were equal to the emergency. The locks of the money trays snapped automatically, the dice disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, the crap outfit, detachable, was whisked away to a place of hiding. Presto! every evidence of gambling was gone and there were only a number of men clustered about a billiard table. At this moment a policeman rushed into the room with every evidence of excitement. His eye blazed, his face was red, he puffed from climbing the stairs. "For God's sake," he implored the dealers, "get the billiard balls on the tables and try to look natural. There's a grand juror down stairs and he wants to come up." The kindly advice of the upholder of law was acted on. Cues and billiard balls were produced and the balls were knocked about in desultory fashion. But the grand juror did not come. He had evidently changed his mind. When the coast was once more clear the despised billiard balls were relegated to the racks, the crap outfit was produced and the patrons of the place resumed their dreams of busting the bank. Do you not agree that this was a peculiar sort of raid? Do not be too much surprised at the action of the policeman, however. You see, he may believe that the three men whose names I have heard mentioned are actually the proprietors of this place. In that event he might consider it to his interest to serve them.

When Money Will be Spent

There will be a great deal of money spent in this city when the sports from all over the country begin to arrive for the Jeffries-Johnson fight. A considerable part of this money will be spent in gambling. Already the professional gamblers are laying plans to gather it in. I have been told that four men, by no means inexperienced in this line, are preparing to open a gambling place in a hotel in the very heart of the city. Two of these men are local sports of more than ordinary prominence. Another used to be a gambler in Nome and has had considerable experience hereabouts. The fourth used to run a gambling place in Market street not far from the Baldwin Hotel. It is said that these men will rent portions of two floors of a certain hotel, not one of the big hostelries of course, and that by the time the sports begin to arrive for the fight all sorts of games will be installed, particularly craps, roulette and faro bank. It is even said that they have sent our circulars to sports all over the country inviting them to make their headquarters at a certain saloon during the time of the fight. From that particular saloon to the hotel where the gambling place is supposed to be in process of preparation is not a fatiguing walk. Paris of America? Why not for the sake of variety call it the Monaco of America?

A Rewarded Kindness

Louis Jacobs who used to be a deputy county clerk in Sacramento but who is now a prosperous merchant at Folsom, was in town the other day with a story which braces one's faith in human nature. When State Senator E. J. Emmons who had been sent to the penitentiary for accepting a bribe, managed to have himself paroled he needed twenty-five dollars to pay a legal fee. He applied to several of his old-time friends for the loan of that trifling sum, but discovered that these friends had been fair weather friends only; they would not come to his aid in adversity. Louis Jacobs was a friend of another stripe. He heard of Emmons' necessity and sent him fifty dollars. Emmons never forgot that kindness. Some time ago he went to the Bakersfield oil fields to rehabilitate his fortunes and quickly realized the possibilities of that wondrous region. One of the first to whom he communicated the news that there was big money to be made in Bakersfield was Louis Jacobs. On his sayso Jacobs bought fifty acres of land for a trifle. Now he has sold them for $750 an acre. The $37,500 which he has put in the bank he credits to the friendship of former Senator Emmons. Emmons thinks that the good turn he has done Jacobs is only a fitting return for the kindness which Jacobs did him in his direst need.

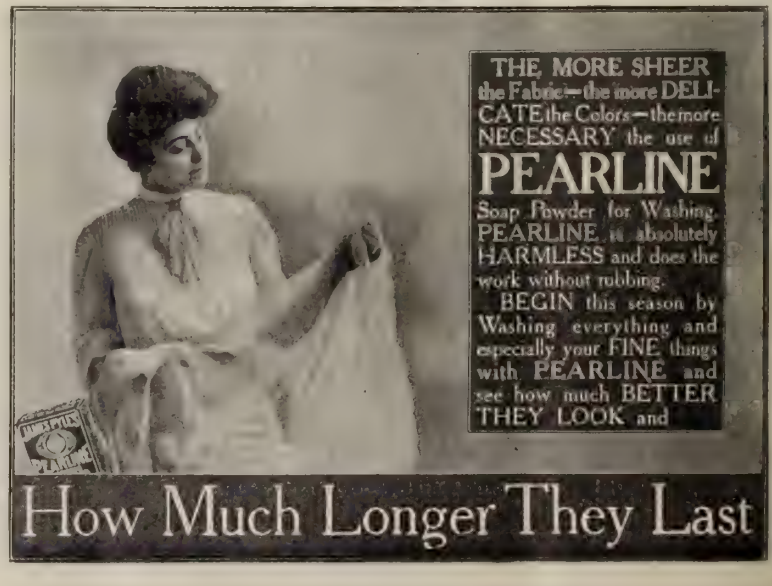
Bank Manager—You seem qualified by experience for the position of cashier we have vacant. By the way, what is your name?

Applicant—My name is Short.

Bank Manager—Good afternoon, sir.

They Have Done Much for Sacramento

In the list of those men who have helped to give impetus to progress in the Sacramento Valley Eugene J. De Sabla Jr. and John Martin deserve a very prominent place. In the development of electric power, in the improvement of electric and gas lighting facilities, in the creation of a transportation system, in the exploitation of gold dredging properties and in the opening up of vast tracts of land formerly regarded as irreclaimable, De Sabla and Martin have left such an impress upon the Sacramento Valley as can never be effaced. Much of their work has been done against great odds; they have had to fight their way uphill; a great financial



depression threatened to wipe out all their accomplishment when success was in sight. But they persevered because they were buoyed up by the consciousness of their right aims and they have won out to the tune of millions. Hydro-electric power was a new thing when De Sabla and Martin tackled it and their names will always be associated with its development. Some of their exploits read like romance. For instance, their Nevada plant on the south fork of the Yuba River was built in the record-breaking time of four months and five days after the scheme was conceived. It was the success of this plant which led to the construction of the great Colgate plant which is famous wherever engineers do congregate. Both De Sabla and Martin are strong personalities. De Sabla, for instance, is not a college-trained man. His career has been that of a self-trained employer, for he has always know what it was to give orders; he has never had to take them. It is said of him that he is always the last man to leave his office and that when he is on a trip of inspection he works all day and late into the night, showing a Napoleonic scorn of sleep, snatching it here and there when there is no work to hand. It is interesting to know that these men have not labored without appreciation. While their work has yielded a golden harvest it has also won the admiration and sympathy of all in the regions where it has been carried on.

The Bard's Curious Delusion

From the Bulletin's distinguished dramatic critic, Miss Frances Jolliffe, I learn that "As You Like It" was not played at the Greek Theater last Monday night as Shakespeare intended it to be played. "In the first place," says Miss Jolliffe, speaking as one on terms of intimacy with the bard, "he would have insisted that his play was written in blank verse—and you know how testy these poets are about their meters and accents." I have heard that Shakespeare wrote "As You Like It" in a great hurry, so great a hurry that the text is confusing. But not until I read Miss Jolliffe did I know that the great dramatist labored under the delusion that the play was all in blank verse.

Mr. Gotrox (sternly)—Your late employer advises me that you were not very faithful.

Typewriter (excitedly)—That's a lie! I never even thought of another man.

Spreading the Fame of Carmel

The Forest Theater Society of Carmel-by-the-Sea about which Michael Williams has written on another page, is already proving a good advertising medium for Carmel. Some weeks ago Herman Scheffauer wrote an article for the New York Sun on "Californians in Literature" in which he told a few things about our Carmel literary colony. This article opened the way for a letter from Michael Williams which almost filled a column in the Sun of June 3. In this letter Mr. Williams tells something of the theatrical project and expatiates at great length on the charms of Carmel. He says: "In the first place Carmel is in itself an inspiration. Charles Rollo Peters, the painter, who lived when at home in Monterey, where Robert Louis Stevenson once lived, and which is only four miles from Carmel and in itself surcharged with an artistic atmosphere and full of souvenirs of art and romance, for years made it a hobby to take globe trotters who visited the Hotel Del Monte at Monterey on drives along the coast from Monterey to Carmel for the purpose of ascertaining their opinions of that stretch of coast in comparison with foreign land and seascapes. The synthetic result of his inquiries was like this: His guests declared that while Japan, for instance, is able to show you spots more exotically picturesque, the Riviera places more romantically appealing, the Scandinavian countries regions of a wilder grandeur, yet for a combination of the beauties of forest, shore, mountain, valley, sky and sea there is not a place in the world that can surpass Carmel and its environs. Not only has this region the allure and not only does it diffuse the inspiration of natural beauty, it also radiates the subtler psychic influences of romance and art. Mirza Ali-Kuli Khan, the Persian Consul to Washington, who was at Carmel last summer, told me that the place closely resembles Mount Carmel in Palestine, which is so famous as a region where many of the world's great supermen, from Zoroaster to Abbas Effendi, have lived and worked. While we do not as yet claim to be a colony of supermen at Carmel, Cal., nevertheless Carmel and Monterey have been for long years past the haunt or home of poets, novelists, musicians, painters and lords of nature and of art, and thus it has evolved a soul which animates all that is done there."

The Poet and the Versifier

Last week I reprinted a poem written by Ethel Talbot, an English poet, entitled "Give Love Today" which she intended as an answer to Ina Coolbrith's poem "When the Grass Shall Cover Me." Since then my attention has been called to the following which appeared in the New York Times Review of Books, May 21st, over the signature of I. Henry Howe: "It is a distinct service to recall to our attention today Ina Coolbrith's beautiful poem 'When the Grass Shall Cover Me.' It seems, however, almost a sacrilege to couple with this poem as a 'reply' Ethel Talbot's 'Give Love Today.' The one has a haunting poetic quality which stamps its every line unmistakably as poetry, whereas the other has but very few lines which even approach the holy of holies.

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INFORMATION by TELEPHONE

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Among those of the former generation to whom poetry means everything, there is a pronounced protest against calling every minor versifier or newspaper verse writer a 'gifted poet.' In fact there are not half a dozen real poets now writing in America. We need a new word to designate the producer of agreeable, promising, correct verse, if versifier is not deemed sufficiently dignified or adequate."

Miss Pacific—What is the difference between the new flat and the old?

Mr. Clay—The janitor has a slightly different vocabulary.

A Bad Day for Silk Hats

It was a parlous day for silk hats when Miss Genevieve Harvey became the bride of Ward Barron; at least I should judge so from what I saw of the wedding aftermath in the St. Francis Hotel. Young Scott was one of the first to arrive at the hostelry after the festivities and he warranted the impression that Bacchus had been on hand to help celebrate Hymen's innings. His silk hat was tilted rakishly on one side, revealing an incipient baldness. More than that it was pleated like an accordion. I gathered that its wearer had either sat on it or attempted to crush it under the delusion that he was at the opera instead of at a wedding. There is no need to say anything about Clare Payne. His hat was not more a sight than the rest of him. He must have had a bully time. But Cyril Tobin, though mellow, came with hat intact. Whether he envied the condition of Scott's headpiece I do not know, but he had no sooner entered the bar than he placed his silk hat on the mahogany and requested the servitor to smash it. Like a discreet servitor he of the white apron excused himself from compliance. Then young Tobin extended the same invitation to Billy Erb and found that athletic gentleman more accommodating. Erb's big fist smashed the hat flatter than a pancake. Tobin viewed the wreckage with the approval of a connoissuer and led playfully with his right to Erb's chin, but Erb blocked and countered with a right to the pit of Tobin's stomach and the post-nuptial frivolity was brought to an end.

A Cheerful Jeremias

I have just been honored with a lengthy communication by a Hoboken astrologer who calls himself "the nation's counselor." Having inspected the heavens and the motions of the planets this astrologer finds that commencing with June 22 "the United States will be the most fortunate of all the countries on earth this summer." Here is a cheerful prophecy when taken by itself but the context of the astrologer's letter fills me with cruel doubts. The fact is that although this country is to be the most fortunate of all during this summer, it is still to suffer a few trifling misfortunes, some of which I may as well cull from the letter for the benefit of my readers. It seems that Uncle Sam will have a little revenue trouble to contend with, that a bereavement will occur in the Cabinet, that panics and bank failures, if not bank robberies, will be in evidence, that much fraud and swindling will be prevalent, especially in the postal department, that the railroads will have much trouble and that there will be serious forest fires as well as mine disasters. Then again there will be trouble for Congress, for our soldiers and for our diplomats abroad. It seems that children will be unfortunate, but though they will be kidnaped their parents will recover them. There will be much trouble in theaters and other places of amusement. There will be fires in railroad trains and postoffices and the postal authorities are warned to look out for robberies and scandals. There will be a serious epidemic among cattle; also jail deliveries. Much trouble will occur in prisons, if not contagious diseases at least epidemics of throat trouble or typhoid. There will be atmospherical disturbances, shipwrecks and ocean collisions with great loss of life. Then there will be a great calamity at some watering place and fires at steamship piers. Farmers, miners, and real estate owners will suffer considerably. Earthquakes, electric storms and volcanic eruptions will occur. The laboring classes will be agitated and then pacified. President Taft will be slandered and discredited and is warned to look out for his health and that of his wife. There will be trouble in the navy too. During this same pleasant summer this country will lead in literature, science and art and some of our litterateurs, scientists and artists will get married. (Whether this is a misfortune the astrologer does not say.) Although some misfortune is to happen to Colonel Roosevelt there will be no war with Japan but there will be an uprising in the Philippines. It is quite evident that the most fortunate country in the world is going to have a crowded summer. I thank the astrologer for giving me the tip and am thinking of spending the summer in some less fortunate country.

Admission Day Plans

The sixty-fourth anniversary of the raising of the original Bear Flag at Sonoma will be held next Tuesday, July 14, and in honor of the event and as a preliminary gun for the coming celebration of Admission Day in this city next September, the day will be celebrated as "Bear Flag Day" all over the State by the distribution of one hundred thousand tiny silk flags. These souvenirs have been sent to every Parlor of Native Sons and Daughters in California and the sum realized from their sale, at ten

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cents, will be devoted to the big fund being raised by the order for the entertainment of the hundreds of thousands of visitors expected in San Francisco during the decennial festival. The committees in charge are confident that the coming celebration will eclipse the Portola Carnival of last year in every respect, the intention being to decorate the city as it never has been before, not even at the time of the Knights Templar Conclave. Philip Hastings, the well-known theatrical man, has charge of the department of publicity for the Admission Day Festival.

Stockton's Police Dogs

I have heard of the police dogs of Paris and their wonderful feats of instinct, but not until the other day did I know that there were two wonderfully trained police dogs in the State of California. Stockton is the city which boasts the possession of these remarkable animals. They were trained by and belong to Thomas Thompson, employed by the bankers of Stockton as a night watchman. To make the midnight rounds with Thompson and his dogs is a privilege and a pleasure. The animals are fine specimens of the Ayrdale terrier species, high-bred, keen-nosed and intelligent. Thompson speaks to them much as he would speak to a man and they are constantly on the alert to follow his directions. When the night watchman unlocks the door of a bank "Pepper" and "Prince" enter together, explore all the interior and return to the door to report that all is well. Thompson told me that if they found a man in the bank they would spring on him and summon their master by growling. He said that one night a workman was engaged in fixing a screen in one of the banks when the dogs made their rounds. Mistaking him for a burglar they sprang on him, pinning him to the ground until the watchman came and called them off. On another occasion the dogs stopped in front of a tobacco shop and tried vainly to squeeze between the iron palings that fenced an area from the sidewalk. Thinking that they were after a rat Thompson called them off. Next day it was found that a burglar had robbed the shop, obtaining one hundred dollars' worth of pipes. The burglar was caught and confessed that he was hiding in the area when the dogs endeavored to enter it. During the "Rush of Forty-Nine" celebration in Stockton the dogs captured a pickpocket who was making off through the crowded streets. At a word from their master they sprang at his throat and bore him to the ground. Thompson has complete confidence in his dogs and so have the bankers who employ Thompson. He is one of the highest paid watchmen in the State. "Pepper" and "Prince" are the pets of all the law-abiding and the terror of all the evil-doers in Stockton.

Local Scribes in Portland

A San Francisco newspaperman dropping into Portland, Oregon, finds himself very much in the swim, so far as former associations are concerned, for on every corner he is likely to bump into a former San Francisco colleague. There are at present in the northern metropolis the following well-known scribes engaged in rushing into print to prove that Portland is the greatest fresh-water port in the world: Hugh Hume, editor of The Spectator; James S. Tyler, news editor of the Journal; George M. Trowbridge, managing editor of the Journal; John J. Harrison, editor of the Portland Carman; Hugh Thompson, reporter on the Telegram; Harry Quinn, copy-reader on the Telegram; Frank McGettigan, copy-reader on the Oregonian; John Horan, editor of the Indaba, and "Dick" Cannon, city editor of the Telegram.

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EDDIE MARCHAND, Manager.

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The Free Labor Bureau of The Alliance in Oakland is at 804 Broadway. All classes of male help is furnished absolutely free, to employer and employee.

AUTHENTIC BUT ANONYMOUS

A Costly Picnic Prize

An attorney who practices law with a strong German accent used to be one of the pillars of St. Joseph's Church, and he may be still. When St. Joseph's had its annual parish picnic all the pillars of the church contributed prizes for the races and other contests of skill. The attorney contributed ten dollars' worth of legal advice as a prize for the fat women's race. When the race was run there was a close finish between two fat women and the announcement of the result was followed by a hair-pulling argument. The day after the picnic one of the women had the other arrested for battery and the defendant promptly sent for the attorney to come through with that ten dollars' worth of legal advice. He put up ten dollars' worth of defense and his client was convicted.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Marshall Nuckolls, 417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS,
Administratrix of the Estate of John A. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Parrott and Mr. Tobin

Is Miss Abbie Parrott going to marry Edward Tobin? This is the question which is just now pleasantly agitating the Burlingame and San Mateo sets. Miss Parrott is a very charming young lady of unusual eligibility and Ed Tobin's is not the first name which has been linked with hers in matrimonial gossip. It was only recently that the experts in heart affairs noted decided cardiac symptoms in young Douglas Grant, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and in looking for the cause they professed to find it in Miss Parrott. Then arose the rumor that Grant had proferred his heart and hand and had been refused, seeking balm for his wounded affections in a tour abroad. I have heard it said that Miss Parrott has let her kindly feelings toward Mr. Tobin become known to a few intimate friends, so let us not be too much surprised if an announcement is forthcoming. Ed Tobin is a brother of Joseph Sadoc and the late Robert Tobin. His father was Richard Tobin, one of the founders of the Hibernia Bank. Mrs. Mary Tobin, his mother, resides at the Fairmont. Miss Parrott's mother was Miss Minnie Donohue, daughter of the late Joseph A. Donohue Sr. She was an only daughter. Joseph A. Donohue, a brother, married Miss Christine Parrott, the aunt of the young lady in question. John Parrott, Miss Parrott's father, was the only son of John Parott, the well known banker now deceased. Miss Parrott recently arrived from abroad where her parents are at present living. She is visiting her grandmother Mrs. Abbie Parrott after whom she was named.

Claire Nichols' Wedding

No one's head was giddied by lavish ostentation at Claire Nichols' wedding in St. Matthew's church down at San Mateo last Thursday, yet young Charles Mills and his bride have the distinction of being the most popular bridal couple this year. They brought together more folks "as is folks" than any couple since the time that pretty Mary Scott married Walter Martin. The fashionists, the new society element and the climbers were conspicuously missing and both at the church and at the reception there was a noticeable absence of the stiff-necked hauteur and theatrical foppishness which the pretenders employ by way of winning favor with the real deities of society. Although it was the largest wedding in years the most cordial easy-mannered hospitality flavored the atmosphere of it. When the pretty bride—and the word "pretty" is used in its truest sense—walked down the aisle following the ceremony, she bowed to the right and left. The staid grown-ups, like William H. Crocker, George Howard and the Fosters from San Rafael, waved their hands in congratulation, and at the Nichols house the reception looked like a vast garden party. Too bad such a popular girl couldn't have been induced to remain here, and the only consolation is that young Mills is a capital fellow, entirely deserving of a splendid girl like Claire Nichols.

Women Variously Garbed

While the men at the wedding conformed strictly to the dictates of fashion, the women came in a variety of styles, some elaborately gowned, others in tailor-made frocks, quite a few in simple little linen outing dresses and the country element mostly in lingerie gowns. None of the bridesmaids wore a new gown, their dainty muslin frocks showing acquaintance with the tub, but looking just as sweet and summery for all that. The Nichols family was never of the "splurgy" set which makes an art of the whims of fashion, but the girls have been none the less popular for the old-fashioned simplicity of their attire. They have always been able to do much of

Photo, Gessner

MISS ETHEL GREGG

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg who is traveling in Europe.

their own sewing, making the daintiest of lingerie waists and other things in every way equal to the expensive stuff from Paris.

Miss Parrott's Weird Get-Up

Abbie Parrott who has been abroad so long that she speaks English with a foreign accent, came in rather late, just preceding the bridal party. Her name was whispered over the congregation and everyone stared at the young woman for she looked the incarnation of a goddess of the French school of fashion. The women couldn't take their eyes from her. She's grown so slender that she is scarcely more than a profile. Her dress was the latest dream evolved from the brain of a Paris creator of fashion. It was figured chiffon in several hues of gray shading to dull lavender, the material being swished about her like the wrapping sheets of the Egyptian mummies. The material didn't hang, it simply swirled about her slender height from the shoulders

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to the ankles, and just how she perumbulated in it passeth understanding. To top it off, a bold stroke of originality was achieved in the hat, a huge droopy grayish purple straw that was cocked over one eye, barely revealing the pointed bangs. The rest of the hair was done in an English bun. Only a girl with colossal self-reliance would dare such a trying style, but the chic Miss Parrott who would die sooner than cease being original, really looked immensely smart in the weird get-up.

Some other Costumes

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun was there, having chaperoned the young friends of her girls, taking them down in two private trolley cars. The trip east has done Mrs. Calhoun a world of good, giving her a rosy complexion that makes her look unusually young. She wore a gown that was particularly becoming. It was a figured white and black chiffon, the lower part of the skirt being black chiffon with which she wore a big black hat with plumes encircling the crown. The black picture hat was much in evidence at the wedding, for nothing sets off a summer gown so prettily. Mrs. Walter Martin wore one with a lavender foulard, and Helene Irwin who came down in the Calhoun car looked like a little old-fashioned belle of the picturesque period of early last century. Over a coral silk dress she wore an old French brocade shawl, probably the wedding shawl of her great-grandmother. It was made over into a kimono wrap with a narrow bit of fur at the end of the sleeves and down the front. It was amazingly becoming, even if it did look a bit wintry.

Photo, [illegible]
MRS. CECIL MARKS

A well known vocalist of this city who has been selected as a soloist of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Oakland.

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Templeton Crocker who provided the white gardenias for the men at the wedding from his own gardens, simply couldn't keep his eyes from his vivacious little fiancee. To see the two together absolutely refutes all that tommyrot about the engagement being an affair of finances, for if ever there was a couple deeply in love with each other it is these two.

Mrs. Chrystal Harrison left for the East yesterday. After visiting her son Ralph who is a lieutenant of Coast Artillery at Fort Munroe, Virginia, she will sail on June 16 for Paris to join her sister Mrs. Charles Shields. The two ladies will go to the Tyrol for the Passion Play.

Marrying Amy

The question, Who is going to marry Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud next is absorbing attention on both sides of the continent. Everybody knows that somebody has to become her husband. The world knows that she is one of those impetuous people that have no time to practice celibacy. She came into the world to enjoy herself in her own way, and after setting her nursemaid a bad example in flirtation and shocking her governess by her girlish intrigues she took a flyer in matrimony with Porter Ashe as an associate. Since then marrying has been her chief occupation, and she has inspired many genuine passions. Recently she has been at liberty, but now come rumors of another engagement with considerable uncertainty regarding the individual over whose imagination she is exercising her imperious way. A man named Emerson Foote is thought by some to be the one. By others Melville Ellis is credited with having won her favor, while not a few declare that it would not surprise them if she were to marry an Arab Sheik of Damascus. The only suitor known to local fame is Melville Ellis, a musical comedy performer who began his stage career at the old Tivoli where he played accompaniments at rehearsals. He is noted for his genius for clothes and for his success in the role of Archie in the Toreador.

Mrs. Oelrichs and Her Friends

One of the eastern papers stated recently that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs had "put the California riffraff, which once held such high place in her affections, behind her." This is a statement not calculated to fill with pleasure those members of the California colony in New York who have enjoyed the favor of this social arbitress. To be classed as riffraff is very disagreeable, particularly if you have designs on society. It is an odious word, suggestive of a herding together that is inconsistent with the cherished exclusiveness that is the hall-mark of society. I wonder just what exiled Californians are included in Mrs. Oelrichs' riffraff? A list would be an interesting document to con. One of Mrs. Oelrichs' prime favorites was Addie Mizner, a man of such good humor that even to be classed as riffraff would scarcely ruffle his jovial front. I think that Addie is so comfortably fixed now that he does not need Mrs. Oelrichs' patronage. But there are others who would fain lean on

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her for support in their social aspirations. If it be true that she has dismissed them from her favor they will scarcely maintain their equilibrium. I understand that Mrs. Oelrichs is giving much of her attention to Harry Black, a great pet in New York and Newport circles. For the last two months they have been much together in public. At a recent dinner given by this young man Mrs. Oelrichs occupied the seat of honor. If there were any Californians present at that dinner, riffraff or otherwise, they were not of sufficient importance to be listed by the New York bavardes.

During the Nichols-Mills wedding at San Mateo a lady remarked aloud in the church that James Jenkins, Wharton Thurston and William Duncan were the three handsomest ushers she had ever seen. Miss Pauline Coppee overheard the remark and was elated for the three young men are her cousins.

The Price of Social Recognition

A friend who has just crossed the continent brings me some interesting information regarding the methods to which wealthy women resort for the purpose of breaking into the exclusive social corral of New York. He tells me that New York is full of women with more millions than brains who stop at nothing to attain the sacred precincts. These women, he says, form the principal support of the big hotels where none but millionaires may stop for any length of time without crippling their finances. He told me the name of a woman who during the past year spent thirty thousand dollars to accomplish her darling wish. Nearly all of this money was paid to a New Yorker who has the social password and is not averse from trading on his connections. As a result of her expenditures the parvenue has had the pleasure on several occasions of touching finger tips with Mesdames Fish, Oelrichs, Ladenburg and others. Despite the enjoyment of this privilege the gilded climber is still insecure in her position and it may cost her another thirty thousand dollars to maintain during the next season the place which she has bought for herself on the edge of the charmed circle. I do not intend to waste any moral sentiments on this sort of thing. The woman in question could not conceivably spend her money for any good purpose. Such a woman is incapable of judicious charity and it is surely a question with her of parting with wealth in one or another foolish way. She might just as well give it to her needy social sponsor as cast it to the winds in any other form of extravagance. Perhaps when she has depleted her fortune she will come to a dim realization of the truth that she has been a fool and that is a discovery which many people have to make at a high cost.

In the Social Spotlight

Miss Edith Pickering of the Presidio of Monterey has been spending the week in town as the guest of Miss A. D. Ames at the latter's apartment at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. Duke Baxter is entertaining as her guests at the Hotel Victoria Mrs. Charles F. Eaton and Miss Dorothy Eaton of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ohmstead of Los Angeles were among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Victoria. Mr. Ohmstead is the city engineer of Los Angeles. Mrs. Albertine Dubois is another Los Angeles guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Innes of San Francisco motored down to the Hotel Vendome to spend the week end with Mr. Innes' mother, Mrs. Alexander Innes who is there for the summer.

General John McClellan, U. S. A., came up from the Hawaiian Islands with Mrs. McClellan and his daughters, Miss Rose and Josephine, to spend the month of June and July at the Vendome.

Col. D. M. Appel, U. S. A., with Mrs. Appel is spending the week end at the Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baird of Berkeley drove down to the Vendome staying over a few days before continuing on to Santa Cruz.

Sir Robert Hadfield and his party are still at Del Monte and Sir Robert, though a very busy man, plays golf nearly all day long with Major Walters.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer, from the Fairmont, have taken apartments for the summer at Del Monte. They are all enthusiastic golfers spending hours every day on the links, and Miss Doris is delighting her friends by her ability.

Mrs. Chester Williams and her three charming children are domiciled at Del Monte for the summer.

Major A. F. Perry, George E. Bennett, R. A. Messerah and James P. Sweeney last Saturday motored to Paraiso Hot Springs to spend the week end.

Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt left Naples June 3 on the North German Lloyd steamer Konig Albert for New York, whence, after a stay of only a few days, she will resume her journey to her home in San Francisco. Her travels in the Sahara during the last year and a half, where she visited oases hardly ever reached by Europeans, have been very interesting. She will reach San Francisco the latter part of June. Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt has been spending the last few days at the Vendome in San Jose.

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Mrs. M. B. Thornton, Miss L. E. Thornton and Mr. T. A. Thornton of Canton, Ill., are spending a week at the Vendome.

Judge William C. Van Fleet and Horace G. Platt motored down last Friday for the week end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hathaway, Walter Hathaway and Miss L. M. Nicholai journeyed to Paraiso Hot Springs last week in their Royal tourist.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott together with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Scott spent the week end at Byron Hot Springs. They made the trip in their automobile.

Miles Standish, direct descendant of the Puritan, a name rendered immortal in Longfellow's beautiful poem, arrived at the Potter during the week in his Pierce-Arrow car. Mr. Standish resides at Plymouth, Mass., but has a beautiful California home at Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Huie and Mrs. Huie's mother, Mrs. Bies, of San Francisco are at the Potter Hotel, having gone south to attend the marriage of Mr. Huie's brother, Edward Mercer Huie of San Francisco, to Miss Elizabeth Hernster, which was quietly solemnized at the home of the bride's mother.

Mr. Walter Fox and party of San Francisco arrived in a Thomas motor car and are registered at the Potter Hotel.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate for governor, with John M. Eshleman, candidate for railroad commissioner, Horace J. O'Brien, for secretary of state, and A. J. Wallace for lieutenant governor, spent Saturday night at the Potter, when they addressed a large representative gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones and Mrs. M. Murphy motored to Aetna Springs recently.

Among the recent additions to the "Service Set" at the Fairmont Hotel are Commander and Mrs. M. C. Gorgas of Mare Island, accompanied by Miss Mary Gorgas, Commander and Mrs. S. W. Koester, U. S. N., Lieutenant and Mrs. R. W. Farvell, U. S. N., Lieutenant and Mrs. S. A. Clement, U. S. N., Dr. and Mrs. Sankey Bacon, U. S. N., and Commander and Mrs. E. W. Eberle, U. S. N.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her charming daughter Miss Anna are at the Fairmont, having come down from their country home near Stockton for a few days.

C. A. Spreckels of New York is at the Fairmont having come out from the East the early part of the week. He is planning to be on the coast for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss M. McGasock visited Aetna Springs by automobile recently.

Among the guests at the Fairmont from nearby places are Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard and Miss Beylard of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. John Barneson, also of San Mateo, and Mrs. R. A. Steiner of Belvedere.

The tea room of the Hotel Victoria has become very popular. Tea is served every afternoon between three and five by little Chinese tea girls. Mrs. Defendorf entertained Miss Jeanette Powell Tuesday afternoon. There were twelve invited guests.

Thirty young men started on Thursday from the Palace Hotel en route to the Esterling ranch near Guerneville for a week's camping. They are of the Gray Stone Castle, Knights of King Arthur. The party also included six chaperons and four society belles of San Rafael. One of the young women is a favorite society bridesmaid and maid of honor, Miss Louisiana Foster who has already "stood up" with several of the prominent brides since Easter. She has "caught the bride's bouquet" many times this year, and her girl friends have prophisied she will be married before the year is out, although Miss Foster is not known to be engaged. Now they are wondering if one of the thirty Knights of King Arthur will touch her heart. The other young women are the Misses Dora Thayer, Melaine Lancel and Georgia Wintringham ,while the chaperons are the Rev. Lynn T. White and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kraft and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Carr. All are socially prominent on both sides of the bay.

The members of the Beringer Musical Club were heard to excellent advantage at a concert given last Tuesday night at Century Hall. A varied program of vocal and piano numbers was presented and exquisitely rendered by the following members: Miss Irene De Martini, Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Frances Westington, Mrs. H. J. Widenmann, Mrs. Lois Patterson-Wessitsh, Messrs. Harry Hultmann, Melton Mowbray, Harry Samuels and Prof. Joseph Beringer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Bostwick of Seoul, Korea, who are among the best known members of the social set at San Francisco motored down last Sunday with their father, Mr. H. E. Bostwick, and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Levensaler and Mrs. E. A. Judson, all of San Francisco, and spent the day at Del Monte.

The Palace Hotel seems to be making a record in brides. The latest is Miss Edith Todd, a stenographer at the holstery who last Saturday became the bride of James H. Mepham, a well known tea dealer of the city. A romantic feature of the wedding is the fact that the bride, who is a beauty of the large yet slender blond type, works in the department of public stenographers at the Palace. It was there that Mepham met her. At the end of a three months' courtship, most of it carried on at the Palace, the two walked out for luncheon one day, and instead of lunching were married.

Governor and Mrs. Gillett were among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont, having come down from Sacramento for a few days.

Miss Dorothy Innis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Reynolds Innis and Mr. Davenport Gordon Bromfield, were married at the Innis residence in New York recently. The bride's mother was before her marriage Miss Dora Studebaker. Her sister, Miss Janet Innis was married two years ago to Mr. Will-

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iam Wurts White Jr. of Providence. The officiating clergyman at the marriage of Miss Dorothy Innis and Mr. Bromfield was the Rev. Frederick Arnold. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Mrs. White. Mr. Delavan M. Baldwin was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Bromfield are now at home to their friends at the house of Mr. Bromfield's parents in San Mateo Park.

Mrs. Robert T. Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. John Barneson of San Mateo are among the out of town visitors at the Fairmont.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include C. R. Wallis, Richard Lorwy, Miss Hermine Lorwy, Thomas Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Grace Gibson, Master W. D. K. Gibson, Master Charles F. Gibson, Richard Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. McIlroy, F. S. Winslow, E. A. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Epstein, Miss Olga Epstein and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pollard.

Mrs. P. Remsen Brinckerhoff of New York is at the Fairmont. Mrs. Brinckerhoff is the mother of Dr. Brinckerhoff who left this port about a year ago to undertake the work in the leper colony on Malakaua island in the Hawaiian group. At that time he was accompanied by his wife and child. Upon the death of Mrs. Brinckerhoff his mother came out and brought the child back to civilization with her. After a few days at the Fairmont she will proceed to her eastern home where the little girl will be educated.

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WILLIAM WALKER ANDERSON, M. A., Principal.

A Comedienne and a Comic Episode

By Theodore Bonnet

At a feast where every dish is a triumph of the culinary art even a gourmet may fail to go into raptures over the piece de resistance. By the same token Vesta Victoria almost fails of distinction at the Orpheum this week. The bill being one of almost uniform excellence the famous English comedienne derives no advantage from contrast. Yet it requires no special talent for discovering merit to discern that in which Vesta Victoria abounds. She is an artist of the first rank with many natural attributes, gifts of a generous Providence, chief among which is a keen sense of humor. In her manner and method she is very much less alien than most of the music hall artists that have come to us from London, and she is consequently much less of a surprise than was Alice Lloyd. She is as different from that incarnation of daintiness as a contadina of the campagna is from a French nursery maid; as different as Minerva is from Venus. However, you can like both equally well if you have sense enough to understand that in the matter of admiration it is not bad to have several maladies. Physically the two comediennes are equally charming. Vesta Victoria is small of stature, trim and vivacious, with hands seductively white and delicate, which she employs in a way that gives great animation to all she does. Her face and figure, mien and manner, altogether allure. The comedy that she gives us is a very mild and refined form of the Elfie Fay brand. Her drollery is accomplished with no facial distortions, no unpleasant mimetic arabesques, but she depends for effects in a large measure on freakish costumes that give her a grotesque air. The art of Vesta Victoria is the art of burlesque. In this art her gamut is wide. In each of her several characterizations there are deft touches that remind you of the turn of a pencil by which the genius of an artist puts a world of meaning in a drawing. It was last Monday night that I witnessed the performance at the Orpheum, and I am glad it was not any other night, else I should have missed an episode that was highly diverting. On Monday night Mr. Edward Abeles, an actor-r, threw a conniption fit in full view of the audience. Mr. Abeles is a very serious actor-r, who plays a very serious part to which he can impart vraisemblance without an effort, being a very serious-minded gentleman. The part is that of a dumb youth who is under arrest for the murder of a woman and child of which he is innocent but which he witnessed. To convince the district attorney of his innocence he gives a pantomimic performance of the incidents of the tragedy, and among other things that he illustrates is the nursing of a babe at its mother's breast. The sketch is good melodrama, and Mr. Abeles gives an excellent, most realistic and touching performance. When it was over Monday night, he responded to applause and made a speech. "I break silence," he said, "for the first time since I have appeared in this piece, for I don't believe in disillusioning an audience. I wish to thank the audience for its generous applause, and also to pay my compliments to the idiot who laughed at the most godly thing next to God Almighty in this world." The audience seemed stupefied by this outburst. "What does he mean?" was the question stamped on every countenance. In all probability Mr. Abeles wished to have it understood that it was his purpose to rebuke somebody who laughed at the moment when the baby was supposed to be nursing. So absorbed was I in the performance that I was not distracted by laughter. I am not sure that there was any laughter. But it doesn't make any difference whether anybody laughed or not. Suffice it that Mr. Abeles gave us occasion to laugh immediately after harrowing up our feelings with a bit of tragedy. I welcome opportunities to laugh at actor-r's who conceive that they are doing the public a great favor to entertain for hire and who assume also that the emotions of an audience must be precisely such as they seek to produce with their craftsmanship. Now I do not hesitate to confess that I was in no laughing mood at the time that Mr. Abeles after tugging at his shirt-front gave an imitation of a mother holding her babe at her breast. But my emotions are exceptionally susceptible. Now that I am beyond the range of Mr. Abeles' magnetic current, I can smile myself as I conjure up the scene that he so vividly depicted, and I cannot regard it as a sacrilege for anybody to laugh in the midst of the performance. Why should Mr. Abeles assume that the person whose risibles were affected laughed at the idea of a mother nursing her babe? Is it not quite as reasonable to assume that the person was merely laughing at Mr. Abeles. It is not improbable that the person complained of has an exceptionally fine taste in histrionic art, and is to be moved only by talent of the very highest quality. On the other hand he may be an idiot. But even Mr. Abeles is not without his shortcomings. Obviously he is lacking in that essential of the histrionic art—a sense of humor—for he does not appreciate the humor of his presumption that he never fails to create an illusion. The untimely laughter of the ebullient unknown may be conclusive of intellectual obfuscation but how shall we characterize the naivete of the actor who told an audience that he is usually discreetly silent because he hates to dissillusionize an audience? These are reflections that I commend to Mr. Abeles in the hope that he may assuage himself and endeavor so to perfect himself in his art as to compel universal sympathy in whatever characterization he may essay.

SCENE IN WILLIAM COLLIER'S NEW PLAY "A LUCKY STAR" AT THE COLUMBIA

Stage

Maude Adams as Rosalind

Our emotions are wild lawless things, frequently led astray by the imp of the perverse. When we would command them they overmaster us and when we welcome their control they fling away and leave us cold, unresponsive. Too often it happens so in the theater. But there are also times when our emotions play upon us as a master of music on a perfect instrument. Then with ready sympathy we respond to their urgings of joy and sorrow, of laughter and of tears, of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt. The occasions when we are thus attuned are rare for they depend on a harmony of time and place and person. Preeminently Miss Maude Adams has the power of compelling our emotions. Her personality is compact of charm that wins every heart. It would be difficult to imagine her in a part which would lack the sympathy of an audience; it would be just as difficult to imagine her playing any part ill. She is a great actress, the greatest in America, and we have yet to discover her limitations. Lady Babbie, Peter Pan, the Eaglet, Phoebe Throssle, Maggie Shand and Rosalind, the parts are sufficiently diverse to test the depth and breadth of any actress's ability. Where is the actress in America who could play them all as well as Maude Adams? The best of her parts, to my mind, are Peter Pan and L'Aiglon, both boy parts. Miss Adams wears mannish attire well; no actress who does not can ever hope to play Rosalind convincingly. If there is fault to be found with her Rosalind, it is simply this that she wears mannish attire too well. Paradoxical as it may seem, Rosalind should not wear her doublet and hose too convincingly. Yet Miss Adams is almost as much a boy in Rosalind as in Peter Pan or L'Aiglon. Herein she does not conform to the plan of the poet. "A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, a boar spear in my hand; and—in my heart lie there what woman's fear there will—we'll have a swashing and a martial outside" Rosalind says when she decided to don doublet and hose. It is evident that Shakespeare intended some of her woman's fear to show. "Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" is another speech of hers which expresses this intention of the dramatist. Yet Miss Adams seems to have too much of the doublet and hose in her disposition. The suggestion of a swashing and martial air is easier for her than the delineation of that timidity which any woman disguised as a man would naturally feel. Rosalind did not put off as much of her shrinking femininity with her skirts as Miss Adams would have us believe. She does not become as much a boy as Peter Pan, yet Miss Adams makes her so. The traditional stage business by which the bashfulness of a woman in man's habiliments is emphasized did not fit well with her Rosalind. You felt that she was perfectly at ease, that she was only simulating bashfulness. Her stride was a man's stride, not the stride of a woman affecting the manly bearing. Perhaps Miss Adams has played boys too long to be the perfect Rosalind. This is not to say, however, that she is not a charming Rosalind, a great Rosalind. Indeed criticism suspends its workings in her presence; it is only in the cold afterthought that flaws are found. Miss Adams' Rosalind dominated the performance of "As You Like It" at the Greek Theater and it was a wonderful performance. The stage management was a triumph, the company was splendid. The Touchstone of Peyton Carter was not the roynish clown of tradition any more than Miss Adams was the Rosalind of tradition. Mr. Carter was a mirthless philosopher in motley, albeit the cause of mirth in his audience. Touchstone should at least smile a little, to my mind. These differences are no drawbacks to a Shakespearian performance. They stimulate thought and send us to the book shelf. Anything which causes us to brush up our Shakespeare is not to be despised.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Virginia Harned in "Anna Karenina"

Miss Virginia Harned is an actress of long experience in emotional roles but her mightiest efforts could not make "Anna Karenina" plausible. If I remember aright Tolstoi in the sere and yellow repudiated this fruit of his ripe genius. What he would do if he ever saw the play for which Edmond Giraud is responsible passes guessing. It is a poor play for many reasons, chief of them this, that it fails to win the sympathy of the audience. Miss Harned weeps but there are none to weep with her. In the end she kills herself and the audience lets her die without a thrill of sorrow. She plays the part of a woman more sinned against than sinning but her misfortunes are a good deal of a bore. She has broken the conventions but remains on good terms with her modiste. She maunders over her child in a faultless black gown and goes to her death in a faultless white one. In such solemn moments one should not think of clothes but in the absence of sympathetic turmoil the mind dwells on accessories. Nobody thought of the clothes of Iris in that tumultuous scene where Maldonado smashed the furniture. Miss Harned in that scene gripped her audience so tightly that they had thoughts only for her plight and eyes only for her tear-stained face. But "Iris" was a great play whereas "Anna Karenina" is a mighty dull one. It is not worthy of Miss Harned's emotional gifts. It is not worthy of Mr. William Courtenay either. He has to play the part of a cad and he plays it without enthusiasm which he would not do if it were the part of a cad worth playing well. Happily Miss Harned and Mr. Courtenay, with the fine Alcazar stock company, are to give us other plays, so we need not repine too much at the dulness of "Anna Karenina." But the playwright ought to keep out of Tolstoi's reach. The wrath of that old man can be terrible.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Margaret Anglin Coming to the Columbia

On Monday at the Columbia William Collier begins the second and last week of his local engagement in "A Lucky Star." On Monday evening, June 20, Margaret Anglin will begin an engagement of two weeks. She will be seen in two plays, "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "Mrs. Dane's Defense." The former is new to San Francisco. It was adapted by Charlotte Thompson, a Californian writer, from Margaret Deland's novel. The latter play has already been seen here with Miss Anglin in the leading role. It is by Henry Arthur Jones and has been accounted one of his masterpieces. Miss Anglin's engagement will begin with "The Awakening of Helena Richie" which she will give for eleven evening performances and four matinees, while "Mrs. Dane's Defense" will be given at two special matinees on Friday, June 24 and Friday, July 1.

Vesta Victoria as Chanticleer

Next week Miss Vesta Victoria will offer at the Orpheum an entirely new repertoire of songs, the most original of which will be "The Chanticleer Ditty." She will present a typically Victoria song with the famous Rostand play as the theme. Her Chantecler costume cost $600 and is a wonderful creation made entirely by hand out of real feathers. Among the new acts will be Gripolati's aerial ballet. It opens with the beautiful butterfly ballet followed by a graceful specialty by Mlle. Floretta, the premiere coryphee, and concludes with the gorgeous dove ballet in which live pigeons are used for the final pictures and figures. H. Franklin and the

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Miss Harned's Second Week

Virginia Harned will commence her second week at the Alcazar next Monday evening when "An American Widow," a three-act comedy by Kellett Chambers, will

MISS ANNA WOODWARD

Soprano soloist with Thaviu Band at Idora Park beginning Monday, June 13th.

be presented for the first time in San Francisco. In the title part Miss Harned will have an opportunity to show that her art is versatile, for the nature of Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, youthful relict of an aged millionaire, is very different from that of Anna Karenina. There are many amusing situations and scenes in the comedy, and the lines are full of brightness. Miss Harned was led to adopt "An American Widow" by the success it scored in New York and because of the opportunities it affords for display of her abilities as a comedienne. William Courtenay is nicely fitted to his part and all the favorite members of the Alcazar company have congenial roles.

The Savoy to Reopen

John Cort who is now president of the National Theater Owners' Association, controlling sixteen hundred playhouses in the United States and Canada, writes F. W. Busey, resident manager of the Savoy Theater, that when the McAllister street home of amusement reopens on the fourteenth of August it will be constantly supplied with the very best attractions before the public. Up to the first of August the Savoy may be rented for concerts, lectures and entertainments of all descriptions

Chinese Carnival at Idora

With gay colored flags, draperies and lanterns, Idora Park is offering to its patrons this week a Chinese carnival. The famous dragon parades the grounds nightly and with the illuminated fish, the lion's head and the escort of a Chinese band which rivals Ohlmeyer's in volume if not in harmony, forms one of the most attractive features of the display. In the band shell a Chinese vaudeville show is presented. San Yip Po, said to be the greatest Chinese tragedienne of the day, plays an important role. With the matinee and evening performances on Sunday the carnival will come to a close. Ohlmeyer's band will be heard for the last time on Sunday night. Beginning Monday evening, Thaviu will bring his famous Russian musicians to Idora for a limited engagement.

A factulty for committing lines to memory with ease is a great necessity with an actor. Margaret Anglin has a very facile "study" for she is able to acquire the words of a heavy four act part after a few readings. The words of her role in "The Great Divide" were studied and memorized in three hours.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The severe declines in the stock market were caused by liquidation based on the action of the President who instructed the Attorney-General to bring suits to restrain the railways from advancing freight rates. The action was entirely unexpected as it was thought that President Taft would allow the matter to take its course according to law. The Interstate Commerce law gives the railways the right to advance rates, but on complaint the Interstate Commerce Commission orders a hearing, and if it decides that the rate is unreasonable, it can substitute a reasonable rate. The news other than that from Washington has been quite favorable. Under favorable conditions the good crop news that is coming out and the general decline in the commodity prices would make for a betterment in the securities market, but good news no longer stimulates public interest and the market does not respond to naturally bullish information. While we are still hopeful and disposed to refrain from pessimism we are not quite so cheerful over the market situation and rather advise the lightening of loads on all up-swings until the horizon is clearer and some adverse factors are removed; but at the present level, and especially on any further recessions we unquestionably think the market a purchase for a good turn. For the railroad question is going to be settled—and be settled right—and we don't believe that in the end the President is going to hurt the railroads by advising any drastic measures.

Wheat—Declines in wheat were halted last week and the market scored a temporary and partial recovery. This was principally because of caution on the part of the bear speculators, the technically over-sold condition of the market and the reappearance of the final demands from millers. Important concessions from the prices asked in the Northwest have been made here by the owners of the wheat, thus attracting all of the spring wheat demands that are likely to be disclosed in this section for the weeks remaining of the 1909-10 crop. Serious minded grain men do not look upon the prospect for the coming crop year with a great deal of pleasure except as they are warehousemen or carriers. In a very few weeks, probably less than a fortnight, weather permitting, the first run of new wheat will be seeking such market centers as have the funds and the warehousing facilities to handle the property. There is a very poor outlook for a domestic milling demand and none at all for export unless prices are vastly reduced.

Corn—Cold weather in a large part of the corn belt imparted a great deal of strength to the corn market up to the middle of last week, but values were turning downward again toward the last. Weakness at the last was chiefly because the trade here awakened to the fact that while the country was willing to flood the trade with reports that the crop was making a poor growth, was a poor stand and that further replanting was being done, it was sending in no orders to buy corn.

Cotton—Reports on the cotton acreage up to June 1 show an increase in the same of 3.4 per cent. It is estimated that 88 per cent of the total area had come up to a stand on this date, planting, except in isolated cases, being completed. We hear no more of the alleged damage by the big storm of about a month ago and all the re-planting necessary (which seems to be confined to Alabama and Louisiana) has been completed and the cotton is up, although in these States there are a few complaints of irregular stands. Between May 14 and June 1 rains fell in all cotton-producing territories and were high beneficial, although accompanied by low temperatures. What is needed now is warm dry weather. Although lacking a few days of being as far advanced, the crop and field conditions compare favorably with last year. There is no question but what the weather continues to be the dominating influence, but from the outlook and the continued good news from reliable private sources we believe that there will be a bumper crop and in consequence the prices are too high and a big drop may be looked for at any time.

Copper—The general metal market has had another dull week. Metal conditions continue to parallel the industrial tendencies. The impression still holds that the Copper Producers' figures for May will show a more encouraging situation in copper than has been expected. Undoubtedly one of the most striking features of the whole copper situation is the disposition to accept the surplus, once so troublesome, as no very harmful item in itself. While the European rate of consumption is increasing the foreign surplus is being used to apply to the American stock, under the present uncertainty in the price of metal. Reorganization of the copper metal market has been much demanded, but the difficulties in the way have loomed large. It is beginning to appear that stability will come in the good old-fashioned way through the operation of the ordinary laws of trade rather than through the mergers and combinations. The result is likely to be more satisfactory to consumers than producers, though not necessarily bad for the latter. At present production is running about 10 per cent ahead of consumption. The copper companies have got into the position of merchants who carry shelves stocked with goods and must await customers. In the meantime pressure to sell is great and steady and back of it lies the new order of things in mining; which we think promises better prices for stocks of good standard and well-managed companies.

It's Such a Big Place

The hero of a story which has been told of Archbishop Ireland is really that witty churchman Bishop Talbot, "the Cowboy Bishop," whose powers of repartee and whose churchly devotion made him famous among those people of whom he has so delightfully written in his reminiscent volume, "My People of the Plains."

"Where in h—— have I seen you?" demanded a rough-looking man, meeting Bishop Talbot one evening in the crowded single street of a mining town.

To which the Bishop suavely retorted, to the shouting delight of the bystanders:

"What part of h—— do you come from, sir?"

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 13.)

venue in my particular case from the San Francisco to the Sacramento, or Sixth Judicial District. On the reading of its title its introduction was objected to by the entire San Francisco delegation of nine, composed of members of the Vigilance Committee, most of them being Black Republicans, and all of them elected in the furor of the mob ascendancy in that city. They were seconded in their objections by all of the Black Republicans on the floor, every one of whom was a sympathizer with the Vigilance Committee. The question then became, under the rules, "shall the bill be rejected?" upon which the "ayes" and "noes" were demanded, and it was found that the Democracy, who were largely in the majority in the House, with a few exceptions* voted in mass in the negative, while every Black Republican voted the other way. Thus, notwithstanding many of my friends were absent, the rejection of the bill was negatived by a handsome majority. Prior to the putting of the question, the Hon. Gaven D. Hall, member for El Dorado County, and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, made one of the most able and effective arguments in my behalf that had been heard that session; and I cannot refrain from here returning him my thanks for the same.

Another, though much lesser light in the Legislature, Mr. Patrick, of Tuolumne County, though calling himself a Democrat, made some severe remarks against me, and afterwards put himself to the trouble of having a most scurrilous speech against me published as having been delivered by him. Those who heard him, however, have only to read the speech to know that he never delivered it. The scurrility of it is the only thing about it that bears his mark. The grammar and diction are far superior to anything that was ever heard from him by his fellow members.

What induced this member to put himself out of the way to appear as my especial oppressor, I do not know. I know that I never wronged him in my life. Indeed, I never knew him until I saw him as my enemy, when I was pleading to the Legislature for protection from a blood-thirsty mob. I suppose there is only one way to account for his course, and that is by giving him credit for a most inordinate passion for "bunkum." Indeed, his desire to be on the popular side of every question must be very strong, if I am correctly informed; for I understand that when the rebellion first broke out in San Francisco, as the feeling was rather in favor of law and order in his county, he joined a military company called the "Sonora Greys," and also carried his son to their armory, professing his willingness to hold himself and his family in readiness to respond to the call of the Governor, and shed his blood if necessary, in support of the laws. The feeling altered, however, in Tuolumne. When, through the influence of the Vigilance press, the public mind in that section became poisoned, and law and order was no longer popular, the views of Mr. Patrick underwent a sudden change, and he became one of the members from his county in the Legislature. I am deeply pained to learn that he was defeated the other day in Tuolumne County, for the Democratic nomination for sheriff. When such consistent and reliable citizens are willing to enter the public service, (which is rarely), the people should by all means improve the opportunity to secure their efficient aid in the administration of the laws, particularly in the high and responsible office of sheriff.

After this signal defeat of the "Reformers," the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee of the House. Two days afterward it was reported back with an amendment making it a general law, giving to all other citizens the same privilege of moving for a change of venue without personally appearing in court, but leaving with the judges the selection of the districts where their cases were to be tried. This, of course, contemplated fully as much fairness and justice as my case required, and the opponents of my petition being I suppose, by this time ashamed of their narrow mindedness and injustice, took this for an excuse to withdraw their opposition to the bill, and it passed the House without a dissenting voice as amended by the Judiciary Committee. On the next day the bill was reported to the Senate, and the day following a motion was made in that body to suspend the rules and consider it at once. As I desire to state the facts in this narrative as they were, and to do full justice to all, I will here record that Senators Woodworth and Sullivan, both from San Francisco, and elected by the Vigilance Committee, voted with the majority in favor of the motion. So manifest was the necessity and justice of the measure that they, bitterly as they were prejudiced against me, could

* The Democratic State Journal, in commenting upon the proceedings the next day, held the following language:

Edward McGowan.—A bill was introduced in the Assembly, yesterday, the effect of which would be to grant Edward McGowan a trial in some county out of San Francisco. There is no doubt that if McGowan were taken to San Francisco he would be seized by the mob and hung, without judge or jury; or, were he to be regularly tried there, no jury could be obtained that would not be prejudiced on one side or the other. He desires that his case should be investigated by an impartial jury, and his request ought to be granted. We pity the man who has so little sensibility, or sense of justice, as to vote against the granting of such a reasonable favor. The bitterest fate that could be desired for him would be that he himself should, by some accidental circumstance, be left to the tender mercies of a mob jury.

We were sorry to see law and order democrats vote against the measure, influenced thereto probably by the fear expressed that its passage would do injury to their party. Pshaw! It has long been a household word among us that "Democracy oppresses no weakness," and was never ashamed to associate with mercy. Besides, it ought not to be considered a party measure, but one which every man, of whatsoever party, ought eagerly to approve

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not oppose it. Notwithstanding a majority voted in the affirmative, it was not sufficient; it requiring by the Senate rules, a two-thirds vote to suspend a rule. It being toward the close of the session, and other business pressing, that vote could not be obtained. Accordingly on motion of Mr. Coffroth, the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report it back the next day. In accordance with these instructions the Committee reported it on the eighth of March, recommending its passage with an amendment to the effect that the judge of a court to whom application might be made for a change of venue in accordance with the provisions of the bill, should have the power to grant or refuse the order in his discretion. In this shape it passed the Senate unanimously, but the House refused to concur in the Senate's amendment, not knowing what influences might possibly defeat the merciful intent of the bill in my case in San Francisco. Accordingly it went back to the Senate, which body receded from their amendment, and on the ninth day of March, the bill having unanimously passed both houses, as originally recommended by the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly, it received the signature of the Governor and became a law.

As may be supposed, this simple act of justice enraged my enemies at San Francisco not a little. Anything that savored so much of mercy to me, necessarily gave mortal offence to that portion of the press which had been so industriously instigating my fellow citizens to hunt me for my blood for the past ten months.* Their howlings annoyed me, however, but little; and so soon as my counsel could obtain a copy of the law, the proper affidavits were filed in the Fourth District Court at San Francisco, and Judge Hagar, who occupied that Bench, made the order for the change of venue, making Napa County the place of trial.

Having now secured the certainty of an impartial trial, I patiently awaited the bench warrant of the Hon. E. W. McKinstry, Judge of the Seventh Judicial District, to which my case had been transferred. I kept very quiet, being visited by my friends, and occasionally amusing myself by listening to the debates at the capitol. In this connection I cannot but relate an incident which, while it sets forth in its true colors the inexpressible meanness which characterized the impotent rage of the poor wretch who edits the San Francisco Bulletin, at the same time shows the bold and manly scorn in which his littleness was held by a gentleman occupying the second highest position in the State Government.

I went one day by invitation into the Assembly Hall, and was seated within the bar, at the table of the member who had invited me, when the reporter of the Bulletin espied me. I had not been there five minutes before a despatch was telegraphed to that paper, stating the fact of my being there, together with the name of the member who had invited me. In that evening's issue of the Bulletin a scurrilous article appeared, commenting not only on me, but very severely on the gentleman who had taken the liberty of introducing me within the bar. It was, of course, a source of no annovance to my friend, who had often shown in his legislative course how little he heeded shots coming from that quarter, nor should I probably have remembered it now, but for the fact that the Hon. R. M. Anderson, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and President of the Senate, on reading the article the next day, tendered me a standing invitation to enter within the bar of the Senate Chamber whenever I felt disposed, adding at the same time that "such pitiful persecution could never fail, among decent men, to make for the victim of it friends even among strangers."

While awaiting the action of the Court at Napa, a gentleman whom I knew to be my friend, called on me and informed me that he had every reason to know that important testimony would be adduced against me on the trial, which had not been given, either before the coroner, who held the inquest on Mr King, or before the grand jury. I listened attentively to the gentleman, for I knew him to be my friend, and then told him that it was all a fabrication which had been told him, to induce him to persuade me, if possible, to leave the country. I may as well here state that I understood it all, and that this was no shot from the Vigilance Committee, but was a ruse of certain gentlemen nearer home, whose treatment of me had left them no cause of congratulation on my unexpected return from exile. I said nothing of this, however, to my friend, for I knew that he was actuated by the kindest of motives, and

* The editor of that delectable sheet, the Bulletin, supremely disgusted that a sense of right and decency should have induced those sworn to support the laws and Constitution, to differ with him in his insane fanaticism, published the following silly and bombastic threat:

Let them Beware the Future.—We understand from good authority that J. Martin Reese, one of the parties arrested at the time of the capture of Judge Terry, and who was released from the rooms of the Vigilance Committee on his parole of honor, (which he afterwards broke), was engaged some time since in collecting by subscription among the law and murder sympathizers a sufficient fund to carry the notorious McGowan to Sacramento. These factionists were actually deceived by Estill's pompous assertion that a reaction had taken place in the feelings of the people, and calculating on the great chances of the Young Men's Democratic Club succeeding in the election of their candidate to succeed Frank Tilford as Senator, thought it would be the most favorable opportunity to return with McGowan and produce a collision with the friends of reform. This crowd of lawless men seem determined, now that they find sympathizers in the Legislature, to force the Vigilance Committee to commit some overt act.

We tell these men frankly that the Vigilance Committee and their friends throughout the State, are alive to all their schemes, and will not foolishly or rashly be drawn into their meshes. But should they deem it essential for their own protection, or in vindication of law and justice, again to take the reins of government in their own hands, there will be no child's play, nor will San Francisco be alone in the general cleaning out that will most assuredly follows. Los Angeles is now engaged in the work. The mountains will soon follow.

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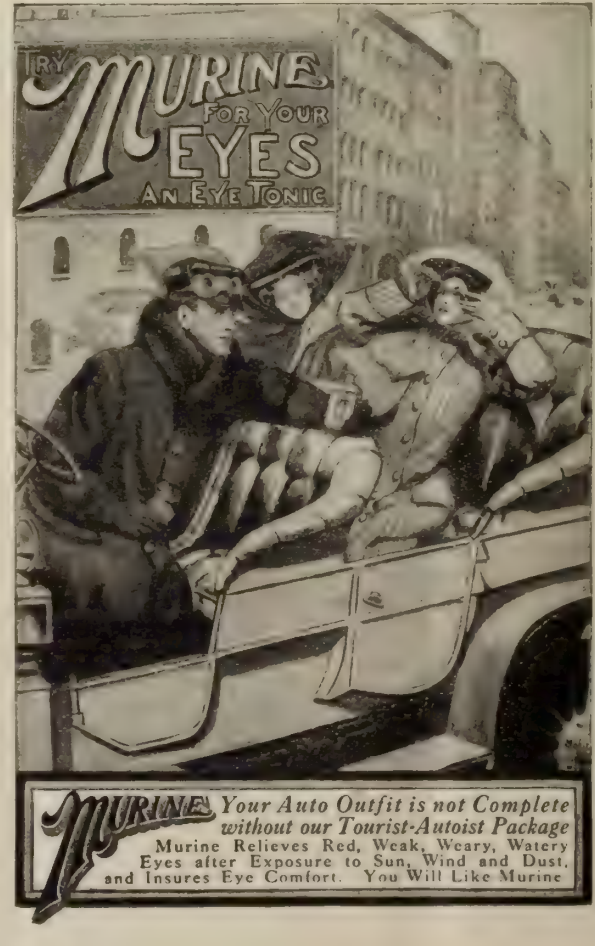

simply told him that I had come many hundreds of miles to stand my trial, and meant to do so.

The interview had one good effect, however; it awakened me to vigilance as to the machinations of the Committee, who, it struck me for the first time, might be endeavoring to suborn witnesses to ensure my conviction; and, as the sequel will show, this suspicion was not entirely groundless, and the defeat of their schemes was, in a great degree, owing to my watchfulness.

For some time after my case had been certified to the Court of Napa, I waited in Sacramento, expecting every day, that the sheriff of that county would arrive, with a bench warrant, and take me into custody. During this period nothing of interest occurred to me, except that, from time to time, my presence in the city, unconfined within a jail, elicited a howl of baffled rage from the "mob organ" of San Francisco, which, to my great amusement, was invariably taken up and re-echoed in the feeble yelp of such poodles of the press as the Sacramento Age, and other twopenny sheets, which have sprung into an ephemeral existence under the benign influence of sedition, even as musquitoes are engendered by the exhalations from a pestilential swamp. Their bite is but a trifle, but their hum is an insufferable nuisance.

At length, on the 14th day of May (which happened to be the anniversary of the shooting of James King of Wm.) a bench warrant was sent from Napa to the Sheriff of Sacramento County, under which I was immediately arrested by one of the deputies of that officer, and remained in his custody at the "Magnolia" until Sunday, the 17th, when Mr. Charles Clark of Napa, who had been specially deputed by the sheriff of his county for that purpose, arrived in Sacramento, and on the same day I accompanied him by way of Benicia to Napa City.

On arriving at Napa City, though still in charge of the sheriff, I was permitted to put up at the Napa Hotel, and was at liberty to go about the streets of the town accompanied by an officer, until Tuesday, the 19th day of May, when I was arraigned before Judge McKinstry and plead "not guilty" to the indictment. I was then remanded to the county jail, where I remained until Friday, the 22d of May. To the credit of the citizens of Napa County be it said, I found myself the only occupant of the jail. I was permitted to go about the entire building and was under no other restraint than my confinement to the house. I was treated with kindness, and made very comfortable by Sheriff Stark and his deputy, William Towns, Esq. Mr. Charles Clark, who had been sent to Sacramento for me, also visited me frequently, and by many acts of kindness rendered my captivity less disagreeable than it would otherwise have been. To all of these gentleman I beg now to repeat my many thanks for their consideration and kindness. On Friday, the day fixed for my trial, I again appeared in court, and the prosecution was allowed a postponement of the case for another week.

Immediately upon the order of continuance, I was recommitted to the jail, where I remained until the next Friday, the 29th of May. This postponement of the case on motion of the prosecution, who had professed to be only waiting for a chance to try me for nearly a year, not only disappointed me, but many others who had journeyed to Napa for the purpose of witnessing the trial. However, it rather helped, than prejudiced my cause, and I passed my week in jail very comfortably, being visited by scores of friends. To John B. Milliken, Esq., J. M. Dudley of Wells Fargo & Co's Express, and Edward J. Gage, Esq., I am under many obligations for unremitting kindness and attention during my imprisonment. I also met here an old Philadelphia friend of the name of Frank Whitticar, one of the proprietors of a circus then at Napa, who offered me, if I needed it, the use of his purse. I beg him again to accept my thanks for his good feeling toward me. Indeed, with few exceptions, the entire population of Napa City and the surrounding country treated me with marked sympathy and kindness. Many persons rode to Napa on no other business than to gratify their curiosity to see me. From the wood cuts they had seen of me in the mob papers, and the stories they had read of me, they expected, doubtless, to behold at least a moral if not a physical monster.

(To be Continued.)

Auto Items

The New York Lubricating Oil Co., the manufacturers among other things of Monogram oils, have just made announcement that George P. Moore who has been coast representative of the Monogram interests in the past will hereafter handle all of the company's extensive lines of oils and greases, including their noted marine lubricants, with which the big fleet made its famous trip around the Horn two years ago. Charles O. Major will be Moore's special assistant in handling the stationary and marine end of the business on this coast. The New York Lubricating Oil Co. invasion of this territory will add a new feature to the lubricating oil trade here.

The Pioneer Automobile Company is making great preparations for an active season in Wilcox trucks.

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Auto Notes

One of the leading objections to the quiet easy running electric automobiles has been that touring was impractical in them, owing to the necessity of recharging and the absence of conveniently situated charging plants. It remained for Del Monte to pioneer the way, and make long distance trips in electrics a possibility. Manager Warner has just announced the completion of two electro charging plants, one at Hotel Del Monte and the other at Pebble Beach Lodge on the Seventeen Mile Drive. The new scenic boulevards about the Monterey peninsula offer the motorist over forty miles of the finest roads in the State with a maximum grade of less than three per cent. The recharging arrangements now completed will make this section particularly attractive to owners of electrics.

The Bay Cities Electric Company reports the sale of a four passenger Columbus Electric Victoria to Mr. Albert Frank of the well known firm of S. H. Frank & Co., leather merchants. The car is for the use of Mrs. Frank and the fact that she has already become an adept at driving after only one lesson is a tribute to the ease of operation and perfect control of this popular Electric. The Victoria body will be used during the summer in the country and will be replaced for use in the city during the coming fall and winter with a four passenger brougham body, which is interchangeable on the same chassis.

Tex Rickard, beside being a prize fight promoter, is an automobilist of unbounded enthusiasm. Throughout the length and breadth of Nevada and especially along the hard desert routes he and his sturdy Thomas car are well known.

Mr. W. E. Travis, president and general manager of the Taxicab Co. of California who has made several trips recently in different makes of automobiles, testing them out, has taken delivery of a six-cylinder, seventy horsepower Thomas Flyer. This type of car has proven more satisfactory to Mr. Travis than any other car he has used and he expects to do many thousands of miles of touring in this new car.

According to C. E. Dutcher, manager of the Commercial Truck department of the Pioneer Automobile Company, this summer is to bring a decided increase in the number of local firms using motor driven vehicles for transfer purposes.

Asa Candler Jr., one of the best known amateur drivers in this country and the owner of the celebrated Atlanta motordrome, has just paid the Lozier Briarcliff car a compliment in ordering one of these models for his own use.

A tire record which takes the first place in this year's reports of service, as kept by The Diamond Rubber Co., has been sent to the big tire concern by Allen R. Kennedy of San Jose. Mr. Kennedy says that in 37,000 miles of service obtained from one set of Diamond Tires on a 4,000 pound car he had no occasion to remove the tires from the wheels excepting to repair the valves of two inner tubes. This happened on two occasions. The tires are 36x4 front and 36x5 rear and are still in use.

A letter from J. M. Pemberton of Scott, Ark., has just been forwarded to H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of the White Company. An extract reads as follows: "I bought from you in August, 1909, a model O-O White Steamer and I wish to express to you my unqualified approval of this car. It affords me pleasure to make the statement that from the date of purchase to the present time I have expended only $3.60 on repairs, part of which includes the mending of punctured tires, an accident that befalls every car."

E. D. McCoy, manager of the Chanslor and Lyon Motor Supply Company, has just received word of what approaches a record in long tire life. Ex-Mayor Geo. F. Hudson of Stockton has two Hartford tires on his Mitchell car which have been giving uninterrupted service since January 10,1908, and this in spite of the fact that Mr. Hudson is an enthusiastic tourist giving his machine much use.

The Russian army, following the example of other continental armies, is about to test the adaptability of the motor car in military maneuvers and has selected the Hupmobile for the purpose. The order for the car was placed with the Hupp factory in Detroit a few days ago by Boris Nirifowff of Schnectady, N. Y., acting as commissioner for the director of railway service in the Russian government.

S. G. Chapman is just unloading a shipment of Oakland "30" touring cars. The factory is just beginning to get enough of this model ahead to again open sales. Because of the unexpected demand at the outset of the season word went out to agents to refuse further orders for "Thirties."

In spite of the fact that the best of 1910 cars were endeavoring to break it the marvelous world's record of 1196 miles in 24 hours made by the Lozier last year was never in danger at the Brighton Beach Motordrome during the meet this year. In fact the best record made this year was 24 miles behind the performance of the Lozier which ran second to the winning car of the same make in 1909.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A Favorite Toilet Luxury, An Eye Tonic. A Soothing and Reliable Relief. Aids in Preserving and Restoring Eyes to Normal Strength and Healthful Brilliancy. For Dullness, Weakness, Redness, Inflammation, Granulation, Ulceration and Eye Pain. If you would Beautify and Promote a more Healthful Tone to Eye Lids, Eye Lashes and Eye Brows, and prevent Undesirable Conditions—Try Murine and Murine Eye Salve. You will Like Murine. In daily use in Beauty Parlors. Sold by all Druggists. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

C. R. Zacharias, Modesto agent for the Pioneer Automobile Company, is in town to take delivery of a Hudson which he will drive back home. Zacharias reports that the roads are now fine in the Modesto section and auto touring is rapidly reaching its height.

Mr. W. H. Thompson has just joined the selling force of the Standard Motor Car Company and will devote his time in demonstrating and selling the Ford and Velie cars for the local agents. Mr. Thompson is well known in the city and has had some experience in the automobile game.

J. W. Leavitt has just unloaded a carload of Overlands, including one of the new model inside drives. These inside drive cars since their introduction have proven immensely popular everywhere. The Overland make has many striking features worthy of commendation. The room inside the top is rather more spacious than many similar cars offer while the doors are arranged for greatest ease in entering or alighting from the carriage. In appearance the machine has an elegance particularly its own. The top can be removed, converting the car into the usual Overland roadster. The price is $1500.

Mr. George Hankins accompanied by a party of friends has left for his home in Alturas, driving his new Oakland "30" of which he had just taken delivery. While in town Mr. Hankins also bought an Oakland "30" for a friend. This car is now being shipped. Because of the hard grades that have to be negotiated in his section of the State, Mr. Hankins was looking particularly for hill climbing capabilities when selecting the machines.

S. G. Chapman continues to send out Hupmobiles on deliveries as soon as shipments can be unloaded and equipped. The following cars have gone out recently, all being Hupmobiles: two to Wallace Bros. of Stockton; one to W. J. Johnson of Martinez; Judge J. W. Stetson of Oakland; Ray Machine Company of Visalia; E. D. Hoffaker of San Mateo; E. R. Oppenheim of Sacramento and George Young of Modesto.

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THE LOZIER MOTOR CAR has been for years past the highest priced of American cars. That it has been legitimately high priced is proven by its steady growth in popular favor among those whose experience with Motor Cars enables them to judge intelligently as to REAL AUTOMOBILE VALUE.

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Is the ideal objective point for the motorist. The accommodations are complete and the ride from either side of the bay is delightful. This hotel is unsurpassed in the West for the beauty of its environment and for those qualities which contribute to ease and comfort. H. W. LAKE, Manager.

PARAISO SPRINGS

MONTEREY CO., CAL.

The most accessible of all resorts; a delightful terminal for an automobile trip. Take 8:05 a. m. train from Third and Townsend; you arrive at Spring 1 p. m. for lunch. Natural hot soda and sulphur plunge and tub baths, 104 to 116 degrees, for rheumatism, malaria and all stomach troubles. Iron and arsenic water. Rates $12 to $16 a week, including Baths. **Expert masseurs.** Reduced round trip rates $6.35 including auto. H. H. McGOWAN, Proprietor.

CASTLE CRAGS FARM

A delightful place to spend the summer among the pines near Mt. Shasta. Reopens June 1st under management of MRS W F MORRIS, care Hotel Victoria, San Francisco.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

One of the world's most curative springs, 2½ hours from San Francisco; one of California's best hotels and a delightful place for rest and recreation. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, James Flood Building, any S. P. Agent, or Peck-Judah, 789 Market St., San Francisco, or 553 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, or address manager, Byron Hot Springs, California.

ANNUAL OPENING

Dinner and Ball

SANTA CRUZ CASINO

SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 18th

Bands, Orchestras, Fireworks, Electrical Illuminations, Confetti Battle on the Boardwalk. All Concessions open to the public.

Dinner $1.50 per plate. Reservations may be made by mail or telephone.

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Popular family hotel overlooking the beach. Elegant and artistic furnishings. All outside room. Extensive grounds. Send for booklet. MISS A. PORTER, Santa Cruz, Cal.

THE ROWARDENNAN HOTEL

BEN LOMOND

Opened April 1. Mr. Jack Lacey, manager of the Casino Grill at Santa Cruz, in charge of the dining-room. Accommodations for 250 guests. European plan—rates $1.50 per day and up. Roads in fine condition for automobiles. **Jeffries training quarters;** fine trout fishing; fine boating and bathing in the San Lorenzo River. Address Management HOTEL ROWARDENNAN, Ben Lomond.

Mark West Springs

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Only 3½ hours from San Francisco and but 7 miles' staging. Meet trains of N. W. Pacific at Fulton, both morning and evening. Sausalito ferry at 7:45 a. m. or 3:15 p. m. daily. Round trip only $3.75. Nine mineral springs; hot mineral water baths; superb boating and swimming. Famous wild grapevine arbors—one 50 by 170 feet, covering hotel veranda and driveway. "The prettiest place in California," is the verdict of thousands. First-class table and service. References: Any guest of past 15 years. All amusements. Rates $2 a day or $12 a week. Can now accommodate 200. For further particulars call at room 512 Pacific Building, phone Douglas 832, or address J. F. MULGREW, Fulton, Cal.

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in the mountains only two miles from Santa Cruz. Boating and bathing, winding trails, shady groves, home garden, modern hotel, cottages, bungalows and tents. Address J. M. SHOULTS, San Cruz, Cal.

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NEVER FAILING **REMEDY** 30 YEARS THE STANDARD
PILES, CHILBLAINS, FELONS, BURNS, ETC.
A VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD SALVE.
ALL DRUGGISTS HAVE IT OR WILL OBTAIN ON REQUEST
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.
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A vacation at

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will be one you'll want to repeat. Let me tell you why. **LEN D. OWENS, Proprietor, Aetna Springs, Napa County, California.**

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Lithia for kidneys; magnesia for stomach; hot plunge baths 110 degrees, for rheumatism. Now open; $6 to $10 per week. Opens April 25, 1910. MISS C. WHEELER, Howard Springs.

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In Sierra Nevada mountains, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. We make a specialty of good cooking, and have our own dairy and raise our own vegetables. The mineral waters have no equal in the State for the cure of rheumatism, gout, liver and kidney complaints, and all blood and skin diseases. Train San Francisco to Boca, Boca and Loyalton train to Loyalton or stage from Truckee one and one-half hours. Rates $12 to $14 per week. Good camping grounds to let. H. PEARCE, Proprietor, Sierraville, Cal.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

Finest bathing beach on the Pacific Coast, within five minutes' walk of the largest and finest dancing pavilion in California. Opens May 15th. J. J. C. LEONARD, Prop.

MT. VIEW RANCH HOTEL

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table, clubroom, dancing pavilion, bowling, croquet. Rates, $9 and $10. Carriage fare $1.25 round trip. Phone State 81. Send for booklet. MRS. TONY PHILLIPS, Proprietor, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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AND BEAUTIFUL REDWOOD HEIGHTS

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; beautiful view of San Cruz and Monterey Bay; 80 acres in fruit, vineyard and vegetables; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; new bathhouse; daily mail. Telephone Suburban 87. Free conveyance. $7.00 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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Buy Direct from the Makers

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TALLAC

BROCKWAY

LAKE TAHOE

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Beautiful SANTA CRUZ

Is a great and glorious playground, and anyone who wants to play, from the tiny tot who knows nothing else to the hustling grown-up who hasn't forgotten how, may find his playthings ready here.

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In the prettiest part of the Santa Cruz Mountains, within a few miles of the sea, in the midst of giant Redwoods. You can find no more delightful place to spend your outing. Address LEVI SCOTT, Proprietor, Ben Lomond, Cal.

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A very noted fishing and health resort in the extreme northern part of California. For further information apply to PECK-JUDAH CO., 789 Market Street, San Francisco, or to EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou County, Cal.

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Half way between Santa Cruz and Rowardennan, Jeffries camp. Good trout fishing. BRUCE HUNT, Prop.

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First-class hotel accommodations; reasonable rates. Address CHAS. GARRISON, Boca, Cal.

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Passengers carried by **Automobiles** and **Stages** from **Pieta** to **Highland Springs, Lakeport, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Bartlett Springs** and **Upper Lake.** Fine mountain road, sprinkled daily. Time for lunch at Pieta. Charges on automobiles extra in addition to regular one-way stage fare to Highland Springs $1.50, Lakeport $2.00, Kelseyville $2.00 and Soda Bay $2.00. Tickets on sale at office of Northwestern Pacific R. R. Co., Ferry Building, San Francisco, or address office at Lakeport, Cal.

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J. M. LUX, Manager

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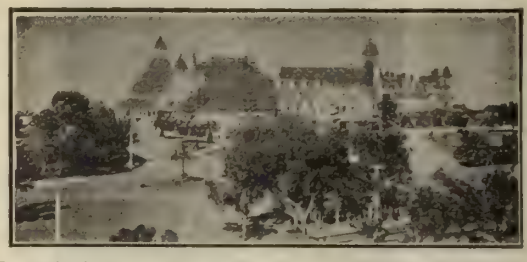
CORONADO, CAL.



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A perfect resort hotel offering a greater variety of recreation and comfort than any hotel in the world at a minimum expense. American plan only. Rates $3.00 a day upward

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Rates per day, $2.50 Rooms without Bath
Rooms with Bath, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

EUROPEAN PLAN.
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Have secured

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Special Luncheon served during Shopping Hours

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Music by Italian Orchestra from 6 to 8 p. m.

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Dining room seating 500 Table d' hote or a la carte service as desired

Special Sunday dinner, including wine, $1.00

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Built, furnished and equipped for high-class family patronage. Cuisine unsurpassed. Music every evening.

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HOTEL SACRAMENTO

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Elegant new fireproof construction. Service as perfect as expert management can produce.

ALBERT BETTENS, Proprietor

NOTICE OF FILING OF PETITION FOR PARTITION AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONER, AND OF TIME SET FOR HEARING OF SAID PETITION AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONER, AND ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING SAID PETITION.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Timothy J. Flynn and Kate I. Prendergast, devisees and heirs at law of the Estate of DENIS B. MURPHY, deceased, having filed in this Court their petition for the partition of the property of said estate and for the appointment of a commissioner or commissioners to make said partition and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that the hearing of said petition be set for Monday, the 13th day of June, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., in said Superior Court, Department Nine thereof at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at which time and place all persons interested may appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the hearing of said petition for said partition and the appointment of a commissioner or commissioners be given by publication of a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County, State aforesaid, for at least two weeks before the date set for said hearing, and by posting a copy of this order at least two weeks before the date set for said hearing in three public places in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Dated: May 20, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 20th, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners. 5-28-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4058, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of J. HORWEGE, Deceased.

Upon reading the verified petition of A. W. Horwege, administrator of the Estate of J. HORWEGE, deceased, on file herein;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, department ten of said Court, at the Courtroom thereof, in the Grant Building, No. 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 13th day of June, 1910, at 10 a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard and then and there show cause, if any they have, why the property belonging to said estate and situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of "K" Street, distant south from the intersection of the south line of Fifth Avenue with the east line of "K" Street one hundred feet; thence east at right angles to "K" Street one hundred feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred feet to the point of beginning. Being lot No. 238 in Block 99 as per map of Lands of "Central Park Homestead Association, filed in the County Recorder's office in the City and County of San Francisco, May 11, 1867; should not be leased to Joseph Mallough by the said administrator for a period of five years at an annual rental of $180.00 and upon the other terms and conditions more fully set forth in the petition of said administrator; which is hereby referred to and made a part hereof for all purposes, and to which said petition all persons interested herein are hereby referred.

It is furthr ordered that this notice of said hearing be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco once a week for two successive weeks.

Dated, May 19, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

LIPPITT and LIPPITT, Attorneys for Petitioner. 5-28-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA Mc GLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased.

MARY CORSIGLIA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Stephen Corsiglia, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administratrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

Reggie—Do you wink?
Miss de Smyth—What do you mean?
Reggie—I should say do you woller skate?

She—That's just like a man. Never gets into trouble without dragging a woman with him.
He—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah and the whale?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administratrix of the estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-707 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased. NELLIE L. McCANN,

Administratrix of the Estate of Anna M. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 701-707 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased.

BELLE DUNN CLINCH and JOHN J. LERMEN,
Executors of the Estate of Charles G. Clinch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Executors,
Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR ZEBRACKI, otherwise known as and called ARTHUR STANISLAUS EQUES. ZEBRACKI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased. T. E. K. CORMAC,

Administrator of the Estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

VINCENT SURR, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market St., San Francisco. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAHEL BEHRENDT, Deceased—No. 9684, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executor of the last will and testament of RAHEL BEHRENDT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713, in the building now known as "Union Trust Building," situate at the northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rahel Behrendt, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Rahel Behrendt, Deceased.
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN, and A. L. WEIL,
Attorneys for said Executor, Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 6-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE UPON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8903, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of G. G. BURNETT, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Jennie S. Burnett, G. W. Burnett and Jennie P. Gruver, in the above entitled estate, wherein, as executors of the estate of G. G. Burnett they ask permission to borrow Fifty Thousand (50,000) Dollars upon certain real property hereinafter more particularly described,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said matter be and appear in this Court Tuesday, June 14, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made granting permission to mortgage the said property hereinafter described,

And it is further ordered that notice of this hearing be published for four successive weeks prior to said date in "Town Talk."

The following is a particular description of the property desired to be mortgaged:

1st. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Turk Street with the westerly line of Larkin Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Turk Street, and thence easterly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches along the said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Six (6).

2nd. Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Larkin Street with the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Larkin Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles northerly fifty (50) feet to the southerly line of O'Farrell Street, and then easterly eighty-five (85) feet along said last named line to the point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Nine (9). THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. P. BLACK, Attorney for Petitioners.
P. O. Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONWAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Jas. P. Sweeney, Attorney for said Executrix, 1201 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased.

JOHANNA CONNELL,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary Conway, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

JAS. P. SWEENEY, Attorney for said Executrix,
1201 Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,044.

WILLARD A. GARDNER, Plaintiff, vs.
JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JENNIE A. GARDNER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. A. Denicke, Attorney-at-Law, 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased.

ELIZABETH BAUMULLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward George Baumuller, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Administratrix,
14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 5-28-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF EXECUTOR TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE SOLD UNDER A CONTRACT WITH DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9634, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 31st day of May, 1910, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, executor of the last will of Sarah Collins, deceased, has filed herein his verified petition praying to be authorized to convey that certain parcel of real estate hereinafter described to W. P. Fuller & Company, a corporation, duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California; said Sarah Collins being bound by contract in writing to convey the same, and having died before said transfer was made; and the hearing of said petition is set for Friday, the 1st day of July, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of department number ten of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

The following is a description of the real estate:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Langton Street, distant thereon southeasterly one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet from the point of interesection of the northeasterly line of Langton Street with the southeasterly line of Howard Street; running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Langton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southwesterly eighty (80) feet to Langton Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of one hundred (100) vara lot number two hundred and fifty-nine (259).

Dated this 31st day of May, 1910. JOHN FITZGERALD,
Executor of the Last Will of Sarah Collins, Deceased.

JOHN COTTER QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9382, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SUE RODEN, Deceased.

LILIAN RODEN, administratrix of the estate of SUE RODEN, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Thursday, the 16th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court (Department No. 10 thereof), in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell the said real estate, at either public or private sale, as shall seem to said administratrix to be for the best interests of said estate; and that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 9th day of May, A. D. 1910.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAMIE LOU DUNCAN, also known as EDNA COCKRILL, deceased.

JOHANNA WAHL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Mamie Lou Duncan, also known as Edna Cockrill, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZA GORDON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of ELIZA GORDON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Robinson & Getz, Room 403, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZA GORDON, deceased.

J. B. RUEBEN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza Gordon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executor,
45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 5102, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE DEELY, Deceased.

Erna Weinberger, a judgment creditor of and interested in the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 14th day of June, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing Laurence Deely, Administrator of the estate of ROSE DEELY, deceased, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, ROSE DEELY, as shall be necessary,

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, May 6th, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed May 6, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Erna Weinberger,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St., opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 5-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, No. 1051 Mills Building, Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CAESAR N. SPIERO, deceased.

ALOIS S. BAUM,
Executor of the Last Will of Caesar N. Spiero, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 14th, 1910.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 1051 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 5-14-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter or the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

MARY N. HUSSEY having presented to the Judge of this Court her verified petition praying for an order of this Court to sell the real estate in said estate at public or private sale, and it appearing to the Judge of this Court from such petition that it is necessary and would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein to sell the said real estate for the purposes and reasons therein mentioned, and said petition having been filed in the Clerk's office of this County;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, Department No. 4 thereof, on the 14th day of June, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, at the Courthouse in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the said real estate at either public or private sale.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the City and County in which said real property to be sold is situated.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1910. WM. S. WELLS, Judge.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. 5-14-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, Deceased—No. 9581, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of W. C. Graves, Room 24, 51 Third Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased.

J. J. GRAVES,
W. C. GRAVES, Jr.,
Executors of the Estate of Jefferson G. James, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 21, 1910.

W. C. GRAVES, ESQ., Attorney for the Petitioner,
Room 24, No. 51 Third St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-21-5

Letters

Recent Naval History

Any discussion of the famous—or infamous—Sampson-Schley controversy must be in the nature of an argument before a packed jury, for those who have taken interest enough in the affair to form an opinion have long since come to conclusions not to be disturbed by evidence. Though no one can blame Commodore Schley for requesting an inquiry in order to put an end to the unofficial criticisms and insinuations of which he was the victim, the main result of the effort to belittle one deserving officer in order to "hog" all the glory for another has been to block the way of promotion to all and to give publicity to the small jealousies and petty annoyances from which hitherto those unconnected with the service fondly flattered themselves the officers and bureaucracy were entirely free. Mr. James Parker, formerly a lieutenant commander in the navy and one of Rear Admiral Schley's counsel before the Board of Inquiry held seven years ago but which was virtually a court-martial, has published a volume entitled "Rear-Admirals Schley, Sampson and Cervera," in which he reviews at length the whole campaign of the Atlantic fleet during the war with Spain, beginning with the assembling of the battleships and auxiliaries and ending with the destruction of the Spanish fleet, as well as a resume of the proceedings before the Board. Though both a naval officer and a lawyer, Mr. Parker has written for the benefit of the man on the street. He has omitted technicalities of all kinds and has made no effort to display erudition at the expense of lucidity, and the result is that though the book contains nearly 350 pages, large octavo and the subject itself is not the latest sensation, there is not a paragraph which will permit itself to be slurred or disregarded. Virtually it is a special plea in favor of his client and life-long friend and goes to show that much of the criticism directed against Rear-Admiral Schley for not having done or omitted to do one thing or the other is in the nature of hindsight—what he should have done if he had been in possession of very different information than was available at the moment. Dry-land sailors who manoeuver fleets on the flat tops of mahogany office desks are confronted by different problems from those to be met by commanders at sea on real water, and, as Bernard Shaw says, "Those who can do; those who can't teach" and some other philosopher has added, "those who can do neither criticize." It is charitable to assume now that Rear-Admiral Sampson was in no condition to have been placed at the head of affairs and after reading Judge Parker's tempered, if not altogether unprejudiced review of events it becomes more than ever apparent that the forces of the United States were favored with phenomenal luck from beginning to end, for, between lack of information, lack of definite orders and division of authority, it was pure blind luck that gave the opportunity to take advantage of the unfitness of the enemy. The war, insignificant as it was, taught us a few lessons, not the least of which has been the advisability of not inaugurating another war amongst ourselves over a division of the intangible spoils. The trivial details and conflicting testimony intended to prove that the whole battle of Santiago could have been fought more effectively had one of the ships sailed a foot further in some direction other than what she did, and which took up so much time and discussion in the inquiry appears not to have affected the result a particle and surely it would have been a gracious concession to a gallant officer, had Rear-Admiral Schley been given credit for what he accomplished instead of criticism for what he did not, especially when his chief critic was never near enough to be even a spectator. In other days soldiers and sailors were presumed not to have wasted time in acquiring the piddling arts of clerkship, and it must greatly enhance the reputation of both generals and admirals that they neither carried on injudicious correspondence nor submitted to newspaper interviews in which their ill-considered comments and criticisms of rivals were sown broadcast to stir up further controversy. Judge Parker's volume is written in a style and spirit to make it of interest to any one not entirely devoted to gum chewing fiction, and any boy of from twelve years upward should prefer it to "Jack Harkaway," if he is given a chance to express preference. From the Neale Publishing Company.

A Charming River Book

Let no reader turn aside from "Three Rivers: the Hudson, the Potomac, the James" under an impression that this is another of Charles Lamb's pet abominations, a book that is not a book. The title does not give any indication of the charm of its contents, nearly three hundred pages of rambling reminiscences of the author. General Joseph P. Farley, U. S. A., a native of the State of Maryland, an employe of the Coast Survey Commission while yet only a small boy, a member of the class of cadets prematurely graduated from West Point in 1851 and an officer in the army as were both his father and grandfather. As a boy General Farley knew the country about the Potomac and James rivers where he had numerous friends and relatives; later, while serving in the army during the Civil War he was stationed in the same vicinity, and again, within the past few years, after long absence in connection with military duty, again he has visited the same spots. As a cadet at West Point he learned to know the Hudson, especially about the military academy and he had the unusual advantage of being the son of a graduate who, with a natural turn for literary composition, had committed to writing various lengthy descriptions of his own impressions. Both General Farley and his father served as instructors in drawing at West Point so that the earlier impressions there are likewise supplemented by later observations. The descriptions are interspersed with bits of biography, anecdote, history and observation. There have been whole volumes concerning Whistler expanded from no greater amount of material than is contained in the few brief pages relating to art in the curriculum of the military academy and the description of the battle of Bull Run is more graphic than any other that I have had the fortune to read. Much of the matter embodied in "Three Rivers" having been reprinted from elsewhere, it is a pity that the text has not always been modified to meet requirements. Owing to exigencies of space and page sizes it has been impossible to reproduce all the illustrations which accompanied the original text and in consequence the reader is frequently directed to some picture which has been omitted. This is a trivial and insignificant fault to find with so excellent a volume, especially when there are ten illustrations in color, reproduced from water color sketches by the author. Published by the Neale Company

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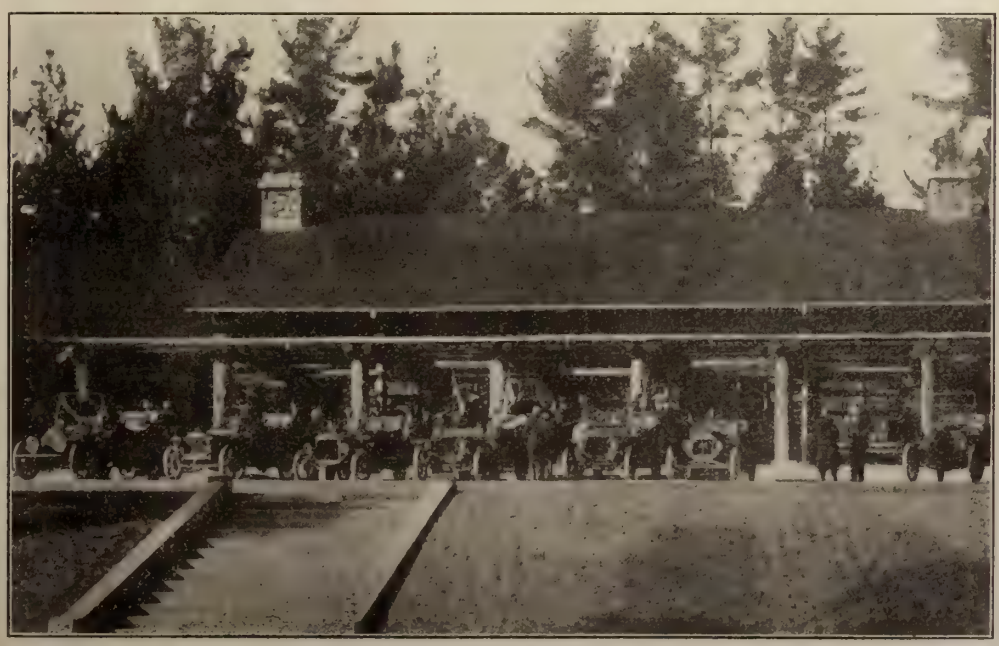

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, June 18, 1910 | No. 929

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An Inspiring Standard Bearer

The Hon. Hiram Johnson entertained a large audience in this city last week with many assurances of the holiness of his mission. We are told that he made a "profound impression" on his hearers "by the vehemence that attested the sincerity of his utterances"; also that the enthusiasm which he stirred up with his expletives and epithets is conclusive of an aroused public spirit from which we may confidently expect deadly execution on election day. We have no doubt about the "profound impression." Mr. Johnson is always deeply affecting whether in defense of a criminal or in abusing the lawyer on the other side. That his vehemence attests his sincerity, however, is hardly a truism. If we accept Cicero as an authority, the fact is that "orators are most vehement when they have the weakest cause, as men go on horseback when they cannot walk." As to what may be expected from the public spirit which yielded to the magnetism of Mr. Johnson's personality, this is a matter about which there must be uncertainty. Experience teaches that the enthusiasm of an audience in the presence of a spellbinder under forced draught is not an infallible test of the public mind. In political campaigns especially, sporadic and isolated cases of enthusiasm are misleading. In political campaigns every audience is imbued with the spirit of partisanship and eager to have its emotions tililated. Mr. Johnson himself, we venture to assert, is not unaware of the susceptibility of the people that congregate to hear him orate. The probability is that fresh in his recollection are the profound impressions which but recently in another campaign he scattered with a prodigal tongue while sowing storms of enthusiasm without reaping the desirable rainbow. Fresh also, it is reasonable to suppose, in the recollection of the public, is the success achieved by Mr. Johnson in simulating sincerity in the role of an unselfish patriot during a period of severe hallucinatory delirium when San Francisco was within a stone's throw of complete dementia. Now presuming as we do that there is no confusion in the public mind regarding Mr. Johnson we are not at all enthusiastic over his prospects. We believe that as a job-chasing patriot Hiram Johnson is impossible inasmuch as his future like a comet's tail glows behind him. For we suppose it to be generally known that the thrifty lawyer who now asks the public to believe that he has consecrated his talents to the redemption of the sacred pillars of government is the same shifty practitioner who was but recently regenerating San Francisco with one hand raised to heaven and the other delving in Mr. Rudolph Spreckels' capacious pocket. And assuming that nobody has any misconception regarding the identity of Mr. Johnson; assuming that everybody knows that this is the same Johnson who before the disclosure of the golden inspiration of his fire-eyed fury in the cause of morality used to call upon God to witness his tremendous self-sacrifice, what reason is there for believing that he is now about to conquest the hearts of the people? Is it to be supposed that the people have been wrought up to such blind fury that they can be persuaded to put the affairs of their State in the hands of a man they know to be nothing more than a howling, self-seeking mountebank? It may be true that the people like to be hoodwinked. But in our judgment they don't like to be hoodwinked twice in succession by the same artist and with the same shell and pea game. In our judgment it was a mistake for the Lincoln-Roosevelt League to select for a standard bearer the man who had the prodigious effrontery while intimately connected with the privately conducted district attorney's office to become the attorney for a bank wrecker and line his pockets with loot that was paid for the pull which he employed to obtain clemency for his client. If it be doubted that the selection of Mr. Johnson was a tactical blunder, certainly it cannot be denied that it was condonation of indecency. Nor is it stating the case with too much violence of language to say that however eager the people of this State may be to express their rage against machine politics it is an insult to their intelligence to expect it to be done through the medium of a Hiram Johnson.

The Troubles of Los Angeles

It is perhaps well for us that experiments are now being made in new fangled governmental devices. For we are almost on the point of abandoning the fundamentals of our national government at the instigation of those quack statesmen who are working overtime in the populistic laboratory, compounding political panaceas and economic catholicons. Perhaps we shall not be able to appreciate the old formulas until we have practical demonstration of the inefficacy of the new. We have yet to apprehend the folly of pulling down an edifice which has answered our common purposes in a tolerable degree with the expectation of building again without plans and specifications of approved utility. We have yet to learn that perfection of theory is not perfection of practice; that between the two there is a gulf which few can bridge. But thanks to Oklahoma, Los Angeles and other places instinct with Populism and New Thought experiment is shedding light on matters of the utmost importance to all the people. Los Angeles is perhaps one of the best examples in the country of the danger of wandering from the safe and limited routine of ordinary practice and indulging in large and general innovations in government. Los Angeles presents a fine object lesson in the folly of approximating pure democracy. And yet the people of Los Angeles consider themselves far above the average in intelligence. Los Angeles is a city that justly boasts of its progressiveness, its goodness and its culture. In Los Angeles Virtue is invariably rewarded and Nemesis eternally pursues the wrongdoer. In Los Angeles it has long been customary to be shocked at the utter depravity and licentiousness of government in San Francisco. But now Los Angeles has troubles of her own. If we look on the two pictures presented by Los Angeles and San Francisco we may be inclined to the opinion that it is worse to be governed by reformers than by practical politicians. Los Angeles is governed by speculative philosophers from the Middle West and sociologists from everywhere. When they are not preoccupied with the question as to whether the soul is round or oblong they are engaged in supplying inspiration and the sinews of war for the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and kindred societies. And the government which these gentlemen have given Los Angeles seems to be proof of the inability of idealists to grapple with the realities of life. They have given Los Angeles among other things the

Recall, the Initiative and the Referendum; and now the people find that these strange devices have some of the proclivities of the boomerang and the buzz-saw. The remarkable discovery has been made in Los Angeles that the devices which in theory were supposed to have been adapted by Providence to the crying needs of an oppressed people are in practice the handy instruments of greedy and incorrigible public service corporations. The people of Los Angeles have been bludgeoned with their own deadly weapons. Pathetic is the plight of Los Angeles. Groaning under a heavy bonded debt, the people haven't money enough to finish their great aqueduct, and they find that the reformers have tied them up in a knot while the public service corporations are threatening to strangle them with the referendum. In short the municipal affairs of Los Angeles are in such an awful tangle that even the practical politicians are pitying the reformers.

That Hetch-Hetchy Victory

The more we learn of the great and wonderful victory achieved in Washington recently by the Hon. Percy Long and the Hon. Marsdon Manson the greater becomes our amazement at the performance. Meagre were the details with which the taxpayers of this city were regaled when their distinguished representatives sent the glad tidings of triumph over the wire. All that we were permitted to know was that Secretary Ballinger had agreed to postpone the withdrawal of the permit to draw a water supply from the Hetch-Hetchy Valley pending investigation. It was made to appear that action had been suspended to give the city authorities time in which to prepare data in support of the proposition that the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is essential to our purposes. Now we learn that the action taken at Washington was somewhat at variance with the version of Manson and Long. The fact is that the Interior Department is not to be guided or influenced by the Manson and Long brand of expert knowledge. The required data is to be gathered by a board of army engineers. These experts are not to confine their investigation to Lake Eleanor or Hetch-Hetchy. They are to examine all available sources including those of the Spring Valley Water Works. Now with this investigation in prospect the probability is that the stockholders of the octopus have as much reason to rejoice as the taxpayers of the city. For it is almost certain that the engineers will find that the Spring Valley system is in need of but little augmentation. They will certainly find that the Spring Valley sources combined with Lake Eleanor will be sufficient for all our purposes for at least one hundred years. So, it is probable that upon thinking the matter over, the newspapers that were elated over the Manson and Long victory will experience an abatement of their enthusiasm. An official report by competent engineers is bound to illumine a situation that has long been systematically darkened by the corporation-baiters of politics and the press. After all, therefore, we may be justified in felicitating ourselves on the victory won at Washington despite the fact that it was preceded by the humilation of our distinguished representatives, who had to confess that though nine years have passed since the first filings were made upon the Hetch-Hetchy site no real attempt had been made to ascertain whether the valley was needed.

Wigmore's New Wrinkle

Professor Wigmore recently published a "Pocket Code of Evidence" which has evoked many satirical comments from members of the legal profession. In this book Professor Wigmore discusses the advantage of employing psychological experts to test the capacity of a witness. He says that psychological experts may be employed for that purpose, but that the admissibility of experiments by such experts depends upon conditions that may or may not exist in the uncertain future. In a note he adds, "This is not yet the law anywhere, but should be provided for in case applied phychology develops any such trustworthy method." How a judge is to determine when a standard method recognized as trustworthy has been discovered, Professor Wigmore does not say. He merely concerns himself with the question of the advisability of rendering it possible to test the accuracy of a witness's testimony. He believes that the time is coming when the testimony of a witness regarding the color of a suit of clothes or the date of his child's birth, or the number of his house will be challenged not by testimony in rebuttal but by psychological experts who will swear that he is not competent to give accurate information on such subjects. In this connection it is but just to state that it might be profitable to subject Professor Wigmore himself to psychological study. This is the same Professor Wigmore who questioned the soundness of the law in the Schmitz decision thereby winning the high encomiums of some of our purest patriots. The psychology of the professor's performance has never been clearly explained. But we know without psychological experiments that the professor never read the decision which he disapproved.

Bigotry in England

Much heat has been engendered in England by the proposal to amend the language of what is known as the "King's Declaration of Faith." The proponents of the amendment argue that it is unnecessary to perpetuate in the Declaration language that is insulting to the King's Roman Catholic subjects. But the London Council of the United Protestant Societies, with Lord Kinnaird in the chair, has protested against "weakening the existing safeguards of our Protestantism." The protest goes on to say "the practice of the Roman Catholic Church in anathematizing, and, where she is sufficiently powerful, of putting to death all who differ from her distinctive tenets invalidates the claim of the Roman Catholics to have the language of the Declaration altered or modified." From this it is evident that even in enlightened England there are people who still believe that the burning of bigots is one of the twentieth century

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pastimes of the Pope. But it should be explained that this delusion is not prevalent among members of the Established Church. Singularly enough, though it is the Established Church that is most interested in the Declaration, many distinguished members of that church are in favor of eliminating the objectionable language. The protestants are chiefly representatives of the sects whose traditions are written in the blood of heretics. The London Saturday Review which is devoted to the preservation of all the constitutional safeguards of the hereditary principle, and which holds that so long as there is an Established Church the King should be its head, discusses the issue with its accustomed calmness and clarity of vision. Taking up the argument involved in the protest of the United Protestant Societies the Saturday Review observes that three or four centuries ago a man who differed in religious opinion from the Government under which he lived, whether in Geneva or Spain, did so at his peril. Continuing the writer points out that the argument of the United Protestant Societies is to the effect that because the Roman Catholic Church has shown, or, if they prefer it, still shows a persecuting spirit, therefore it is right for the King at his Coronation to insult the religious beliefs of his Roman Catholic subjects. "In other words," says the Saturday Review writer, "the adjectives of the Declaration are a fitting punishment for the Roman Curia"; and observing, "This is the true spirit of persecution," he puts the case thus: " 'Here are men,' says the United Protestants, 'who hold opinions with which we disagree and which we regard as pernicious and even dangerous. We will not, therefore, try to convert them, an undertaking which requires wide knowledge, deep sympathy and unwearied effort. But we will instead punish them for holding their opinions—a proceeding, indeed, which will do no one any particular good, but will be a great relief to our Protestant feelings.' " In the judgment of the Saturday Review the United Protestants do not represent British Protestantism. On the contrary it is believed they are a small band of fanatics who have acquired an extravagant influence on party wirepullers by promising their support to any man, whatever his political or personal character may be, who will pledge himself to forward their policy of religious persecution. This is a description that nicely fits a certain breed of moralists in this country by which we are constantly threatened with legislation designed to make us live the ascetic life.

Repentance

When I look back along the travelled road,
The dusty pathway watered by my tears,
And feel the burden of my vanished years
Crushing me down beneath its heavy load;
While passion and desire for ever goad
Me, stumbling onward, and no angel hears
My prayer for light, such as, in by-gone years
God in the wilderness to Israel showed:

Then is my heart stung by a bitter pain
For thoughts of dear things lost beyond recall;
For hours of sunshine wasted, and the rain
Endured impatiently from spring to fall;
For days of hope deferred, and chances missed—
For starlike eyes unheeded, lips unkissed.

—E. L. A.

Perspective Impressions

The hardest thing to do is to undo.

Hiram Johnson's explosions are deadly at the breech but harmless at the muzzle.

The Examiner is in favor of confiscating the property of the Spring Valley Water Works. Why not dynamite it?

Barclay Henley wants to be a railroad commissioner. Is there anybody that laid up to the Graft Prosecution like a pig to a rough post that doesn't want something?

Judge Works, candidate for United States Senator, tells us that he has two conceptions of the Deity. It is a safe bet that of Judge Works the devil has only one.

It is by no means certain that Colonel Roosevelt will run again. Next time he may turn the job over to Kermit.

The Democracy of California has indeed fallen upon evil days: Bell for Governor, Phelan beyond reach of the Finance Committee, and Flannery out of the running.

The people of Alaska import coal from Australia at $12 a ton because they cannot develop the coal fields at their doors. Thus is Conservation taking care of posterity.

The Link-Roosters, as General Otis calls them, are disingenuous. They hate to admit that the principle for which they are fighting is in the State Treasury and accessible only to job-holders.

Ned McGowan's Narrative

(We have now arrived at the last chapter of this remarkable autobiographic account of the adventures of a fugitive from the vengeance of the Vigilance Committee. McGowan thought it wise to include in his book a summary of the proceedings at his trial that everybody might learn how little justification there was for the hostility of the Vigilantes. This summary is here reproduced—Editor's Note.)

(Eleventh Instalment)

James W. Stillman called and sworn—Reside in San Francisco; was at the Bank Exchange on the 14th of May, 1856, about five o'clock p. m.; didn't see the act of shooting; heard the report; was in the street at the time; first came out at the door to go to dinner; not five minutes from five o'clock, immediately after the report, I turned; was standing with my back to the direction in which the pistol was fired; Mr. King passed me just before I heard the report, going in the direction of the Express office; spoke to me as he passed; heard the report; then I saw both King and Casey; Mr. Casey was in the act of stooping to pick up his cloak, or talma; King was in the act of walking towards the Express office; ran and took hold of him and asked him if he was hurt; he replied, "Yes"; assisted him to the Express office, to the back part; he groaned when mounting the steps; the clerks got a mattress to lay him down on, and I then commenced unbuttoning his clothes, to see where he was hurt; unbuttoned his coat, took a pistol from his pocket and handed it to a gentleman standing by; I then unbuttoned his shirt collar, until I found the wound; told him the wound was not mortal; don't profess to be a medical man; doctors came in and examined the case; don't know what became of Casey; told King I did not know where Casey was; the crowd had broken the windows, and they were talking outside so that we could hear them; had not seen Casey for two or three hours before; then saw him on Montgomery street; I was talking with Mayor Webb and Horace Hawes; think they were the men; it was about half-past two o'clock; I am entirely ignorant of anything else connected with the case.

Cross examination—Found a pistol on Mr. King; on the right side, I think; it was not in a pocket, but laying loose; it was a small revolver; didn't notice whether it was cocked or not; told Mr. King not to be frightened; he appeared very much alarmed at the time I spoke to him; know Mr. McGowan; did not see him there.

Dr. Toland called and sworn—Reside in San Francisco; am a graduate in medicine; about ten o'clock, on May 16th (evening) saw several messages for me, requesting me to visit Mr. King at the Express Building; when arrived, found Mr. King lying on the counter on a mattress; I did not examine the wound; saw the anterior wound, as it was exposed; I suppose twenty physicians were in the room; there were two openings; lying on his back; the posterior wound was concealed; Dr. Hammond had charge of the case—King's family physician; Mr. King's extremities were cold; vomited everything taken; very little pulse in the right arm and none in the left; physicians were administering stimulants for the purpose of trying to bring on a reaction; applying mustard plasters, etc.; I remained about two hours, finding physicians enough there, and not regarding him as my patient; I left about ten o'clock; before leaving, was requested by Dr. Hammond to return at seven o'clock the next morning; I then found Drs. Hammond, Bertody and Gray in council; reaction being partly established, we determined to have him removed to Montgomery Block; this was at seven o'clock in the morning; we met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and examined his wounds more particularly than we had before; the anterior wound was about an inch below the collar-bone—apparently over the first rib; the ball passed backward and rather inward, and escaped on the inner side near the upper extremity of the shoulder-blade; the arm was entirely paralyzed; motion and sensation destroyed; very cold, and somewhat swollen, and very slight pulsation in the artery could be distinguished; (this was in the afternoon of the 17th of May); he was still vomiting; right pulse though more full than in the morning, was still soft and impressible; not stronger than in the morning; believing that the vein in consequence of profuse hemorrhage; (can't assert hemorrhage); infer he lost a great deal of blood from the length of time it took to procure reaction—having laid twelve hours almost pulseless; we concluded to allow a small sponge introduced to remain, for fear of a return of the bleeding if it was withdrawn; he lay on his back; posterior wound large, and there was a constant discharge of bloody serum escaped, which prevented any accumulation within the wound; posterior wound much larger than anterior; believing that the artery in consequence of indistinct pulse at the wrist, although it might not be wounded, was so much injured that it might slough or yield to the pressure of the blood above, a compress wet with the cold water applied over the anterior, and a tourniquet arranged; all necessary was to turn a key. On the third day found him much more unwell than on the previous afternoon; I suggested the propriety (for the purpose of satisfying the public) that some other physicians be called; Drury Myron attended next consultation; next morning met to remove the sponge; Dr. Griffith opposed the removing the sponge; fourth day opening entire armpit to allow concealed matter to escape, but none was found; portion of lint passed in to keep the incision open; fifth day in the morning, still more unwell, pulse more rapid, expression of his countenance more anxious; I administered chloroform immediately and cautiously; object to lessen the sensibility of the wound; didn't think it necessary to bring him wholly under the influence of ether; this was about twelve o'clock, fifth day; all the physicians agreed to the action; no discharge took place from the wound, except a small amount of coagulated blood; his symptoms became gradually more unfavorable; though he had been getting worse from the fourth day; on the sixth he died, late in the afternoon.

Orlando C. Osborn—Was in San Francisco on the fourteenth of May, 1856; present at the time Casey shot King; heard report of pistol; saw Casey standing about seventy or eighty feet from him; saw him pick up a coat; had a pistol; it was a revolver; was advancing all the time and as I advanced saw Mr. King taken into the Express office; some persons came up to Casey and ushered him across the street in a diagonal direction; think some person then took the pistol; there was a person came up to Casey and took hold of his arm; they were going up Washington street; saw Casey raise his arm and drop a pistol in the hands or pocket of a person on his left; saw the pistol pass; it was a small sized pistol; about ten feet off was a yellow mounted pistol; positive of that; never saw it afterwards, or knew anything of its whereabouts; looked like a Derringer; didn't look like a revolver.

Cross examination—Casey was about seventy feet from the corner of Burgoyne's Building; then he dropped the pocket-pistol; taken from his left hand; I was advancing towards Casey at that moment, and was on the pavement right behind him; south side of Washington street; couldn't describe the pistol particularly; the guard was yellow; I know that; saw butt-end and mounting of the pistol, and that was yellow; did not see the

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Sweep and the Girl

By Anatole France (from the French)

[illegible]

J. C. WILSON

A Great Opportunity Missed

Being an Expression of Regret that Joseph L. King Overlooked so Many Romantic Possibilities in Writing His "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board"

By Edward F. O'Day

Since Honore de Balzac created the romance of money by making Mammon the composite hero and villain of his Comedie Humaine there has never been an episode in the epic of finance so full of dramatic intensity as the heyday of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. The names of the chief figures in that stirring adventure—Flood, Mackay, Fair, O'Brien, Ralston, Sharon, Jim Keene, "Lucky" Baldwin—are compact of romance; while the stocks themselves—Con. Virginia, Ophir, Hale and Norcross, Best and Belcher, Crown Point, Chollar and Potosi—conjure visions of golden opportunities seized or lost, of fortunes accumulated and dissipated overnight, of oriental extravagance and pinching penury, of lusty life and bitter death.

The story in its entirety has never been told, but all of us know parts of it. Whether we are of that rapidly diminishing number who rubbed elbows with the heroes of that epoch, whether we have inherited its traditions from our fathers or have simply acquired them with our residence in San Francisco, we are all aware of the tremendous events of that halcyon time. And taking up a book that bears the title "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board," noting that its author is Joseph L. King who has been connected with the Exchange for many years and who, it might have been supposed, inherited the literary tradition from James King of William, his father, it is natural that we should entertain lively anticipations of a romantic treat. It was in this spirit that I opened Mr. King's book and I am sorry that I must record a disappointment.

Mr. King writes as a business man, not as a litterateur. His style connotes the diarian jottings of a hurried trader rather than the leisurely narrative of an imaginative observer alive to the romantic wonder of the scenes in which he took a part. His book is fragmentary, ill-judged, lacking in unity and climax. As a source book it is valuable; as a history it is naught.

Possibly Mr. King intended only to put between covers a compilation of facts for the convenience of some future historian. Indeed he lays stress on the fact that the records of the Exchange were destroyed in the great fire and that the events of which he tells would possibly be lost to posterity unless collected in book form. But a collection of facts does not make history any more than a pile of twigs makes a fagot, and Mr. King has called his book a history. The misnomer involves a misconception which cannot but dash the enthusiasm of the reader.

In the annals of the Stock Exchange the year 1875 stands out as a twelvemonth of tremendous import. In that year occurred the immense rise in Con. Virginia and California with the sympathetic lift in other stocks. In that year the value of a seat in the Stock Exchange was $43,000. In that year fire swept Virginia City and caused a tremendous break in prices. In that year the Bank of California suspended and W. C. Ralston died. And in that year families that had been wealthy were so crippled by losses on the stock exchange that even today their descendants have reason to curse the gambling fever of 1875.

Here was a year to quicken the blood of the historian and to send his pen racing through vivid pages. But Mr. King has not been inspired. He does not rise to the occasion. His narrative is leaden; his chapters are skeletons to which the reader must put flesh and blood or miss the meaning of a California epoch. Some day the historian will breathe the breath of life into the lifeless clay of Mr. King's record and the world will have a great book. It will not be altogether a pleasant book to read because the historian will show both sides of the shield. Mr. King seems to know the golden side only; the tragedies of Pauper Alley find no mention in his pages. In fact Pauper Alley—was ever thoroughfare given a more sinister name?—is mentioned quite casually. As though it were not necessary, in the history of the Stock Exchange, to tell of the failures as well as of the successes!

Mr. King is best in his anecdotage. Scattered through his volume are some capital stories but they are mingled with a deal of rubbish unworthy of record. An anecdote of James C. Flood and Robert Sherwood favorably illustrates his manner of telling a story.

"In early days, in the '70s, quite a number of operators would gather together in Cahill's office on Montgomery street, near California. Among them were Mr. James C. Flood and Mr. Robert Sherwood. Sherwood had 1000 Consolidated Virginia, the stock selling at about $100. One day Sherwood, on looking at the prices, remarked that he was getting tired of that Consolidated Virginia; it did not move much. Mr. Flood said: 'What are you growling about? If you are tired of that stock I will take it off yours hands at $100.' 'Sold,' said Sherwood, and the stock changed hands.

"In course of time the Nevada Bank Building was erected on the corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. On meeting Sherwood one day, Mr. Flood remarked: 'We built that Nevada Block on the profits of that 1000 shares of Consolidated Virginia you sold us.'

"Subsequently, in the Sierra Nevada and Union deal, Mr. Flood approached Sherwood on the street and bought from him 5000 Union at $200 a share, the transaction footing up $1,000,000.

"Sherwood built the Union Block, on the gore corner of Pine, Davis and Market streets. Meeting Flood one day, he remarked, 'I built that Union Block with the profits on that 5000 Union I sold you.'"

It is too bad that praise cannot be lavished on Mr. King's book. It is a painstaking performance, undoubtedly possessing a greater degree of accuracy than was to be expected in the narration of events of which no official record remains. It is probable that no other member of the Exchange could have done the research work involved so intelligently and so scrupulously. For these merits the book must be commended and must be preserved in all our California libraries. Let us hope that some day in the not too distant future a writer with the gift for historical composition will find inspiration in its pages, even as Carlyle found in the dryasdust chronicle of a medieval monk the stuff from which he wrought his entrancing "Past and Present." I am sure that when this happens Mr. King will receive adequate acknowledgment for his industry in collecting and perpetuating invaluable material.

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The Spectator

The Big Fight

The immature students of human nature among us who profess surprise at the tremendous amount of attention which the approaching fight between Jeffries and Johnson has attracted, would understand the real situation much better if they paid a visit to Rowardennan. Rowardennan, as all the world "and the rest of mankind" is aware, has flashed out of comparative obscurity as the training camp of the great white pugilist. Having been down at Rowardennan recently I may be open to the charge of enthusiasm, but some small experience with fights and fighters has taken away a great deal of the thrill which used to come when I inspected a pugilist or watched him perform. For a good many years now I have been checking up the before and after statements of would-be champions and I am not taken off my feet by glowing accounts of condition or perfervid statements of prowess. I went down to Rowardennan without overmuch enthusiasm and I returned wonderfully impressed. I was not merely impressed with the condition of the main attraction at Rowardnennan. To my mind that was but a small part of the story. Particularly was I impressed with the spirit which pervades the camp and it was to this spirit that I referred when I spoke of the understanding which would come to the anti-pugilistic reformers if they paid a visit to the beautiful resort at Ben Lomond.

The Secret of the Spell

It is no exaggeration to say that all over the world men are waiting with eager interest for the fight between the white and the colored boxer. Newspapers in every country are devoting columns daily to the subject. Sports are coming from all lands to see the fray. At the present time there are thousands in this city who will leave immediately after the fight. A list of the sporting writers, artists and photographers who have arrived from all parts of the country as well as from overseas, would fill a great deal of space—and they have not all arrived yet. Naturally all this interest focusses at Rowardennan and it is at Rowardennan, if anywhere, that we are to look for the clue to the phenomenon, so puzzling to many of our righteous citizens, of men of brains prostrating themselves in admiration before a man of brawn. And at Rowardennan the phenomenon takes on an aspect of extreme simplicity, the puzzle seems to solve itself. Unfortunately the secret of the tremendous spell which holds so many men at the present time is not new or startling; it is something as old as the world, something so old that we city fags usually overlook it in the mad rush from breakfast to business and from business to cocktails and dinner. The yearning for physical perfection explains why so many people are interested in the coming fight. Their interest in Johnson and Jeffries springs from the most important attribute of these two men—their physical vigor. It is the universal admiration for physical vigor that is focussed at Rowardennan.

The Women Are Interested

It is folly to pretend that women are not taking a deep interest in the Jeffries-Johnson fight. It is equal folly to assert that such an interest is unfeminine, something of which a womanly woman would blush to be guilty. We have only to watch the women reading the newspapers to realize how strong is their interest in this fight. But to stop at Rowardennan is to receive new light on this phase of the matter. Rowardennan is a general resort, so naturally there are women stopping there as well as men. Other women are constantly staying there for a short time as members of automobile parties. Last Sunday when I was at Rowardennan there must have been two hundred women there and every last one of them was more interested in the opportunity to see Jeffries box than in anything else.At the ring under the trees I spoke with women of culture who discussed Jeffries' condition as intelligently and as eagerly as any sporting writer. Some of these women could have discussed Dante or Ibsen, Maude Adams' Rosalind or Mrs. Atherton's latest novel just as intelligently and just as eagerly, if any of these subjects had been introduced. But I am sure that in their surroundings they would much prefer to talk about Jeffries and I am not going to carp at them either.

It's a Health Resort

Rowardennan, at the present time, is a great health resort and Jeffries is its inspiration. All of Jeffries' camp followers are more interested in keeping in the pink of condition than in anything else. That is what they are for. But the same spirit has been communicated to everybody in that mountain resort. Even newspapermen who had almost forgotten what exercise consisted of rise with the lark and do road work before breakfast. The conversation is all of walking and climbing, swimming and fishing, of showers and rub-downs. Everybody who looks at Jeffries immediately acquires an ambition—belated, absurd if you will—to get into condition and it is such a natural ambition that nobody laughs at anybody else. It did not seem ridiculous to see Willie Collier put on the boxing gloves with Jeffries last Sunday. The chances are that there is many a millionaire banker in town who would be tickled to death if Jeffries would let him spar a round or two. So really what Jeffries is doing is a great work. He is teaching the simple life—and leading it absolutely, from all that I hear. He is reminding us that our bodies are worth cultivating, a truism which we know by heart but very seldom use as a rule of conduct. Jeffries is one of the greatest men in the world today. He is at the head of his kind. Why not admit that? Why wonder that the world is watching him? It will be a poor sort of world when it outgrows the capacity to admire a giant like Jeffries.

The Race Feeling

What I have said of Jeffries applies likewise to Johnson, but in smaller measure. Johnson too is an example of superb physical cultivation. But Johnson is not a white man and it is too much to expect that any white man shall look on Johnson and admire him as he admires Jeffries. The race prejudice which flames in the South is practically unknown in California and yet there is a strong feeling against Johnson, based on his color. The primitive feeling of superiority insists on declaring itself. Sometimes it declares itself in disagree-

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able fashion. The crank is exercising his ingenuity over this fight as over every affair of human life. Not long ago a large package arrived at Rowardennan addressed to Jeffries. When it was opened it proved to be a miniature coffin enclosing the wooden effigy of a negro. It may be thought that Jeffries enjoyed this "joke" at the expense of his opponent but he did not. He was simply disgusted. A still more grewsome incident has not yet been called to Jeffries' attention. A few days ago a stranger walked into a newspaper office in this city and asked for the sporting editor. To the sporting editor he stated that he was a merchant of Memphis, Tennessee, and that he had come to San Francisco to see the fight. Producing a package he asked the sporting editor if he would have the kindness to convey it to Jeffries. Not knowing what sort of crank he had to deal with the sporting editor asked him to open the package. The Tennessean complied. It contained the scalp of a negro who was lynched in Memphis for the usual crime. "Please bring it to Mr. Jeffries," drawled the Tennessean, "with my compliments. But don't you think it would be a good idea to display it in your window, tied with a yellow ribbon, before you give it to him? That is merely a suggestion. But be sure you tell Mr. Jeffries that if he wears this scalp it will bring him good luck and there'll be another hanging at his belt on the fifth of July." The suggestion was ignored and neither the scalp nor the message was conveyed to Jeffries.

A Few Questions

That the newspapers are not publishing all the fight data that the public would like to read might be inferred from the following communication, were it not couched in a satirical vein:

San Francisco, June 11, 1910.

Editor, Town Talk.

Learned and Honorable Sir: I have recently evolved into what is known as a "fan" and am taking an interest in sporting events that I never took before. In fact I may say that I have "pugilitis" so keenly am I interested in everything pertaining to the roped arena. Naturally as my education along pugilistic lines was somewhat neglected in the past, I am not as well posted as I might and should be. Will you kindly then, in your enterprising journal, answer the following questions and so add to the knowledge not only of your humble inquisitor, but to that of the world at large?

1. Why don't the newspapers chronicle the daily deeds of the two great gladiators on the front page instead of hiding the news away in the sporting section?
2. Why don't the "war correspondents" at the two rival training camps give us more details about the world's greatest warriors?
3. Why don't the press photographers give us some pictures of Jeff's loving wife who is standing by him so loyally through all his financial troubles?
4. Is there a blow called the "Solar Perplexus"? If so, which hand delivers it? And when? And how often?
5. Is it true that Edmond Rostand, the author of "Chantecler" is at work on another rooster play for Mr. Jeffries?
6. What was the occupation of Jeff's great, great, great, great grandfather? Was he Lord Chief Justice of England?
7. If Jeff went to Rome would he "spar" with the Pope?
8. Does Jeff when he says his prayers, ask to be saved from the almshouse?
9. What city in Africa was Johnson's great, great, great grandfather mayor of?
10. What percentage of the gate receipts on July 4 will be donated to charity?
11. What effect upon civilization will the battle have?
12. Will the newspapers get 75 per cent of the gate receipts for advertising the fight months in advance?
13. Don't you think they should?
14. Will the fight "hurt business" in "P. H's Paris"?
15. Which gentleman is the negro, Jeffries, Johnson, Rickard or Gleason? This is to decide a bet.
16. Will there be anything worth reading in the newspapers after July 4, 1910?
17. Has it as yet been decided who will win the fight?
18. If I bet on the fight and lose what shall I tell my wife?

Hoping I have not tired you, Mr. Editor, and that you will soon give me and others the desired information, I remain,

Yours anxiously,
—An Ignorant Fan.

"Are you going to take your motor car out today?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Chuggings, in a tone of slight embarrassment.

"If you do take it out, where will you go?"

"I can't say positively. I'm only the owner of the car, not the chauffeur."

He's a Good Mixer

Judge Wilbur of Los Angeles has been spreading his message among the unregenerate of Oakland. Judge Wilbur is the great bible champion who has been advising the people to elevate him to the Supreme Court that he might facilitate the reformation of the judiciary. At home the judge is a reformer, scornful of the practical politician and all his works and ways. Away from home he realizes that to advance the greater good which he symbolizes it is expedient to mingle with his fellow men and promote civic virtue by means of personal effluvia. As a consequence he is known in Oakland as a good mixer. His cicerone in Oakland was himself a good mixer, but not of the same brand as the purist from Los Angeles. A mixer of drinks it was that had the management of Judge Wilbur's itinerary in Oakland. From which circumstance it might be inferred that the Los Angeles jurist has no conscientious scruples against exploiting the saloon vote.

Hoyle of San Quentin

John E. Hoyle, warden of San Quentin, has accomplished some wonderful reforms in that penitentiary. When he took charge of affairs at San Quentin they were in a state of chaos. In no State in the Union was there a penitentiary so badly managed as the one across the bay in Marin County. Today there is none so well managed. Warden Hoyle has solved many problems in penology, proving not only that he has great executive ability but also that he is a man of fine impulses, as deeply concerned for the moral welfare of the unfortunates who come under his charge as for the interests of the State. The things that Warden Hoyle has done at San Quentin have caused him to be known among penologists and humanitarians far beyond the boundaries of California. But only recently have his achievements received recognition at home. People hereabouts are beginning to sit up and take notice of the man who transformed San Quentin into a model penitentiary. The other day the Call, which finds it difficult to conceive of good coming out of machine politics, took occasion to acclaim Warden Hoyle editorially, and, incidentally, to admit that "Not the least of Governor Gillett's services to California has been his selection of John E. Hoyle to be Warden at San Quentin."

The Santa Cruz Convention

No, indeed, the selection of John E. Hoyle is not the least of Governor Gillett's services to California. Governor Gillett has rendered so many services to California that his determination to retire to private life is regretted by a very large majority of the people of the State. The memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not

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to the time when a governor of California approached the close of his term so firmly intrenched in the confidence of the people as Governor Gillett. Now this is something worthy of reflection in these piping times of insurgency that resound with the vociferations of reformers against the clamant evils of machine politics. Governor Gillett is a machine politician. Which means that he is not in sympathy with the self-righteous patriots whose greed of office is inspiring perfervid exhortations to the pee-pul to avail themselves of the opportunity to redress their wrongs. Scarcely a day passes on which we are not reminded of the infamous Santa Cruz Convention. What the infamy of it was is never clearly explained. But whatever it was we must certainly feel that it was somewhat mitigated by the circumstance that the deliberations of that convention resulted in the shelving of "Weak Brother" Pardee and the nomination of one James N. Gillett.

Herrin's Oregon Address

Mr. William F. Herrin, chief counsel for the Southern Pacific Company, delivered a notable address the other day at the jubilee celebration of the Oregon Agricultural College. It was notable for two reasons. One is that Mr. Herrin though a man very much in the public eye was never before in the public ear. The other reason is that the thoughts expressed and the manner and style of their expression were not of the commonplace. It is evident that Mr. Herrin is versed in the principles of the science of government as well as in the philosophy of his country's history. It is also evident that he is a man to whom words are living, breathing things, with color and character. To people hereabouts he is known chiefly as a great artist in practical politics, the reason being that he represents a corporation which pays one-eighth of the taxes of the State and which from that circumstance alone, if not from the motive of self-preservation, is perhaps as deeply interested in the government of the State as any private individual or group of private interests. But whatever be the popular conception of Mr. William F. Herrin, no intelligent man can read his address on the public duties and civic responsibilities of college graduates without realizing that he is a scholar with the ability to leave his impress deeply on the opinions of those among us who attempt to enlighten their practice by philosophical meditation. This being the case Mr. Herrin is justly to be taken to task for his protracted reticence. In his Oregon address he said among other things, "Never in the history of our country has there been greater need for intelligent public leadership than now." In this sentiment many of us will concur. And at the same time many of us will ask, Why doesn't Mr. William F. Herrin more frequently avail himself of opportunities to get into the public ear? The country is not bountifully supplied with men capable of leading public thought in the right direction. And few of those that have the capacity ever take the public into their confidence. They concede to the demagogue the right of way. One of the exceptions is James J. Hill, a man of great loquacity, who always commands attention. The late E. H. Harriman toward the close of his career emerged from his seclusion, and the moment he began talking to the people they preferred to give him their attention than to bestow it on his assailants. A few more talks, Mr. Herrin, and you will be surprised at the rapidity with which the public will lose interest in the mouthings and cant of your critics.

Ethel—Jack really won Maud by hardness and coldness.
Elsie—What do you mean?
Ethel—Diamonds and ice cream.

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A Noisome Profession

The profession of muckraking is so beset with temptations that I am sorry to see it adopted by the brilliant young correspondent of the Stockton Mail. Possessed as he is of a conscience he cannot follow the profession without incurring mental anguish. It is hard for the muckraker to avoid doing mean things in order to win distinction in detraction. And in the practice of calumny he is bound to acquire a point of view from which he will be ever inclined whenever either of two inferences may be drawn to embrace the one that imputes to somebody a wrong motive. The muckraker is never so charitable as I will be in discussing what the Stockton Mail's correspondent has to say about the decision of the Court of Appeal reversing Judge Lawlor in the Emmons case. To this discussion I called attention two weeks ago, and what I had to say about the rebuking of Judge Lawlor inspired in the Mail's correspondent what he conceived to be a few happy thoughts. In the elaboration of them he adopted all the most vicious methods of the muckraker his purpose being to indicate that the Court of Appeal reversed Judge Lawlor for the purpose of justifying the position assumed by the defendants of the graft prosecution who did not take the witness stand. Now I do not wish to be understood as charging that the Mail's correspondent deliberately distorted, garbled or perverted the facts with which he dealt. The fact is I do not believe he could be hired to do anything so unjust. I am of the opinion that he has been misled, and I think that I can point my finger at the misleader. But let us scrutinize this characteristic specimen of muckraking.

The Deadly Parallel

According to the Mail's correspondent the evidence against Emmons was sufficient to convince any honest jury of his guilt. This is doubtless true. Next we are told that the Court of Appeal granted the defendant a new trial because Judge Lawlor refused to give a cer-

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tain instruction to the jury. This instruction, he says, was as follows: "The mere fact that the defendant does not testify raises no presumption or prejudice against him." And he adds: "In effect it warned the jurors that they should banish entirely from their minds the fact that Emmons had not testified in his own behalf." Here we have what purports to be the instruction verbatim, but it is nothing of the kind. However this bit of garbling is of little moment. The whole point of the case was in the reading to the jury in lieu of the instruction denied Section 1323 of the Penal Code. Now for the deadly parallel:

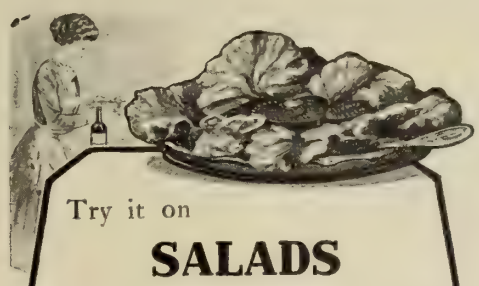
Section 1323 of the Penal Code

A defendant in a criminal action or proceeding cannot be compelled to be a witness against himself; but if he offer himself as a witness he may be cross-examined by the counsel for the people as to all matter about which he was examined in chief. His neglect or refusal to be a witness cannot in any manner prejudice him nor be used against him on the trial or proceeding.

Section 1323 as Quoted in the Mail

A defendant cannot be compelled to be a witness against himself. His neglect or refusal cannot in any manner prejudice him or be used against him on the trial or proceeding.

Not a word in the Mail as to the right of the counsel for the people to cross-examine a defendant when he takes the witness stand. "Judge Lawlor," says the amiable muckraker, "merely cited the rule that a man cannot be made to convict himself." Of course Judge Lawlor did more than that. He read to the jury a section of the code that was never intended to be read as an instruction, and his obvious purpose was to intimate to the jury that the defendant did not take the witness stand because he was fearful of a cross-examination that might bring out the truth. The only thing that the jury should know, as Judge Lawlor must know if he has ever read any law outside of the codes, was whether the defendant had a right to hold his tongue, and whether the jury had the right to draw any inference from his holding it. Of course every lawyer and many laymen know that the defendant had the right to hold his tongue, but the Mail's correspondent, indulging the habit of muckrakers, infers that some new principle of law was expounded when Judge Lawlor was reversed and rebuked. "Now for the exposure of the colored gentleman in the Appellate Court's woodpile," he exclaims; "Ruef stood mute. Louis Glass stood mute. Pat Calhoun stood mute. Mike Coffey stood mute. Tirey Ford stood mute." Again: "There is virtue in standing mute, we may hear the Appellate Court say. Muteness implies a lofty contempt for the prosecution's case," et cetera. Rather far-fetched are these inferences in view of the fact that standing mute is one of the inalienable privileges of American citizens. It requires nothing in the nature of sanctification. Doubtless it often defeats the ends of justice, but there is nothing that so frequently defeats these ends as the perversity of trial judges who arrogate to themselves the right of ignoring the law whenever they see a chance of swelling their record for convictions. The case of Emmons is probably one in point. If Judge Lawlor had given the instruction asked for the jury in all probability would have found Emmons guilty. But Judge Lawlor wished to make it a cinch. And now perhaps when Emmons is tried again some of the witnesses will be missing. Admit as one may that the reversal is unfortunate, yet the Court of Appeal is not properly to be blamed for insisting that trial judges shall act as such and not as prosecutors.



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"That is the affinity doll."

Twain's Scatological Work

A Los Angeles correspondent who asks that his name be withheld has sent me the following communication concerning a work by Mark Twain printed for private circulation about which I wrote two or three paragraphs some time ago:

In your issue of May 21, 1910, "Spectator" writes of "A Rare Work by Mark Twain," thereby giving the first public hint I have seen on the Pacific Coast of the existence of the writing in question. It was a surprise to me to learn that a copy was to be found in this part of the world. As I have understood from people supposed to know, the inside history of this truly wonderful reconstruction of Elizabethan thought and colloquial speech, is that there were only one hundred copies printed, and that these were sent exclusively to such friends of the author as, in his judgment, would appreciate at its true literary value, his contribution to correct knowledge of the life, manners and morals of a great historical era, and would not misconstrue his motive and object in writing it. Although, as I have been informed, a large majority of the recipients were delighted, and hailed the sketch which was entitled "Fireside Talk in the Days of the Tudors," as a triumph of erudition and scholarship, there were a few who "viewed with alarm" what they claimed was calculated to "bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence"; the same kind of "innocence" exemplified some years agone by the Tennessee legislature when

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it ordered the nude figures of Thorwaldsen's Seasons on the terrace of the State capitol to be swathed in canvas.

The verdict of men of culture, learning and sense like the late John Hay, who held the work to be Mark Twain's masterpiece, did not save the author from a sense of mortification and disgust anent the attitude of utter misunderstanding and puritanical nose-lifting displayed by some of his formerly valued acquaintance in New England and the Middle West. Because of this an earnest effort was made to recall every copy extant and, until I saw the reference to the San Francisco example in "Town Talk," I supposed that it had been successful with one or two exceptions. I am not sure about the copy belonging to Secretary Hay, but I am about another which was among the most cherished possessions of Eugene Field who, just before his death, gave it to a friend as a present of rare value. At the outside I think it improbable that there are more than three or possibly four original copies in existence.

Access to the Field copy has made me familiar with the work which I have read a dozen times or more. That, however, was some years ago and now I can recall the text only in a fragmentary way although I remember the story as a whole quite vividly. The scene, as "Spectator" states, is laid in "an English castle," and in the "closet of the Queen's Most Excellent Majestie." In addition to the "talkers" mentioned in your note, i. e., "Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, a couple of duchesses and a young noble woman"—the last named being "the little lady Helen, aged fifteen"—rare Ben Jonson and Francis Beaumont, aet. 16, were of the presence.

A Pungent Conversation

The company indulged in several subjects of conversation, all as distinctly Elizabethan in tone as the famous ruff of that name; but the principal topic, in the discussion of which the "full strength of the company" is in action, brings before the reader's vision the Bard of Avon, Ben Jonson and Beaumont speaking in language, and with methods, manners and metaphors so lifelike, characteristic and consistent with their best known work, that one has to stop roaring over the reductio ad absurdum, given in Mark Twain's richest vein of humour, to wonder at the magician whose wand has reincarnated for us these great ones, making them even as they must have appeared and sounded to the people of their own generation.

When Mark Twain was in England gathering material for his book, "The Prince and the Pauper," he spent a great deal of time in the British Museum and in the Bodleian library at Oxford, saturating himself with lore of the Tudor period. Placed at his disposal were thousands of original letters, diaries, monographs and what not written by men and women of the royalty, nobility and gentry of those days when the English educated classes were prolific of intimate and voluminous correspondence, journals and memoirs prepared for family perusal alone, and all such like things. Mixing and melting over these materials in the crucible of his genius, he was able to reconstruct the character, thoughts, motives, morals, faults, foibles, manners and speech of the sturdy, plain-spoken folk who lived and moved, fought, drank, diced, loved and gossipped in the reign of good Queen Bess, as no one else ever has been able to.

If any one be curious about the main topic of the "Fireside Talk," he may obtain more than an inkling of it in the pages of Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," in which can be found a paragraph relating to an amusing Elizabethan court incident, no doubt the immediate historical inspiration of Mark Twain's esoteric production. D'Israeli tells us that a certain devoted and punctilious courtier, much liked by the "virgin queen," in making his obeisance on a time, accidentally violated one of the canons of etiquette as made and provided for public functions. The offence itself was nothing much or material. D'Israeli refers to it as merely "a trifle light as air"; but the culprit was so abashed and mortified that he rushed from the court and made for Italy as fast as horse and sail could carry him; and there he stayed for three long years. Finally, like the celebrated Lord Lovel, "languishing thoughts came into his head," and he started home, taking with him as a peace offering several pairs of woven silk stockings of Venetian manufacture theretofore unknown in England. After sending these by a safe hand to her majesty, the penitent ventured to present himself in person. He was most kindly received, Elizabeth graciously observing that she was glad to see him back, and expressing the hope that he had quite forgotten the occasion of his leaving, which, for her part, she had dismissed from her mind as soon after the occurrence as she had been able.

Farmer—What's all this scribbling?
Son—Shorthand, father. You ought to learn it.
Farmer—What would be the good of that? If I learnt to write it, I could never read it.

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Josaphare on the Literary Centre

Notwithstanding his long hair, his soulful eyes and other accoutrements of the poetic temperament, Lionel Josaphare is not in ardent sympathy with the views of those of our literati who believe that the atmosphere which they generate in these parts warrants them in assuming that the world's literary centre is hereabouts. A true literary artist himself, yet Josaphare does not take himself seriously as may be learned from a letter which he recently wrote to the New York Sun apropos of the recent discussion therein of the fertility of literary genius in California. This is the letter:

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: On May 21 The Sun printed an interview which gave credit to California's climate for the literary productiveness hereabout. This topic is a favorite with authors that have dwelt anywhere from Siskiyou to San Diego, Sierra to the sea. About a year ago some California writers contributed answers to the question, "Is California Destined to Become America's Literary Centre?" This question was propounded by the managers of the Carmel Whirl, a paper that was issued for one day to promote enthusiasm for a carnival. All the writers answered in the affirmative, with more or less sureness. All gave the credit to California's climate and scenery, modestly refraining from mention of their own genius as pertaining to the case. In discussing the influence of earth, air and water as apart from literary fire, one of the writers asserted that population might eventually be a considerable quantity in the equation; and he indicated the section of the State from which the pointed leg of the literary compass would describe the circle. Yet even this section was broad and vague.

Thus we can hardly tell whether it is modesty or egotism that prompts these views. Modesty might prevent the author from assuming the initial cause of power, egotism might affect him to look about for valid cause of superiority.

Now, had I been asked about America's literary centre I should have been more exact than the others, even at the sacrifice of such reticence as may be becoming but ought not to dim the truth. I should have given the home and the business address of the literary centre and told where it could be found in my summer vacation. Were I capable of aesthetics and psychics, indeed, I should enjoy being the literary centre of America; and when I should engage in a literary whirl there would be something centrifugally doing, forsooth, and no mistaking me for the centre of gravity walking in its sleep, and San Francisco editors would consider my books as important a piece of news as they esteem "Raisin Day."

Of course, if we had no climate or scenery we should have no poems or stories, yet too much climate and too few readers are not a stimulus to literature; and I should like to be informed why the atmosphere energizes the writers to write, but not the other part of the population to read. Also, why does the climate give one poet a better style than another?

I was born in a Southern State where we had landscapes here and there, climate all the year round, and geography as far as the eye could see. Flowing past our town was a little creek, called the Mississippi in those days. We had no literary centre in the neighborhood, no Athens of the Pacific, no California Stratford-on-Avon. Yet no one complained as the cornbread supplied enough inspiration to distinguish the full moon from a hole in the ground, an elemental distinction that is the beginning of all wisdom.

I wonder why this atmosphere does not arouse editors to notice literature more than they do. On seeing the name of a California author in the headlines we may feel sure that the author has died or is being sued for divorce, or is low with appendicitis.

Thus unappreciated, a number of writers have caused the transference of America's literary centre from San Francisco to Carmel-by-the-Sea. Climatically considered, Carmel is the logical site for the literary centre of America, though not yet the birthplace of any writer or the location of a publishing house. However, the literary centre of America might just as well remain there until removed to the precincts of a more enterprising real estate dealer.

—Lionel Josaphare.

San Francisco, May 27.

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NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

Wilson Mizner's Latest Role

Wilson Mizner, most irrespressible member of an irrepressible family, is just now astonishing San Francisco in a novel role. It is neither more nor less than that of manager to a prize-fighter, the particular plugugly to whom he has articled himself being Stanley Ketchel. Ketchel once enjoyed the managerial offices of poor Willus Britt and under the tutelage of that greatest of all publicity agents, reached the high places of pugilistic prosperity. After Britt's death Ketchel induced Bert Igoe, the San Franciscan cartoonist, to leave the Hearst service in New York and to manage his affairs. But Igoe did not find the position congenial. He found that Ketchel expected him to take a lively part in all his diversions and for the diversions of a pugilist Igoe has no stomach. So the twain agreed to disagree and when Igoe sought to collect $1500 which was due him for his services he had the greatest difficulty in wringing it from the hard fist of the fighter. Looking about for a congenial manager Ketchel finally fixed on Wilson Mizner who lacks the scruples about pugilistic diversions which caused Ketchel to adjudge Igoe "no sport." While Mizner is thus engaged his former wife Mrs. Yerkes is contemplating another dash around the matrimonial cinder path in company with one Billy Lower. It is said in New York that the marriage will take place early in the fall.

"I can't see why men like to get up early and go fishing," says Mrs. Malaprop. "Now, my husband is a regular anglomaniac. I mean, he's a debauchee to the episcatory art. Fish? Why he's an apostle of old Izaak Newton himself!"

A Surfeit of Poets

South of Tehachapi there are poets a-plenty—poets galore and then some more. The atmosphere and tradition of Southern California is strongly conducive to poesy and poets are born there every day. Even the nomadic tourists who "stop over" in Los Angeles to visit Pasadena and Riverside and the beach cities contiguous to the southern metropolis are affected by the contagion and return to their homes riming "sun-bright strand of the sundown sea" with "moon-light land of the lemon tree." So plentiful are poets in the southland that the San Diego Chamber of Commerce has offered a prize of three dollars for the best poem to fit the lilting tune of the "Yama-yama Man." Three dollars is not a large prize for a good poem but it must not be forgotten that Milton received only twenty-five dollars for his epic of "Paradise Lost." The Chamber of Commerce of San Diego does not require its poet clientele to produce an epic; they merely request a lyric or a brief ode, not longer than Shelley's "Skylark" or Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes." And they do not insist that the quality of their prize poem shall excel either of these classics. No doubt a poem such as has been requistioned by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce would fetch a higher rate in northern California where real poetry is not yet a drug on the market except during the Memorial Day season and Fourth o' July, but it must be taken into consideration that in Southern California the poem supply greatly exceeds the demand. Consequently the tariff has been revised downward.

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Commercial Value of Dead Poets

In a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times appeared a page of eulogy and biography concerning Eliza Otis who, in her lifetime was a Southern California poet of no mean ability after the manner and inspiration of Wordsworth. She was also the wife of the owner of the Times who combined sorrow with business in this instance by appending at the end of the Times panegyric an announcement that the dead poet's poems could be purchased at the office of the Times for $2.50 per cloth bound volume or $15 per edition de luxe. It was a tribute worthy of the genius of the departed as it was also a conspicuous example of the bereaved husband's thrift and keen sense of the commercial fitness of things. As a rule poets are not appreciated at their true money value in their lifetime. Oftentimes they sing for bread and are rewarded with a stone after they die of starvation. Why should it be deemed incongruous or unpoetical to advertise their poems on the stone? Besides,

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their heirs are certainly entitled to receive all the profit that may accrue from the postmortem appreciation of posterity.

Poetry and History

The most popular poet in Southern California is John S. McGroarty. Poet McGroarty's finest poems are in prose, but nobody who reads them stops to think of that. It is the afflatus rather than the form that makes poetry. Occasionally, however, Poet McGroarty slices his prose into metrical lengths and utilizes his license. He has done this in his poem entitled "The Golden Gate," beginning, "Green Tamalpais, starward swung, brown hill and harbor isle, O winding rivers, inland flung where sea-lured valleys smile." Rivers "inland flung" and valleys "sea-lured" are seeming contradictions of geographical verity, but we must not be too critical of the work of a full licensed poet. "I see you watch and wait," observes Poet McGroarty, "as when in quest of Monterey, swart old Don Gaspar and his men (like 'stout Cortez on a lone peak in Darien') looked on you first, that day; I see you watch in mist and sun, as when the Spaniard bore in from the sea, where galleon had never sailed before." The license here invoked by Poet McGroarty is historical rather than poetic. It is not historically accurate that "swart old Don Gaspar" was "in quest of Monterey." He was looking for a presidio site much farther north where Father Serra intended to establish a mission in memory of St. Francis. At the time "swart old Don Gaspar" was reconnoitering the coast of California there was no Monterey to be quested. As for the Golden Gate which Poet McGroarty says was "looked on" by Gaspar and his men, the truth of history compels us to insist that it was Commandante Fages who discovered the Golden Gate from the hills back of what is now Berkeley; and that Don Gaspar did not see the bay of San Francisco until he came north on his second expedition, with Father Serra. Moreover, the Spaniard could not bear "in from sea," "where galleon had never sailed before," because the "galleon" of Sir Francis Drake had sailed in that sea more than a century before. But why hold a poet to the historical verities? Canst chain the condor swooping amid Andean heights? Canst dam the tides of old ocean lashing the rocky bastions of Mendocino? What is history to McGroarty? or McGroarty to history? McGroarty's a poet—not a historian. Therefore go to, thou carping, cavilling critic, for poets are born and historians are only made—and both are liars anyway.

Scheffauer's Reply to a Critic

When Herman Scheffauer, the California poet and critic, recently called attention to a poem by Miss Ethel Talbot, a young English writer, which found its inspiration in a protest against the rather pessimistic mood of Miss Ina Coolbrith's "When the Grass Shall Cover Me," he excited the critical indignation of one of Miss Coolbrith's admirers. The letter in which this admirer, a Mr. Howe, declared that the comparsion of the two poems was a sacrilege I published last week. Now Mr. Scheffauer puts his pen in rest and runs tilt at Mr. Howe in the following fashion:

For one so evidently concerned with the fitness and exactness of words as Mr. I. Henry Howe, to use the drastic term "almost a sacrilege" in connection with Miss Ethel Talbot's fine verses written as a commentary on Miss Ina Coolbrith's famous poem, seems, I may say, almost an inconsistency—and an extreme one.

No one acquainted with the best and most significant work of the younger British poets would have fallen into the error of classifying the work of this true poet with that of "minor versifiers or newspaper verse writers," nor denied to her the attribute of a great, uncommon gift. The relative merit or demerit of the two poems was not the question at issue, for the comparison of poems or poets is a futile game, fit only for persons who nurse the baneful habit of decrying the rose for not being a lily. In this case of "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" and "Give Love Today" it was merely a matter of difference in sentiment and not in degree of poetic worth.

Miss Coolbrith is a dear friend of mine, and her work is the product of a rare genius which it has always delighted me to honor and extol. But none the less may it be said that Ethel Talbot indubitably occupies a premier place among the women poets of the new generation in England, and since Mr. Howe avows himself susceptible to the charm and glamour of real poetry, I promise him a distinct treat if he can bring himself to pay some passing attention to it. As for his remark that "There are not half a dozen real poets now writing in America"—that, I fear, reveals a lack of acquaintance with the poets of his own land almost as great as his unfamiliarity with those of present-day England.

—Herman Scheffauer

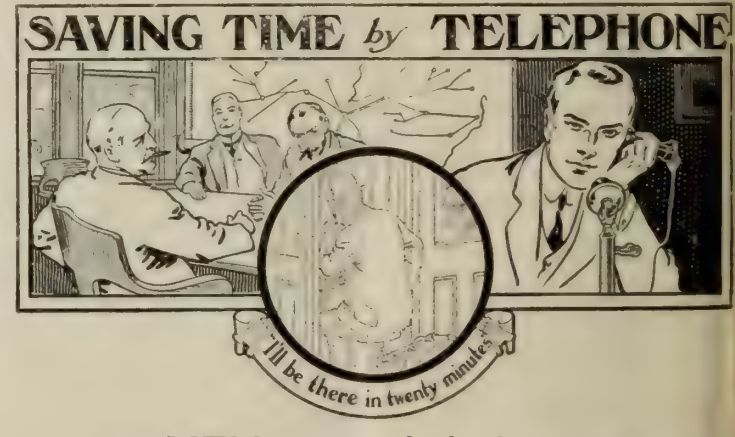
University Settlement, New York.

Indignant Constituent—This is the fourth time I have called to see the Senator, by appointment, and found him out every time!

Private Secretary—Oh, well, I wouldn't make a fuss about that. According to what the papers say, everybody is finding him out.

To Keep Barrymore Single

In order to restrain Jack Barrymore from entangling himself in a matrimonial alliance which would lessen his drawing power as a star Cohan and Harris, the New York theatrical producers, have insured his bachelorhood for one year, Lloyds of London issuing their policy for $50,000. Before the policy was issued Barrymore had to make affidavit that he is not now engaged to be married and does not contemplate matrimony. This is a unique policy for a theatrical manager to take out but not much stranger than many others which Lloyds have



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issued. Whether Lloyds is assuming a great risk is now a popular subject of speculation along the Great White Way. Barrymore is known to be extremely susceptible to feminine charms. A list of the beauties to whom he has from time to time been reported as engaged would occupy a good deal of space. Miss Maude Adams was one of the first, though she is much older than Barrymore. Then of course there was Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. Bonnie Maginn, Vivian Blackburn, Elsie Janis, the late Lotta Faust and Ida Conquest were others to whom he was reported as paying devotion. Miss Grace Lane, a Chicago beauty, had her named associated with his and when Mrs. Felix Isman, wife of the theatrical man, secured a divorce, it was thought that she might become Mrs. Jack Barrymore. Just who the latest divinity of his worship is it would be difficult to say but no doubt he will be careful to keep his heart away from the melting influence of womanly wiles while his managers are paying for that strange policy of insurance.

Gushing Girlie at Church Fair—Oh Mr. Blank, won't you take a chance with me on a round trip to the Yosemite?

Mr. Blank blushed furiously.

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Odd Things in the World

Mrs. James Creamer of Springfield, Ohio, supplied from her hennery a good share of the "strictly fresh" eggs that the wealthy classes of Springfield ate for their breakfasts all last winter. When the hens struck, late in the fall, Mrs. Creamer was well launched in the egg business and simply had to have eggs to supply her customers. Some humorist told her that chickens were fond of music and she decided to experiment. With the kitchen door open so her fowls could plainly hear, she played the piano the major portion of one day. To her surprise the next day she got six more eggs than had been her daily allotment since the cold weather made its appearance. Mrs. Creamer then moved her piano further out toward the egg foundry and went after the instrument like a nailer. The hens, touched by the efforts for their relief from the winter's ennui, bestirred themselves a little, with results financially satisfactory to all concerned.

Richmond Castle, which may shortly become the property of the British government, was originally one of the strongest of Norman keeps. It was probably founded by Alan Rufus, one of the sons of the Duke of Brittany, who took a prominent part in the suppression of the Saxons. At a later age the castle passed into the possession of Edmund Tudor, who married Margaret Beaufort and became the father of Henry VII. Henry was born Earl of Richmond and he bestowed the title upon the magnificent palace which when King of England he built upon the banks of the Thames. Thus the Richmond beloved of cockneys has a comparatively modern origin. The curfew, by the way, is still rung from the tower of Richmond Castle at 6 a. m. and 8 p. m., a custom "that has continued ever since the time of William the Conqueror."

One of the best Irish bulls on record is that which was once reported by an Englishman, who, while traveling in Ireland, stopped to inquire of an Irishman who lived in a certain house they were just passing.

The Irishman replied: "That is Mr. O'Hare's house, and if he had lived until tomorrow he would be one week dead."

Unselfish Woman

"My dear girl, I'm simply delighted to see you. It's so good of you to come 'way out here to see me. I was just crazy to see you, and I thought of telephoning, but we have to pay now by the message. . . . It just seems providential that you came today. . . . I have a few favors to ask of you. You are so good to me, and I have always appreciated your kindness, haven't I? . . . Well, it's just this: Tommy Jones is to be in town this week (he has written to me that he is coming), and I simply must see him. Now, you know how fearfully jealous my husband is, and if he thought that I saw Tommy he would act awfully. He is so ill-bred at time. What I want to do is to just run off with Tom to some obscure beach cafe and lunch with him. Won't you go along, dear? You know you could sketch or read all day, and it would make it all right if Dick ever found it out. . . . I know that you are dreadfully busy, but a day off would do you a world of good. . . . And, dear, there is another little favor I want you to do for me. I sha'n't be able to get to town this week. My modiste (you know, my new one) simply demands a deposit upon my new gown before she sends it out to me. I cannot ask Dick for any more money this month. If you will go to see madame and make a small deposit on the gown, it would appease her absurd demands. . . . I'll make it all right with you the first of the month. Tell her I'll send her the cheque for the rest when the gown is delivered. You will make it all right, won't you, dear? . . . My dear girl, I haven't told you about Charlie St. Charles, have I? He is adorable and he quite worships me. We have such a fascinating little affair on. Well, he asked me if I would dine with him, some evening, in town. I wrote to him, of course, but my note sounded a trifle compromising, so I just signed your name to it. I knew that you wouldn't care, because you are not married, dear, and it doesn't make any difference to you. . . . Of course he understands. I just told you, because his letters will be addressed to you, and you know his handwriting, so won't open them, of course. . . . Must you go, dear, I'm so glad that you came. . . . Oh, yes, won't you stop in at my jeweler's this evening and tell them to send me my pearls? They keep them in their safe now, when I'm not wearing them. Dick and I are going to a concert Thursday night. . . . Oh, dear me, it's raining, isn't it? Too bad! I'd have James drive you to the station, but I do hate to have the horses taken out in the rain. I guess it won't spoil your gown. . . . Goodbye, dear. You won't forget about the pearls, will you?"

—The Cynic.

In the taking of testimony, an Irishman, who was a witness, had been bullyragged (by the opposing counsel) to the extent that he left the room furious, and, after the meeting, declared: "He wud smash the blagarrad in th' face."

The attorney, whose witness the Irishman was, mildly remonstrated, and said: "Why, Pat, if you would do that you would soon be sorry for it."

Pat meditated a few seconds and then replied:

"Woll, whiniver Oi d' anything loike that, thot Oi'm sorry for—Oi'm dom glad of it."

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Another oversight in the newspaper accounts of the tragedy of Lake Como is still more surprising. Apparently the papers do not know that Charlton was first introduced to Mary Scott Castle by the same Craig whom she attempted to kill in the "Peacock Alley" of the Waldorf-Astoria. This face helps to weld the chain of poor Mary's life into a strong succession of tragic circumstances, one connected with the other by a fate from which it almost seemed that she could not escape. Whether the untold story of that Craig shooting will be published as a result of the tragedy remains to be seen. Some there are in this city who could tell it if they would. Whenever they returned from a trip East they always brought some story of poor Mary's struggles against adversity. I have always thought, when listening to these accounts, that pity was the emotion above all others which should be exercised in connection with her downward pace. If ever a woman made a brave stand to the limit of her endurance it was Mary Scott. Whether her endurance of hardship was as great as that of some other women is beside the question. Assuredly she was not brought up to cope with trouble but rather to bask in prosperity.

Mrs. Crocker's Latest Gift

Mrs. William H. Crocker who has been a fairy godmother to the Town and Country Club ever since it was started, has a charming way of living up to her reputation for generosity. It was Mrs. Crocker who was most

Photo, Schulz

MISS VERA BLEUEL

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Bleuel of East Oakland whose marriage to Mr. George M. Goodwin will take place this summer.

instrumental in inducing the members to put up the present sumptuous home in Stockton street opposite Union Square, and it was Mrs. Crocker who secured the services of Miss Elsie De Wolfe in decorating the rooms. Mrs. Crocker presented the club with a magnificent gift recently, this in addition to numerous others which she had bestowed. This particular gift consisted of an entire library of all the standard works of French literature, modern and classical. The books are dainty little volumes, all uniformly bound in morocco, a genuine de luxe edition in which the craftsmanship reflects the fastidiousness of the French taste as much as the contents themselves. Mrs. Crocker who finds time to continue her favorite studies in literature despite the demands made upon her time by her social obligations, is perhaps the finest French scholar among the society

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women of this city. She literally devours French works, reading with the absorption of a college professor.

An engagement will soon be announced which will surprise society. The young lady went abroad not many moons ago, ostensibly to study art but really to purchase her trousseau. She belongs to a family prominent in social and business circles. The man in the case is the brother of a well-known specialist.

Mrs. Scott's Activities

Mrs. Henry T. Scott who elected to spend the summer right here has confided to one of her friends that so far this has been one of the most delightful summers she has ever spent. She says that staying at home is immeasurably superior to undergoing the fatigues and

Photo [illegible]

MISS LILLIAN VAN VORST

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Van Vorst and a member of that young set which includes Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Miss Agnes Tillman. Miss Van Vorst is an accomplished violinist

annoyances of summering abroad. It will be seen that, although born abroad, she has ideas of her own about the attractions of continental travel. Mrs. Scott is doing a great deal for the girls of the younger set, entertaining them down at Burlingame and at the Hotel St. Francis continually, and if there is such a malady as summer lassitude, it has not lessened the warmth of Mrs. Scott's hospitality. Miss Lilian Goss, cousin of Mrs. Scott, is the incentive for much entertaining these summer afternoons and evenings. She came from England a few days ago, accompanying Miss Florence Hopkins across the continent. Miss Goss is a charming young woman who fulfills one's idea of the ideal English lass, being soft-spoken, with the most adorable accent and a pianissimo kind of vivacity which loses nothing in the babel of the somewhat insistent talk of our San Francisco society girls. It is a tribute to the English ideals to observe how the American girls pause in their chatter to utilize the soft pedal when in the presence of a sweet golden-voiced young person like Miss Goss. Mrs. Scott gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Goss a few days ago at the Hotel St. Francis, entertaining about a dozen girls, among them the Misses Helene Irwin, Martha Calhoun, Mary Keeney, Marian and Elizabeth Newhall, Linda Cadwalader and Florence Hopkins. Mrs. Scott, who looked sweet and summery in a most becoming frock of old blue chiffon with a plume-laden hat of the same color, was the ideal hostess, the contagious charm of her personality making each of her guests appear at her very best, and when she led them out of the dining room, the group circled about her in admiration. Later on all of them attended a matinee. That is the way society entertains these languid days.

Society would not be surprised to hear of the engagement of a charming young lady who lives out at the end of Pacific avenue to the son of wealthy parents living in California street. For some time their devotion has been displayed with little effort at concealment.

Feminine Fight Fans

Is the feminine interest in the Fourth of July scrimmage another manifestation of woman's determination to be man's equal? Is it a tangent of the "feminine unrest," a hankering for new diversions? Or what is it that is causing so many women to be interested in the prize fight that the managers have actually been compelled to make special provisions for their feminine guests? Women have attended the fights before this, but never so openly nor in such numbers as they bid fair to attend on the coming world-occasion. Tex Rickard himself is authority for the statement that Ethel Barrymore is now en route to this coast in a private car with her husband and some twenty friends, coming here ostensibly for the fight. Miss Barrymore has attended several fights and was one of the "rooters" at one of the contests between Nelson and Britt a few seasons ago. She is an enthusiast on the subject of prize fights and far from being reticent about this matter, has on several occasions taken pains to explain to her horrified women friends just why she considered it worth her time to witness a display which the average woman considers nothing but brutality systematized by certain rules.

A Tea Table Symposium

"Only those who have never seen a prize fight condemn it. A good fight, by men perfectly trained, is educational in its effect. To see a human being carry out his determination to the last atom of his endurance is a sight to thrill one with its elemental appeal," commented a certain well-known society woman in this town who is confiding to her friends her determination to see the fight even if she has to take her place on the roof of one of the nearby sky-scrapers where many

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MISS LILLIAN VAN [illegible]

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Van [illegible]rst [illegible] young set which includes Miss [illegible] Miss Agnes Tillman Miss [illegible] accomplished [illegible]

annoyances of summering abro[illegible] that, although born abroad, she [illegible] about the attractions of continent[illegible] travel. Mrs. Scott is doing a great deal for the girls [illegible] tertaining them down at Burlinga[illegible] St. Francis continually, and if ther[illegible] summer lassitude, it has not [illegible] Mrs. Scott's hospitality. [illegible] Mrs. Scott, is the incenti[illegible] summer afternoons and [illegible] land a few days ago, acc[illegible] kins across the contine[illegible] young woman who fulfil[illegible] lish lass, being soft-spok[illegible] cent and a pianissimo kin[illegible] ing in the babel of the [illegible] San Francisco society girls. It is a tribute to the [illegible] lish ideals to observe how the Am[illegible] their chatter to utilize the [illegible] ence of a sweet golden-vo[illegible] Goss. Mrs. Scott gave a [illegible] Goss a few days ago at the [illegible] ing about a dozen girls, am[illegible] Irwin, Martha Calhoun, Mary [illegible] Elizabeth Newhall, [illegible] Hopkins. Mrs. Scott [illegible] in a most becoming fr[illegible] plume-laden hat of the [illegible] the contagious charm of [illegible] her guests appear at her [illegible] them out of the dining r[illegible] her in admiration. Later [illegible] matinee. That is [illegible] languid days.

Society [illegible] of a charmi[illegible]

Feminine Fight Fans

Is the [illegible] be man's [illegible] rest," a [illegible] that is [illegible]

A Tea Table [illegible]

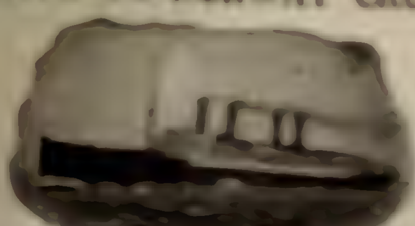
[illegible]

MISS ELSI[illegible]

MRS. EDG[illegible]

[illegible]OR [illegible] ART

EUROPE AND NORWAY CRUISES



HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

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other women plan to obtain a long-distance glimpse through their field glasses. "I'm sending all my boys to see it, for I'm convinced it will do them good," broke in another woman among the coterie discussing the coming battle over their tea at the Hotel St. Francis the other afternoon. "A boy who thrills at seeing a test of this kind will never be in danger of being a molly-coddle," was her blunt rejoinder to the remark of another who said something about bullies alone caring about such things. Whatever may be the root of the interest, it is a fact that the prize fight is a topic that enters largely into the conversation of the afternoon tea coteries. Many of the young fellows whose families are prominent in the social activities hereabouts are coming home from school in time for it. The two Baker boys, Wakefield and Livingstone, will be guests of their father who has been promising them this treat for the past year. Of course the men will all be there or wishing they were, but the entrance of prominent women into a prize fight arena is something so novel that even San Francisco, unconventional as it is, is somewhat shocked at the idea and everyone is very anxious to see who will occupy that row of boxes being especially built for the women who have purchased tickets for the bruising contest.

Midshipman John Lawrence Kauffman whose marriage to Miss Elsa Draper has been halted because he has not been able to pass his ensign exam is one of the most popular of the masculine afternoon entertainers. Several times a week the young naval fighter comes over from San Rafael with his affianced and gives a tea party at the Palace. The girls invited to these tea parties are enthusiastic about his ability as a host.

From Banker to Pedagogue

"Billy" Gring is going to take up the ferule. For some time past he has been tired of banking and will soon resign his position with the Crocker National to open a school for boys at Santa Barbara. This news will come as a surprise to his many friends and their surprise will be tinged with regret, for "Billy" is one of the most popular members of society. He is one of the few young society chaps who is just as popular with the chaperons as with the buds, having the rare faculty of treating old and young with equal courtesy. As he is a graduate of an eastern university and enjoyed also the benefit of European training there is not much doubt about his qualifications for pedagogy.

A New Argument for Suffrage

For originality of thought and action I am quite willing to match the suffragettes against any other women this side of Mars. 'Tis indeed a dull day when the suffragettes do not think of some unique argument for the advancement of their darling project. Not all of their argumenta ad hominem appeal to my sense of the fitness of things and a good many of them only touch my sense of humor, but in all fairness I must admit that these brainy women occasionally hit the nail squarely on the head. Take the human flower show held this week as an instance. The human flower show was a happy thought born in the minds of the members of the Votes for Women Club. To whom the particular credit for this inspiration is due I cannot say, but no doubt the officers of the club are entitled to divide it share and share alike. These officers are Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, honorary president; Miss Selina Solomons, acting president; Mrs. Isabel Johnson, vice-president; Mrs. Lehman Blum, treasurer; and Mrs. Francesca Pierce, secretary.

An Old Charge Refuted

The human flower show conducted by these clever women was an exhibition of babies and its particular purpose was "to demonstrate to the community that its finest babies and young children are the offspring of suffragists." Here is a pat argument indeed, for it has long been objected against the champions of the ballot for women that they are interested in politics to the detriment of children. Being a mere man with only a man's courage I did not attend the human flower show, but I have it on expert authority that the exhibition of infantile blooms was a sweeping refutation of the charge so frequently fired at the suffragists. My informant tells me that among the youngsters at the show were the two children of Mrs. Casimiro D. Rubio, wife of the former vice-consul from Guatemala. I am given to understand that Mrs Rubio is a tower of strength to the suffrage cause, for her children are as beautiful as any ever

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shown in a baby show of non-political tendencies. "Little George Rubio," says my authority, "is a lovely boy with a glory of curling dark brown hair and big laughing brown eyes and is brighter than a gold piece, though not much bigger. Adelita, his sister, is a pure type of Spanish beauty with large dark eyes, dark brown hair, a pink and pure white skin—the sort of loveliness that gives promise of a beautiful woman." I am told further that there were others equally pretty, all the children of suffragist mothers. As I take a bachelor's respectful interest in lovely kids I can see that my prejudice against suffragists is going to decrease. This human flower show is the best argument I have ever heard for the cause.

Town Talk foreshadowed the engagement of Miss Mary Josselyn and Signor Ettore Avenelli some time ago. There were protestations then that no romance was in petto but the event has proved the correctness of the prediction.

Miss Ewing's Recital

A large and musically representative audience filled the parlors of Hugo Mansfeldt's resident, 238 Cole street, Wednesday evening, June 8, on the occasion of a piano recital by one of his pupils, Miss Lorraine Ewing. Though still in her early teens, Miss Ewing showed a sympathetic grasp of the composers' moods and a breadth of interpretation which reflected much credit on her art as a pianist and the method of her teacher. The character of the program was such as to bring out much versatility and daintiness of execution. Through it all ran a technique and a brilliancy and delicacy of shading which only the highest instruction can impart and only the receptive nature of the true artist can grasp. The program was as follows: Dans le Bois, Earle; Melody, Paderewski; Minuet, Mozart; Traeumerei, Schumann; Witches Dance, MacDowell; Nocturne, op. 32, No. 1, Chopin; Waltz, op. 64, No. 2, Chopin; Romance, op. 44, Rubinstein; Kamennoi Ostrow, Rubinstein; Mazurka, op. 24, No. 2, Leschetizky; Moment Musicale, Schubert; Pas des Marionnettes, Pessard; Two Lyric Pieces, Grieg; Habanera, op. 3, No. 1, Drangosch; Titania, Wely. The members of the Mansfeldt Club who assisted in receiving the guests were Miss Frances Buckland, president; Miss Phoebe Brutscher, Miss Josephine Coonan, Miss Laura Ferguson, Miss Hazel Hess; Miss Esther Hjelte, Miss Edith Sellers, Miss Grace St. John, Miss Geraldine St. John, Miss Selma Werner, Miss Edna Willcox, Miss Frances Wilson, Miss Bernice Levy and Miss Grace Sullivan.

In the Social Spotlight

The Honorable John G. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart of Castle Aulterharrie, Dumblane, Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Stewart of London, England, Major A. Buchanan Ritchie and Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Ellis A. Hayman of Nairns, Scotland, were for the past two weeks the guests of their cousins, the John D. MacKenzies of San Jose.

There were many additions to the "service set" at the hotels this week. Captain J. E. Normyle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Normyle are at the Palace. Captain Normyle was formerly stationed at the Presidio and has many friends here.

First Lieutenant Frederick Bussebe of the Fourteenth Infantry is at the Palace

Lieutenant Commander D. E. Theleen, U. S. N., and Mrs. Theleen are registered at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Uriel Sebree, wife of the popular read-admiral (retired), has deserted the "service set" for a time. She has left the Fairmont, going to Coronado where Admiral Sebree will later join her. Mrs. Sebree's father resides at Coronado.

Miss Violet Buckley was hostess at one of the pretty luncheons of last week at the Fairmont, and also entertained a pretty group of ten girls for tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

The orchestra at the Palace is Hoffman's, one of the standbys of "old" San Francisco when it was famed from coast to coast and was regarded as one of the features of the Palace. There are ten pieces and Hoffman himself plays the first violin. At the luncheon hour the music is light, dashing, catchy. During the tea hour, 4 until 5 o'clock, Hoffman has a splendid selection of great variety. At the dinner hour the program is of a high classical order.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Tobin are frequent luncheon guests at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney entertained at a pretty dinner party at the Palace Hotel last week.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin is a popular tea hostess, and entertained during the week with several delightful functions in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Fritz and Miss Fritz of San Francisco motored down to the Vendome for the week end.

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Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mr. and Mrs. Miles Standish, Allen M. Standish, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wainmann, Mrs. Fred Osburn, Miss Mary Osburn, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Miall, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adler, G. J. Scharlach, Thomas Dean, L. B. Johnson, Miss Jane Cronan, Miss May Danton, Mrs. A. M. West, Mrs. W. P. Garfield, C. R. Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gummer, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lezinsky and Kurt Heyman.

After an absence of three years Mrs. Gates J. Waxelbaum and her daughter Miss Carolyn Theresa of Macon, Ga., are visiting the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Pollak at 1760 Bush street.

Miss Hazel Holm has returned to town after a delightful visit of several days with friends at Del Monte.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin is at Del Monte with her two lovely children for an indefinite visit.

Cuyler Lee whose family is domiciled at Del Monte spent several days last week in the city, and on returning brought down with him in his "Packard" for the week-end Dr. W. H. McEnery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury are among the San Francisco society folk who are summering at Del Monte.

Some of the globe-trotters registered at Del Monte last week were J. W. Burns, city of Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Prothero, Germany; F. Varster, Cologne, Germany.

Following is a partial list of June visitors from San Francisco at Castle Crags: H. R. Verue, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Oriar, Horace Oriar, Howard Oriar, Amby J. Buckley, Jas. C. Sims, Milton Pray, Dr. E. K. Hopkins, Floyd L. Judah, Dr. E. A. Lawbaugh, G. G. Jones, M. G. Lewis, W. Rawling, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. R. C. McCreary, Julia C. Van Fleet, Alan C. Van Fleet and S. Jeanette Gardner.

Among the arrivals at Highland Springs for the week ending June 8 were the following from San Francisco: C. Picardo, Mr. and Mrs. Fishbeck, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoppe, J. F. Waterhouse, Geo. F. Braun, Mr. and Mrs. H. Frey, W. E. Mead, R. B. Hooper, Geo. Leonard, M. M. Cohen, J. J. Block, M. S Dodd. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Schucking, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. J. Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Housen, Fred T. Housen, A. J. Lowenberg, James Martin, Geo. C. Hansen, Al Hansen, Chas. W. Newhouse and wife, A. C. Calender, A. J. Calender, Mrs. Mee, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Baum, L. J. Phelps, Miss Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Fulton, A. J. Hankin, Mrs. Hankin, Miss Neva Hankin, Miss Van Vleck, R. Nat. Jacobs, Col. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J H. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Higbee, E. C. Fotheringhow, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Travis, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Holbrook Jr., E. W. Purser, E. Barlow, Alex Lipman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, J. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson, M. M. Batt, J. Englander, Mr. and Mrs S. C. Walker, F. F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dana, D. M. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dunphy, J. D. Wadsworth, A. E Harris, August Weihe, Thos. F. Chatfield and D. Delucch.

Mrs. A. H. MacClay with her daughter Mrs. F. L. Ware of Chicago are spending the month of June at the Vendome in San Jose.

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Stage

A Very Lucky Star

Willie Collier is one of the luckiest stars twinkling in American theaterdom. While other stars may come and go with the erratic movements of Halley's Comet, Willie Collier keeps right on shining in season and out. It is a long time since Collier began to be a star and he shows no signs of tiring. His endurance, as his friend James J. Corbett might put it, is tiptop. Never was Willie Collier so lucky as this season and yet his luck is founded on ill-luck. Paradoxical though this may appear, it is true. Willie Collier has the ill-luck this season to appear in an inferior play, but he has the good luck to "get away with it." If "A Lucky Star" is a poor play Willie Collier is proportionately lucky in making it go. And Collier makes it go. With any other comedian except Nat Goodwin at the head of the company, "A Lucky Star" would be a disastrous failure. It is thin to attenuation and so weak that it almost stops going in the last act. A great deal of its humor depends on the personal eccentricities of the characters and these eccentricities are frequently of the made-to-order variety. But lucky Willie Collier saves the play. Being an institution he has but to appear to arouse enthusiasm and he misses no opportunity to broaden the comic possibilities of his part. The result is that Collier keeps the audience so busy laughing at his sayings and doings that there is no time to pick the play to pieces. As a tour de force this redounds to Collier's credit as an actor but of course it is not wholly satisfactory. A good comedian like Willie Collier should not be wasted on an inferior play. He ought to have a play which would compel him to exert himself. Collier doesn't have to exert himself in "A Lucky Star." There is no acting for him to do and his lines and business are of the conventional order, never rising to any rare quality. Actors and managers are always complaining of the dearth of good plays and one is forced to believe in the sincerity of their plaint after seeing an actor like Collier in a play like "A Lucky Star." Will somebody please write Collier another "Dictator"?

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Eithul," an Irish Opera

From a friend in Dublin I have just received an interesting account of the production in the Gaiety Theater of "Eithul," an opera written in Irish with music by Mr. Robert O'Dwyer. Of the splendid work which a little band of Irish writers and musicians is doing in Dublin we hear too little in this country, so it is worth while quoting from the letter of my correspondent. He says:

"A complete original opera with text entirely in Irish might justly attract attention as a novelty, and claim Irish suffrages as a patriotic novelty; but Mr. O'Dwyer's work has merits which, while leaving it national, make it of universal interest. Not only does it promise much—for it is a first work—but it already gives much; it displays a real power of melodic invention, considerable command of the secrets of harmony and instrumentation, a sense of dramatic expression, and a happy skill in working up fine ensemble effects. Mr. O'Dwyer undoubtedly possesses original power and has developed it by study and self-training. His style at present is perhaps somewhat too obviously wrought of many strands—now the decidedly Irish coloring of a phrase or harmony strikes us; now we recognize a student of Wagner; at other times we feel ourselves in the bright light atmosphere of Verdi or Balfe. It may be that later on this ecclecticism will develop into a more clearly definite personal style. But meantime we are given something that very decidedly succeeds in pleasing all tastes—the graver and the gayer, the more national and the more cosmopolitan.

"The libretto of 'Eithul' sets before us a legend from the romantic lore of ancient pagan Ireland. It tells of Ceart, the High King's son, who is intrigued against by his step-brothers but protected by his foster-mother who is really a fairy godmother in disguise. There is also a rare fairyland maiden, Eithul, princess of Tir-na-n-Oge who is wooed and has to be won out of the Land of Eternal Youth by the resolute courage of the hero. There is the enchanted Queen, her mother, condemned to wander on earth as a bird who sings a song of marvelous beauty. A chorus of warriors contribute stirring masculine strains; while the warblings of Eithul's dreamlike attendants throw around us the web of a mystic spell. The tale may not be very coherent, the two acts may lack unity, but there is sufficient opportunity for pretty stage-effects and for varied music."

My correspondent adds that owing to the death of the King and the consequent absence of Viceregal patronage the opera was not as successful financially as it was artistically. However it won such marked critical as well as popular approval that there is some hope of its being presented in this country. That certainly is something to be looked forward to with eagerness by all music-lovers.

—The Music Lover.

MARGARET ANGLIN

In "The Awakening of Helena Richie" at the Columbia Theater

Henry Arthur Jones on the Drama

At a recent conversazione in London Henry Arthur Jones, one of the greatest living English dramatists, read a paper on "Character in Drama." It was a meaty discourse and should be called to the attention of our American playwrights who have much to learn from a master craftsman like Jones. American plays frequently show virility and originality of ideas but seldom possess the technical excellence of works by Jones and Pinero. From what Jones says it may be inferred that the reason of this defect is the inability of our dramatists to grasp the fundamental difference between Nature and the theater. Mr. Jones points out that Nature has from thirty to seventy years in which to portray every detail of a human character while the dramatist has only from ten minutes to half an hour. "From this enormous difference, in the conditions which bind the dramatist as compared with Nature arises the fact," he says, "that, while Nature mainly shows human beings as mere disjointed bundles of inconsistencies, the dramatist has mainly to show them as concise, homogeneous, purposeful, direct, and moving towards a self-conscious end. Again, every one of the dramatist's characters have to be delineated in a sharply outlined concurrent scheme of action and to be strictly subordinated or rather reconciled, to the contingencies and necessities of that scheme of action." From this sound premise Mr. Jones draws a conclusion equally sound, namely, that it is useless to pour ideas into a play—to fill it with philosophy and moral purpose—unless the play contains a carefully planned scheme of action. He argues that the play must be a definite, connected series of doings and not an indefinite, unconnected series of sayings. He adds that character must always be strictly related to the scheme of action of the play. Perhaps Mr. Jones had George Bernard Shaw in mind when he made this declaration of the prime requisites of drama. The Shavian method of play writing is popular in this country because it is easy to follow whereas the Jones method, the Pinero method requires concentrated thought and is extremely difficult. It is also popular in Germany where some of the most talked-of plays of the day are also the most formless. In the plays of Jones and Pinero no character ever delivers an apothegm or a witticism that does not flow out of the immediate situation. In American plays the dramatist does not curb his brilliance or his humor through a sense of impropriety. It follows that good situations are too often marred by lugged-in preachments and epigrams. The dramatists have not yet learned the lesson of restraint. When they do our dramatic output will be immensely improved.

Margaret Anglin's Return

Next Monday evening at the Columbia Margaret Anglin, after an absence of several seasons, will return at the head of her own company. The play is "The Awakening of Helena Richie" which a San Francisco playwright, Charlotte Thompson, adapted for her from Margaret Deland's novel. The story of the play closely follows Mrs. Deland's book and the principle incidents have been transmitted to the stage by Miss Thompson, who has been much praised for the conservative manner in which she made her adaptation. Miss Anglin's work in this play has been highly praised and the play itself comes with a flattering record. Miss Anglin promises to revive at a special matinee next Friday Henry Arthur Jones' masterpiece "Mrs. Dane's Defence." There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees of "Helena Richie" in addition to the special Friday matinee.

A Revival of "Iris"

Virginia Harned's third week at the Alcazar will commence with an elaborate production of "Iris," the play in which she scored the most emphatic and prolonged success of her career. It was her exclusive vehicle during several seasons and she appeared in it at the old Columbia Theater about seven years ago. Supporting the star in "Iris" will be William Courtenay as Trenwith, and the cream of the Alcazar company in appropriate roles. Each of the five acts calls for a sumptuous setting, the action taking place in Mrs. Bellamy's house near London, her villa near the Lake of Como and her flat in London.

The Orpheum Bill

Vesta Victoria will be the headliner for one more week at the Orpheum. It had been intended to terminate her season here this week, but the announcement called forth such a storm of protests from the public that the Orpheum authorities rearranged her route. For her last week Miss Victoria promises a program of novelties which will exhibit her to the very best advantage. A charming exhibition will be given by Maud and Gladys Finney, two attractive girls who are veritable "Mermaid Sisters" and whose aquatic feats are said to be very spectacular. Peter Donald, the Scotch comedian, and Meta Carson, his bonnie lassie, will appear in the comedy sketch, "Alex McLean's Dream." A merry en-

META CARSON

The bonnie lassie who will appear with Peter Donald in "Alex McLean's Dream" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

tertainment will be provided by Lewis McCord and his company in a farcical sketch, "Winning on Wind." Clown Zertho's canine comedians are also on the new bill. Next week will be the last of H. Franklin and the Standards, Warren and Blanchard and Grigolati's Aerial Ballet. By request the motions pictures depicting the funeral of King Edward VII will be presented for next week only.

Yiddish Star Coming

The announcement is made that the celebrated Yiddish actor David Kessler, at the head of his own company from the Thalia Theater, New York, will make his appearance at the Van Ness for three evenings and a

MISS ANNA WOODWARD
Soprano soloist with Thaviu's Band at Idora Park.

Sunday matinee performance commencing Friday night, June 24. Among the principal people in support will be Miss Rosa Karp and Mme. Clara Young. At all the performances with the exception of the Sunday matinee, the great sensation, "The Jewish Heart," will be the bill and from all accounts Kessler has made a tremendous impression in the stellar role. The drama is the work of the well known playwright Joseph Lateimer and enjoyed an entire season's run in New York City. At the matinee on Sunday, June 26, the bill will be "Yankel de Schmid" by David Pinsky. Complete productions of both plays are promised.

Idora Attractions

Few people ever heard of Thaviu and his band before the little Russian brought his organization to Idora Park last Tuesday, but judging from the reception he received by the music lovers at "the park beautiful" during the week, his name will be a familiar one before the next three weeks pass by. His programs are out of the ordinary and please the audience by their originality. The vocalists, Herr Max Bing, the baritone and Miss Anna Woodward, the soprano, are among the best ever heard at the park. Another feature is the company of Russian singers and dancers who appear at the close of every concert.

Kingly Tastes in Plays

The list of plays which the late King Edward and his successor, the present George V., attended last year has been printed by London "Sketch." Edward VII. witnessed "An Englishman's Home," "The Dancing Girl," "Henry of Navarre," "The Earth," "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," "The Arcadians," "The Woman in the Case," "L'Assommoir," "His Borrowed Plumes," "The Best People," "Arsene Lupin" and "The Whip." The last named he saw twice. In addition, at Windsor there were commanded performances of "Trilby," "The Lyons Mail" and "The Little Damozel." The last time he attended the playhouse was to see "Alias Jimmy Valentine." George, during the same year, saw "An Englishman's Home," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Henry of Navarre," "Our Miss Gibbs," "The School of Scandal," "The Arcadians," "The Woman in the Case," "His Borrowed Plumes," "The Best People," "False Gods," "The Whip" and "Arsene Lupin." "Our Miss Gibbs" had the honor of three visits. It is interesting to note that "An Englishman's Home," "The Arcadians" and "Arsene Lupin" have been conspicuous among the popular attractions in the United States the past year. "Our Miss Gibbs," which King George witnessed three times, will be produced in this country in the autumn, with Miss Pauline Chase in the title role.

Mrs. Fiske will follow Margaret Anglin at the Columbia. She will present Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" and the double bill, "Hannele" and "The Green Cockatoo."

Rose Stahl is to make a tour of the Pacific Coast early next season and will include this city in her itinerary.

William Collier's engagement at the Columbia Theater in "A Lucky Star" will come to a close this Saturday night.

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AFTER THE PLAY

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Several unfavorable factors seemed to be responsible for another sharp decline in stocks at the close of this week after the rally starting last Monday. Pessimism and much bear talk were found throughout the commission house element of Wall street. The sharp break in copper stocks was largely responsible for this sentiment as it was supposed to reflect the position of a powerful banking syndicate toward the general market. The heavy decline in Chicago and Alton stock was another factor that created a great deal of mistrust toward the so-called Hawley group of securities, as it now appears that the dividend on Alton will undoubtedly be discontinued at the next meeting. The conference of western shippers with President Taft was an element of uncertainty. We are rather of the opinion that good stocks can be bought now on further weakness.

Wheat—Only the initial marketings from a State heretofore hardly counted in the wheat crop reckoning were sufficient at the close last week to dissipate fears of July manipulation here and to start some rather far-reaching liquidation. The conditions long predicted in these columns have begun in a mild way in the southwest and bid fair to continue until an export outlet is found for at least a portion of the 1910 crop. A little of the new crop Texas wheat has found its way to market and disclosed an unwilling and independent attitude on the part of the millers and an impossible situation for the exporters. The effect has been to induce some of the Kansas millers to part with some of their old wheat and prepare for readjustment of values to the new crop basis. The Texas crop is a large and fine one, but such of it as is offered for sale must seek a market equipped with funds and with warehouse facilities. The coming crop year starts with old wheat in liquidation on the bargain counter, millers not yet recovered from over-speculation born of the conditions of a year ago and an export outlet apparently so far out of reach as to be contemplated with much distaste by the trade in general. In another week with favoring weather wheat cutting will begin in Southern Illinois and Missouri.

Corn—Corn was stubbornly strong and ranged higher most of the week because of the unseasonable weather for the growing crop. Latterly the weather has improved and corn has weakened. Farmers' offerings dried up as the market advanced, but their sales of futures since the return of warmer weather have increased rapidly.

Cotton—Evolution, bordering on revolution, is working many radical changes in the cotton market, out of which will surely come general improvement in the cultivation of the plant, the method of buying, selling, the conditions under which the bales are moved from the fields, handled, stored and then sent to the factories, and in the financing of the industry. This is all necessary, and on account of the higher price of cotton, it is reasonable to state that for the above reasons, mostly founded on economies, the larger the crop, the cheaper relatively it will be to the spinner. In textiles the situation is getting worse, cotton goods ruling easy at new low levels and hard on sales; business in prints at Fall River last week amounting to 55,000 pieces, about one-quarter of the normal output. Of late weather conditions were favorable to the growing crop, beneficial rains and cooler weather having displaced the warm dry weather in the southwest last week, the rains having been general in Texas, which removes the possibility of a drought for another long period. These are the rains, we stated in our letter of two weeks ago, that we looked for by June 15. These rains will go a long way to help the fruit to mature. Rains were also had in the central and eastern portions of the belt, being beneficial in localities, particularly in Southern Georgia. In the meantime the local stock of cotton is decreasing very rapidly and we therefore see the possibility of a good squeeze in the July option, but feel sanguine as to the ultimate outcome of prices for the new crop which we unhesitatingly state should soon see a much lower level, though in the meantime there may be numerous opportunities to safely scalp the market of from thirty to fifty points.

Copper—Having weathered the bearish news from Washington, with virtually no decline in prices, the metal remains unchanged on the reported improvement in the railroad rate situation. Electrolytic is still at 12½ to 13 cents, with the United Metals Selling Company firm at the latter quotation. Good sales of June, July and August copper are reported at these figures with a stronger tone to inquiries during the last few days. Sellers say there is nothing in sight that will send prices off and we look for a slowly improving market for the metal. Although the Copper Producers' figures for May showed an increase of about 18,000,000 pounds surplus over April's, this statement does not include the sales of early May copper which should help to make for a better report for the current month and more especially for July. Last Monday a report came out that Ryan had sold 100,000,000 pounds of copper in Europe, and in consequence the copper stocks market assumed a stronger tone. Although the stock of copper metal on hand is the highest for the year, yet, it is believed to be below that of last year and with the ever-increasing demand for its usage, especially the demand from foreign consumers, there seems but little doubt of reduction of the large surplus on hand. This sentiment is reflected in the strengthening of the New York Stock Exchange and Boston copper stocks in which we believe we will soon see higher prices for the more economically run and cheaper producing standard companies.

Local Securities—The local market for stocks and bonds continues to drag, showing but few changes. Barring activities in Associated Oil and Pacific Gas and Electric common, prices generally are stationary with rather an inclination to decline. Associated Oil, since its listing on the New York Stock Exchange, has been the local market leader and, while its fluctuations are very narrow, sales of the stock run far ahead of any of the other issues. Pacific Gas and Electric common seems to be in the process of a steady enhancement in

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price, one day's quotation showing a slight gain over the day previous. This is thought to be the result of the company's enormous earnings, coupled with the bright prospects of a satisfactory dividend by the end of the year. Alaska Packers has been advanced lately but seems to lack the ginger of its former upward moves. The bond market is practically at a standstill, only a nominal demand being shown for even the issues heretofore most active. The general impression seems to prevail that next month will see the last of the present period of dullness in the local market and that by next fall the more popular of the California securities will again show a healthy demand at advancing prices. This may especially be said of Associated Oil and Pacific Gas and Electric common in view of the fact that satisfactory dividends on both of these stocks seem assured early next year. In that event it would not be unreasonable to expect them to double in price over their present quotations.

The Sweep and the Girl

(Continued from Page 12.)

he remains in ecstasy under the windows of the adorable young girl. Will that do?"

"Indeed, it will!"

"I continue: The morning after, Edmee, sleeping in her little white bed, sees the little sweep emerge from the chimney of her room. He throws himself ingenuously on the delightful child and covers her with little sooty O's, quite round. I've forgotten to tell you that she has beauty of a wondrous kind. Countess Lordknowswho surprises him in his pleasant occupation. She cries, she calls. He is so busy that he neither sees nor hears her."

"My dear Hammer!"

"He is so busy that he neither sees nor hears her. The count rushes in. He has the soul of a gentleman. He takes the little sweep by the seat of his trousers, which happens to be uppermost at the moment, and flings him out of the window."

"My dear Hammer—"

"I'll cut the story short. Some months later the little sweep marries the young lady—and it was only just in time! There you have the result of charity well bestowed."

"My dear Hammer, you have set my head spinning like a top!"

"Don't believe anything of the kind! I finish. Having married Lady Lordknowswho, the little sweep inherits a large fortune, and is ruined on the race course. Today he is a master chimney-sweep at Camberwell. His wife keeps a shop in the old Kent Road, and sells alarm clocks.

"My dear Hammer, it's not at all funny!"

"Take care, my dear Horteur! What I have just told you is intrinsically 'The Fall of an Angel,' by Lamartine, and the 'Eloa' of Alfred de Vigny. And, all things considered it is worth more than your touching little stories which lead readers to imagine they are good people, whilst really they are not good at all; that they do good whilst not doing so, that it is easy for them to be beneficent, whilst it is the most difficult thing in the world. My story is a moral one. Moreover, it is optimistic and has a happy ending. For Edmee found in the shop in the Old Kent Road the happiness she would have sought for in vain at 'At Homes' and garden parties if she had married a diplomat or a Permanent Under-Secretary. My dear editor, tell me, will you accept 'Edmee; or, Charity Well Bestowed,' for the 'New Century Illustrated'?"

"And do you ask this seriously?"

"I ask you seriously. If you don't like my story I will publish it elsewhere."

"Where?"

"In a bourgeois paper."

"I defy you to!"

"You will see!"

The Autocar Company, realizing the vital necessity of proper lubrication, has just issued an oiling diagram showing in detail the oiling system of the Autocar. There are also attached printed instructions as to how often and to what extent to apply the lubricant to each part. This idea on the part of the Autocar Company is unique in its originality and should be of great assistance to all Autocar owners, as it makes the lubrication of the machine simplicity itself. Walter C. Morris, the local Autocar distributor, is in receipt of a number of these diagrams.

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Ned McGowan's Narrative

(Continued from Page 11.)

muzzle; guard and butt all I saw, and that was yellow mounted.

Jacob Curtis—Reside in San Francisco; there last May; saw defendant on the 14th, on Montgomery street; said "How do you do, Judge?" he replied, "Very well"; he gave me an introduction to Mr. Whiteman at the same time; this was near Dan's Saloon, between Commercial and Clay streets; Judge asked me to drink; did so; it was between four and five o'clock; Judge and I went in; said I'd take a brandy punch; Whiteman said he'd take lager beer; Judge said he'd take a gin cocktail; before the drinks were ready, a lad came in and said, "You are wanted"; lad said he wanted Whiteman's pistol; Whiteman drew it out and laid it on the counter; I took hold of it; says I, "It's a noble pistol"; his reply was, "Yes, it will shoot two hundred yards"; says I, "You had better be careful who you let have the pistol, or you may lose it"; young man went off; we drank our liquor off then; he asked me, "Don't you know Jimmy?" I said I knew him by reputation; lad took the pistol with him; we talked there for a few moments; told them they must excuse me, as I had to go to the post office; then McGowan or Whiteman said, "We'll go out and see what they want of us"; then I went and put in a letter for Sacramento, but the boat had left—boats left at four o'clock; returned to Jackson street—got opposite Burch's Hotel; heard the report of a pistol; looked up Montgomery street and saw people running, and I ran and saw quite a crowd up the street before the Express Office—this was two or three minutes after the report. Between the time of leaving McGowan and hearing the report of the pistol, there was an interval of seven or eight or ten minutes; did not see King or Casey; didn't notice which way McGowan and Whiteman went from the drinking saloon; pistol was one of Colt's Navy revolvers—one of Colt's "first make," so said Whiteman; couldn't say which said, "We will go and see what they want of us"; no other person came in but the boy to speak to them.

Cross examination—Fifty-three years old; born in New Jersey; came here in '50; been in the lumber business; worked at planking roads; was a member of the Vigilance Committee; came to San Francisco last year, May 14th, from my men in Stockton street. It was after four o'clock; went down Washington street to Montgomery; post office in Washington street; found by the Monumental clock it was after four o'clock—two reasons by which I knew it was after four o'clock; was going up to see Mr. Perry after I found the mail was gone; no particular business with Perry; went up Montgomery till I saw the Judge; no one ever saw me drunk; generally find Perry at Biggs & Kibbe's; Dan keeps between Commercial and Clay streets; wanted to see Perry about contracts; near half a block from Dan's to Biggs & Kibbe's; got within a hundred feet of where I supposed Perry was, then turned and went to the post office with the intention of seeing Perry on coming back; don't know what made me alter my mind. Have known McGowan since '53 or '54; considered McGowan one of my friends; have been present with the Judge on several occasions; I first met him at the Monumental Engine House. McGowan introduced me to Whiteman; on same side with Dan's saloon; I took a brandy punch, Whiteman took lager beer and McGowan took a gin cocktail; while there boy came in; didn't know the boy; never seen the boy since—sure; never told anybody who the boy was; told persons it was not Butts; boy said, "You are wanted"—after that said Casey wanted Whiteman's pistol; Whiteman drew it and I took it; very large—six shooter; can tell a six shooter from a five shooter by looking at the size; the boy said "Casey wants Whiteman's pistol"; I picked it from the counter. Then the book took the pistol and went away. Then I said, "better be careful about who he let take the pistol." Then he asked me, "Don't you know Jimmy." Whiteman took out another pistol, which Whiteman said was a six shooter too. Couldn't say as to whether it was a yellow mounted pistol or not; then went out, McGowan and Whiteman following; they said they were going to see what Casey wanted.

Evening Session

The court was called at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. Andrew J. Taylor—Reside 209 Clay street; dealer in fire-arms; was in San Francisco 14th of May, 1856; saw Mc Gowan that morning in my house; loaned him a navy pistol and a knife manufactured in my house; I loaded the pistol and loaded him a Derringer pistol; this happened on the day King was shot; Judge fetched the Derringer to my house; it was a gold mounted, plated or galvanized. Spring at cap box bro. e; did not repair the spring; in shooting order; a pistol of that kind I had sold; had not seen Casey just before that; did not see Casey that day; had not seen Casey or McGowan for a day or two before that; McGowan took the pistols and the knife with him; this was early in the morning.

Cross-examined—Dealer in guns, pistols, small guns and divers other things in shooting gallery; common for me to load pistols; McGowan not the only one who gets pistols loaded by me; demands being frequent for me to load pistols sometimes; didn't know Casey and McGowan were intimate friends; loaded a pistol for King that time; followed loading pistols before this; been in the pistol-loading business long time; been here since 1850; the practice of wearing arms is

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common in California; the leading men of San Francisco wear them; frequently persons come and discharge their pistols at my house and have them re-loaded; McGowan has been in the habit of having his pistols loaded by me for the last three or four years.

John Butts—Reside in San Francisco; was in San Francisco on the 14th of May; saw McGowan and Casey an hour or so before the shooting of King; saw Casey on Montgomery street and McGowan in the Bank Exchange; was sitting in the window of the Exchange and Casey came and asked me to tell the man with McGowan to come out; Peter Whiteman; know Peter; went in and told Whiteman, and he asked me who was the man wanting, and I told him Casey; I then left the saloon and went out to the street; McGowan said, "You go and see what he wants"; after that no more said; Judge and Whiteman went out after that; went and talked with Hamilton Bowie; saw no more of him; saw Casey when he shot King; at the time he shot King was talking with a boy called George Winslow—saw him shoot King; told King he was going to shoot him; he then fired—his coat falling off meanwhile; big sized revolver; couldn't tell whether King tried to shoot or not; he was walking with his hands or arms partly folded; when Casey came up to him he started back and received the shot; this was James King I was told; seemed to come from the Bulletin office; Casey was arrested by Mr. Byrne and Peter Whiteman; took him up Washington street; was afraid and then fled; was first man I ever saw shot and it made me feel very nervous—(laughter); saw him in Vigilance Committee rooms—last time I saw him he was hanging out of the window—(great laughter); saw McGowan once in Sacramento; don't know what become of Whiteman. "Saw him about San Francisco?" No, oh; no, not since the Vigilance Committee.

Cross-examined—After McGowan went up and spoke to Bowie, it was twenty minutes or half an hour before King was shot; the corner was a loafing corner; I had nothing around there; had the piece in the Bulletin and awaited the result; I was never before anybody but the Vigilance Committee; have lately been in prison; sometimes out—police take us out and make us work—(laughter); 13th of March first trouble and Judge Coon let me go; have been taken up for stealing a leg of mutton and for stealing money; never did steal any money, but the last time I was up before Judge Coon he was rather excited and so he sentenced me I suppose—(laughter).

Night Session

The Court re-assembled at twenty minutes to 10 o'clock, when counsel proceeded with the Testimony for the Defense.

Gen. James M. Estell—On the evening of May 14th, 1856—was on Montgomery street in front of office—on the opposite side of Pacific Express office, five or six doors to the north; office fifteen feet from Washington street; saw King shot; was in front of my office—was detained a few minutes after business hours which kept me there; had heard of no difficulty between King and Casey up to time I heard Casey's voice—not read the Bulletin of that evening; I heard Mr. Casey's voice speaking in a short and excited tone near the door of the Metropolitan Saloon; heard his angry voice in front of the Metropolitan Saloon saying, "Come on, come on," sharply; looked south and saw King about the center of the street facing Casey—both standing in rather a defiant attitude as I conceived (Gov. Foote objected), looking towards Casey with his arms folded and his right hand inside of his left breast; the parties were 100 feet apart at that time; both had on talmas or short cloaks; Casey approached rapidly, asking in a sharp, excited voice, "Are you armed?" immediately following, he said, "Defend yourself," or "prepare to defend yourself"; all this took place in a few seconds; Mr. King made no reply that I heard; as Casey said, "Defend yourself," he let his talma fall and raised his right arm, which held a revolver, which must have been cocked at the time cloak fell, and he immediately fired at Mr. King; whilst Mr. Casey was in the act of firing, Mr. King turned his face slightly towards the west, shoving his arm down in his vest—rather in a defensive position; the ball struck King on the left breast and shoulder, when he cried out, "O Lord" several times, and walked to the Pacific Express office; he (King) observed Casey before the fire, but paid no attention to him whatever afterwards; on his way to the Express office, I heard him say, "Oh! my arm," several times; judged his arm was broken; Casey immediately after firming, threw his revolver across his knee and used both hands in cocking it; walked some steps forward in the direction of King, who was at this time passing obliquely into Express office and behind an express wagon; the act of passing into the Express office naturally placed King and Casey on either side of the express wagon; when Casey saw King going towards the Express office and in rather an opposite direction to himself, he stopped, hesitated, and after turning half-way round and looking about him, uncocked his pistol with both hands; picked up the cloak he had dropped; about the time he reached his cloak I saw two men approach him rapidly from the direction of the Express office, one of whom was Lafayette Byrne, the other man I had never seen before; I have never seen him since to my knowledge; seemed to be in the act of arresting him.

Mr. Foote objected to the examination.

"Do you know whether King publicly proclaimed his readiness for such rencounter as this?" (Ruled out.) "Was the action of Casey on this occasion that of a fair and honorable

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combatant?" (Ruled out.) "What is the difference in size of these two persons?" (Objected to.)

Mr. Botts contended for the propriety of the question; is it not legal to urge this question; I expect to prove that Mr. Casey was at that time smarting under an insult not improperly resented by a rencounter of this kind.

Mr. Foote contended that unless he (the defendant) proved the offensive position of King, the question was out of order. I say, so far as I am concerned, if the gentleman really wishes to show an insult complained of, we have no objection; I deny that Casey was ever wronged by King, or that King ever did anything but what was justly demanded of him, as an editor, by the public. Question admitted.

Casey was a small man in stature; suppose he might weigh 125 or 135 pounds; muscular for his size, and active; King was 6 feet high, I should suppose; weighing, I should judge, 190 pounds at least, with rather an uncommon degree of muscular strength and power.

Cross-examined—Did not know King was sick; would say he weighed 170 or 180 when well; don't know that Whiteman conducted Casey off; had started to the American Exchange to get a drink; recognized Mr. Andrew Hebon, a butcher; no recollection of seeing any one else until immediately after the firing; saw after, Ex-Mayor Webb, Wm. Neely Johnson, Richard Sinton, A. M. Smith and most of my acquaintances on Montgomery street; think I saw Ham. Bowie in the crowd—not positive.

To Mr. Botts—Know Dan's Saloon; knew it in May, '56; went in frequently to take a drink.

"Ever see lager beer there?" Objected to.

Question allowed.

Feel no modesty; had intimate acquaintance with brandy-cocktails; have seen hundred or five thousand persons drink there; popular bar—generally full; first class saloons never keep lager beer.

Gov. Foote—"Was it not distinguished for a fighting place?"

Politics made up there; judge it respectable from the number of respectable gentlemen who want to mix in. (Laughter.) McGowan drank there; don't know that lager beer was not kept there; universally not kept in that class of saloons; there are drinking saloons in San Francisco where lager beer is not kept on the highest price; cheaper than best liquor; sold sometimes above ground.

John Nugent, was called and sworn—Was police officer in San Francisco last 14th of May, 1856; saw defendant (McGowan) on that day, about five o'clock, on Washington street, about five doors from Kearny; wanted to see him; went across to the north side of the street, to see him; was in his company about ten minutes; went to Kearny street together; did not see Hamilton Bowie; McGowan spoke to some one who was with him; saw a buggy near to Palmer, Cook & Co's; did not hear the report of a pistol; the rencounter took place whilst I was with McGowan; left McGowan on Kearny street, fifteen steps from Washington.

Cross-examined—Am special police officer; no person in company with McGowan when I saw him; I was standing in Dunbar's alley when I saw him; McGowan was with Stevenson and Green; no one else with me; standing at corner of alley and Washington street; did not look at the clock; knew the time by hearsay; McGowan was walking towards Kearny street; accompanied him eight doors on Washington; went ten or fifteen steps down Kearny street; heard that there was a man shot, while standing there on Kearny street; don't know who told me that a man had been shot; Stevenson, I think, told me; he was an officer; McGowan was standing by me when the communication was given me; left McGowan in Kearny street; can't say which way he went; I ran down to Dunbar's alley; judge I walked with McGowan some ten minutes; did not see any one I knew while standing with McGowan; my business with him was to get him to see a man for me; don't know how long ago it was I let McGowan know of this matter—while he was in Sacramento; spoke of it to some of his friends in San Francisco.

After argument the jury as instructed by Judge McKinstry and after ten minutes' deliberation returned a verdict of acquittal.

Conclusion

As I have now reached the end of my narrative, before bidding farewell to the reader, I will dispose of some of the leading characters who figured in my adventures in the lower country. The woman, whose house sheltered me while I was wrapped in the carpet at Santa Barbara, I have never since seen. I learned, however, before I left that county, that her husband was in the State prison, where he had been sentenced for loaning his gun to another person who killed a man with it. The poor fellow who was thus implicated in the crime was ignorant of the intention of the borrower. In gratitude for the good offices of his wife, when I was so sorely in need of a friend, I interested myself with some of my influential friends at the capital and elsewhere, to have the case fully represented to the Governor, and not long since had the pleasure to see

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the Executive clemency interposed and the man restored to the arms of his good wife.

As to Jack Power, to whose courage and fidelity I unquestionably owe my life, words can never express the gratitude I feel for him. If, in the course of this story I have alluded to transgressions with which he was charged, I have not done so from any belief of his guilt, but simply to show how unlikely it is that one who had acted so generously and honorably to a persecuted stranger should be guilty of such offences as some of his enemies have hinted against him.

Pedro, who tried to sell me to my enemies when I was placing confidence in his promises of friendship, I forgive. I never desire, however, to see him, for I would fain spare him the mortification of looking upon my face. As to his brave and faithful wife, the Senora, I live in the hope that some day it may be in my power to evince my gratitude to her and her children, and apologize for the hasty departure I took from her hospitable protection.

Good Doctor Den and his family I hope soon to take again by the hands and renew my thousand thanks for their generous friendship in my hour of peril.

And now, in bidding the reader farewell, let me say to him, that, if he has done me the honor to follow me through the preceding pages, I thank him for the compliment, and assure him that I attribute his patience more to the interest with which my story has invested a principle, than to any intrinsic merit which the book itself may possess. If, perchance, he has honestly differed with me in his opinions as to the "Vigilance Committee," so long as he has acted conscientiously, and been more the instrument than the director in the unhappy proceedings of that organization, I have in my heart no room for malice against him, but I sincerely hope that, in the future, the lesson of the last year will be to him something of a guide should his strength of mind again be similarly tested. For him my story is told. But there are others for whom I have not yet laid down my pen. A task less pleasing than that which I have just accomplished is now before me. If the simplicity and truthfulness with which I have sought to characterize this little story of my wrongs is any guarantee that what may come from me hereafter will be reliable, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have perhaps prepared the public mind, calmly and dispassionately, to reason with me when I shall attempt the task of removing the specious tissue which veils the hideousness of treason and temporarily prevents the putrescence of hypocrisy from offending the senses.

Unpleasant as is this task, I shall not shrink from it. In accordance with the views which first prompted me to intrude myself upon the notice of the public at all, I shall, in discharge of a duty which I still think may result usefully to my fellow citizens, make it my special business to show the honest men who have thoughtlessly embarked on the tide of conspiracy, how miserably they have taken the chances of moral and social wreck at the hands of the pilots to whom they have entrusted themselves.

With regard to the success of this volume I can only await anxiously the verdict of the public. With all its imperfections—its inaccuracies of expression—its manifold marks of haste and, sometimes I fear, of carelessness, it must go forth to the world, to sink or swim, upon its own merits. If the press of California but give this little waif upon the stream of literature a fair consideration, I am not without hope that, after every just censure shall have been passed upon its demerits, enough of approbation may be expressed to comfort its author with the reflection that his labor has not been all in vain.

There is, however, one press in this State, and only one, whose commendations would strike painfully upon my ear. Were any emanation from my pen to receive the encomiums of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, I should feel that I had indeed most signally failed in the honest object of this book, and that it was justly a target for the most envenomed shafts of criticism.

The plaudits of one who has made personal infamy a stepping stone to rebellion, who has thrown around craven cowardice a halo of glory, who has gilded slander with the sunbeams of justice, and invested hypocrisy with the attributes of religion, are not coveted by me. Let him rather open to their widest extent the sluice gates of his filth, and vomit forth his disgusting spleen, lest with the retention of it he should not only damn this book, but, bursting himself, engender a moral pestilence in the land.

To the rest of the press of California, I commend my book, trusting and believing, that if it is thought worthy of notice at all, it will receive fair consideration, and to the reader, who has honored me thus far, I repeat my thanks, and bid him an affectionate farewell

(The End.)

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Auto Notes

S. G. Chapman has received from Portland, Ore., details of the operation of a Hupmobile by a man who has only one arm. This individual recently made a trip of 158 miles in 8½ hours, using seven gallons of gasoline and driving one-third of the distance on low gear because of steep hills and bad roads. He has had the car three months and in that time has driven it 4,000 miles.

Two Diamond Tires, one of which has run 27,000 miles and the other 25,000 miles, are certified to in an affidavit by Allen R. Kennedy of San Jose. Mr. Allen R. Kennedy is the owner of a Model "K" 1898 White Steamer which weighs about 4,000 pounds. The Diamond Tires were part of the original equipment of the car and have been in constant use ever since.

Another motor truck success has been achieved, this time on the mountain grades of Madera and the nearby counties. The machine was a White three-ton truck and was driven to Madera by Frank Davis for delivery to a sugar pine lumbering concern in that vicinity. Never before probably was there a truck put to such a test and never such conclusive proof of the motor-driven vehicle's all-round fitness for every description of transfer work. The grades climbed ranged from 10 to 32 per cent and for a large part of the way had sand bottoms. The truck climbed 5,000 feet, making an ascent of 1,200 feet inside of three miles. The truck covered the distance from the railroad in nine hours whereas the horse-driven wagons give four days to the same distance.

Mr. E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. has received a letter from Mr. Hugh Chalmers of the Chalmers Motor Co. advising of the promotion of Mr. Lee Counselman, former sales manager, to general manager of the Chalmers Co. It also states that Mr. Hildebrand, formerly general sales manager of an eastern factory, succeeds Mr. Counselman with the title of assistant general manager. With these changes Mr. Chalmers believes that his organization is as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it. Mr. Hildebrand assumed his new duties on June 1 and it is expected that he will make a trip to the coast very shortly.

Messrs. Nash & Fennimore, agents for the Lozier cars at Los Angeles, are in communication with the Pioneer Automobile Co. trying to arrange for several cars out of the local firm's 1910 allotment. The Pioneer Automobile Co., however, is selling the cars as fast as they arrive and consequently will not be able to accommodate the southern agency.

F. A. Moskovics, builder and proprietor of the Los Angeles Motordrome, is a staunch advocate of Lozier superiority. Recently he offered the car this high recommendation: "I believe the Lozier frame to be stronger and larger than any other built. Very few prospective purchasers give a thought to the matter of frame construction and yet the frame is one of the vital features of a car."

The Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Company have just issued a catalogue which in size and comprehensiveness far exceeds anything of this kind before attempted by a local supply house. Among the supplies particularly featured are Hartford Tires, Harris Oils and Greases, Exide Storage Batteries, Shaler Vulcanizers, both Schebier and Stromberg Carburetors, Rushmore Lamps and various makes of wind shields and spark plugs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Boardman and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Zinns spent the week end at Santa Cruz. They made the trip in their Chalmers "40" going over the Santa Cruz Mountains and returning by way of Watsonville and Gilroy. They had a very delightful trip, the car giving perfect satisfaction in every respect.

The practical working out of aeroplanes has meant a new field for the rubber tire business. The local branch of the Diamond Rubber Company recently equipped Frank Johnson's Curtiss biplane with tires and also received orders from the Ames Tricycle Co. for twenty-five pairs of 20x2½ tires. These are to be used on wheels manufactured by this company for aeroplanes.

The Park Commissioners have for the last few weeks been quietly testing different makes of automobiles for use in directing their official duties and for Mr. McLaren, with the result that they have placed their order with the Pioneer Automobile Co. for one of their new model 6-40 Thomas five-passenger touring cars.

A carload each of Chalmers, Hudsons and Model "M" Thomas cars was shipped to the Fresno branch of the Pioneer Automobile Co. a few days ago.

In the big economy contest recently held under the auspices of the Chicago Motor Club in the Windy City the Hupmobile averaged 258 miles for each gallon of gasoline used. This was the greatest mileage made by any of the competing cars and is one of the many conclusive testimonials of Hupmobile economy. This Chicago test is one of the auto events that claims national attention and is held over a particularly hard route.

Monogram Oil has again proven its superiority as a racing car lubricant. Every machine that placed in the Good Roads Meet at Tanforan was using this oil.

H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast Manager of the White Company, is just in receipt of the following letter forwarded to him from J. W. Thomas of Nashville, Tenn.: "Have had three White Steamers, a 1905, 1906 and a 1907. Am still using the latter. If I were going to purchase a new car, it would be a 1910 White Steamer. I could say no more were I to write a week."

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONWAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Jas. P. Sweeney, Attorney for said Executrix, 1201 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased.

JOHANNA CONNELL,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary Conway, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

JAS. P. SWEENEY, Attorney for said Executrix,
1201 Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. A. Denicke, Attorney-at-Law, 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased.

ELIZABETH BAUMULLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward George Baumuller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Administratrix,
14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Marshall Nuckolls, 417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS,
Administratrix of the Estate of John A. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased.

MARY CORSIGLIA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Stephen Corsiglia, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administratrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administratrix of the estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-707 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased.

NELLIE L. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Anna M. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 701-707 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY. Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Armstrong, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, Room 1211 Flood Building, Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased.

SIGMUND GREENEBAUM,
OSCAR B. WOOD,
Executors of the Last Will of John B. Luther, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND, Attorneys for Executors,
Room 1211 Flood Bldg., Powell and Market, San Francisco. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, Deceased—No. 9581, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of W. C. Graves, Room 24, 51 Third Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEFFERSON G. JAMES, deceased.

J. J. GRAVES,
W. C. GRAVES, Jr.,
Executors of the Estate of Jefferson G. James, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 21, 1910.

W. C. GRAVES, ESQ., Attorney for the Petitioner.
Room 24, No. 51 Third St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR ZEBRACKI, otherwise known as and called ARTHUR STANISLAUS EQUES. ZEBRACKI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased.

T. E. K. CORMAC,
Administrator of the Estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

VINCENT SURR, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market St., San Francisco. 6-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF EXECUTOR TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE SOLD UNDER A CONTRACT WITH DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9634, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 31st day of May, 1910, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, executor of the last will of Sarah Collins, deceased, has filed herein his verified petition praying to be authorized to convey that certain parcel of real estate hereinafter described to W. P. Fuller & Company, a corporation, duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California; said Sarah Collins being bound by contract in writing to convey the same, and having died before said transfer was made; and the hearing of said petition is set for Friday, the 1st day of July, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of department number ten of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

The following is a description of the real estate:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Langton Street, distant thereon southeasterly one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet from the point of interesection of the northeasterly line of Langton Street with the southeasterly line of Howard Street; running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Langton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southwesterly eighty (80) feet to Langton Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of one hundred (100) vara lot number two hundred and fifty-nine (259).

Dated this 31st day of May, 1910. JOHN FITZGERALD,
Executor of the Last Will of Sarah Collins, Deceased.

JOHN COTTER QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-4

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomlohrde, Carl Tomlohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomlohrde, Emma Tomlohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomlohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased.

BELLE DUNN CLINCH and JOHN J. LERMEN,
Executors of the Estate of Charles G. Clinch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Executors,
Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZA GORDON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of ELIZA GORDON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Robinson & Getz, Room 403, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZA GORDON, deceased.

J. B. REUBEN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza Gordon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executor.
45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAHEL BEHRENDT, Deceased—No. 9684, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executor of the last will and testament of RAHEL BEHRENDT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713, in the building now known as "Union Trust Building," situate at the northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rahel Behrendt, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Rahel Behrendt, Deceased.
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN, and A. L. WEIL,
Attorneys for said Executor, Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 6-4-5

Letters

Geraldine Bonner's Latest

Geraldine Bonner long ago earned her right to the title of novelist of the California Pioneer. She has written five stories dealing each with a different phase of the lives of early settlers and it would take a hair-splitting nicety of discrimination to decide that any one is better than the others. Hitherto she has given her attention to the emigrants and their families after having reached the State, but in "The Emigrant Trail" she goes back to the beginning of things, to the long journey across the plains by which the first of the Pioneers made their way to the shores of the Pacific. As the party whose fortunes we follow under her guidance set out in 1848 it will be seen that they antedated the "Gold Rush" by a full year. It was the excitement over Marshall's discovery that precipitated the stampede during which poorly equipped trains often made up of undesirable elements struck out to win through by main strength and awkwardness, and it was the inconsiderate and often idiotic behavior of these which was the main cause of the Indian attacks as well as of the shortage of natural food and feed, so, in "The Emigrant Trail" the reader will be spared many of the stock features and harrowing descriptions of starvation, cholera epidemics, massacres and outlawry. These earlier travelers were usually staid and sober citizens who duly considered the details of the enterprise and were not led on by glowing descriptions of rich "diggin's" and a chance to make a fortune in a short while and return to "the States" to enjoy it. Early in 1848, then, two young men camped at Independence, Missouri, and about to start across the plains with a well equipped wagon, saddle horses and several thousand dollars in coin, were joined by a second party consisting of a New York physician in ill health, his daughter and their hired man, an old frontiersman. The Gillespies had meant to unite with a larger party but delays in their own progress had held them back until it was too late, and now finding themselves alone, the arrangement being agreeable to both, they joined with Leffingwell and Crystal. These early trains, as Miss Bonner points out, were not without law but they carried their own laws with them, made regulations growing out of the exigencies of the situation and were a community unto themselves. It almost goes without saying that before long David Crystal had fallen in love with Susan Gillespie, propinquity having as much to do with it as attraction, for the reader will find little in common between them. David was an admirable and amiable young man and Dr. Gillespie was more than pleased with the prospect. The narrative of the journey is given with minute completeness. It might easily be the actual experience of some band of emigrants, a history of their progress and the incidents of the road, the meetings with other trains, with Mormons, Indians, trappers and returning travelers, the friendships quickly made and as soon severed, the affairs of birth and death, accidents, defections and losses, but most interesting is the effect of the journey on the members of the party, the bringing out of primitive characteristics hidden in civilized surroundings and the gradual dropping of acquired manners, just as they are obliged to discard superfluities and travel light for the sake of speed and sparing their animals, and the new point of view which the conventionalized women are obliged to adopt. At one point in their progress the Gillespie-Crystal party is joined by two new men, one a Rocky Mountain trapper and the other a half-breed Crow. At first the men are repugnant to Susan Gillespie and her friend Lucy, who has joined them from another party, but before long Lucy, who has become a common drudge to her sister's family, finds in Zavier the only one who gives her a pleasant word or lightens her labor, and there is little to be surprised at when, in the fastnesses of the mountains, she elopes with him. The other trapper Low Courant, as he gives his name, treats Susan with small courtesy. Indeed he makes no account of considering the women an unnecessary burden to the outfit, but after the good doctor's death, when the real hardships of the journey begin, and David Crystal proves unequal to the strain, giving way when even Susan bears up, she begins to look upon Courant in a different light and to see that he is at his best in those surroundings, and despite her promise to David and the understanding which lightened the doctor's last hours, she breaks her engagement with him and makes a new compact with the mountaineer. The manner in which David was lost from the party, his subsequent fate and the remorse which seized upon Courant when, after his marriage with Susan and their settlement within civilized bounds, he feels his old wild outlook slipping from him, is sympathetically given. Indeed one of the strongest points to be made in praise of Miss Bonner's work is the sympathy and understanding which she displays. She sees, as no other author seems to, the point of view of the Californian. Any one of the five novels she has written might be biographical and there is no old-timer or long resident who cannot name some one amongst his own acquaintances who might have sat for her portraits. Her Pioneers are types and her incidents typical. It will never be said of her as it was of Bret Harte that the best thing that could happen to California would be his annihilation. Coming on the eve of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Admission of California, "The Emigrant Trail" is a timely book and there is not one line too much in all its five hundred pages. The attractive volume is sponsored by the Duffield Co.

Kiss of Purity

"Is the room disinfected?"

"Yes, mother; and I have sterilized the curtains, deodorized the furniture, fumigated all the fixtures, vaporized the air, washed my lips in an antiseptic solution, and—"

"Have you septicized the ornaments?"

"Thoroughly, mother; everything is done. Arthur is waiting now in the hydrogen room."

"Then you may go in and let him kiss you, dear."

A Sex Problem Solved

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives.

"Why," one cried, "you can walk and run as well as a man!"

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I wouldn't!" said the missionary.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said, softly: "Now, I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid."

"That young man looks very intelligent."

"Yes, he's a member of our magazine staff."

"What are his duties?"

"He hitches well-known anecdotes to unknown celebrities."

"Pa, what are wall-flowers?"

"Pinks of propriety, my son."

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Send us your address and we will send one of our
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to demonstrate the new Edison Amberol Attachments and Amberol (or 4-minute) Record to you.
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The daylight service between San Francisco and Sacramento via the new steamer "NAVAJO"
Leave San Francisco 8:00 a. m.
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SAN FRANCISCO

World's 24-Hour Stock Car Record 1196 Miles

LOZIER

The LOZIER still holds the world's 24-hour Stock Car competition record of 1196 miles made at Brighton Beach in October, 1909

¶ Notwithstanding the fact that the recent 24-hour race was not held under Stock Car rules (contestants being permitted to race with any size, style or horsepower of car, or to make any changes, additions and alterations in Stock Cars at will), **the LOZIER Stock Car record of 1196 miles still remains unbroken.**

¶ In the **LOZIER** record-breaking race of October, 1909, the winning **LOZIER** made 1196 miles, and another **LOZIER** car finished in second place, making 1169 miles. The winner of the recent 24-hour race made only 1145 miles, and therefore failed to reach the mileage attained by either of the **LOZIER** cars in the great 24-hour **LOZIER** Record Race of last year.

¶ In the great Brighton Beach Race, September, 1908, **LOZIER** cars also finished first and second, both exceeding previous world's records. These two great double **LOZIER** victories of 1908 and 1909 have no parallel in the history of automobile racing.

¶ **LOZIER Stock Cars have seven times defeated previous 24-hour World's Records---no other car more than once. The LOZIER car has broken more 24-hour records and defeated more famous cars in long distance events than any other car in the world, and today its claim of being the greatest long distance Stock Car in the world remains undisputed.**

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

724-732 GOLDEN GATE AVE. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Vol. XVIII. No. 930 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 25, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

CALIFORNIA STATE

Glimpse of a road in the Crocker Tract, Piedmont, showing the sylvan beauty of this wonderful home park. Looking at this picture it is almost impossible to realize that ten minutes run in a motor will will bring one to the shops and theatres of a city of 300,000 people and that here in the midst of these oak-clad hills with their amazing outlook over the Bay, are all the conveniences and comforts of the city houses. No wonder the Crocker Tract, Piedmont, is regarded as the most desirable place in the west for a home of destinction. Villa sites---for homes to cost from $10,000 to $50,000---on sale by Wickham Havens Incorporated, entire top floor, Oakland Bank of Savings Building.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MARGARET ANGLIN

As she will appear as Antigone at the Greek Theater, Berkeley, next Thursday night

TOWN TALK

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Hearst and Roosevelt

Who that likes to view things with the eye of history and philosophy, divested of passion and interest, can fail to find entertainment in the Hon. William R. Hearst's ferocious assaults on Colonel Roosevelt? Everybody who apprehends instinctively the mechanism behind the scenes of the world's stage realizes that there is much that is worthy of philosophic study in the pregnant situation that has arisen in the current drama of American politics. The protagonists of this dramatic episode are figures of colossal stature. One is the maker of an epoch in his country's history, a man upon whom the eyes of the world are focussed, an object of universal interest; the other, his rival in a contest for the affections of a powerful people, himself a man of prodigious influence having the means of swaying the passions and judgment of millions of human beings. This appears to be a titanic contest. But we are not to be convinced that the outcome will prove as momentous as any of the decisive battles of the world's history. The probable outcome is not a matter upon which we care to speculate. We know that all the great changes in government, all the great epochs in history had their origin in phenomena that appeared to be insignificant and inconsequential, but we have not the patience to scrutinize the seeds of time with a view to ascertaining what is to be the effect of the present tremendous clash of the most potent of our contemporary personalities. We find it more to our taste to sit in the gallery, study the performance and comment on the passing show.

Smashing an Idol

The first emotion induced by the performance is that of merriment. It is highly amusing to listen to Mr. Hearst's argument in justification of his recantation with respect to the Colonel. Mr. Hearst would have us believe that he never penetrated the Roosevelt mask until the Colonel landed in England. Yet his severest strictures on the ex-President are for high crimes and misdemeanors committed in the tempestuous days when the Roosevelt obsession was prevalent throughout the land. In the catalogue of the Colonel's transgressions which Mr. Hearst has prepared for public consumption we find recorded the episode of the two "practical men." That episode is one of the ugliest counts in an indictment which has long been hanging over our ex-President's head, an indictment to which there has been no plea. Surely Mr. Hearst has not been in ignorance of the Colonel's relations with E. H. Harriman. Those relations were a matter of common knowledge months before Mr. Hearst paid a certain memorable visit to the White House to grasp the hand of a gigantic public idol. And somewhat older than the episode of the two practical men is the delusion regarding the Colonel's performances as a military man. Yet Mr. Hearst would have us believe that but yesterday he learned of the Colonel's plight on Kettle Hill and of the misleading character of the halo which he has been wearing since the battle of San Juan where he figured neither as a man of valor nor as a soldier of discretion. So also would Mr. Hearst have us believe that hitherto he has been unaware of the Colonel's activity as an iconoclast in literature. He tells us of his puerile and pedantic criticisms of such men as Jackson and Jefferson, and holds him up to reprobation for thus seeking to lower in popular esteem some of the most revered names in the annals of American history. Why did Mr. Hearst wait so long to tell the truth about Colonel Roosevelt? Is he telling it now because he thinks the psychological moment has arrived for the smashing of the idol of the masses? We suspect that the distinguished journalist is at his old trick of trimming his sails to the breeze of popular opinion. Nevertheless more power to his elbow. For the obsession has not altogether relaxed. The Colonel has been riding to a fall, but he is far from down and out. If Mr. Hearst hastens the happy consummation we shall be able to forgive him the part that he played in the building of the idol that he is now intent upon demolishing.

The Motive and the Man

Men are speculating as to Mr. Hearst's motive in attacking Colonel Roosevelt. In connection with Mr. Hearst's activities there is always curiosity respecting the motive. Not generally regarded as an incorruptibly wise and fearlessly benevolent journalist, the suspicion is prevalent that he is in the habit of judging and acting as his own personal fears and interests may dictate. And in this instance the thought has suggested itself that he is looking ahead to the next national campaign, fondly hoping to be a candidate for President and deeming it advisable therefore to destroy the monster in whose creation he assisted in the days when a Roosevelt seemed to be the most effective means of stimulating class hatred. This may be the truth of the matter. But why concern ourselves about motives when we are getting so much entertainment out of the passing show. Mr. Hearst is winding the mighty machine of public opinion. Let us watch him with philosophic interest. Let us observe the gradual disillusioning of that incredible beast the omnipotent public. There may be some of us of the opinion that Mr. Hearst ought to be beating his breast in penitence instead of fuming ferociously at his darling hero in buckram, but we must never lose patience with him. Whatever his eccentricities and his shams, however transparent his insincerity, his power must command our respect if not our admiration. And the exercise of that power is always an interesting and instructive study. One day he is employed in building up an absurdity, the next exhausting his wit and zeal and fury in battering it down. How interesting and instructive to note that with equal facility he can fire or build the Ephesian dome of public opinion. In former days, somebody has said, superstitious rites were used to exorcise evil spirits, but in our times the same object is attained and beyond comparison more effectually by the common newspaper. How well this is being illustrated by Mr. Hearst and the other noble editors to whom Colonel Roosevelt has ceased to be a hero! True the Colonel has not altogether lost his hold on the public imagination. He was greeted with enthusiasm on his spectacular return from Europe, which was celebrated strictly in accordance with the arrangements of his band of worshippers who claim and foster him as an asset, but now that his follies are being exploited as well as his impressive fustiana there is small likelihood of his being able to maintain his equilibrium on his feet of clay.

Herrin and His Critics

The learned editors of our parochial dailies have had something to say about Mr. William F. Herrin's Oregon address. What they have said is worth reading for

the light that it throws on the mental processes of the leaders of public thought in this community. Dissenting from Mr. Herrin's views, as was to be expected, our tripod philosophers make no attempt to discuss the principles of government which Mr. Herrin enunciated; they advance no argument in refutation of his propositions; they challenge not a single assertion, preferring either to make him the target of personal abuse or to dogmatize and moralize in the old familiar vein congenial to cant and nonsense. The Bulletin, for example, lightly dismisses the proposition that it is better for the people to be guided by their sober, second conscience than by their hasty judgment formed in the heat of passion. As inflaming the mob is the Bulletin's forte it insists that public clamor is the voice of God and that conservative opinion has always stood in the path of progress. The Examiner, oracular as usual, lays down a proposition and lets it go at that. The Examiner's proposition is that as the Southern Pacific Company dominates politics in California the people should adopt any old short-cut to popular despotism regardless of consequences. In the Examiner's philosophy it doesn't matter if the cure be worse than the malady. The Call is similarly minded. But the Call is critical and takes Mr. Herrin to task for not clearly defining the distinction between public clamor and public opinion and for not showing how democracy is inconsistent with honest representative government. Both the Call and the Examiner defend the recall, the former journal affirming it to be "closely representative of the popular will," the Examiner holding that as it weakens the power of the octopus it requires no other recommendation. From all that has been said on the subject it is clear that the fundamentals of our government and the principles of the theory upon which it has been formed are but faintly apprehended in our parochial newspaper offices. We suspect that Mr. Herrin deliberately played a joke on our learned editors; that knowing they would scoff at anything he said, he carefully refrained from saying anything that was not elemental or that had not been embodied either in policies advocated by the most illustrious of our early patriots or the maxims of the world's greatest authorities on the science of government. His warning against innovations, for example, is one of the warnings to be found in Washington's Farewell Address. His views with regard to the danger of going to extremes in democracy are not at variance with those of Thomas Jefferson. What he said about the popular short-cuts that are designed to simplify our system of government that the popular will may be more frequently and easily expressed, is in line with what Daniel Webster said: "Nothing is more dangerous or more deceptive than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms. If we abolish the distinction of the branches of a government we may readily simplify; we may readily bring it to the simplest of all forms a pure despotism." On the subject of the recall Mr. Herrin might have quoted Edmund Burke: "They are the distempers of elections that have destroyed all free States. To cure these distempers is difficult if not impossible; the only thing left therefore to save the commonwealth is to prevent their return too quickly."

Our Government and Our Innovations

The main point of the Herrin address is that certain innovations on our system of politics designed to augment the power of the masses and accelerate the expression of popular will are inconsistent with the principles of our representative form of government. Now this is a proposition about which there can be no dispute, the only question presenting itself being the question of the advisability of abandoning our principles of government on account of some of its imperfections. It certainly cannot be disputed that in electing United States Senators by direct vote of the people we are simplifying our government and violating one of its fundamental principles. The founders of this republic, as everyone familiar with their deliberations is aware, deemed it advisable to have two separate and distinct branches of the legislature, one directly responsive to the will of the people and the other inaccessible in a measure to public clamor. They made the exercise of the legislative power by two distinct and independent branches a fundamental rule, thus adopting a principle which they were taught by the experience of nations to regard as essential to the stability of the nation. Although Mr. Herrin did not touch on this subject assuredly he had it in mind when he spoke of the innovations that tend to destroy the character of our representative form of government. The direct primary when employed for the election of United States Senators is one of the devices that are conclusive of a tendency on the part of the people under the guidance of demagogues to convert our government into the market democracy of antiquity. The recall is another of these devices. The recall is grounded in the theory that there is only one principle of government, the principle of the divinity of Democratic Might. As the Call says "it is closely representative of the popular will," but it was never intended that the popular will should operate as a species of terror throughout our system of government. The aim of our representative form of government is to give equal rights to all—to the minority as well as to the majority—not to facilitate the despotism either of the majority or of a class. The people are expected to choose for their servants the most instructed and the ablest persons who can be found, and to permit them to exercise their best judgment during a limited period under the check of the freest discussion and the most unreserved censure, but with the least possible interference. This system of government was invented that the omnipotence of the majority might be exercised through an enlightened agency accountable to the people in the last resort. It was invented as a bar against absolutism of the executive on the one hand and of the masses on the other. It is a government of trusteeship, and it is supposed to be the only means by which the rashness and blind zeal of the masses can be tempered in a democracy. Statesmen and philosophers who

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have approved this form of government knew that it would not approximate perfection. Yet they supposed that the only danger to be apprehended under it was that the restraints of the institutional character which it takes might come to be regarded as fetters, and that the people becoming insensible of the paramount necessity of being governed might concern themselves only with governing. This is precisely the significance of the phenomena against which Mr. Herrin has uttered his warning. The whole burden of demagogic preachment these days is that as the people are supreme they should avail themselves of their supremacy, do whatever they will regardless of whether they may will to do more than is for their ultimate interest. This is what Mr. Herrin has pointed out. And although it is unquestionably to the interest of the corporation which he represents to give the people pause and have them understand the dangers of a market democracy, it is none the less to the interest of the people to appreciate the facts that he sought to impress on his audience.

Elegiac Verses

So she is dead, and somewhere in the sky
  A star is shrouded till her soul has passed
  The second sphere of woe. I heard the last
Vague ghostly trailing of her robes go by,
And heard the burdened brooding threnody
  Sob out its sombre sorrow in the waste
And barren place of tombs where she doth lie,
And let Earth take her own without a cry.

Nor even now the anguish overflows
  In easy floods of tributary tears.
  I only feel a burden as of years
Laid on a weary heart that seems to close
Against the frozen blood. The darting throes
  Of pain, the storming throng of thrilling fears,
Have wrung no nerve to feeling. A repose
That mimics death o'er all my being grows.

I know that Death was kind. He must have smiled,
  And turned the mask of doom to promise fair
  And twined the myrtle leaves within his hair
And called himself young Love, ere he beguiled
Her lively soul to follow to the wild,
  And brighten with her presence his dull lair.
He knew the lure to lead her like a child
To stranger ways by mortals undefiled.

I cannot think she sighed, or suffered pain,
  So gently did the spirit cut the cord,
  The golden band that wedded Life the Lord
To flesh so humbly beautiful. A strain
Of hidden music touched her with a fain
  And fervent strength, and as she heard the chord
A smile lay lightly on her lips again,
And Death forbade it not there to remain.

—Alfred E. Randall.

Perspective Impressions

Nevada has become the last refuge of the manly art of self defense.

The Sultan of Sulu is evidently destined to go down in history as the rejected suitor of Alice Roosevelt.

If we keep ourselves from opportunities we shall not have to pray to be kept out of temptation.

Dr. Dille credits God with having stopped the fight in San Francisco. Does Dr. Dille believe that God is powerless in Nevada?

Margaret Illington failed to discover that matrimony and a stage career are not incompatible until she experienced two husbands.

Now that Taft is giving us the Roosevelt policies with a vengeance the insurgents are finding it somewhat difficult to preserve their highly cultivated state of mind.

Congressman Kahn has rendered such good service to the city in the fight for the World's Fair that the friends of Walter Macarthur, strong in their faith in the ingratitude of the masses, are jubilant over the labor agitator's political prospects.

The Broderick-Terry Duel

(Owing to the interest which has been excited by the publication in Town Talk of the Narrative of Ned McGowan it is the intention to publish other Californiana not readily accessible to the general public. This account of the duel between Broderick and Terry is taken with some changes from Major Ben C. Truman's interesting volume, "The Field of Honor" where it is credited to a San Francisco correspondent of the New York Sun who wrote in 1882.—Editor's Note.)

Among the many duels in the early days of California none excited so much interest, and none had such an influence on politics and society, as the fatal meeting between David C. Broderick and David S. Terry. They were representative men. One was a United States Senator, and the other Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California. They were filling important niches in the history of the young State. No such political antagonism had existed since the days of Burr and Hamilton. The Republican Party was a healthy infant, and growing rapidly. The State was controlled by a two-winged Democracy. Gwin, Terry, Ashe, Brooks, Benham, and others worked the Lecompton wing, and Broderick, the friend of Stephen A. Douglas and an ardent opponent of the extension of slavery, was the soul of the anti-Lecompton wing. He and his followers occupied middle ground between nascent Republicanism and the Southern slave-Democracy. The friends of the Administration cherished a deep hatred for Broderick. With him out of the way, they might reunite the party on the old basis and control it. Broderick and his friends had thwarted the ambition of the "chivalry." After a desperate struggle he had secured a seat in the United States Senate, and had brought the haughty Gwin to terms. To retain his own seat in that body, Gwin had given the stonecutter a document pledging himself not to meddle with the official patronage of the Pacific Coast. This document was known as the "scarlet letter." Broderick had said in a speech that its writer ought to be as clearly marked for political ostracism as Hester Prynne was socially marked by the initial on her breast. It was a fatal letter. Politicians said that the man who had it in his possession was doomed.

The immediate cause of the quarrel grew out of a speech made by Judge Terry before the Lecompton Democratic State Convention in Sacramento in 1859. He called Broderick an arch-traitor. He said:

"They (the anti-Lecomptonites) are the followers of one man, the personal chattels of a single individual whom they are ashamed of. They belong, heart, soul, body, and breeches, to David C. Broderick. They are yet ashamed to acknowledge their master, and are calling themselves, aye, forsooth, Douglas Democrats, when it is known, well known to them as to us, that the gallant Senator from Illinois, whose voice has always been heard in the advocacy of Democratic principles, who now is not disunited from the Democratic Party, has no affiliation with them, no feeling in common with them. Mr. President and gentlemen, I am mistaken in denying their right to claim Douglas as a leader. Perhaps they do sail under the flag of Douglas; but it is the banner of the Black Douglas, whose name is Frederick, not Stephen."

Broderick read this speech while at breakfast in the International Hotel, and grimly smiled. "I see," he remarked to D. W. Perley, a lawyer (born in Woodstock, N. B., and a friend of the Gwin faction) "that Terry has been abusing me. I now take back the remark that I once made that he is the only honest judge on the Supreme bench. I was his friend when he was in need of friends, for which I am sorry. Had the Vigilance Committee disposed of him as they did of others, they would have done a righteous act."

He alluded to Terry's arrest by the Vigilantes in August, 1856, charged with cutting a man named Sterling A. Hopkins, in the attempt to free from arrest Reuben Maloney. Had Hopkins died, Terry would probably have hanged. As it was, it took the strongest influence, Masonic, press, and other, to save him from banishment.

Perley resented Broderick's remark. He professed to be a warm friend of Judge Terry, and even went so far as to challenge the Senator on his own account. His challenge was curtly declined with the contemptuous remark, "Sir, I fight only with gentlemen of my own position." Perley hurried off to Terry and repeated Broderick's slighting remarks. The spark did not need fanning. It was already alight. The Judge wrote a letter of inquiry, to which Broderick returned the following reply:

"Friday Evening, September 9, 1859.

"Hon. D. S. Terry: Yours of this date has been received. The remarks made by me were occasioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me, made in the Convention at Sacramento, and reported in the Union of the 25th of June. Upon the topic alluded to in your note of this date, my language, so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows: 'During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his (your) defence. I have also stated heretofore that I considered him (Judge Terry) the only honest man on the Supreme bench. But I take it all back.' You are the proper judge as to whether this language affords good ground for offence.

"I remain, etc.,

D. C. Broderick."

Judge Terry considered the Senator's remarks "fighting talk," and there was a resort to the code. Calhoun Benham, a lawyer, S. H. Brooks (State Comptroller at the time), and Thomas Hayes attended to his interest, and Joseph C. McKibben, David D. Colton, and Leonidas Haskell acted for Senator Broderick. As to the niceties of affairs of honor, the gentlemen who assisted Terry were much superior to Broderick's friends. McKibben was a Congressman, and probably had never before participated in a formal duel. D. D. Colton had been sheriff of Siskiyou and the hero of many rough-and-tumble fights incident to his office in those lawless days. Haskell was an every-day man, who dabbled in politics without neglecting his business. Benham, Brooks, and Hayes, on the contrary, had figured repeatedly on the field, the latter as principal on one or two occasions. Mr. Broderick was somewhat surprised at the action of Mr. Hayes. They had been warm political friends in New York, and measurably so in California. Both were of Irish extraction.

A meeting had been arranged for the 12th of September, at sunrise, near the boundary-lines of San Mateo and San Francisco counties. The principals and their friends were all on the ground, when the chief of police, Martin J. Burke, placed them under arrest. They were brought before Police Justice H. P. Coon, and discharged on the ground that there had been no actual misdemeanor.

John A. McGlynn, a brother of a well-known Roman Catholic clergyman in New York; Andrew J. Butler, a brother of General B. F. Butler; and other friends of Broderick, had tried to dissuade him from fighting. He had listened to all their arguments, and had replied that his mind was made up—the duel could not be avoided with honor. He was quiet and composed, but inflexible.

It was thought that the arrest would stop further proceedings, but the principals were determined to have it out. The fact that a second meeting was to take place on the following morning was whispered to a few reporters under a promise of secrecy, and at midnight several

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A Misfortune

By Anton Chekhov (From the Russian)

Sophie Petrovna, wife of the notary Loobyantsev, a handsome young woman of about twenty-five, and her neighbor, the advocate Elyin, occupying the next cottage, walked silently side by side down the forest path. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. White, fluffy clouds hung in the heavens; here and there from under them patches of pale blue sky were visible; the clouds remained motionless, looking as if they had been caught and held in position by the tall old pines. The air was still close.

In the distance the vista opened upon a small railroad embankment, on which just then for some reason or other a sentinel, gun in hand, marched up and down. Further on, on the other side of the embankment, glistened the large, white, six-towered church with its rust-covered roof.

"I didn't expect to meet you here," Sophie Petrovna was saying, as with eyes bent on the ground she idly stirred last year's leaves with the end of her dainty parasol; "but I am glad now that I did. I must speak with you seriously and finally. I beg of you, John Michaelovich, if you really care for me and respect me, give up pursuing me everywhere I go. You follow me about like a shadow, always look at me in that horrid manner, write strange letters, make love to me, and—and I should like to know when all this will end! What will it all lead to, in heaven's name!"

Elyin was silent. Sophie Petrovna took a few more steps and continued:

"And this sudden change in you has taken place only within the last two or three weeks, after a five years' friendship. I don't recognize you, John Michaelovich."

Sophie Petrovna stole a sidelong glance at her companion. With blinking eyes he was attentively watching the fluffy clouds. The expression on his face was sullen, angry and preoccupied. He looked like a man who suffered deeply, realizing all the while that he was listening to nonsense, but compelled to listen to it none the less.

"I am surprised that you do not realize it yourself," continued Mme. Loobyantsev with a slight shrug. "You must surely understand that it is not a very pretty game you are starting. I am a married woman, I love and respect my husband. I have a daughter—surely you do not count all this as nothing? Besides, you, as my old friend, know perfectly well my views upon family ties, upon the foundations of family relations in general—"

Elyin emitted a short, rasping sound of irritation and sighed. "Family relations," he muttered. "Oh, my God!"

"Yes, yes. I love my husband, I respect him, and at any rate I value the peace of my family. I would sooner allow myself to be killed than to be the cause of Andrew's and his daughter's misfortune. And so I beg of you, John Michaelovich, for God's sake, leave me in peace. Let us remain as we have been—good, kind friends; and do leave off those sighs and groans that are so unbecoming to you. There, that's settled and finished; not a word more about it! Let's talk of something else."

Sophie Petrovna stole another sidelong glance at Elyin's face. He was gazing upward; his face was pale and he was angrily biting his trembling lips. Mme. Loobyantsev could not understand why he was angry nor what he was rebelling against, but his pallor touched her.

"Don't be angry. Please let's be friends," she said kindly. "Agreed? There's my hand."

Elyin took the plump little hand in both of his, pressed it and slowly carried it to his lips.

"I am not a schoolboy," he muttered, "and the prospect of a friendship with the woman I love has no attraction for me."

"There, there, it's all settled and finished! Here, we have reached the bench; let's sit down."

The heart of Sophie Petrovna was filled with peace. The most difficult, the most awkward part of her task was over; the tormenting problem was solved. Now she could breathe freely and look Elyin straight in the face. She did look at him, and a little feeling of pure egotism—the woman's consciousness of power over the man who loves her—caressed her gently. It pleased her that this big, strong man, with his rugged, angry face—intelligent, well educated, one might say gifted—that this man, at her command, sat down beside her without saying a word and hung his head. For two or three minutes they remained silent.

"Nothing has yet been settled or finished," began Elyin. "I am quite familiar with your copy-book texts: 'I love and respect my husband'—'family relation!' All this I know without your telling me, and I go still further: I tell you honestly and sincerely that I consider my behavior scandalous and criminal. What more do you want? But why go on repeating things that are perfectly clear to everyone? Instead of feeding the poor nightingale with useless words, suppose you teach me what to do?"

"I have already told you—go away!"

"I have already—you know it perfectly well—gone away five times and each time returned before I had reached my destination. I can show you my railroad tickets—I have them, every one. I haven't the strength to fly from you. I struggle against it, struggle terribly; but of what use is it all when I have no backbone, when I am so weak, so cowardly! I can't fight against nature! Do you understand? I can't! I run from her—she grabs me by the coat-tails and holds me fast. Oh, what miserable, humiliating weakness!"

Elyin's face flushed; he rose and began walking up and down in front of the bench.

"It's disgusting!" he growled, clinching his fists. "I hate and despise myself! My God, to hang about another man's wife like any vulgar schoolboy, write idiotic letters, degrade myself—oh!"

Elyin groaned, grasped his head with both hands and sat down.

"And to top it all you come in with your hypocrisy," he continued. "If you are so much against my wicked game, what did you come here for? What drew you here? In my letters I ask you only for a definite, straightforward answer—yes or no; and instead of a straightforward answer you contrive to meet me here every day 'by accident,' and treat me to a dose of copy-book sermons."

Mme. Loobyantsev started and blushed furiously. She experienced a feeling of extreme confusion, as if some one had suddenly and unexpectedly stripped her of all her clothing.

"You seem to suspect me of playing," she murmured. "I have always given you straightforward answers, and—and just now I've been entreating you—"

"Bah! As if entreaties have anything to do with it! If you had once for all said 'leave me,' I should have been gone long ago. But you never said that to me. Not once did you give me a direct answer. I cannot understand this indecision! Really, either you are playing with me or—"

Elyin stopped and dropped his chin in his hands. Sophie Petrovna began to go over in her mind her be-

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Wasted Lives

By John Hamilton Churchill

There are two kinds of millionaires—the kind which assumes control of riches by inheritance from generation to generation, which in Europe belongs to the upper classes or to the nobility, and the latter-day kind to be met with chiefly in America, Australia, and remote islands. In considering this question one is struck with one characteristic of the situation, namely, the intense rivalry existing between the old rich and the new, the noble millionaire, with his old mansions and estates, and the parvenu, intent on imitating the old in everything. Now the old-fashioned millionaire has one great and distinguished virtue—he never frightens us. He may do stupid things, he may throw away his money at last in a fit of decadent delirium, but he does not start out with the deliberate intention of libeling every notion of propriety, every rule of common sense and orthodox etiquette, every maxim laid down by the generations for the conservation of the thing known as good taste. I must confess that this ambition of the new millionaire to rival the refinements of aristocratic age is very interesting, and it certainly is very amusing, in spite of the intensely bitter, gnawing, hungry look most of them wear, like a mask of bitter irony; but it is impossible to feel the slightest sympathy for the woes of the parvenu millionaire of our time. We can never take him seriously. We can feel pity for every other phase of human suffering, we can sympathize with the man who murders in a fit of passion, with the people who steal because of hunger, with the people whose lives have been wrecked by follies committed under overpowering temptations, but the typical millionaire, no matter what befalls him, leaves us as cold and indifferent as a statue. And a curious thing it is, we do not even stop to ask ourselves why we are left indifferent. The woes of the millionaire species do not even arouse in us any of that vulgar curiosity we experience when we read of the divorce scandals of some obscure artist, some obscure poet, or second-rate politician.

And this leads us to indulge in a little psychology. How comes it we are not moved by the wriggling, the tortuous sufferings, the gladiatorial monetary pugilism of the millionaire kings of the world? The answer is because they are not interesting; they are machines. The more brains a man has the more interesting he becomes. Bonaparte held the world spellbound. The interest in him is far from dying out. Bonaparte may have been a machine of destiny for all we know; a mere calculating machine he certainly was not. As a matter of fact, the conqueror of Europe possessed a culture that was centuries old, and there was nothing of the parvenu in him. Had Bonaparte won a few battles by mere good luck, and then retired, he would have been forgotten by this time. Now the typical millionaire of our day never loses an opportunity of telling us that he came by his great wealth by sheer patience, backed by a vast intelligence. He wishes us to believe that he is a favored one, that he is gifted, that luck had nothing to do with his fortune. It is impossible to induce thinking people to believe this. No one who knows how to reason about men and things can be made to believe that Rockefeller and Carnegie possess distinguished minds. We know very well that if things were different and circumstances changed they would not succeed in amassing anything like their present fortune.

Everything done by the parvenu millionaire proves that he is not happy. Instead of living in comfortable homes with as little bother and trouble as possible, they erect palaces that rival royal dwellings without the cachet of royal or aristocratic distinction. When they are not collecting art treasures, which they cannot possibly appreciate, they write books which no book-lover would think of reading. And when they are not doing these things they spend vast sums trying to approach Royalty, thinking it finer to be received by Kings and Emperors as lickspittle democrats than to remain at home working to solve some of the urgent democratic questions of the time.

One of the most interesting studies of this question is to be found in the variety of millionaire types, although the great majority do look, act, and think alike. I have noticed in Germany that the Teutonic millionaire still loves his smoked sausage, Pilsener beer, and black bread. He is a democrat who loves the common while desiring the shine and the glitter of titles and show; but his brother, the Chicago pork-packer, would as soon think of eating black bread and smoked sausage as he would of eating snails. It is not easy to insult a Berlin millionaire, but one of the Chicago type is as touchy and explosive as dynamite.

In Chicago I was struck with the porkaphelian look and dimensions of many of the millionaires. They are "in tune with the infinite" possibilities of Porkopolis culture, and, in the words of the witty author of "The Conversations of Elizabeth," they are "thick through," and inhabit queer mansions, containing drawing rooms which made the French count exclaim: "Dieu! un salon d'hippotame!" They love fried chicken, and eschew their own pork, deeming abstinence the better part of the appetite. This is wise, and shows that the parvenu millionaire is not such a fool as he looks. But he has many bad habits, and one of the worst is that he is given to backsliding proclivities. He often gives up Chicago and removes to New York. Here he is snubbed for a period of years or forever, as the case may be, and his Karma begins. He lies in bed at night wondering what real difference there can be between himself and August Belmont or any of the New Yorkers, seeing that they call themselves social equals in a country given to equal privileges and equal rights. This poor creature now begins to be very unhappy. He felt at first a vague, gnawing discontent without being able to say whether the gnawing was in the region of the solar plexus or the cerebellum. Now in New York he feels certain it is not in the stomach. He has a suspicion it lies in his imagination, but in this he is never fixed, and he begins to wonder if, after all, it would not be better to live under a monarchy in Europe than to be snubbed by Republicans at home. In New York the Chicago millionaire comes in contact with another type, that peculiar college-bred, cotton-mill culture that rolls out of Harvard and Yale and Princetown and the rest with ever-increasing rapidity, as tape rolls out of the machine with figures stamped on it. The Chicago man meets the New York man, and tries to get even with him by bluff, but the assurance of the "culture" that has been pressed into the youthful scion of millionairism at the fashionable university by the cotton-gin process, the high-pressure system of quick, not to say quack, learning is too much for him, and the Chicago man grows as sick of New York as the New Yorker does of the Gallic wit and penetrating discrimination of the Parisian. He wants to go home. But he has no home. But he has one thing in common with his brother of New York; he is restless, discontented, ill at ease, ambitious to the verge of insanity, without knowing how to satisfy the intolerable craving for the impossible. As for the typical millionaires of New York, they form a sort of body whose aims

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and interests seem to be more or less alike, although rivalry is always in a chronic state of action.

The New York millionaire astounds us by his freak ambitions. Self-made millionaires in France usually possess sufficient knowledge of beautiful things to appreciate them for what they are, but the new rich of America purchase pictures which they never enjoy, books they never read, wines they never taste, and build houses which in no way harmonize with the real taste and temperament of the owner.

The American rich are Republicans with a full-blooded penchant for Monarchy, who hate the word progress as much as they hate philosophy and common sense. The chief ambition of the New York millionaire is to ape the dignity of dukes, the intelligence of the French, the drastic methods of Russia, the positiveness of the military German, while remaining as uncouth and illiterate as a cowboy of Colorado. It is in New York that the strange, half-savage, half-cultured, masculine woman comes proudly on to the scene. The millionaire man, poor fool, thinks he rules something or somebody. In reality his wife rules him with whips of scorpions. When she grows tired of her husband she divorces him. Sometimes she goes to Europe, and resides there for years without seeing her husband. But we never dream of pitying the husband. His woes, like her Babylonian ambitions, leave us untouched. We read about them as we read about Maeterlinck's bees or Lombroso's degenerates, or any strange new thing in a strange, crazy world ripe for the worst. But we think of the time when the remnant of Imperial Rome went mad in the ninth century, when a vast oblivion came over the nations, when all Italy rotted away, and the dust and ashes were blown out of her ruins and were scattered to the four winds of the world.

The Spectator

Bankers Learn a Lesson in Economy

To substitute a cheap man for a dear one is not always the best way to economize as the American Bankers' Association has learned from its experience of Detective William J. Burns, late of the Spreckels leg. About the time that the gumshoe artist lost the job of his life in this city the Pinkertons notified the Bankers' Association that they could not afford to renew their contract for the protection of the members of the Association from crooks at the old price. Learning of the state of affairs between the bankers and the Pinkertons Burns put in a bid for the contract at a figure lower than the one which the famous detective agency had decided to raise. Burns was given the contract, and as a result the bankers have a suit on their hands. About three weeks ago Burns caused the arrest of Louie Schneiderman in Los Angeles for uttering false checks and at his instigation the prisoner was taken to San Antonio, Texas, where it was discovered that he was the wrong man. Now Schneiderman is suing Burns and the Bankers' Association for $100,000 damages. The plaintiff alleges that when he was arrested he was subjected to great humiliation and personal discomfort. His trunk was ransacked for incriminating evidence, and he was thrown into jail and confined in "a dirty, unsanitary cell filled with sewer gas and infested with a multitude of loathsome bugs and vermin." The following day the officials of the Alamo National Bank declared that he was not the man who uttered the checks. He was then released with two dollars in his pocket. He was thousands of miles from home. The probability is that Schneiderman will receive in compensation a sum of money large enough to make the bankers regret that they parted from the Pinkertons.

The Democratic Situation

Meeting that most astute of our politicians, Gavin McNab, the other evening I asked him whether there was any dark horse grooming for the race against Theodore Bell for the democratic nomination for governor. "The situation is simply this," answered McNab; "some of the anti-Bell men want Hodghead of Berkeley to run and the rest of the anti-Bell men want Bell to run. They figure that he could not come within fifty thousand votes of any of the other candidates." I do not think McNab is much impressed with the talk about this being a democratic year in California notwithstanding the wonderful victories won by the democrats in the bye elections in Massachusetts and New York. Those, of course, were very respectable political straws but it is a long way across the continent and there are entirely different winds blowing here. It probably takes two years for a political wave to roll from the eastern to the western coast, so the democrats of this State cannot bank on eastern successes as indicative of what is going to happen here. I understand that Hodghead of Berkeley is quite willing to enter the race against Bell as the candidate of the regular organization or McNab Democrats but that in the opinion of the leaders it would not be worth while to incur the expense of the campaign.

Judge De Haven's Only Prejudice

Judge J. J. De Haven of the United States District Court has been in poor health for some months, and he may never return to the bench. His friends say that he is thinking seriously of resigning. Judge De Haven is a jurist of the old school, a type of man that is becoming rare in the judiciary in these days of lively competition for the limelight and stage centre. A man of the most generous impulses, possessed in a large degree of the judicial temperament, it can be justly said of him that he has made it the rule of his career to give every man his due so far as he was able. The only prejudice that he is known to have was discovered by his clerk some years ago. One day the court-room was crowded with citizens who had been invited by the Court to give such excuses as they might have for not serving on a jury panel. Among them was a middle-aged clubman, a little brother to the rich, who was notoriously free from employment. Scarcely had he opened his mouth when he was told that he was excused. At the noon recess

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the clerk spoke of the incident to Judge De Haven, saying, "Judge, I was sure that you wouldn't excuse Mr. ——— because I was certain that he had no legitimate excuse, and I'm curious to know why you let him go." Judge De Haven smiled. "I saw him shake hands with a friend when he entered the court-room," said the Judge; "and I'm of the opinion that no man who shakes hands horizontally on a level with his face is fit for jury duty."

His Favorite Pastime

In the days before the fire Judge De Haven indulged in a singular pastime. He lived at the Strathmore in Larkin street, and every day he spent several hours running the elevator. This was his only method of relaxation. He performed the duties of elevator conductor as gravely as he presided over the District Court, and when thus engaged no lawyer, no matter how urgent his business, would be permitted to interrupt the pastime. One day an attorney entered the elevator when Judge De Haven was on the job. He had not the slightest suspicion of the elevator man's identity, but noted his strong resemblance to the Federal judge. Slapping the elevator man on the shoulder he said, "I say, my friend, you're a dead ringer for old Judge De Haven." The Judge said nothing, but looked as though he felt like committing somebody for contempt.

Youngleigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter?

Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.

The Governor and the Fight

Like the proverbial bolt from the blue was Governor Gillett's interdiction of the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. Nothing short of another epoch-making earthquake could have exceeded the effect on our emotions produced by the announcement that Governor Gillett had decided to enforce the law of the State against a crime which the authorities have been blinking at for some years without rebuke or reproach. Great expectations were centered on the big mill. The whole city was looking forward to an event that had focussed the eyes of the nation upon us, nay, an event of international interest which promised to put oodles of money in our purse. Law abiding citizens though we are the golden prospect was so gladdening that only a few ultra-sensitive individuals experienced a revolt of conscience at the thought of acquiescing in the commission of a felony. Perhaps there were many that thought of the moral issue but had no difficulty in overcoming the consequent qualms by reflecting that the character of the impending performance had been toned down by the euphemistic phrasing of the articles of agreement. In the circumstances it required some courage on the part of Governor Gillett to interfere and ruthlessly play havoc with our fond expectations. And as it will be some time before we recover from the shock it will also be some time before the Governor's courage is appreciated. That there will be a reaction of sentiment I have not the slightest doubt. For we are bound to learn that our loss has been our gain. So far much of the censure that has been visited on the Governor is unquestionably the result of misapprehension. It is supposed that he harkened to the appeals of those meddlesome ministers who are leading a crusade against all the joys of living, and who would have us regulate our appetites in accordance with standards which to them are congenial because of the discrimination of unkind nature. But nobody that knows the Governor intimately believes that he was influenced by fanatics of ascetics. He acted from a sense of what he believed to be the best interest of the city, and in time it will be learned that he made no mistake.

The Decay of the Sport

As a matter of fact we were getting pretty tired of pugilism as practiced in this city. It was not the brutality of prize fights that wearied us. We were becoming surfeited with the sport because it had ceased to be a sport. Long ago it dawned upon us that even the tone of pugilism was susceptible of being lowered. So frequent were the revelations of collusion between plug-uglies that suspicion of crookedness was excited at every contest. We were beginning to feel that it was not so bad to run the risk of being demoralized as to run the risk of being defrauded. If blood was to be shed we wanted to see it shed in earnest. No theatrical scraps for us. It was humiliating to be victimized by illusions. Moreover this species of crookedness lowered the heroes of the ring in our estimation, bringing them down to the level of ordinary susceptible supervisors. Incidentally it may be mentioned that pugilism had a demoralizing effect on our great and glorious newspapers. In some unaccountable way the fighters and their managers obtained immunity from the kind of criticism that might have protected the public from imposture. The newspapers have been remarkably consistent in their enthusiasm about fights. Eager to draw the inference of an ulterior motive with respect to almost everything else that concerns the public the press can see nothing but purity in prize fights, nothing but honesty in plug-uglies. This singular suspension of an inherent tendency has been shown by the attitude of the press toward the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Everybody knows that the chief incentive behind the coming performance is the prospect of a rich harvest from the moving pictures. Now the suspicion is warranted that the pugilists will endeavor to make the moving pictures a success. But this is a suspicion that is never betrayed by the great engines of public opinion.

The Plans of Men and Mice

What the fighters and the fight promoters will lose by reason of the shifting of the scene of battle from San Francisco to Reno will never be known. But what they expected to make in this city is not a profound secret. The daily newspapers have estimated that fully $100,000 worth of tickets had been sold before Governor Gillett interfered. The fact is that nearly two hundred thousand dollars had come into the hands of the promoters. They were building an arena with a seating capacity of thirty thousand, and Rickard and Gleason expected to clean up two hundred thousand dollars apiece. Now

as they had agreed to pay the fighters $101,000 in addition to the $20,000 which they divided between Johnson and Jeffries as a bonus when the articles of agreement were signed, and as they calculated upon receiving $50,000 as their share of the moving picture privilege, it is not hard, after estimating the cost of holding the fight, to figure out how much they expected to take in at the gate. That a great crimp was put in their calculations by the Governor's interference is evident from the circumstance that the Reno arena will have a seating capacity of only twenty thousand. To add to their discomfiture they have had occasion to worry over the moving pictures. For the hitch in their plans has excited so much comment that now the fear prevails that an agitation will be started all over the country to prohibit the exhibition of the pictures. Verily the lot of the prize fight promoter has its pathetic aspects.

A Credulous New Yorker

When the hegira of pugilists, sports and newspaper men took its recent course toward Reno there was great sorrow among the local brethren of the pad and pencil. The newspaper writers and cartoonists who came here for the big fight were a representative body of journalists, many of whom had old acquaintances to renew. All were loth to exchange the delights of San Francisco for the dreariness of the Nevada desert and many plans for entertainments in newspaperdom were knocked askew by the shifting of the scene of the fight. Incidentally some of the local newspaper boys had occasion to learn that the sophisticated scribes from wise little Manhattan were not so knowing as we have been taught to believe. This was illustrated by what happened to W. P. McLoughlin, familiarly known to his intimates as "Wurra Wurra" McLoughlin. McLoughlin is the sporting editor of the New York World and has been in San Francisco and Rowardennan for several weeks past. One day he was talking "shop" to another newspaper man and in the course of the conversation remarked: "Since I have been out here I have put over five 'scoops' on the fight situation and the peculiar thing about it is that I got them all at the bar of the St. Francis Hotel." The friend made a mental determination to frequent the St. Francis bar and impelled by curiosity asked: "What was the last 'scoop' you put over?" "Why," answered McLoughlin with a gratified smile, "I just put it on the wire a couple of hours ago. Larry Sullivan confided to me that Jack Johnson had been baptized in the Roman Catholic Church." McLoughlin's friend was aghast. "Do you mean to say that you sent that story to New York?" he exclaimed. In a very short explanation he convinced McLoughlin that Sullivan had been "stringing" him and "Wurra Wurra" lost no time in wiring an order to kill the story.

Jeffries in a Domestic Scene

I am afraid that my interest in Jeffries is not wholly that of a fight fan for during a recent visit to Rowardennan, when that beautiful resort was still on the pugilistic map, the incident which impressed me most showed the big fighter in his domestic character. Sauntering near the Jeffries cottage about sundown I saw the giant gladiator running toward the porch. "Oh Mrs. Jeffries," he cried, "oh Mrs. Jeffries." From within came the voice of Mrs. Jeffries. "What is it, Jim?" she asked. "Please get me my gum from under that chair," was the answer. In a moment Mrs. Jeffries emerged from the cottage holding two generous slabs of well-chewed gum on the palm of her hand. "Which one is yours, Jim?" she asked. And Jim selected a piece of gum, stowed it away in his mouth and went his way, happy as a school boy.

The Hardships of Reno

My heart was melted a few days ago by a conversation I had with a renowidow who dropped into town to vary the monotony of her stay in the divorce colony of Nevada by a gay whirl through the joy-resorts of our Parisian municipality. So full was her heart of the hardships of Reno life that she simply couldn't contain herself and the result was that into my sympathetic ear was poured a most harrowing tale. It has come to such a pass, she solemnly informed me, that many of the fair residents there have vowed that they will never. never sue for a divorce again but will put up with the discomforts of matrimony rather than expose themselves to the irritations of temporary sojourn in the divorce colony. She said that the hotel keepers, the tradesmen and all the other permanent population of the town, including the divorce lawyers, had but one object in view and that was to separate the wouldbe divorcees from all the money they brought with them.

How the Money Goes

The renowidow said that the old time "stand and deliver" methods of the road agents were child's play compared to the systematic holdups practiced in Reno under the present dispensation. With tears in her eyes she described the loss of her jewels and sealskins and confided her suspicions as to how they had disappeared. That the victims were powerless to protest she made quite plain to me by explaining that it would embarrass her case to have it known that she occasionally indulged in the frivolities of Reno life. From this I inferred that her losses occurred at times when an excess of animal spirits made the ordinary precautions seem trivial; when, for instance, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to fling a few jewels at a piano player or to discard a valuable wrap for greater freedom in crooking a tired elbow. I am forced to the conclusion that Reno is not a safe and sane divorce colony but a place of giddy gaiety where the wine flows freely and the tinkle of music harmonizes with the sound of woman's high-pitched laughter. If my conclusion be correct I am impelled to wonderment over the frequency with which the divorce-seekers drop down to San Francisco for diversion. Surely there can be little monotony at Reno. But no doubt some of its gay habitues exhaust its attractions as rapidly as they have already sucked the sweets of matrimonial bliss. They are a queer lot, these renowidows!

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Margaret Weds Again

When Margaret Illington announced her intention of returning to the glare of the footlights there was much speculation as to whether her second marriage had proved as big a failure as her first. But it is evident that speculation on this subject is premature, since it appears that although the fair Margaret and her profession are to wed again Mr. Bowes is to figure in the menage. While Mr. Bowes has failed to alienate his wife's affections from the Muse Mrs. Bowes has succeeded in converting her husband into a theatrical manager. This in all probability was no extraordinary achievement, for the atmosphere of the theater has been Bowes's favorite for many years. He is a connoisseur of the theatrical art and he has a fine taste for stage beauties. At one time gossip buzzed excitedly over his frank admiration for Kate Condon, the shapely singer of the Tivoli company. At other times there were others who received his homage, his flowers, his lavish suppers and his expensive gifts, for Bowes was ever a generous spender and cut a wide swath when his heart was aflutter. Of his passionate attachment to his stately wife there can be no question and I am at a loss to guess what course he would pursue if the stage lured her from him as domesticity lured her from the stage and Daniel Frohman.

Is Bowes a Millionaire?

Whenever the news despatches contain a reference to Margaret Illington and her husband they manage to convey the impression that Bowes is a very wealthy man. On several occasions he has been spoken of as a millionaire. I doubt very much whether Dun or Bradstreet would confirm this newspaper rating. Before the fire Bowes was a valued employe of one of our biggest real estate firms. Always ambitious of distinction he listened to the siren voice of Judge Lawlor at the time of the impanelment of the Andrews Grand Jury and tried very hard to obtain the foremanship. From his judicial counsellor he had imbibed the notion that a young man might subjugate the popular imagination by making the grand jury the temporary storm center of the municipal government. It was a bitter disappointment to him when T. P. Andrews was chosen as foreman, but he made as much as possible out of the position of secretary and chairman of the police committee. His activities as a municipal regenerator so engrossed his attention that he could not attend properly to his duties as a real estate man and so led to his withdrawal from the firm with which he had been connected for a long time. When the earthquake came Bowes made a combination with a local merchant and bade fair for a time to revolutionize the real estate business of the city. But nothing much came of his big plans and he joined John Spring in the Tacoma land deals which are supposed to have made him wealthy. If there was money in that deal I have no doubt that Bowes got his share, but considering that conditions are none too good in Tacoma I doubt whether his takings ran into very big figures. I am forced to the conclusion that Bowes cannot be nearly as wealthy as the newspapers have represented him. But if ever the chance comes to hammer out a cool million in some big deal Bowes will not miss it for the want of ability to strike while the iron is hot.

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The See-Saw of a Temperament

What particularly surprises in the announcement that Margaret Illington will lay down the work basket to take up the grease paint again is the swift change of mind that has been worked in her in a very little time. We were given to understand that all the woman of her yearned for babies and domestic quiet and there was every indication that she was to have these as the wife of Ed Bowes. Her plaint against Dan Frohman was that his managerial ambition to make her the foremost actress of America exhausted her vitality by uncongenial demands. It was explained that he was too much the manager and too little the husband. But now it seems that the stage had for her an attraction the pull of which she did not adequately measure when she indulged her dreams of babies and sock-darning. This of course is to assume that the interviewers have quoted Margaret Illington correctly. One of these interviews has her husband saying that it was his persuasion which sent her thoughts once more toward the theater. It seems that he found a French play which suited her and wanted her to star in it. Is it possible that Mrs. Bowes is returning against her better judgment merely to humor the whim of her husband? In that event history might repeat itself, although in her new venture there will be a conspicuous difference from her former stage career. This time her husband will be ever at her side. Dan Frohman did not accompany his wife on her tours but Ed Bowes will. It is possible then that she will combine the joys of domesticity with the demands of starship. Perhaps Mrs. Bowes has discovered that an actress can have babies and popular applause at one and the same time. If Ed Bowes has convinced her of that he is a more astute husband than Dan Frohman who overlooked the point.

She Should Play "Baby Mine"

If Ed Bowes is not definitely committed to the production of that French play which seems to him the proper vehicle for Margaret Illington's return to the stage, I would like to offer a suggestion. It is that he star his wife in a new farce by Margaret Mayo, recently launched in Chicago. "Baby Mine" is its name and an account of its first performance which lies before me describes it as "a farce full of babies." The critic goes on to characterise it as "a riot of obstetrical glee" but nevertheless "as clean as talcum powder and as naive as a creche." The exigencies of the plot compel a girl wife to claim as her own and her husband's, first a baby, then twins and finally triplets. The moral of the farce, (for this seems to be a farce with a moral), is: Never tell a lie or you may become the mother of triplets. The possibilities of this medium in the hands of Margaret Illington must be obvious to the dullest reader. Think of the material which the press agent would have to work upon! and of the interviews which the star might

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give out, elaborating her former epigrams upon the subject of babies and sock-darning!

Housewife—Are you willing to chop some wood for your dinner?

Plodding Pete—Sorry, mum, but I am a Pinchot man.

An Appreciation of MacLafferty

It is the delight of dunces to pick out flaws in the work of genius. It was perhaps for that reason that recently I called attention to certain imperfections in the work of Mr. James Henry MacLafferty. But at that time I was not sensible of the greatness of this modest, unassuming poet. Regarding him as an ordinary, commonplace versesmith, I judged his effusions by the standards of the average critic. Now genius is above rules, not to be restrained by the trammels of technique or the limitations of rhetoric. Greatness must be unfettered. We cannot confine the sea in bottles. We cannot measure the mountains with compasses. As we do not judge Shakespeare by rules of grammar or the definitions given in the dictionary we must allow Mr. MacLafferty equal freedom of defiance; for the man who has celebrated the meadow lark in immortal verse is not of the common herd of lyric artists. There have been poets who have written poems more beautiful than MacLafferty's, but there is none more entitled to the bays that are bestowed for speed. It is not what MacLafferty says, or how he says it, but how fast he can say it. Style he despises as a luxury, substance as a superfluity, but for speed he has Shakespeare faded. He is the laureate of the automobile age. The speed lust is in his wrist.

A Poem in Prose

I deserve no credit for having discovered the peculiar, unsurpassed merit of our popular poet. What I know of his record-breaking pace in composition I have learned from a booklet issued by the Paul Elder Company in celebration of a notable literary achievement. The booklet serves a double purpose: it gives to the world a pome that is perhaps MacLafferty's greatest—"The City Loved Around the World"—and it tells in burning words and feverish phrases the thrilling history of the composition from the birth of the inspiration down to the utterance of the last felicitous thought. This historical sketch is a poem in prose, the authorship of which is entirely a matter of suspicion. I quote:

The dawn of an inspiration has always a psychological interest if only from the curious fact that the fickle goddess delights in incongruities and finds her opportunity in the irrelevant On the night of October 17, Mr. MacLafferty had used the phrase, "the city loved around the world," in some general writing upon which he was engaged, and the phrase was still haunting his mind upon the afternoon of the following day when he had occasion to visit one of the city banks upon business connected with his firm.

Hardly had he entered the door when the completed verse flooded into his mind. Fearing that it would vanish with the unexpected speed of its arrival, Mr. MacLafferty advanced quickly to one of the windows where he expected to transact his business, seized a scrap of paper upon which to imprison the unforseen guest and promptly found himself the object of an aggressive and strenuous suspicion on the part of two strangers who were standing in front of the window and until then unnoticed, who objected, and not unpardonably, to the use of their money draft even for the esthetic purpose contemplated by the poet.

Explanations and apologies became the order of the day, but fortunately the inspiration was gracious enough to tarry during the lubrication of troubled feelings and until a less pretentious scrap of paper could be immortalized by the first draft of the civic hymn, that has so fitly expressed the true sentiment of those who know this city, whether living within its bounds or at the uttermost parts of the earth

Who that reads the above can fail to appreciate the greatness of MacLaffetry? Here unquestionably is the poet of his generation, the poet born in response to the hour, the poet with faculties attuned to the cravings of his contemporaries. A man who can write poetry while you wait is as great a benefactor to his race as the quick-lunch. Think of the long-felt want that he can fill dashing off obituary verses before the corpse is cold! But enough—to apprehend the greatness of MacLafferty you must read the masterpiece of this lightning composer:

The Pride of the West!
The Gem of the Sea!
The City that Is!
The City to Be!
Where the ship "Content" her sail has furled;
The City Loved Around the World!
San Francisco!

A Dramatic Critic's Recollections

Peter Robertson, the veteran dramatic critic of the Chronicle, was at the opening performance of Margaret Anglin. It is the first time that I have seen Robertson in a theater since the earthquake which shook him out of his critical chair. Charles De Young was with him at the Anglin performance and made him known to the dramatic critics who were present, all young men whose experience began about the time that Robertson's ended. Robertson is spending his leisure at Boyes Springs, cultivating his anecdotage on Sonoma County mineral water. He is well along with a volume of reminiscences which should be widely popular, for Robertson's working knowledge of the men and women of the theater extends over two decades of high achievement. This will not be Robertson's first essay in publishing. His "Seedy Gentleman" had a very good sale before the fire and is now, I think, out of print.

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An Actress's Quick Retort

When "The Easiest Way" was still a subject of vigorous critical discussion in New York the charge was freely made that Eugene Walter, the author, found his inspiration in Pinero's "Iris." This fact lends piquancy to a story about Virginia Harned which I have from a member of her supporting company at the Alcazar. Miss Harned attended a matinee of "The Easiest Way" with Eugene Walter and his wife Charlotte Walker. After the big scene Miss Walker turned impulsively to Miss Harned and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Virginia, you should play 'The Easiest Way.' Whereupon with a sweet smile and a sidelong glance at the playwright Iris answered, "But my dear Charlotte, I have." But Walter never batted a lid.

The March of Progress

Truly the world do move! And so rapidly that East and West seem to have met, Kipling to the contrary notwithstanding. Here we have the Gaekwar of Baroda traveling over sea and land to visit his young hopeful, a sophomore at Harvard. What would Clive or Warren Hastings have said to that? Would Macaulay himself with his eye of a seer have anticipated anything so unlikely? And yet it is no more extraordinary that the Gaekwar of Baroda should send his son to Harvard than that Chinese and Japanese princes should choose Vassar or Bryn Mawr for their daughters' education. We are living in an age of wonders but our minds are commonplace and do not grasp their colorful possibilities. Though of course we have all been impressed by the Gaekwar with his wealth fabulous as that of Ormus or his own Inde and by his wife and daughter in their native draperies. So impressed have some of us been with the latter that we forgot ordinary politeness and stared them out of countenance as they dined at the Palace. Thus does the Central American mestizo stare at the traveling American as he discusses his tortilla and frijoles. Not liking to be stared at the American goes forth and kicks the mestizo to remind him of his manners, but the Gaekwar was more forebearing. He submitted to the ordeal like a gentleman. I do not think the papers made much of the Gaekwar's arrival. Wait till he reaches the East and watch the big enterprising papers. They know how to make the most of these traveling potenates. But I must say that Cholly Francisco's rhymes on the Gaekwar were a very clever imitation of the famous newspaper poem on the death of the Ahkoond of Swat beginning, "What! What! What! What's the news from Swat?"

The Maori Dancers

A band of Maori dancers that arrived last week also supplied me with material for philosophical reflection. These natives of New Zealand have been at the hippodrome in New York and after a very successful engagement are on their way to their Polynesian home. I saw this very interesting band dance at a Press Club jinks last Saturday night. The men and women dance separately, their dances having various ceremonial and warlike meanings. In none that they gave did I observe any of the suggestiveness which is so marked a feature of the dances of the Kanakas and other Polynesian races to which the Maoris are allied. Perhaps they expurgated their entertainment for fear of shocking the unsophisticated newspapermen. To see these men and women go through their weird contortions in their feathered and beaded costumes one would imagine them primeval savages but as a matter of fact it seems that the Maoris are all perfectly civilized. The masculine members of this band are farmers and tradesmen of various callings, and the women are married and the mothers of large families. It seems that the old dances have been preserved, partly as a historical curiosity and partly as an excellent exercise in physical culture. Thus does the savage of the bush acknowledge with Maud Allan the potency of Delsarte! The untamed native is hard to find nowadays when the steam engine toots through Uganda and the Maori practices physical culture and plays Rugby.

A Student of Macaulay

The Maoris entered into the spirit of the occasion at the Press Club and it was an extremely merry occasion, being graced by a number of eastern newspapermen out

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here for the Jeffries-Johnson fight. As well as I could ascertain the Scotch highball seems to be the favorite drink of the natives. During the course of the jinks I wandered into the red room and found a number of the brightly costumed natives who had deserted the festivities and were enjoying a social glass in quietude. About ten of them were here, reclined at their ease, sipping their Scotch and puffing violently at their cigars. At some distance and regarding them with rapt intensity sat Grant Carpenter. Now Grant Carpenter is a deep thinker, a student of esoteric philosophy and one whose words are golden and correspondingly scarce. "Here," thought I, "is being born some great thought, an inspiration caught from the contemplation of these wonderful natives." So I asked Carpenter what he was thinking about. He seemed to come forth from a trance when I addressed him. "I was just trying to decide," he said, "which of these New Zealanders will take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

A Defiant Army Chaplain

I notice that the Examiner calls attention in its army notes to the court martial in Manila of Chaplain J. E. Dallam who has been sentenced to a reprimand for speaking disrespectfully of Captain Frank D. Wickham in the presence of junior officers. Captain Wickham was in the vicinity of Lieutenant Janney's quarters on the occasion of the dinner party when the trouble arose between the lieutenant and his wife (formerly Madeline McKissick) over a wine cooler which Mrs. Janney had presented to Lieutenant-Colonel Ames. The chaplain seemed to infer that if Captain Wickham had interfered the suicide of Lieutenant Janney might have been prevented. Not only did the chaplain reiterate his charge of heartlessness and cowardice in a letter but after his court martial he defied his military superiors in a communication to a Manila newspaper. The chaplain declared that in becoming an army chaplain he had not surrendered one of his duties as a clergyman which was to rebuke wrongdoing. "If a chaplain," he wrote, "is expected to surrender his professional duty and remain silent in the presence of wrong because a man ranks him, let the public judge of the type of clergymen who will in the future accept commissions." Now this would raise a difficult question of authority were it not for one circumstance which the Examiner in reporting the case has overlooked. The fact is that Chaplain Dallam who by the way is pretty well known in this city is thought by the military authorities to be off his balance and he is now under observation in the division hospital of Luzon. If it is proved that the chaplain was suffering from a mental disorder when he wrote his letter of criticism it will of course take the sting out of his reprimand and at the same time it will impair the value of his protest as a clergyman against military authority.

The Too Domestic Bears

San Franciscans who have been sojourning in the Yosemite bring back a good story about the bears that are so interesting a feature of the valley. Everybody who brings a kodak to the Yosemite wants to get a snapshot of the bears and all sorts of devices are used for luring them to the trails. The favorite method is to leave pancakes covered with honey on the trail and as bears are wonderfully fond of honey they seldom disappoint. Another way is to lie in wait near the pit where the garbage is dumped, the bears being in the habit of foraging there. Major Forsythe who is in charge of the valley has been a good deal disturbed about the bear situation for some time, and recently he issued an order strictly forbidding the feeding of the animals. In explanation of his order he says he fears that if the pampering of the bears with pancakes and honey continues they will soon be tame and the idea of bruin sauntering tamed along the valley trails is too much for the imagination of the major.

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By TANTALUS

What's in a Spreckels Name?

Who is going to be known as Mrs. Claus Spreckels? That is the question which is ruffling the serenity of the feminine portion of the Spreckels clan. Shortly after the passing of Claus Spreckels, when all of the Spreckels women went into the deepest of crinkled mourning, Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels returned to town. Just a few months later Mrs. Claus Spreckels also passed away. Immediately Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, as her friends had known her ever since her marriage, announced that thereafter she would call herself Mrs. Claus A. Spreckels, to perpetuate the name and fame which the founder of the house had sweetened with his sugar millions. Quantities of stationery were ordered engraved with the new appellation. Then young Claus, the son of John D., married a San Jose beauty who had ideas on the prestige of a name with which her youthful husband coincided. They insisted that as there was no Claus Spreckels but young Claus Spreckels, no one else had a right to the name and that Mrs. Claus Augustus would do well to continue to call herself by the name by which she had always been known. It is an interesting controversy and the Spreckels' friends are in a quandary, not knowing how to remain in the good favor of the families who dispute the honor. It seems too that the various Spreckels families have taken sides in the matter and interesting developments may ensue.

The Tale of a Wedding Present

The wedding present industry recently suffered a setback in this city owing to an incident which, if it establishes a precedent, threatens to cripple the trade. It happened as follows: The daughter of a well-known family who was one of the year's brides was showered with girls. She was prominent and popular in her set and the silver trade boomed for a few weeks preceding the marriage. No less than fourteen silver bowls and as many platters were bestowed, and odd pieces without number more than the bride could well use in the comparatively modest establishment awaiting her. But the necessary flat silver was not forthcoming. Finally when the influx of presents ceased as the wedding day approached the bride's father visited the silversmith's shop whence came most of the supply of gifts, and purchased a handsome case of flat silver which was charged to his account. At the bride's home it was shown to her friends with the other donations and all were duly admired. After the excitement was over and the young couple had departed on their honeymoon trip the father took charge of the situation. He packed dozens of silver dishes and vases and despatched them to the silversmith with orders to credit them to his account. The request could not be refused and the case of silver was more than paid for by the useless offerings of friends. The views of the merchant who has still on his books a balance of several hundred dollars in favor of the enterprising parent are not fit to be recorded.

The Marriage of Milos Gopcevic

For the second time in his career Milos Gopcevic has taken the bavardes by surprise. Quietly, without any of the ostentation of formal announcement he has captured the heart of a beautiful, clever and wealthy girl and has taken her off for a honeymoon among the oaks and orange trees of Konotayee on Clear Lake. The bavardes do not like this sort of thing. They do not approve of romances unless they are taken into the secret. They object to grooms who woo without publicity and to brides who show an unwillingness to have their trousseaux described in print. The bavardes were

Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS MARY LOUISE BLACK

The charming daughter of Mr. Charles N. Black of the United Railroads who has just returned from Miss Spence's school in New York and is staying at the Fairmont.

not told how many engagement cups Miss Marion Dodd received, how many friends entertained in honor of her approaching wedding, what kind of a present the groom gave her; they were left absolutely in ignorance of all the tremendous trifles to which the public has the right of minute information, according to the well-defined bavarde code. That a romance conducted on such unconventional lines can bring happiness the bavardes are not willing to believe. And yet there are those of us who do not take the bavardes as seriously as they would

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like to be taken, who entertain the old-fashioned idea that Milos Gopcevic and his bride conducted their heart affairs in an admirable manner. It may be heresy to think that a marriage of the wealthy, like a marriage of the poor, may eventuate in ideal bliss without the "bless

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MRS. MILOS GOPCEVIC

Who was Miss Marion Dodd before her marriage last Thursday to the well known owner of Konotayee in Lake County. She is a cultured woman with an aptitude for business.

you, my children, bless you" of the gushing bavardes, but 'tis a heresy to which I for one pin my faith.

When He Married Harry Floyd

When Milos Gopcevic relinquished the grip of a Sacramento street car in 1903 to lead the rich Miss Harry Floyd to the altar, the blow almost killed the bavardes. The thought of a wealthy American girl marrying merely for love staggered them with indignation. In their own picturesque journalese it was "too incredible to be believed." They maundered over it for many a column. Their comments on the romance were hysterical. They attributed the action of Miss Floyd to the fact that she was not reared as a society butterfly and then, with the candor born of an obtuseness almost profound, they told of the early training of the girl. Quite without intending to do so they showed that her young life was spent in a most wholesome atmosphere and in a manner calculated to inspire her with ideals higher than those cherished by the simpering soulless daughters of the conventional rich. Her girlhood was spent far from the gilded cotillons where the seines are set by matchmaking mammas to catch the gold-fish, so the bavardes concluded that she was tremendously handicapped for life's struggle.

The Aftermath of That Marriage

That Harry Floyd lived in great happiness with her husband during the brief span that was allotted to her there can be no doubt. Those who enjoyed their hospitality in this city or at beautiful Konotayee know how completely the couple were wrapped up in each other. And those to whom Milos Gopcevic has opened his heart know what a severe blow the death of his wife was to him. And yet the envy and the malice which his marriage excited among those who had their own plans for Harry Floyd pursued him after her death. The perjuries by which the character of Hary Floyd was assailed in the will contest at Lakeport seem unbelievable, considering that they came from the lips of those whom the dead girl had befriended for years. The trial of that case was one of the most sensational that California has ever had. Owing to the fact that only one newspaper was represented at Lakeport and to the difficulty of communication between Lakeport and San Francisco the story of the court proceedings is not very well known. It was a story full of the stuff of romance, embodying exhibitions of the very best and the very worst of which human nature is capable. Had not one friend of the deceased heiress, Miss Pritchard, stood loyally by her memory and by Milos Gopcevic, the will which Harry Floyd had made would in all likelihood have been broken. With Miss Pritchard's assistance Gopcevic demolished the slanderous fabrications of his wife's erstwhile friends and saved the million dollar estate which had been willed to him.

An Ideal Place for a Honeymoon

Konotayee on Clear Lake whither Gopcevic has taken his bride is the most beautiful estate in Lake County and an ideal spot for a honeymoon. The old house built by Captain Floyd is everywhere reminiscent of the eccentric old sea captain. The verandas have the curve of a hurricane deck and are religiously holystoned; there is a chart room full of nautical instruments and books and maps of the sea, all kept as they were in Captain Floyd's

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lifetime. The house is full of rare art treasures, statues, paintings, de luxe editions and strange bibelots. There are pictures of Harry Floyd in the suits of armor and other medieval costumes which she so passionately loved; and there are also portraits of the Servian kings from whom Milos Gopcevic claims descent. To wander through the old-fashioned rooms is to breathe the atmosphere of old-world enchantment. The acres of cultivated ground about the house, laid out in formal parterres of flowers and shrubs and fruit trees are kept up with scrupulous care. In the boat house are the fastest steam launches on the lake, in one of which Harry Floyd loved to follow the flight of the crane or to race to Lakeport to welcome her fair-weather friends and bring them to the hospitality which they afterwards so shamefully abused. Truly Milos Gopcevic and his bride could not spend their honeymoon in a more romantic place. And in all California there is no spot so completely shut off from the prying eyes of the bavardes—a circumstance, I dare say, which is not going to worry Gopcevic or his bride.

The recital given last Thursday evening in the California Conservatory of Music Hall in Presidio avenue by George Kruger, head of the piano department and George Walcker, head of the voice department, was a success in every way. The attendance was large and included many of the prominent musical people of the city as well as many from across the bay. Both artists were warmly received, liberally applauded and called upon for several encores. The program included several favorite songs by Schubert, Brahms and Tschaikowsky and instrumental selections from Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein

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The Coming of Teddy Jr.

Society down the peninsula is eagerly awaiting the arrival of the young Theodore Roosevelts who are due early in July. It is hoped they will make their home in the neighborhood of Burlingame where the bride's connections, the Crockers, all live. In San Mateo Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence Breeze are old friends of the Roosevelts. Mrs. Breeze's brother, Hamilton Fish Jr., and Eliot Cutler, the fiance of her sister, Miss Emily Fish who spent last winter in Burlingame, were both among the ushers at Monday's wedding. The William Lawrence Breezes, by the way, are not related to the California family of whom a William married Miss Norwood of San Francisco but the similarity of names causes frequent confusion.

That Ensigncy Examination

I have heard some very cutting things said at the expense of Midshipman John Lawrence Kauffman, the youngster who is engaged to Miss Elsa Draper, because he failed to pass his examination for promotion to the rank of ensign. Some of our society gossips whose tongues gallop so fast that their charity is unable to keep pace have been expressing a very contemptuous opinion of the young man for his failure. They have been quite scathing too in their references to the tea parties which he has given in honor of his affianced and her girl friends, declaring that a naval officer should not take part in such feminine forms of entertainment. All such remarks as these are exceedingly unjust. In the first place I don't think that the innovation of a tea party given by a gentleman is at all open to condemnation. The first to introduce the idea here was Emile Bruguiere who has never been suspected of effeminate tendencies. As to that ensigncy examination the censure is still more unjust. I was talking on the subject to a naval officer a few days ago and he stated that the examination in navigation, the one in which young Kauffman failed, was the stiffest ever prepared at the Naval Academy. It was full of catch questions and was not at all an adequate test of a midshipman's ability to navigate a vessel of Uncle Sam's. Out of two hundred who took that examination more than a hundred were plucked and only eighty-nine finally passed. The instructor who prepared the questions was reprimanded for his pains. So you see young Kauffman is not deserving of the harsh criticisms which have been leveled at him.

Paris and Baroda Fashions

The circle in which fashion is said to move appears to have been rounded at the Palace last Friday night when the Maharani of Baroda, wearing a style of gown which has been in vogue in India for the past eight or ten centuries met in the Palm Garden the fashionable elegantes attired in a mode which Paris, borrowing its daring from the Orient, is attempting to foist on the women of western civilization. The garments which the exquisitely beautiful creatures from India wore with perfect sang froid and ease were received by the women at the Palace with gasps of surprised admiration and many wondered at the quickness with which the Hindu beauties had adopted the very latest and most daring

GROUP OF CADETS AT ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL, BURLINGAME, CAL.

fashion of Paris. These critics did not realize that Paris in this instance was following the East. Other women in the Palm Room that evening were heard to criticise the visiting aristocrats in terms of shocked horror. With a perverted sense of modesty and a barbarous conception of art they were blind to the beauty and simplicity of the robes worn by these high caste women and declared them atrocious. Probably the Hindu women, if they thought about the matter at all, made the same criticism of the attire of the women surrounding them. The Maharani of Baroda and her daughter, the princess, the latter reputed one of the most beautiful women in the fashionable society of Calcutta, quite justified by their appearance the claim of being wife and daughter of the second richest man in India. Yet there was nothing bizarre or startling about their attire. In accordance with the English court custom of mourning they wore only pearl jewelry—large pear-shaped pearls in their ears and pearl bracelets and necklaces.

Indian Toilet Mysteries Revealed

Any fashionable modiste would have celebrated as a triumph of her career the achievement of a costume such as these little dark-eyed beauties wore at dinner. These women, though unaccustomed to work of any other sort, arrange their own gowns, practically fashioning them every time they put them on. Not a seam or so much as a line of stitching mars the beauty of the wonderful material of which these unique dresses are draped. The Marahani, in a short chat, told all about the mysterious process. The gowns are made of some nine or ten yards of the gauzy brocaded and embroidered chiffon, dexterously and wonderfully wound about the body. The lower edge of the material which is quite wide, is of heavy brocade, giving sufficient weight to the gown to make it hang well. In the back the material is gathered to give fulness to the skirt and train, but in the front there is not the least fulness. Then the material is again wound about the body rather closely, forming a tunic overskirt, terminating at the knees. This outlines the contour of the figure closely. Continuing this winding the drapery is swathed over the silken jersey rather loosely, forming a draped bodice. The end of the material is carried loosely over the shoulders and head, being worn as a scarf, the cascaded ends of this shawl-like wrap being carried gracefully in the curve of the arm. Sometimes the gossamer wrap drops off the head, revealing a coiffure of brilliant black hair, wavy and soft, parted in the center and caught in a coil at the nape of the neck. The brilliant contrasts of the red robe with its old-gold brocade border, bringing into prominence the blackness of the silky hair and the brilliance of the large dark eyes, are as picturesque as any artist's conception of Oriental beauty. The complexion of the younger woman is a clear creamy olive and the symmetry of her features is pure Aryan. By way of a "beauty spot" the Maharani has a crimson mark in the middle of her forehead, of the color and size of a raspberry, this being the sign of her aristocratic caste.

Oakland Social Invaders

It is becoming the custom for ambitious Oakland parents to launch their daughters on the social sea of San Francisco. Last winter we had the Bowles' of Piedmont with us, and next season we are promised the Egbert Stones whose debutante daughter Harriet will bring them across the bay. There are three younger girls in the Stone household, so we may look for the family in our midst for several years to come. They own a large place in the Elmhurst district of Oakland where they are socially important. The Stones will emulate the Bowles' and establish themselves at the Fairmont, and like Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Stone promises to be a great sucess. The William Henshaws were the first Oaklanders to settle in San Francisco society. They took a house in Pacific avenue several years ago and intended to make their home here. Plans were drawn for a handsome residence to be built in Broadway where Miss Florence Henshaw was to make her debut, but the call of Oakland was ever in their ears and the Henshaws returned to their Vernon Heights home which has since sheltered them. The Van Sicklens also found the Alameda shore unsatisfying socially and in order that their debutante daughter Dorothy might be untrammeled by bay trips they occupied a residence in town last winter.

It Will Live a Little Longer

San Rafael and Ross Valley are unusually quiet these days on account of the large number of residents who have gone abroad. The only event which relieved the sultry monotony last week was a meeting held for the purpose of deciding whether the little Lagunitas Club should live or die. The Lagunitas Club has been suffering from ingrowing exclusiveness and of late days has taken such a bad turn that many thought it should be put through its death throes as quickly and as decently as possible. After a lengthy debate it was decided, however, that the club should be nursed a little longer, so

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the members will continue to pay dues and assessments as cheerfully as possible. Out at the Marin Golf and Country Club the recently organized Ladies Day has proved quite a successful institution. On each Ladies Day some feminine member gets up an afternoon at bridge followed by tea. Many find this an easy way of paying social obligations without incurring the anxiety and expense of a big card party in their own homes. The prizes for these card affairs are provided by the club. Recent hostesses have been Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Frank Johnson and Mrs. C. J. Foster.

Fireworks at Del Monte

The announcement that Del Monte will celebrate the Fourth of July in the old fashioned way with plenty of fireworks is refreshing news to those who are not entirely satisfied with a safe and sane Fourth. On the great crescent of sandy beach at Hotel Del Monte everything is ready for shooting off firecrackers and other fireworks. Here one can bring the children and enjoy a noisy Fourth in perfect safety beside the sea. In the evening the usual brilliant pyrotechnic display will be made on the lawn in front of the hotel after which there will be an informal dance in the ball room. As most of the other large resorts are either within the limits of a town or have declared against fireworks, this puts Del Monte in a class by itself for the holiday and no doubt it will entertain a large crowd. The hotel is so large and its grounds so extensive that the noise of exploding fireworks on the beach will not disturb the guests in the hotel. Special railroad rates will be made for the holidays.

Passenger Officials at Pebble Lodge

Following out one of the pet plans of the late Mr. Harriman, who believed that the men of each department of his vast system should come together once a year, the traffic managers, general passenger agents, their assistants and others connected with the passenger service have been in session for the past two weeks at Hotel Del Monte. This is called the annual "family" meeting in which all advertising programs of the past year are criticised and the plans for the coming campaign for business submitted and discussed. It is one

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of the year's most notable gatherings in railroad circles. On last Saturday night the members of this convention were entertained at a beautiful dinner and dance at Pebble Beach Lodge, given by A. D. Shepard, general manager of the Pacific Improvement Company. The table was set in a hollow square, the center of which was banked with flowers and the table itself was a mass of blooms. After the dinner a number of impromptu speeches were made and toasts given in which the health of the absent officials was pledged. After dancing until a late hour the party took automobiles and drove over the forty miles of scenic boulevards which have recently been opened up. The views of forest, mountain and sea as obtained from the new roads, under the witchery of the moonlight, were of remarkable beauty and made a deep impression on the passenger men.

In the Social Spotlight

Among those who went to Santa Cruz from this city for the opening of the Casino last week were: C. K. Yarbrough, Mrs. M. White, Mr. and Mrs. R. Boyd, G. Blast, J. Murphy, Mrs. G. Murphy, Miss H. Angelo, C. J. Hall, Miss M. Crafton, F. P. Hooper, H. Hodydon, C. Doane, G. H. Brickell, C. A. Luellin, W. F. Morgan, H. C. Pendleton, Mrs. A. N. Johnson, Mrs. E. Meleth, S. M. Morchead, H. J. Bateman, Baron Long, Dr. and Mrs. O. C. Joslin, E. P. Gosling, Mrs. Van Trump, J. H. Deering, B. A. Larned, Mrs. B. A. Larned, E. J. Murphy, W. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Crim, L. E. Doan, W. B. Schlottmann, A. E. Field, Mrs. A. E. Field, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lange, D. O. Church, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Travis, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. M. Innes, L. W. Meyer, L. C. Perkins, E. G. Johnson, H. Benkman, J. C. Smyth, Alice King, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wakers and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Styker.

The list of arrivals at Highland Springs for the week ending June 15 included the following from San Francisco: Frank J. Barrett, Mr. McNichols, Mr. T. Harvey, Chas. Sutro, Mr. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. French and daughter, W. E. Schuck, Frank E. Caine, O. W. Greenwold, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Griffich, H. M. Ames, T. W. Eaton, T. C. Phillips, M. C. Hunt, L. H. Coolidge, C. H. Upton, Wm. Purdy, S. G. Stont, Geo. Pardy, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Smith and son, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Shonwasser, Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Moore, J. Beisenace, Judge and Mrs. Thos Graham, Ethyl Graham, Irene Glover and E. I. Fleiger.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Easterbrook who have been spending the early summer at the Metropole in Oakland left during the week for Castle Crag farm where they are to remain for two months or more.

The Eugene Lents and their family have opened their picturesque cottage at Castle Crag Farm and are planning to spend the greater portion of the summer there.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker and her family have joined the fashionable colony at Castle Crag, having opened their cottage there.

Mrs. M. S. Leffingwell and Mrs. W. B. Leffingwell of Chicago are visitors in town and are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Captain Arthur Cranston, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cranston spent the week in town. They were guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Garlick have returned from a delightful honeymoon trip in the southern part of the State and are established in their home, 2125 Durant avenue, Berkeley. Mrs. Garlick was Miss Isabel Morris before her marriage on May 25.

Mrs. J. M. Driscoll and Miss M. Verdon are registered at Aetna Springs.

The service set was added to during the week by the arrival at the Palace of Captain Cyrus A. Dolph and Mrs. Dolph, accompanied by Captain W. M. Baker and Mrs. Baker who motored up from the Presidio of Monterey for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Fred H. Beaver, Mrs. Frank D. Madison, Mrs. R. T. Pierce, Miss Ruth Casey and Mr. Fred H. Beaver Jr. motored to Aetna Springs recently.

Pretty Henriette Blanding arrived from New York Wednesday after an absence of about a year, and joined her parents at their apartments at the Fairmont, and later motored to Belvedere to the Blanding summer home. Miss Blanding is a student at Vassar and will return to her studies in September. Coming from New York with Miss Blanding was Tevis Blanding who has just returned from a lengthy trip abroad, having spent more than two years in Europe.

Dr. E. J. Boyes and Mrs. Boyes motored down from Oakland to the Vendome with their guests, Mrs. C. Schilling and Dr. and Mrs. E. Boyes.

Mrs. W. W. Young and Miss Edith Young of San Francisco have taken apartments at the Vendome for the season.

One of the pretty affairs of the week was the birthday luncheon given to Miss Marian Zeile at the Fairmont on Monday. The party was very informal and was hurriedly arranged as a surprise to the popular young lady. The luncheon table was daintily decorated in the orchid shades of sweet peas, with bon bons and large corsage bouquets at each place. After the luncheon a frosted birthday cake was brought forth. The covers were laid for twelve. The guests included Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. Cadwallader, Misses Julia Langhorne, Millaird, Florence Hopkins, Martha Calhoun, Mary Keeney, Wilson Page, Lou Foster and Sarah Coffin.

The court of the Palace continues to be the center of attraction for society during the tea hour from 4 until 5 o'clock. Mrs. William Cluff and her pretty daughters, Mrs. Clem Tobin, Mrs. Jack Wilson, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. William Ashe, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris are frequent visitors in town from their country homes or hotels, and were all guests at the Palace for tea during the past week, entertaining small informal parties.

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Estate of MINNIE BOND, Deceased—No. 9928, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased.

J. FRANK BOND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minnie Bond, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

A Warning to Margaret Anglin

By Edward F. O'Day

Although not for a moment imagining that it will do a bit of good I am going to flash a warning sign for Miss Margaret Anglin. I feel called upon to lift an admonitory finger, though conscious that she may never heed its appeal. Being surcharged with good advice I must empty my bosom of the perilous stuff at the risk of being accounted a busybody and a fool. Will Miss Anglin kindly pardon me for interfering in her professional career? Will she please refrain from sending Mr. Louis Nethersole to the office to annihilate me? Will she let me live long enough to see the error of my ways, if they be erroneous, or to justify myself to my own conceit if they be correct? Well, I suppose I cannot make terms with the enemy in advance of the battle or find forgiveness for my sin before it is committed, so here goes for my deep offending! My dear Miss Anglin, let me warn you against going the way of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Now let me explain, Miss Anglin. It is not my fault that you reminded me of Mrs. Carter. You forced the comparison on me by your acting. During the first act of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" I could not decide just what was the matter with you, although I hadn't the least difficulty in deciding what was the matter with the play. During the second act I began to see dimly where the truth lay. In the third act it burst upon me with full force and when that third curtain fell I put it to myself thus: Miss Anglin is becoming a Leslie Carter. I was pained by the discovery of this brutal truth. Even now, Miss Anglin, I am quite sure that it hurts me more than it hurts you. For there was a time when you did not remind me of Mrs. Carter, most emphatically you did not. There was nothing Carteresque about your Sophy Fulgarney or your Mrs. Dane. Those parts were your very own. It is a long time since I have seen you, so I cannot say how long this metamorphosis of an Anglin into a Carter has been going on. It has gone a long way now, but it is not yet too late to regain your own personality. Your voice has taken on the Carter husk a little, but it is not spoiled yet, except in those irritating half-hysterical laughs which are heard nowhere but on the stage. You must get rid of those laughs. In your movements about the stage I trace the influence of Mrs. Carter too, an affected swimming gait very popular in novels but atrocious in real life, and a simulation of bouncing girlishness that does not sit well on your mature years. But of course when I speak of Mrs. Carter's influence upon you I am thinking principally of her tears, her heavy-splashing tears and the confounded maundering that goes with them. It was the maundering and the tears that brought the truth home to me in the third act. When you grovelled before the youngster and sobbingly besought him for forty kisses my thoughts flew back to Du Barry in the tumbrel sluicing the stage at the thought of unpicked violets. I wondered whether your handkerchief was more or less sodden than hers. I made little wagers with myself as to the probable duration of the downpour. But just the same I was very unhappy. Not over your stage grief, by any means, but over your dramatic backsliding. To think that an actress of your promise should go the way of Mrs. Carter! that you should set up a goddess of tear-moistened clay for your idolatry! Why, Florence Roberts does that sort of thing much better than Mrs. Carter, having more brains, so why in the name of common sense should you hitch your wagon to a burnt-out Belasco star? But I did not intend to scold you. I wanted rather to plead with you to turn back before it is too late. Think of it! You might some day be tempted to emulate the Leslie Carter hair! If you ever fell so low you would deserve to be punished with the Leslie Carter embonpoint. But there is plenty of time to reform and be forgiven. Awaken, even as Helena Ritchie awakened, be yourself again and reap the rewards of good acting. To make your reformation easier I suppose we ought to bestir ourselves to find you a play worth while. Not one written by a woman; not one that drags under the burden of its superabundant dialogue; not one built to tap the tear ducts and flood the aisles with salt water; not one in which you fight to have "the wrong righted"; not one in which you find the answer to life's problem in the prattle of an adopted child; not one—but what's the use of growing rhetorical? If you must have the man and the child and the rest of it, let the man be a cad out of real life, let the kid be cross-eyed and bandy-legged and let your sin entangle you as we see sin entangling women every day, not in the absurd manner of antiquated melodrama. Then let us see what you do with yourself and with your audiences. You are working on a formula now, the Leslie Carter pons asinorum which any actress can learn. Be yourself, Miss Anglin, in a play worth while. But don't depend on me to find it for you. The best I have to offer is a warning and some good advice.

In the Limelight

Henrietta Crosman's new play "Anti-Matrimony" is said to be a real live farce provocative of no end of laughter. Miss Crosman and her company have been splendidly cast in the Mackaye piece which will be seen here next month.

Henry W. Savage's production of the European-American success "Madame X" is scheduled for the coming season at the Columbia.

Holbrook Blinn comes here as leading man with Mrs. Fiske. He is said to offer an exceptionally artistic performance as Karsten Bernick in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society."

ANNABELLE WHITFORD

The Original Brinkley Girl who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

Stage

The "Antigone" Performance

The next important event at the Greek Theater of the University of California will be the first appearance there of Margaret Anglin on the night of Thursday, June 30. Not only will the occasion be Miss Anglin's first appearance at the Greek Theater, but it will also be her first essay of the role of Antigone, the heroine of perhaps the greatest tragedy of Sophokles. The members of the company that support her at the Columbia will go with her to the Greek Theater but in addition several artists have come on from the East to complete the cast of the tragedy. "Antigone" has been performed at the Greek Theater at least on one occasion by students and members of the university but this will be the first time that a professional company has appeared there in a Greek play and for that matter it will be the first time that a professional company has been seen in a Greek play anywhere in America since the year 1846 when "Antigone" was given for twelve nights in New York. Preparations for the performance have been on foot since March last and in the interim a good deal has been accomplished to render the production worthy. Mr. George Riddle of Harvard University and a well-known authority on the Greek drama, is in charge of the details and he has been engaged with Miss Anglin and her company for the past two months. He is now in the city completing the final arrangements and putting the details together. Dr. J. Fred Wolle of Berkeley has organized a large symphony orchestra for the performance of the beautiful "Antigone" music that Mendelssohn wrote. He likewise has organized a superb chorus for the odes.

Miss Harned as Camille

Virginia Harned's fourth week at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday night, will be made memorable by an elaborate production of her own version of "Camille" with William Courtenay as Armand Duval and the full strength of the Alcazar stock company in the cast. When Miss Harned decided to add "Camille" to her reportoire she subjected it to a thorough revision, eliminating unnatural scenes and superfluous dialogue, inserting numerous bits of "business" that added to the general effectiveness—in brief, transforming it from a rather old-fashioned creation into one that complies with the requirements of modern dramaturgy while retaining all the heart appeal that has made it a classic.

A Beauty at the Orpheum

Annabelle Whitford, one of the most popular of the Zeigfeld beauties, has been secured for a vaudeville tour of the Orpheum Circuit and will be the headline attraction of next week's program. Miss Whitford will present a singing novelty in three scenes, the features of which are "The Flirting Girl," "The Newspaper Girl" and "The Aeroplane Girl." The big novelty of her offering is the aeroplane number in which she floats over the audience distributing verses and flowers. A highly artistic feature of the new bill will be the Five Olympiers in a series of statuary poses. Frank White and Lew Simmons, minstrel comedians, will appear in their blackface character study, "The Band Wagon." Clement De Lion's offering will be a sleight-of-hand performance. Next week will conclude the engagements of Peter Donald and Meta Carson, Clown Zertho's Canine Comedians, Lewis McCord & Co. and Maude and Gladys Finney, champion lady swimmers.

Miss Anglin's Second Week

Margaret Anglin's final week begins on Monday next. The program will be the same as the first (with the exception of Thursday evening when the Columbia will be dark). There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees and a second and last special matinee of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" on Friday afternoon. There will be no performance on Thursday evening so that Miss Anglin and her associates may accept the invitation of the Dramatic and Musical Committee of the University of California to appear at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, there to give a special production of the "Antigone" of Sophokles.

JOS. FELERMO
Flutist with Thaviu's Band at Idora Park.

Grand Opera at Idora

Italian grand opera will be the attraction at Idora Park next month. The season will begin in the middle of July and will last four weeks. All the popular grand operas will be presented. Idora's theater is cool and well ventilated, so it is ideal for summer engagements. The Bevani Company is recognized as a high class organization. Eugenio Battain and Umberto Sacchetti, two well known tenors; Achille Alberti and Ettore Campani, baritones; Estelle Burgess, Rogeria Vicarino and Guiditta Francini, sopranos, and Edince de Dreux and Anna Lorenz, contraltos, are among the New York singers who have signed with Bevani for the Idora engagement.

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The present great gas works at the Potrero. It manufactures 15,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day in winter. The city's population is now 450,000; and the price of gas is $1 a thousand cubic feet.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There has been very little of interest in the financial or industrial world in the recent week. The security market has worked within a narrow range, marking time, awaiting the passage of the railway bill and the adjournment of Congress. Crop weather was all that could be desired over a wide area of agricultural country with the result that the crop outlook is very satisfactory. This is the chief warranty at the present for a continuance of business prosperity and on it the expectation of large earnings for railways and industries is based. In the closing hour of the week a sharp advance occurred in leading stocks which cannot be ascribed to short covering or public buying, but to the leading banking interests who are satisfied that conditions are bettering and that greater stability will prevail for a while at least. We believe that stocks will work higher.

Wheat—Dry weather crop scares in the Northwest on the one hand and lack of demand for cash wheat on the other hand made a rather puzzling market at times last week. The tendency was to advance the price of the deferred and depress the value of the near months. Caution born of the last two or three years of expensive experience had the effect of running many shorts to cover and forcing the level of all prices higher, but the list of changes of prices of the various futures is significant and should be duly noted. Each day is changing countless acres of wheat field scenery into actual merchandise that must be paid for. This process is rapidly substituting carrying charges or an approach toward them for the big premiums for the cash article that have been the rule for many months. Crop scare markets are prime favorites with wheat speculators. If the scares have a real foundation and result in serious crop losses, it usually means substantial advances in prices. The howl that has gone up because of the appearance of summer temperatures has been accentuated by the claims of the statisticians that the Northwest is deficient in moisture. There is no indication that millers will not be able to buy all the new wheat they need at very reasonable prices soon.

Corn—Corn has barely held its own for spot and July delivery during the last week, but has advanced some for deferred deliveries. The latter have been influenced by the speculative wheat strength. The lack of shipping call of any importance for the cash grain is the cause of the relative dragging of the present or nearby property. Talk of poor stand and backwardness of the crop has been constant all spring and undoubtedly represents the actual situation. There is little talk of poor color however. Very little is heard of increase in corn acreage. There is a big supply of old corn in the farmers' hands.

Cotton—In the beginning of the week there was an absence of interest in the cotton market with narrow fluctuations. Prices moved within a limited range, outside trades were small and operations were largely professional. This week the conditions have been apparently more normal. There have been several days of bright conditions in the Central West and conditions are improving in the East. With fair and warm weather during the coming days very rapid progress should be made in the cultivation and growth of the crop. On the showing made by the weather map traders might have sold new crop contracts but for the control exercised over the old crop remnant by the bull faction. True, new crop deliveries are held at a mighty big discount under the old, and appear cheap at the price but there is yet no proof that such discounts are either safe or dangerous. A crop back-set would change the coming season's price equation over night. Favorable weather throughout the season may supply ample cotton for consumers' needs. Thus far, however, some people have not been able to figure out a tangible chance for the restoration of reserve stock. This feature of the situation is and will be the main bull card. Whereas against this, it is a fact that such a large percentage of the cotton mills will have shut down through the country that there will be no such demand for the staple. Every day makes us see all the more plainly the opportunities for scalping this market and we unqualifiedly advise that course.

Copper—At the moment there is nothing in the situation on which to base predictions of an early advance in metal prices. General business seems to be slowing up all over the country. This is chiefly due of course to the inability of railroads to finance and keep up their normal new construction work and to the unsettled state of confidence in the investment circles. The fact that copper consumption is now greater than ever before in the history of the trade and almost equal to the abnormally increased volume of production, is in a way the most encouraging feature of the situation. If something were to happen to re-establish industrial and financial confidence the increase of copper consumption in this country alone would quickly turn the course of the market and within three or six months the metal would again sell at 15 cents. The outlook is now just about as bad as it possibly can be and we therefore think the time near at hand when there will be a sudden and decided change for the better. If the price declines to 12 cents a large increase in consumption is practically certain. The history of the metal market presents numerous demonstrations of the increase in consumption when the price drops to around 12 cents. The recent noticeable increase in the European consumption has been due in part to the very low price of metal. Statistics show that the situation is not as bad as it was a year ago and in consequence we are optimistic in regard to the stock market for good standard copper stocks as well as for an increase in the price of metal in the not very distant future.

The 1911 line of Packard motor cars made by the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit, Mich., is a departure from conventional practice, embracing both open and enclosed cars with bodies designed in a new fore-door style. Also, the Packard standard painting colors have been changed from Packard blue and cream yellow to Packard blue, black and Packard gray.

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The Broderick-Terry Duel

(Continued from Page 9.)

vehicles left the city and drove toward the Laguna de la Merced, about ten or twelve miles from the city. Here the fight was to take place. It was cold, and the drivers frequently lost their way in the darkness. The breeze from the ocean cut like a knife. As day broke a buggy was descried a short distance ahead, occupied, as we learned on overtaking it, by Henry Fritz, a confidential friend of Broderick. Notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, Fritz was blue with cold, and his teeth rattled like castanets. Another buggy, containing Dr. Hammond, Judge Terry's surgeon, was driven out of a small canyon. Other carriages were seen coming from different directions and skirting the lake. They all drew up at a rail fence which marked the boundaries of a milk-ranch owned by one Davis, who rubbed his eyes in sleepy astonishment at such an irruption of visitors. There was not much conversation. One or two remarks were made, and a partisan of Terry's audibly whispered that Broderick might be carried dead from the field. Everybody seemed to feel that to one man, at least, that beautiful day was to be a day of death. Vaulting over the fence, the party went up a valley the centre of which had been selected as the scene of the encounter. Mr. Broderick had slept at the Lake House, near by, and with his friends was early on the ground. Judge Terry and his friends were also prompt. About eighty spectators were present.

The seconds held a conference, and the pistols were examined and loaded. Judge Terry won the choice of weapons by the toss of a half-dollar. Mr. Hayes marked off the prescribed distance, ten paces, and warned spectators to get out of the line of fire. Meantime the respective seconds were busied about their principals. The Terry party were cool and collected, as became old hands at the business. Mr. Broderick's friends were apparently nervous and hesitating. One incident was not calculated to put the Senator in good heart. Mr. Haskell partly untied the Senator's cravat, and then walked off a few paces, wringing his hands as though overcome by his feelings. He then returned and removed the neckerchief.

Broderick was dressed in a long black surtout, and wore a soft wool hat drawn down over his brow. Terry was similarly attired. When the principals were placed, the punctilios of the code were observed. Calhoun Benham, Terry's chief second, approached Mr. Broderick, and passed his hands closely over his sides and chest, searching for concealed mail. Mr. McKibben made a similar examination of Terry, but he only touched his fingers to his waistcoat, bowed and withdrew. It has been thought that Mr. Benham's action irritated the Senator and impaired his poise. Before this Mr. Broderick had taken some coins from his vest-pocket and passed them to Mr. McKibben. Terry gave his loose change to Benham, who scattered it contemptuously on the sward. All things being in readiness, the pistols were cocked and hair-triggers set by the seconds. They were then delivered to the combatants. It was observed at this time that Mr. Broderick appeared nervous and ill at ease. He repeatedly twitched the skirts of his surtout, as though they were in his way. He was also somewhat out of position, and Mr. McKibben corrected him. Broderick closely measured with his eye the ground between himself and Terry. Benham read the conditions of the meeting, and Mr. Colton followed with instructions as to the firing. He had won the word. Broderick was still nervous, but Terry stood firm and erect, a silhouette against the early morning light. The men held their weapons muzzle downward. A moment of painful silence ensued.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Colton, in a clear voice, "are you ready?" Both replied, but Broderick delayed a few seconds. He then said, "I am ready."

"Fire! One—" There was a report from the Senator's pistol. It was answered in a second by Terry's weapon. Broderick's pistol was discharged before he brought it to a level. This was probably caused by the fineness of the hair-trigger and his want of familiarity with that particular weapon. The bullet buried itself in the ground, two-thirds of the distance between himself and his antagonist. It was a splendid line-shot, fallen short of its mark. Broderick had the reputation of being an expert with the pistol, and this result surprised those who knew his skill. With the crack of Terry's weapon Broderick winced, turned half round, and then made an effort to recover himself. "Hard hit," his friends murmured. These words were proved by his unavailing efforts to maintain an upright position. He dropped until finally he fell prone on the ground, with his pale face toward the sky. He was hard hit.

The wounded Senator lay on the sward, with his head supported by his seconds, Colton and Haskell. His surgeon, Dr. Von Loehr, was nervous, and seemed uncertain how to act, and incapable of taking prompt measures. Mr. Broderick's life was ebbing away, and his face was pallid. Mr. Brooks, one of Terry's seconds, advanced, and, on behalf of his principal, tendered the services of his surgeon, Dr. Hammond.

"Yes, for God's sake," exclaimed McKibben, who was greatly excited, "send some one here, or Mr. Broderick will die where he lies!"

Dr. Hammond then came to Dr. Loehr's assistance, and cut away the wounded man's clothing, exposing his chest and the wound. It was a sorry sight. With every breath arterial blood spurted from the wound in bright jets and stained the fair skin. The group surrounding the fallen man shuddered. Strength of

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constitution, fortified by abstemious habits, might enable him to hold death off for a short time, but the brightness of the blood told that he was doomed. The ball entered the right breast between the second and third ribs, passing under the sternum, fracturing the edge, and then took a course over the heart, through the upper lobe of the left lung, striking the fifth rib on the left side, and proceeding upward, passed through the left armpit. Its tortuous course was remarkable, and the rending of the vitals must have been terrible. No wonder the Senator was unable to maintain an erect position for a second shot, and no wonder that he sank nerveless to the earth.

"Baker," said he, on his dying bed, to his fast friend, the orator, soldier, and statesman,—and they were the last words he spoke to him,—"Baker, I tried to stand firm when I was struck; but I could not. The blow blinded me."

As soon as Broderick fell, Davis, the owner of the ranch, who had been silently regarding the proceedings, started to his feet and shouted, "That is murder, by God!" He moved toward Terry, as though intending to assault him. He was intercepted by bystanders, who said that it was folly to provoke additional bloodshed. Davis brushed them aside, exclaiming, "I am Broderick's friend; I am not going to see him killed in that way. If you are men, you will join me in avenging his death."

"We know you are Mr. Broderick's friend, but we know as well that if you attack Terry there will be a general fight, and but few will get oft this ground alive. Think a moment before you do this thing."

Luckily,this scene was not witnessed, nor the remarks overheard, by any of the Terry patisans, elese there would have been a bloody conflict, whether their leader had been attacked or not. The milkman was quieted and sat himself down, breathing threatenings of slaughter.

Terry remained in his place. His arms were folded, and the muzzle of a pistol projected behind him. He stood erect, with face raised and an inquiring look, as though awaiting a demand for a second shot. His coolness and nerve were shown in the remark just after he delivered the fire: "The shot is not mortal; I have struck two inches to the right." Others say his words were, "Ah! I struck him a little too high."

Being assured of the helpless condition of his antagonist, he moved toward the carriages with his friends and then drove hastily to the city. He went to Stockton, where he owned a ranch, and quietly awaited events. Here he was arrested on the 23d of September by two San Francisco police officers, brought to the city, and put under ten thousand dollars bonds.

Mr. Broderick was removed from the ground three-quarters of an hour after he was shot, placed on a mattress in a spring wagon, and taken to the residence of his friend Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point. He lingered in great pain until Friday, September 16, and expired at 9:20 in the morning. He did not speak much during his suffering. From his rent and torn breast no breath came without exertion. Words were agony. He felt, to use his own expression, as though a thousand-pound weight was pressing on his chest. But he did utter a sentiment which had great significance a few years after his death. "They have killed me," he said, "because I was opposed to slavery and a corrupt administration."

The death-bed scene was deeply affecting. The viaticum had been given by the priest, Father Maraschi. Around the couch, which had been drawn into the centre of the room, weeping friends were grouped—those who had honored and loved him in life, and were now assembled to witness, through their tears, the exit of that great soul that had won men and controlled councils. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, the Misses McDougall, Miss Cook, Colonel Edward D. Baker, ex-Governor McDougall, Hon. J. C. McKibben, General Colton, Hon. John Conness, Colonel A. J. Butler, John A. McGlynn, Elliott J. Moore, Herman Wohler, Moses Flannagan, and many others, prominent in social and political life, whom he had "grappled to his heart with hooks of steel." Governor McDougall stepped forward and closed the eyes that had looked their last.

Auto Items

George P. Moore, Pacific Coast representative of the New York Lubricating Oil Co., has just received a large photograph of that firm's plant covering over thirty acres. The concern, unlike most lubricating oil companies, refines its product by its own special process from the original crude oil. Monogram Oil is one of the New York Lubricating Oil Company's outputs. It is designed for automobile use particularly and has come as a result of long study and experiment.

Among the most enthusiastic and progressive of motorists is Mr. R. L. McCabe who owns and operates a large ranch in the vicinity of Byron Springs. He has recently installed a gasoline traction motor engine on the ranch for plowing and harvesting purposes. Recently Mr. McCabe came to San Francisco to take delivery of a Chalmers "30" automobile. His garage already contains several machines, the Chalmers making the sixth that he has owned. The new car is to do service in connection with the management of the ranch.

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HOTEL SAVOY SEATTLE

A Misfortune

(Continued from Page 10.)

havior from beginning to end. She remembered distinctly that all the time, not only outwardly, but in her innermost thoughts, she had disapproved of Elyin's attentions; but at the same time she felt that there was some truth in what the advocate had just said. And, in her inability to determine just what that truth meant, she could not, try as she would, find one word to say in answer to his complaint. But it was embarrassing to remain silent, so she answered with a shrug:

"So I am to blame yet?"

"Oh, I don't blame you for being hypocritical. Your hypocrisy is natural and quite in the order of things. If everybody would suddenly enter into a conspiracy to become sincere, everything would go to the dogs; there would be complete ruin."

Sophie Petrovna was not in a mood for philosophy, but she was glad of the opportunity to change the subject and asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that only animals are free from hypocrisy. Since civilization has developed in us a necessity for such commodities as womanly virtue, for instance, sincerity is entirely out of place."

Elyin dug his walking-stick angrily into the sand. Mme. Loobyantsev listened to him; there was much she did not understand, but she enjoyed his conversation none the less. First of all, it pleased her to think that this clever man was talking to her, an ordinary woman, about "learned matters"; then, it gave her great pleasure merely to watch the movements of the pale, mobile, angry young face. Much she did not understand, but what was perfectly clear to her was the beautiful daring with which he attacked tremendous problems and arrived at certain definite conclusions.

Suddenly she became conscious that she was admiring him and grew frightened.

"Pardon me, but I really do not understand," she hastened to remark, "why you started this conversation about hypocrisy. I repeat my entreaty: be a good, kind friend; leave me in peace. I ask it in all sincerity."

"Very well, I shall try to struggle on," sighed Elyin. "I shall try hard, but I doubt whether anything will come of my efforts. Either I shall put a bullet through my brain, or—take to drink in the most idiotic fashion. But I will surely come to no good! Everything has its limit, you know—even fighting against nature! Tell me, can you fight against insanity? If you drink wine, how can you avoid the consequent excitement? What am I to do when your image has fastened itself upon my heart and will not leave me for an instant, day or night, but stands constantly before my eyes as vividly as does that pine? Come, teach me—what great exploit must I accomplish in order to rid myself of this horrible, unfortunate state in which my thoughts, my desires, my dreams belong not to me, but to some demon that has taken possession of me? I love you. I love you so much that I am completely transformed. I have abandoned every duty, given up my work, forsaken my dearest friends, forgotten my God! Never in my whole life have I loved like this!"

Sophie Petrovna, who was totally unprepared for such an outburst, made a sudden startled movement away from Elyin and looked up with terror into his face. There were tears in his eyes, his lips quivered and his whole face was overflowing with a peculiar expression of hungry pleading.

"I love you!" he muttered, bending his eyes on her large, terror-stricken eyes. "How beautiful you are! See how I suffer! And yet—I swear it—all my life I would gladly spend thus, sitting beside you, suffering and gazing into your eyes But—don't speak, I beg of you!"

Like one dazed Sophie Petrovna was trying to think quickly; trying to find some word that would stop him.

"I must go!" she decided at last. But hardly had she made a movement to rise, when Elyin was on his knees at her feet. He was embracing her knees, gazing up into her face, talking to her eloquently, tenderly, passionately. In her terror and bewilderment, she did not hear his words; somehow at this dangerous moment, with that sweet pressure caressing her like a warm bath, she was trying, with peculiar, cruel curiosity, to analyze her own sensations; searching for some possible, hidden meaning in it all. She was furious at herself because, instead of a feeling of outraged virtue, she was filled with delicious languor, almost stupor—like a drunkard totally oblivious to everything. Only somewhere in the depths of her soul, a distant, fractional part of herself was jeering maliciously: "Well, why don't you go? All this is as it should be then! Yes?"

Still striving to discover some meaning within herself, she could not understand why she did not snatch away her hand, to which Elyin's lips were now clinging, nor just what made her glance hastily to right and left at the same time with Elyin to see if anyone were looking. The pines and the clouds were motionless and stern, like aged tutors who see mischief brewing yet are obliged to maintain silence, having accepted bribes not to inform the superior powers. The sentinel stood columnlike on the embankment and seemingly looked in the direction of the bench.

"Let him look!" thought Sophie Petrovna.

"But—but listen to me!" she cried desperately at last. "What will all this lead to? What will come afterward?"

"I don't know, I don't know!" he whispered with a wave of the hand, as if to put aside all unpleasant questions.

Suddenly the harsh, shrill whistle of the locomotive burst

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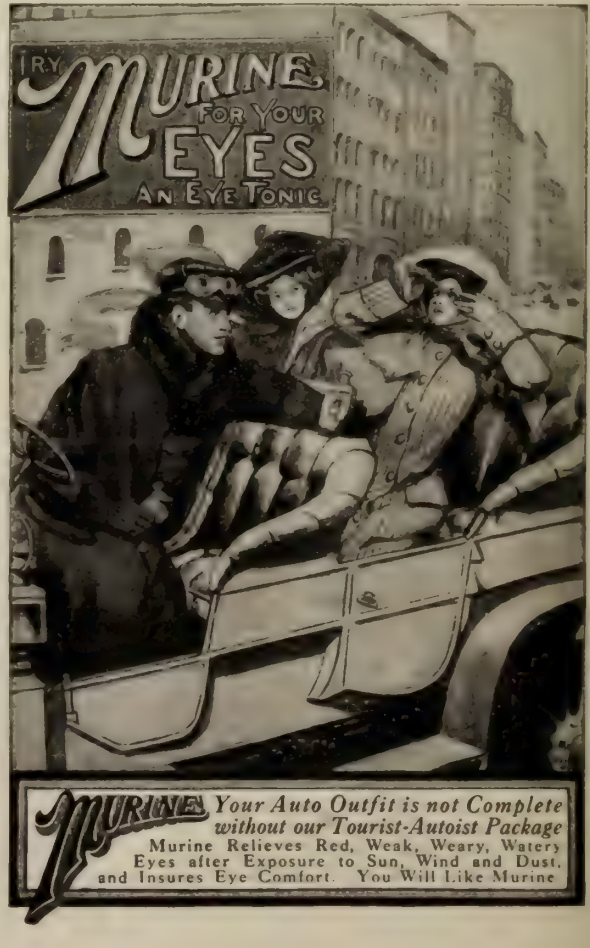

upon the air. The cold, irrelevant sound of daily prose caused Mme. Loobyantsev to start violently.

"I haven't time—I must go!" she said, rising hastily. "There is the train. Andrew is coming; he will want his dinner."

She started at a rapid pace toward the embankment, her face flaming. First the locomotive crawled by slowly, then the cars appeared. It was not, as she had supposed, the local passenger train, but a freight train. In a long, dreary row—like the days of our earthly existence—across the white background of the distant church, stretched the cars, one after another, seemingly without end!

At last the train passed by and the last car, with lanterns and conductors, disappeared behind the distant green of the thick forest. Sophie Petrovna turned sharply round and, without looking at Elyin, walked rapidly back through the opening in the forest. She was already master of herself. Scarlet with shame, outraged—not by Elyin; oh, no! but by her own weakness, he own shamelessness in permitting a strange man to embrace her knees—she thought now of but one thing: how most quickly to reach her home, her family. The advocate could hardly keep up with her. Turning from the opening in a narrow path, she looked back at him so swiftly that she only caught a glimpse of the sand on his knees. She waved her hand to him to leave her and ran on.

When she had reached home she went into her room and stood motionless for about five minutes, looking now at the window, now at her writing-table.

"Oh, you wretch!" she scolded herself; "you wretch!"

To punish herself, she purposely tried to recall every detail of her behavior during the past few weeks. She reminded herself that though she had always been opposed to the attentions of Elyin, yet something constantly drew her on to go and have explanations with him; not only that, but, while he was wallowing in the sand at her feet, she was experiencing the most inexpressible joy. She pitilessly recalled everything, and, panting with shame, was ready to beat herself. "Poor Andrew!" she thought, at the recollection of her husband, trying to give her face an expression of utmost tenderness. "Barbara, my poor little girl, she does not know what a mother she has! Forgive me, my dear ones! I love you dearly—dearly!"

And, anxious to prove to herself that she was still a good wife and mother, that the taint had not yet penetrated to the "foundations," about which she had been telling Elyin, Sophie Petrovna rushed into the kitchen and began to scold the maid because she had not yet set the table for Andrew's dinner. She tried to summon up before her imagination the image of her hungry, tired husband; uttered a few commiserating words aloud, and with her own hands proceeded to set the table for him—something she had never done before. Then she hunted up her daughter Barbara, took her up in her arms and embraced her warmly. The little girl struck her as rather cold and heavy, but she would not admit it to herself, and began explaining to the child what a good, kind, honest man her papa was.

But when, soon after, Andrew Elyich actually arrived, she hardly greeted him. The influx of feigned emotion had ebbed away, having proved nothing, having only irritated and embittered her by its utter falseness.

She sat near the window, suffering and raging within herself. Only in trouble does one realize how hard it is to be master of one's thoughts and feelings. Sophie Petrovna said afterwards that such a turmoil raged within her that it was as impossible to disentangle a single clear sensation in the general confusion, as to count a flock of robins while they are on the wing.

From the fact, for instance, that she was not overjoyed by the arrival of her husband and that his manner of eating annoyed her, she suddenly came to the conclusion that she was beginning to hate her husband.

Andrew Elyich, faint with weariness and hunger, could not wait until they handed him his soup, but fell upon the sausages, chewing noisily as he ate.

"Heavens!" though Sophie Petrovna, "I love him and respect him, but why does he chew so disgustingly?"

In her thoughts there was no less disorder than in her feelings. Mme. Loobyantsev, like everybody else inexperienced in battling with unpleasant thoughts, tried with all her might not to think of her misfortune, and the more earnestly she tried, the more distinctly she beheld in her imagination the form of Elyin, the sand on his knees, the fluffy clouds, the train.

"Whatever possessed me, fool that I was, to go there today?" she tormented herself. "And am I really so weak that I cannot count on myself?"

Fear has large eyes. While Andrew Elyich was still at his last dish, she had already decided to tell her husband everything and fly from the danger!

"There is something I must speak to you about seriously, Andrew," she began after dinner, while her husband was taking off his coat and boots before lying down to rest.

"Well?"

"Let us go away from here!"

"Hm—where to? It's too early for town yet."

"No, let us travel, or do something like—"

"Travel," muttered the notary, stretching himself. "I dream about it myself, but where is one to get the money! And who is to take care of the office in my absence?"

Then after a moment's thought he added:

"True, it must be lonely for you here! Why not go yourself?"

Sophie Petrovna agreed, but immediately considered that

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, whose name was San Francisco Savings Union (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), Northwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st. Money deposited between June 15th and Monday, July 11th, both days inclusive, commences to earn interest from July 1st. R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1910. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

Elyin would probably take advantage of the opportunity and go with her, on the same train, in the same car. She sat thinking and looking at her husband, who was no longer hungry but still tired. For some reason her glances paused at his little, almost feminine feet in their striped hose, the tips of which ended in two little threads.

Behind the lowered window-shade a belated bee droned and knocked against the pane. Sophie Petrovna was looking at the threads, listening to the bee and imagining herself on the train. Opposite her, day and night, sat Elyin, his eyes riveted upon her face, fuming at his helplessness, pale and suffering. He terms himself "a vulgar schoolboy," scolds her, pulls his hair; at last night falls and he snatches a moment when the passengers fall asleep or leave the car at the station, to kneel before her and embrace her knees, as he had done at the bench.

She found herself dreaming and roused herself with a start.

"Listen, I shall not go alone!" she said. "You must go with me."

"That's nonsense, my little Sophie!" sighed Loobyantsev. "You must be reasonable; you must want only possible things."

"You'll go when you find out," thought Sophie Petrovna.

And, having then and there made up her mind to go at all hazards, she considered herself out of danger. Little by little her thoughts began to assume shape. She grew lively and even let herself think what she pleased. "Go ahead, think all you want, you're going just the same!" she thought.

While her husband slept, evening came stealing on little by little. She sat at the piano in the parlor. The general animation outside that evening always brings, the sound of the music, and above all, the thought of her cleverness in getting the better of her threatened misfortune, set her entirely at rest and put her in good spirits. Other women in her place, her pacified conscience was saying to her, could never have withstood it; they would have gone off like a whirlwind. But she—she was different; why, she almost died of shame, suffered agonies, and now was fleeing from the danger—which, by the way, probably never even existed! So touched was she by her own strength and virtue, that two or three times she looked up and smiled at herself in the mirror opposite.

When it grew dark, visitors came. The men went into the dining-room to play cards, the ladies occupied the parlor and terrace. Last of all came Elyin. He looked sad, morose, almost ill. He sat down in the corner of the sofa and never once left it during the entire evening. Usually gay and talkative, this evening he remained silent, occasionally frowning and rubbing his eyes. When anyone addressed him he tried to force a smile that resulted only in a curl of his upper lip, and answered curtly and sullenly. He made several attempts at witticisms, but his sallies were harsh and rude. To Sophie Petrovna he seemed on the verge of hysterics. Only now, as she sat there at the piano, she realized for the first time that this unfortunate man was beyond jesting, that he was sick at heart and could not find a place for himself. For her sake he was wasting his youth, his career, spending his last money on maintaining the cottage near her, forsaking his mother and sister, and, worst of all, fast becoming a physical wreck under the unequal struggle with his own self. For purely humane reasons, she ought to treat him seriously.

She realized all this with painful clearness. If she had at that moment gone up to him and said "no!" her voice would have expressed a power that could not have been misunderstood or gainsaid. But she did not go up and say it to him. She did not think anything about it. The pettiness and egotism of a youthful nature had never clamored so strongly within her, it seemed, as that night. She knew full well that Elyin was unhappy, that he sat there on the sofa as if upon hot coals. Her heart ached for him; but at the same time the presence of the man who loved her so that it caused him suffering, only filled her with the consciousness of her power, with exultation. She gloried in her youth, her beauty, her aloofness and—because she was fortunately going away—she abandoned herself entirely to the enjoyment of the moment. She flirted, laughed ceaselessly, sang with unusual feeling and inspiration.

Everything pleased her, everything made her laugh. She laughed at the recollection of the incident at the bench, at the sentinel's watching them. Everything was funny: the guests, Elyin's rude sallies, the pin in his scarf—which, by the way, she had never seen before. It represented a red serpent with two diamonds for eyes. It struck her as so irresistibly funny that she was ready to shower it with kisses.

She sang the romances nervously, with an odd, half-tipsy provocativeness. As if purposely, to tease him, she selected those that were saddest, most melancholy; those that told of wasted hopes, of the past, of old age: "And age was approaching still nearer and nearer," she sang. But what had she to do with old age?

"Something's wrong with me," came into her head every now and then in the midst of her laughter and singing.

The visitors left at about twelve o'clock. Elyin was the last to go.

Sophie Petrovna had enough bravado left to escort him to the lowest step of the terrace. She felt a sudden impulse to announce to him that she was going away with her husband and see the effect the news would produce on him.

The moon was hidden behind the clouds, but it was light enough for Sophie Petrovna to see how the wind played with the skirts of his overcoat and the drapery of the terrace. She could also see how pale Elyin was and how, in his effort to smile, his upper lip twitched

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"Sophie, dearest, Sophie—my darling!" he muttered suddenly, before she had time to say a word. "My love, my angel."

In a paroxysm of tenderness, tears choking his voice, he was pouring forth endearing terms, each tenderer than the last. To her amazement, he suddenly threw one arm about her waist and took hold of her elbow with his other hand.

"My darling, my beauty!" he whispered, kissing the nape of her neck. "Be honest with yourself—come with me now!"

She slipped out of his arms and flung back her heard to break into an outburst of rage and indignation, to rebel against the insult; but no outburst came and of all her boasted virtue and innocence there was left only enough to make use of a phrase that the most ordinary of women might have uttered under similar circumstances.

"You are mad!"

"Please come!" continued Elyin. "Now I am convinced, as I was there on the bench, that you, Sophie, are as helpless as I am. You too, it seems, are to come to no good. You love me and you are trying in vain to haggle with your conscience."

Seeing her make a start to go, he caught her by the lace on her sleeve, and finished quickly:

"If not today, then tomorrow; but give in you must! Then why put it off? My dearest, loveliest Sophie, the sentence is pronounced. Why delay its execution? Why go on deceiving yourself?"

Sophie Petrovna broke away from him and dashed into the house. Returning to the parlor, she mechanically closed the piano, looked long at the music stand and sat down. She could neither stand nor think. Of all her excitement and hilarity, there was left her only a feeling of terrible weakness, languor and loneliness. Her conscience whispered to her that she had behaved badly, foolishly, all the evening—like a crazy schoolgirl; to think that not a moment ago that man was actually embracing her out there on the terrace, and even at this moment she was experiencing a feeling of peculiar uneasiness at her waist and elbow. There was not a soul in the parlor. Only one candle was burning. Mme. Loobyantsev sat on the round stool before the piano without stirring, waiting for something to happen. And, as if taking advantage of the darkness and her extreme lassitude, a vague, irresistible desire began to take possession of her. Like a snake it coiled itself about her, fettering her limbs, her soul; it grew with every passing second, and no longer threatened vaguely, but stood before her clearly, in all its nakedness.

For about half an hour she sat motionless, making no effort to interrupt her thoughts about Elyin; then she rose wearily and crept into the bedroom. Andrew Elyich was already in bed. She sat down at the open window and gave herself up to her thoughts. There was no longer any turmoil in her soul; all her thoughts and feelings crowded harmoniously about one definite object. She did make one last effort to struggle, but immediately waved her hand in despair. She now understood perfectly the full and inexorable power of the enemy. To wrestle with it strength and courage were necessary, and life, her birth, her education, had given her nothing to lean upon.

"You horrible, wicked wretch!" she lashed herself. "So that's the kind you are!"

Her offended dignity so rebelled against her weakness that she heaped upon herself every abuse she could think of. She reviled herself; she accused herself of the most painful, the most humiliating things. She said to herself that she had never been decent, that the only reason why she had never fallen before was because there was no pretext before, that even her boasted struggle with herself was nothing but a diversion, a farce.

"Admitting that I did struggle," thought she, "what of that! Those who sell themselves also struggle; but they do sell themselves none the less! Struggle, indeed! To curdle like milk in a day—in one single day!"

She even convinced herself of the fact that it was not her feelings that were dragging her from home, not even the personality of Elyin, but the sensations that were awaiting her—just like the rest of the summer ladies who idled and flirted their time away.

"The child of its mother bereft!" sang someone in a hoarse tenor outside.

"If I am going, it is time!" thought Sophie Petrovna. Her heart began to beat furiously.

"Andrew!" she almost screamed. "Listen:we—we will go away? Yes?"

"Yes, I have already told you. Go yourself!"

"But listen," she succeeded in saying. "If you don't go with me, you run the risk of losing me! I think I am in love!"

"With whom?" asked Andrew Elyich.

"What difference does it make to you with whom?" shrieked Sophie Petrovna.

Andrew Elyich sat up and looked in surprise at the dim form of his wife.

"Nonsense!" he yawned.

He did not believe it, but was a bit startled none the less. After a moment's thought, he put a few unimportant questions to his wife, expressed his views upon family relations in general, upon faithlessness; continued thus languidly for about ten minutes and lay down again. His lecture made no impression.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, some of the summer residents could still be heard talking and singing outside. Sophie Petrovna threw on a light cape, and stood still a few moments, thinking. She had still enough steadfastness left to say to her drowsy husband:

"Are you asleep? I am going to take a walk. Will you come with me?"

It was her last hope. Receiving no reply, she went out. It was windy and chilly. She walked on and on feeling neither the wind nor the darkness. An irresistible power was dragging her onward and, had she stopped, it seemed to her that it would have pushed her from behind.

"You wretch!" she muttered mechanically. "You abominable creature!"

She was panting, burning with shame; her limbs shook so that she could hardly walk; but that which was forcing her onward was stronger than her shame, than her reason, than her terror.

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Auto Notes

Jack Gleason, the well known base ball manager and one of the promoters of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, recently took delivery of a new Chalmers "40" touring car. This is Mr. Gleason's first automobile and the purchase was made after a thorough try-out of all the high grade cars in the market. Mr. Gleason has noticed the performance of the Chalmers cars in the different cities throughout the East and a number of his eastern friends are owners of this well known car.

The enviable reputation built up by the Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires during the winter just past has done much to dispel the idea that chains are the only successful anti-skid device. The Nobbies have proven practically skid proof, due principally to the oblique arrangement of the knobs. One of the most conclusive testimonials to their absolute efficacy comes from Joe Gradham, driver of the Chalmers pathfinder for this year's Glidden tour. Gradham declares that on the whole of the 2,900 mile pathfinding trip the use of chains was not once necessary. The Nobby Treads with which his car was equipped were able to contend with the worst mud found on the route.

The Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Co. has opened its Fresno branch. Large shipments have already been made to the Raisin City and other supplies are being prepared for immediate delivery. The establishment of this Fresno branch was largely necessitated by the increasing demand for motor supplies throughout the interior section of the State.

The Bay Cities Electric Company reports the following sales of Columbus Electric automobiles during the week of June 6: one four passenger Columbus Electric Stanhope to Mr. Albert Frank of San Francisco, one two passenger Columbus Electric Victoria to Dr. McG. Stuart of Santa Rosa, Cal., and during the week of June 12, one two passenger Columbus Electric Victoria to Miss Flora E. Gladding of San Francisco, one four passenger Columbus Electric Stanhope to Mrs. Rowley of Berkeley, Cal., one four passenger Columbus Electric Stanhope to Mrs. H. W. Naylor of Berkeley, Cal.

A. B. Chubbic of San Francisco is a firm believer in the superiority of Diamond Tires. Mr. Chubbic has a Packard Landelet which has been doing service for the last thirteen months and all this time the car has been wearing the Diamond Tires with which it was originally equipped. In spite of the fact that the machine has exceeded 1000 miles each of these thirteen months, three of the tires are still in good condition and one still carries the air with which it was originally inflated.

The Pioneer Automobile Company, 726 Golden Gate avenue, report the following sales: Hudson Touring to Nermandin Campen Carriage Company, San Jose; S. W. Niblock, Fresno; R. G. Fowler, Gilroy; W. H. Cain, Woodland; G. L. Weathers, Visalia; R. Robison, Pinole. Hudson Roadsters to R. C. Fowler, Gilroy; Mt. Whitney Power & Electric Company, Visalia; Guy Kennedy, Chico; C. E. Cumberson, San Francisco; Thos. Maclay, Petaluma; D. H. Steinmetz, Sonora, and Dr. T. L. Blanchard. Chalmers "40" to G. L. Weathers, Visalia; Tribune Publishing Company, Oakland; C. H. Bush, Oakland. Chalmers "30" to J. H. Mercer, Eureka; C. R. Zaccharias, Modesto; J. L. Frerichs, Byron; R. McMullen, Fort Bragg; R. E. Dickson, Olema; J. J. Brown, Woodland; Fleishman, Clarke Company, San Francisco, and W. H. Brooks, Porterville.

Chas. F. Curry, candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, has just completed a campaign trip through the Sacramento Valley in a Dorris car. He made thirty-three towns between Dunsmuir and Sacramento, giving seven days to the work. From Dunsmuir to McCloud the roads were found in good condition. From McCloud to Redding, however, they were rather bad. From Redding on they were in excellent shape.

It is a safe assertion that nothing has occurred in the motor world that will create more interest among motorists and business men who have heavy trucking to do than the work of the White Gasoline Three Ton truck on the road from Madera to the mill of the Madera Sugar Pine Company. This truck on its demonstration trip made the round trip in 18½ hours. On the up-trip it was loaded with 6,100 pounds of iron, 200 pounds of miscellaneous freight, and three men, approximately a load of 6,700 pounds, and on the return trip brought down 5,240 pounds of lumber and is accomplishing the same work daily on regular trips.

Mr. B. F. Horner, one of Alameda County's supervisors and a resident of Centerville, has just taken delivery of a model "M" six-cylinder forty horsepower Thomas runabout, which is one of the most novel cars yet seen in local autoing circles. The machine seats two passengers and has the rear of its body, which is used solely as a storage room for tires and other supplies, designed after the torpedo type. This is the sixth consecutive year that Mr. Horner has purchased Thomas cars. His first car was bought in 1905 and each year he purchases a new model. He is very enthusiastic about this new car and believes it to be the best motor and best design on the market.

Electric cars are daily becoming more popular for general use, writes a correspondent of the Pioneer Automobile Company. In the city of Chicago they are being used almost exclusively for ladies and for down-town work by business men. The cars most generally used are the Inside Drive Coupe style. The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale of a six-cylinder Babcock to Mr. Gaber. This car looks very similar to a gasoline car, the arrangement for the driver being exactly the same. The car is due to arrive in San Francisco about July 10.

Mr. Joe Matson, the well known racing driver of the Chalmers team, spent a day in San Francisco recently en route to the Chalmers factory. He received a telegram to rush back, as he has been entered to drive one of the Chalmers touring cars in the Glidden Tour. Mr. Matson is most enthusiastic about the outlook on the entire coast where he spent the past five months. He hopes to return to the coast after he has finished with the Glidden Tour. He states that the Chalmers Company will double their capacity next season. Even then he believes there will be a shortage of cars on the coast.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A Favorite Toilet Luxury. An Eye Tonic. A Soothing and Reliable Relief. Aids in Preserving and Restoring Eyes to Normal Strength and Healthful Brilliancy. For Dullness, Weakness, Redness, Inflammation, Granulation, Ulceration and Eye Pain. If you would Beautify and Promote a more Healthful Tone to Eye Lids, Eye Lashes and Eye Brows, and prevent Undesirable Conditions—Try Murine and Murine Eye Salve. You will Like Murine. In daily use in Beauty Parlors. Sold by all Druggists. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Marshall Nuckolls, 417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS,
Administratrix of the Estate of John A. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Administratrix.
417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONWAY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Jas. P. Sweeney, Attorney for said Executrix, 1201 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY CONWAY, deceased.

JOHANNA CONNELL,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary Conway, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

JAS. P. SWEENEY, Attorney for said Executrix
1201 Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administratrix of the estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-707 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased.

NELLIE L. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Anna M. O'Brien, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Administratrix.
Rooms 701-707 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, Room 1211 Flood Building, Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased.

SIGMUND GREENEBAUM,
OSCAR B. WOOD,
Executors of the Last Will of John B. Luther, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

S. C. SCHEELINE, 417 Montgomery St., San Francisco, and
LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND, Attorneys for Executors,
Room 1211 Flood bldg., Powell and Market, San Francisco. 6-18-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,006.

ROSE P. BLOW, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES H. BLOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Charles H. Blow, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff continuously for more than one (1) year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GEO. B. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased.

MARY CORSIGLIA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Stephen Corsiglia, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administratrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of F. A. Denicke, Attorney-at-Law, 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD GEORGE BAUMULLER, deceased.

ELIZABETH BAUMULLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Edward George Baumuller, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Administratrix,
14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY. Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, Deceased—No. 9837, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased.

her
TERESA (X) GARIBALDI,
mark
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Stefano Garibaldi, Deceased.

Witnesses to Mark—James A. Devoto and A. S. Devoto.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Armstrong, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR ZEBRACKI, otherwise known as and called ARTHUR STANISLAUS EQUES. ZEBRACKI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased.

T. E. K. CORMAC,
Administrator of the Estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

VINCENT SURR, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market St., San Francisco. 6-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION OF EXECUTOR TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE SOLD UNDER A CONTRACT WITH DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9634, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 31st day of May, 1910, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, executor of the last will of Sarah Collins, deceased, has filed herein his verified petition praying to be authorized to convey that certain parcel of real estate hereinafter described to W. P. Fuller & Company, a corporation, duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California; said Sarah Collins being bound by contract in writing to convey the same, and having died before said transfer was made; and the hearing of said petition is set for Friday, the 1st day of July, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of department number ten of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

The following is a description of the real estate:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Langton Street, distant thereon southeasterly one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet from the point of interesection of the northeasterly line of Langton Street with the southeasterly line of Howard Street; running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Langton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southwesterly eighty (80) feet to Langton Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of one hundred (100) vara lot number two hundred and fifty-nine (259).

Dated this 31st day of May, 1910. JOHN FITZGERALD,
Executor of the Last Will of Sarah Collins, Deceased.

JOHN COTTER QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-4

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7510, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to Elise Domini, Christian Stager, Fritz Stager, William Stager, Bertha Lutjen, Born Bertha Holst, Carolina Moenke, Born Carolina Holst, Frieda Kellenberg, Born Frieda Holst, Johannes Holst, George Tomfohrde, Carl Tomfohrde, Auguste Bischoff, Born Auguste Tomfohrde, Emma Tomfohrde, Johanne Staeffler, Born Johanne Tomfohrde, Ferdinand Watermann, and to their guardians, if any of them are minors, and to their personal representatives, if any of them are dead, to the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, a corporation, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to Henry W. Eisert, Executor of the purported last will and testament of CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate and the order of the above entitled Court, given and made on April 13th, 1909, admitting said purported last will and testament of the above entitled decedent, CAROLINE A. BOLLMAN, to probate, should not be revoked, set aside and annuled.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

CHOYNSKI & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys for John Holst, Contestant.
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased.

BELLE DUNN CLINCH and JOHN J. LERMEN,
Executors of the Estate of Charles G. Clinch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Executors,
Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZA GORDON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of ELIZA GORDON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Robinson & Getz, Room 403, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZA GORDON, deceased.

J. B. RUEBEN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza Gordon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 28th, 1910.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executor.
45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAHEL BEHRENDT, Deceased—No. 9684, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executor of the last will and testament of RAHEL BEHRENDT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713, in the building now known as "Union Trust Building," situate at the northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rahel Behrendt, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Rahel Behrendt, Deceased.
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN, and A. L. WEIL,
Attorneys for said Executor, Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 6-4-5

Letters

Emporia is Heard From

"The Old Order Changeth" for the better, according to William Allen White, whose book, under the above title, is devoted to a view of present-day conditions and a retrospective cast at what went before. In our march of progress we have reached the point where the rights of man are beginning to take precedence over the rights of property; and equity as well as legality calls for recognition. Mr. White is opposed to the theory that we have anything resembling a war of the classes, rich against poor; capital against labor, or any other hard and fast demarcation, but he argues that the unrest, or whatever we may choose to call it is really taking place in the minds of men and that the general tendency towards good-will is the cumulative result of the thought of all men. He has not relied upon columns of figures and tables of statistics to prove his points, but has discoursed familiarly and easily as an observer who, occupying a point of vantage, is enabled to see a little more than his neighbors and passes his observations along. He points out the way in which business and business interests supplanted mankind with law makers and how mankind is now pushing business back into its legitimate, secondary place; but instead of adopting the attitude of the muckraker towards the nation-wide evils we have suffered to grow up he tells us plainly that laws are no better than the people who formulate and administer them, and as the individual citizen improves himself everything else will move forward in proportion. Mr. White still has an abounding faith in school-going. He calls it education and though he admits that the boy of fourteen who leaves his classes at that age is a drug in the market, a nondescript whom no one will willingly employ, he sees the remedy is still more schooling. A course which, after eight years, leaves a lad without purpose, devoid of application or industry, with a job-lot of tag-ends of this and that, not one of them long enough to tie to, if prolonged for four or eight years longer, will produce no good citizens. In point of fact it is not the shortness of the school period but the bootlessness of school methods of the present day which is to be criticized. A generation ago the boy who left the grammar school at fourteen knew how to obey an order, to be prompt in attendance, speedy in dispatch of errands and diligent in the pursuit of his tasks. He had a well-grounded fundamental store of useful knowledge and though he could not design a book-cover nor braid a shoestring watch guard nor dissect a grasshopper, he could perform simple operations in arithmetic, write a legible hand and express himself clearly if not with grace and elegance. He came out of school ready to catch on—to something besides a base ball or a tennis racket, and whether he took a short course at a business college where his father paid monthly or quarterly bills in hard dollars directly out of his pocket book instead of indirectly, at long range under the guise of taxes, and therefore looked for value received in the way of class percentages; or whether he began as an errand boy and worked up in some business house; or took up some manual trade while his fingers were still nimble enough to adjust themselves readily, he made good. If Mr. White and other writers would talk a little with just plain teachers instead of absorbing the views of educators they would learn something to their advantage in the matter of what is the matter with the school boy—and girl—of today. It is not too little schooling, but too much of the wrong kind—the kind which prolongs the period of irresponsible dependence, where every trivial occupation is performed with an eye on the clock and the one perpetual dread is that by some unforeseen accident some pupil may possibly do "too much," which has played the merry mischief with the morale of the young generation. Mr. White is so optimistic that he creates a wholesome reaction against the pessimism of the muckraker. We needed the change badly. It is a more wholesome diet, for "The Old Order Changeth" is not to be confused with the old-fashioned spread-eagleism which labeled all things American with the stencil mark of perfection. Published by the Macmillan Company.

A Rattling Good Yarn

Harold MacGrath's heroes and heroines are given to defying the conventions in the matter of formal introductions, so his readers will find nothing surprising in the fact of Jack Fitzgerald, special writer and sometimes war correspondent, being seized with a whim, as he sat idly at his club window, and forthwith buying out the stock of an Italian image vendor on a wager that he would make a more successful salesman than the original owner, nor in his finding in his first customer a charming young woman who, under pretence of giving him an address at which to deliver her purchase, dropped on his tray a card giving no clue to her identity but instead a mysterious message, command or entreaty to "Come to the house at the top of the hill in Dalton tomorrow night at eight o'clock. But do not come if you lack courage." Being well supplied with the commodity, it remained only to discover the whereabouts of Dalton and the means of reaching it, which Fitzgerald promptly did, and where his mysterious correspondent shortly introduced him to her father Rear-Admiral Killigrew, retired, as the private secretary she had engaged for him. However, the proceeding was less precipitate than it seemed for the Killigrews and Fitzgeralds were old friends, but since Fitzgerald pere had lost his fortune and the son had never pursued old acquaintances he had virtually forgotten all about the Killigrews until Laura, knowing him both by sight and by reputation, had taken this means of drawing him back within the fold. What Fitzgerald expected to be but a brief call proved to be an extended association for before he returned to his wonted occupation he had engaged in a treasure hunt which carried him half round the world, not to mention gaining an insight into the dark alleys of European politics which he, for all his experience, did not guess the existence of. A man whom he had met some time before when both were acting as war correspondents and whom he subsequently came upon again as the private secretary of his friend Rear-Admiral Killigrew, turned out to be fourth by illegitimate descent from the great Napoleon, and another, a harmless butterfly specialist was, when not engaged in the pursuit of his hobby, a secret agent for the French government, while one of the sailors on the Killigrew yacht was, for example, a royal duke. It need not be specified that there is a love story twining in and out amongst the mysteries and intrigues, nor that the hero and heroine come to anchor before the altar, and though the love chase proceeds without the usual obstacles there are unexpected developments enough before the treasure is finally appropriated, but it would be too bad to crack the nut and extract all the meat, thus depriving readers of their legitimate pleasure. "A Splendid Hazard" is a rattling good yarn of its kind, nothing profound or brain-racking, but just a story which, however it might disintegrate under microscope and chemical analysis, is convincing enough while it lasts, and that, after all, is the test. Harold MacGrath never pretends to do more than produce a bit of light, entertaining fiction for our off hours and he succeeds better in his aim than do nine-tenths of those who offer us disguised tracts or, under pretence of presenting moral problems, simply dabble in filth. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

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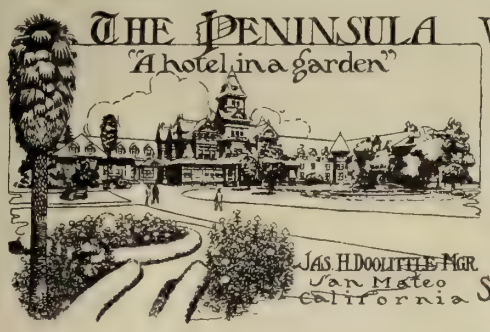

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, July 2, 1910 | No. 931

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TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Taft and Insurgency

The adherents of the Taft Administration are in a much less lugubrious frame of mind than they were a month ago. Indeed they have become somewhat cheerful and optimistic, the reason being that the portents of political calamity that darkened the horizon but a short time ago are vanishing. Public sentiment regarding the Administration is undergoing a change. President Taft is waxing in public favor, and the indications are that the insurgents have shot their bolt. Recent achievements in Congress, whch it is unnecessary to mention, have served to extinguish the motive of insurgency and render the pretexts of partisan clamor illogical and obviously illusory. The regulars have been taking the wind out of the sails of the enemy's craft. The insurgents have been out-maneuvered. Besides the dear old purblind public has been getting surfeited with aggressive, self-righteous patriotism. No continuous performance however inspiring can fail to pall in time. Even Cannonism has petered out in the matter of its potentialities. A few months ago the whole country was anathematizing Uncle Joe and all that he vaguely symbolized. The psychology of the public attitude toward Cannonism was akin to that of the hundred thousand bucolic Englishmen that Defoe tells about. They were ready to fight to the death against popery without knowing whether popery was a man or a horse. The people that fretted themselves into a lather over Cannonism have permitted their emotions to subside. Likewise the people that believed the tariff was the handiwork of Satan in his capacity of special representative of "the interests." And as for the people that were burning with solicitude for the Roosevelt policies it has suddenly dawned on them that while they were frothing at the mouth out of sympathy with the acute paroxysms of "Battle Bob" La Follette and the other E. P. E. Troys of the national circus Mr. Taft was engaged in carrying out his pledges. So there is hardly anything left to supply the insurgents with inspiration. Most of the people who have given an eager ear to the ravings of the muckrakers are realizing that there is more in President Taft to admire than to reprobate. To use a homely expression, President Taft wears well. Somewhat handicapped from the start, succeeding as he did a statesman who was more of a god than a man according to the popular conception, it was easy for his critics to create the impression that he abounded in shortcomings and imperfections. It was demanded of Mr. Taft that he prove himself a superman, the peer of one whom the people had apotheosized. He was expected to change his nature, to constitute himself the supreme judge of his fellow man, to substitute the Code Roosevelt for the Decalogue, to hold the imagination thrall not only with fine sentiments and mouth-filling platitudes but also with performances as picturesque as those of the Grand Cyruses of the old romances who made their way to their mistresses' hearts by slaying giants and taming dragons. Mr. Taft is entirely lacking in the temperament essential to these accomplishments. But he abounds in the homespun virtues which have been out of date for some years and which appear to be slowly coming into vogue again. Mr. Taft appears to be above all things a manly man. As free from cant as from the spirit of suspicion, his nature is pervaded with a kindliness which charms away animosities by its unaffected courtesy. The great elements in his conduct are his loyalty to his friends and the remarkable simplicity which characterizes his moral nature, his intellect and his purposes. We are told that his friends are not deserving of his loyalty. This may be true. But one of the strongest tests of true friendship is that which can be applied only through the medium of the undeserving. That President Taft has been imposed upon, however, or that as a consequence the interests of the people have suffered, are questions which we are less disposed to leave to the judgment of the muckrakers than to Time, "the sole philosopher, as all beside are sophists." But whatever the truth we believe that President Taft is overcoming prejudice, and that it will be seen later on that considering the critical complications of one of the most embittered situations in the history of American politics, he has handled himself with admirable fortitude and not without foresight and judgment.

The Editorial Prerogative

At times we have wondered whether certain illustrious pundits of the press appreciate the enormous advantage which they have over ordinary mortals in the domain of disputation. The persons to whom we have especial reference are those whose methods of discussion indicate a consciousness of mastery over every situation due to a singular prestige born of infallibility. An editor of this class is not like an attorney who expects to be answered by opposing counsel; nor is he like the honorable gentleman on the floor of the House who must never lose sight of the fact that a debate is not a monologue. Rather is he like the writer of imaginary conversations who builds up men of straw at his pleasure, contriving for them the most palpable sophistries and swelling with pride as he topples them over. Rioting in gratuitous assertion, he defies the drudgery of thought, but solves the most abstruse problems by jumping from premiss to conclusion without ever deigning to follow to remote developments any particular line of meditation. At all times he is Sir Oracle, in axioms not less fertile than Sancho Panza. And all of his axioms, however absurd, he sets forth with a gigantic self-confidence, not to say colossal self-conceit, giving the reader the impression that they are to be verified by experience just as you can verify that fire burns and bread nourishes. Among the gentlemen in this blissful state of mind is the editor of Collier's Weekly. This amazing personage writes as though he knows everything intuitively. Apparently he has no doubts about anything. For every why he has a wherefore. He believes that for anything to become axiomatic it is but necessary for him to give it the weight of his authority. After a man has worked himself into this state of mind it is easy for him to write editorials. He feels that there is no necessity for him to demonstrate anything concerning which he desires to produce a conviction. Sufficient for his readers, in his opinion, is his ipse dixit; argument is superfluous; facts and circumstances, of no value whatsoever. That such is the editor of Collier's view of his powers may be learned from the easy manner in which he handles several propositions in a recent editorial. One of the propositions is that the Republican party is encouraging Socialism through the medium of the protective tariff, "the end of which is to turn this into a nation of two kinds of people, factory owners at the top and factory workers at the bottom." Another of the propositions is that the

tariff "tends to destroy the agricultural class of small property owners." How the editor learned these things we are not permitted to know. We are not even vouchsafed a hint as to the mental processes by which he resolved these propositions and produced conviction of their soundness in his own mammoth mind. They are given to us as though they were divine revelations which we are to accept among the many things unseen that are a test of faith. Incidentally we are told that Socialists "preach pure reason and try to keep the public eye focused on the ultimate ends of logic." This is a proposition that savors of mysticism. In all probability it is irrefutable. But we are not able to judge of its soundness because we are utterly unable to guess what it means. Of the same school of philosophy as the editor of Collier's is a young man who writes editorials for the Examiner. Commenting on Labor Commissioner McKenzie's report on Oriental immigration he tells us that the gentleman voices the desires of only railroad and steamship companies, the big fruit growers and the big wheat growers. He adds that thirty-one years ago the people of California voted against Chinese immigration and that they stand today where they stood in 1879. He holds therefore that the McKenzie report is unworthy of consideration. Thus is the whole matter disposed of. How or where the editor got the facts that justify his conclusion we are not told. Presumably it is unnecessary for us to know. Presumably it is for us to consider the authority impeccable and infallible. It is by reason of the faith that we have in the clairvoyant powers of these moulders of public opinion that we are gradually becoming fit to govern ourselves without the aid of institutions such as were created by our obsolete Constitution.

Senator Leavitt's High Crimes

For a fine illustration of the arrogance, bigotry and stupidity that are responsible for much of the personal abuse with which the columns of our daily newspapers teem read the article by which the Bulletin seeks to justify the scurrilous attack on Senator Leavitt which is now the basis of a libel suit. The Bulletin article presents a summary of Senator Leavitt's acts as a member of the Legislature. The article is in the nature of an indictment, specifying as crimes against the commonwealth such officials acts of Senator Leavitt as were contrary to the Bulletin's sentiments regarding legislation. It is not charged that Senator Leavitt acted from corrupt motives, but clearly enough it is desirable that the inference of venality be drawn from the circumstance that while the Senator happened to be as opinionated as the Bulletin's editor their opinions were diametrically opposed. It appears that Leavitt voted against the direct primary bill. For this he is charged with having betrayed the interests of the people. Now intelligent and educated men, whatever be their opinion regarding the direct primary, admit that there are two sides to the question as to whether this democratic device is beneficial to the people. So distinguished a scholar as Nicholas Murray Butler and so eminent an attorney as Joseph Choate, ex-Ambassador to England, neither of whom has ever been suspected of being antagonistic to the interests of the nation, are of the opinion that the direct primary does more harm than good. But if these gentlemen had been members of the Legislature when the direct primary was under discussion, the Bulletin to be consistent would have been impelled to impugn their honesty. And doubtless like Senator Leavitt they would have incurred the Bulletin's disinterested hostility by reason of their attitude toward the recall and on the question of the advisability of making it possible for a man accused of crime to obtain a change of venue in the event of his being up against a personally conducted judge. The fact of the matter is that it is extremely difficult for any honest man with the courage of his convictions to reconcile his opinions on public question with those of a demagogic editor. And certainly it seems unreasonable that one should be expected either to do so or to suffer himself to be abused like a pick-pocket. Yet these are precisely the alternatives between which not only Senator Leavitt but all men in public life must make their choice. For the press is worse than a great bully; it is a great bigot. All editors are not intolerant from sinister motives, but even many honest editors who have become habitually dogmatical and censorious, are like the buffalo who sees right forward, nothing on the right or the left. They cling to opinions adopted without investigation, defend them without argument, and see no virtue or truth but on their own side. It is because of this temperament, because of the furious bigotry of a despotic press that most men in public office must either lose their self-respect by abandoning their convictions or their reputation by sticking to them.

The Dread of Germs

Every day we are becoming more keenly sensible of the imminent dangers that lurk in the most commonplace utilities. Every day we are told of some new transient habitation of the deadly germ that longs for a retreat in our vitals. According to the doctors the human species is beset with germs, and were we to heed the scientific alarmists we should spend so much of our time taking precautions against death we should have no time to live. Now we are not disposed to question the truth of what the doctors tell us. When they are talking about germs they are talking about something they have studied. It is but fair to credit them with familiarity with the fauna of the human system as well as with all the insidious enemies of our species. So when they warn us against street car straps and advocate the use of a substitute less hospitable to germs we listen respectfully to their admonitions and appreciate their professional judgment. Indeed we are prepared to agree with them in the event of their recommending a self-fumigating substance as a substitute for our paper money which they have pronounced pregnant with the subtle instrumentalities of the Grim Reaper. If in the course of time they recommend the enactment of

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a law either prohibiting handshaking altogether or requiring precautionary sterilization they shall not meet with opposition from us. Realizing our utter inability to physic ourselves the doctors will always have our hearty co-operation. But with all due deference to a noble profession we will venture the suggestion that as a consequence of the dread of germs becoming somewhat of an obsession the doctors are shortening our lives by their eagerness to prolong them. We suspect them of having created a new disease—a compound of anxiety and fear. They are tyrannizing over our imagination, raising phantoms of dread, inflicting us with supernumerary distresses. It certainly exhausts the nerves of timid people to be constantly on the qui vive for man-eating germs while being almost certain that there is no possibility of escape. From what the doctors tell us we might as well conclude that there is nothing worth while in life but new schemes of sanitation. The creed of the doctors is to make the most of life on a sterilized basis with a germicide ready to hand. As a matter of fact most of the critical things in this "little gleam of time between two eternities" never happen; yet worrying about them causes more disease than all the ravenous bugs with which the prospect of life is said to swarm. It would be much better for us if instead of going about encased in an armor of prophylactics we induced philosophic calm by reflection on the experience of Aristophanes. Warned that he was to be killed on a certain day by the accidental falling of something on his head he decided to disappoint fate by leaving town and spending the day in the fields under the blue skies. As he was sauntering along an eagle flying overhead with a turtle in its talons dropped its prey. The turtle fractured the poet's skull and he wrote no more.

The Vision

This poem written by Louis A. Robertson, who died in this city last week, is here printed for the first time. It was written in the sanitarium where death liberated him from the iron grasp of a disease that had tortured him for eighteen years

One night when slumber mocked my sleepless eyes,
And silence reigned within my little room,
I saw an angel's face before me rise,
Her beauty glorified the midnight gloom.

She said to me, "Though we have lived apart
For long and lonely years, our God above
Knows that I throned thee in a faithful heart,
And prayed for thee with loyal lips of love.

My virgin vows I kept until the last
Faint breath of life parted my lips in prayer,
Then over seas and lands I swiftly passed
To find thee doomed to sorrow and despair.

'Tis scarce a moment since my spirit heard
The Voice that summoned me away from earth;
'Twas in a long and lethal swoon the word
Of God gave me my beatific birth.

He gave, as well, the vision that defies
All time and space, for I beheld afar
Majestic planets circling in the skies
Around the throne of God which is a star.

And then I heard the sweet and solemn voice
Of Him who wept in dark Gethsemane;
Ah, how it made my ransomed soul rejoice
With an unutterable love for thee.

He said the sacred and terrestrial troth
That shrined thee, dearest, in my aching heart,
Would gain God's saving mercy for us both,
And bring thee soon to me no more to part."

She paused and looked on me, then drawing near,
I felt upon my brow her fragrant breath;
She banished from my heart all doubt and fear,
And shrived my soul for my redeeming death.

Perspective Impressions

Young Theodore Roosevelt appears to abhor the limelight as heartily as his father loves it.

Representative Hayes has been again found out, but he is by no means abashed. Repudiated by the machine, distrusted by the reformers, nevertheless he will continue to play both ends against the middle with his old-time enthusiasm.

"I want to tell you," says Senator La Follette, "that Colonel Roosevelt is the greatest living American." For his magnanimity in thus renouncing first place "Battle Bob" deserves the plaudits of the whole Chautauqua Circle.

The Dean of Norwich has taken the pains to give the world his assurance that King George is not a drunkard but "a man of intense self-sacrific and high character." It is now in order for somebody to say a few words for the Dean of Norwich.

Quite as revolting as the depravity of the Berkeley tutor who was arrested in this city last week is the pornography that he inspired.

There will be many sane celebrations of Independence Day this year, but the only one that will be accorded much space in the dailies the morning after is to be pulled off at Reno.

Millionaire Bradbury says that prison experience has opened his eyes. This was to be expected. But it has also opened his purse for the benefit of paroled prisoners. This is almost miraculous.

Hiram Johnson will probably have no difficulty in acquitting his client Dr. Williard P. Burke now that the principal witness for the prosecution has gone to China. The supposition is that she got away without Hiram's knowledge, so preoccupied has he been with politics.

The Broderick Funeral Oration

Delivered by Col. Edward D. Baker

(In last week's Town Talk was published an account of the duel between Judge Terry and Senator Broderick and of the consequent death of the latter. The speech published today was delivered by Colonel Baker on September 18, 1859, over the dead Senator when his body lay in state in the Union Hotel on Portsmouth Square. Colonel Baker was one of the golden-tongued orators of California. Born in England in 1811 he was brought to the United States by his father in 1816 and lived successively in Philadelphia, Indiana, Illinois and St. Louis. Having inherited a passion for books young Baker studied law in St. Louis and was admitted to the bar. He served throughout the Black Hawk War and afterwards entered politics in Illinois, gaining considerable distinction on account of his ability as an orator and rising by degrees to the congressional dignity. He raised a regiment for the Mexican War and at its close went back to Congress. In 1852 he removed to San Francisco where he again won distinction as an orator, lecturer and political speaker. From here he went to Oregon and was chosen United States Senator, but the Civil War breaking out he again took the field as a brigadier general of volunteers. He was killed at Ball's Bluff on October 21, 1861. His body was brought to San Francisco and interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery. On the day of his funeral business was suspended in this city on account of the general mourning and immense throngs followed his casket to its resting place.—Editor's Note.)

Citizens of California: A Senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his toils and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be followed by no public lamentation. It is this conviction which impels the gathering of this assemblage. We are here of every station and pursuit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead. He lies today surrounded by little of funeral pomp. No banners droop above the bier, no melancholy music floats upon the reluctant air. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sigh compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have known him best and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the State, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond, the masses of the people whom he loved and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

In such a presence, fellow-citizens, let us linger for a moment at the portals of the tomb, whose shadowy arches vibrate to the public heart, to speak a few brief words of the man, of his life, and of his death.

Mr. Broderick was born in the District of Columbia in 1820. He was of Irish descent, and of obscure and respectable parentage; he had little of early advantages, and never summoned to his aid a complete and finished education. His boyhood and his early manhood were passed in the City of New York, and the loss of his father early stimulated him to the efforts which maintained his surviving mother and brother, and served also to fix and form his character even in his boyhood. His love for his mother was his first and most distinctive trait of character, and when his brother died—an early and sudden death—the shock gave a serious and reflective cast to his habits and his thoughts, which marked them to the last hour of his life.

He was always filled with pride, and energy, and ambition. His pride was in the manliness and force of his character, and no man had more reason than he for such pride. His energy was manifest in the most resolute struggles with poverty and obscurity, and his ambition impelled him to seek a foremost place in the great race for honorable power.

Up to the time of his arrival in California, his life had been passed amid events incident to such a character. Fearless, self-reliant, open in his enmities, warm in his friendships, wedded to his opinions, and marching directly to his purpose through and over all opposition, his career was checkered with success and defeat; but even in defeat, his energies were strengthened and his character developed. When he reached these shores, his keen observation taught him at once that he trod a broad field, and that a higher career was before him. He had no false pride; sprung from a people and of a race whose vocation was labor, he toiled with his own hands, and sprang at a bound from the workshop to the legislative hall. From that time there congregated around him and against him the elements of success and defeat—strong friendships, bitter enmities, high praise, malignant calumnies; but he trod with a free and a proud step that onward path which has led him to glory and the grave.

It would be idle for me, at this hour and in this place, to speak of all that history with unmitigated praise; it will be idle for his enemies hereafter to deny his claim to noble virtues and high purposes. When in the Legislature, he boldly denounced the special legislation which is the curse of a new country, he proved his courage and his rectitude. When he opposed the various and sometimes successful schemes to strike out the salutary provisions of the Constitution which guarded free labor, he was true to all the better instincts of his life. When, prompted by ambition and the admiration of his friends, he first sought a seat in the Senate of the United States, he aimed by legitimate effort to attain the highest of all earthly positions, and failed with honor.

It is my duty to say that, in my judgment, when at a later period he sought to anticipate the senatorial election, he committed an error which I think he lived to regret. It would have been a violation of the true principles of representative government, which no reason, public or private, could justify, and could never have met the permanent approval of good and wise men. Yet, while I say this over his bier, let me remind you of the temptation to such an error, of the plans and reasons which prompted it, of the many good purposes it was intended to effect. And if ambition, "the last infirmity of noble minds," led him for a moment from the better path, let me remind you how nobly he regained it.

It is impossible to speak within the limits of this address of the events of that session of the Legislature at which he was elected to the Senate of the United States; but some things should not be passed in silence here. The contest between him and the present Senator had been bitter and personal. He had triumphed. He had been wonderfully sustained by his friends, and stood confessedly "the first in honor and the first in place." He yielded to an appeal made to his magnanimity by his foe. If he judged unwisely, he has paid the forfeit well. Never in the history of political warfare has any public man been so pursued; never has malignity so exhausted itself.

Fellow-citizens! the man whose body lies before you was your Senator. From the moment of his election his character has been maligned, his motives attacked, his courage impeached, his patriotism assailed. It has been a system tending to one end—and the end is here. What was his crime? Review his history—consider his public acts—weigh his private character,—and before the grave incloses him forever, judge between him and his enemies.

As a man—to be judged in his private relations—who was his superior? It was his boast, and amid the general license of a new country, it was a proud one, that

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The Cult of Bacchus

By Major Ben C. Truman

If there had never been such things as alcoholic drinks within the reach of human kind perhaps it would have been better—perhaps there would have been much less misery even if far less joy. But, inasmuch as there has been a preference for wines and liquors from prehistoric times to the present day the subject will undoubtedly forever be one of inquiry and discussion and pretty general endorsement.

The Old Testament and the New, while they teem with counsel against immoderation of various kinds, have not a word condemnatory of the products of the wine press, properly used. As early in the Bible as Exodus (xxii.-29): "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits and of thy liquors" may be found. In Deuteronomy (xxxiii.-26-28): "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrows, of wines on the lees well refined." Isaac says to Jacob in Isaiah (xxv.-6): "Therefore, God give thee of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." And in Proverbs (ii.-9-10) Solomon says: "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Surely, if Christ ever performed a miracle it was when he turned ninety gallons of water into wine at the wedding feast of Cana of Galilee; while it is known that Saint Paul said to Timothy: "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." I might present no end of Biblical quotations to show that stimulants are repeatedly used therein as a symbol of God, and of His goodness and love to man. Isaiah employs wine as the symbol of salvation in the following famous passage: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

It is also proven by the Bible that men and women became drunken who used the wines and liquors of earlier days immoderately just as stimulants immoderately used by men and women in our own time often lead to intoxication. To carry their point and stay generally by the Bible, it has been stoutly claimed by Prohibitionists that the wines spoken of in the Bible were not really fermented liquors at all, but simply the unfermented juice of the grape. But there are scores upon scores of quotations, both from the Old and New Testaments, which show clearly that the Bible wines were, in fact, intoxicating drinks. The drunkenness of Noah, as related in Genesis, (ix., 20-25), and of Lot (Genesis, xix., 30-35), the testimony of Eli and Hannah (I. Samuel, i., 12-15), of Nabal (I. Samuel, xxv., 36, 37), and of Absalom (II. Samuel, xiii., 28), are proofs positive that in Biblical days wines made drunk men and women who used them to excess, just as surely as in our day. It is, indeed, difficult, in view of the almost endless array of passages in the Bible on this point, to comprehend how any honest student can doubt that the wines of the Bible were intoxicants, because in many of these passages drunkenness is expressly named and described. In Proverbs, for instance, we read this warning against intoxication: "The drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty"; and the prophet Isaiah shows that he knew that the wines of his time were not innocuous, for he says (xxix., 9, 10): "Stay yourselves and wonder; cry ye out and cry; they are drunken, but not with wine; they stagger, but not with strong drink." Evidently Isaiah had seen inebriate men act in his day just as they sometimes do in ours.

It was in the Prophet's time as in our own:—in the moderate use of alcoholic drinks joy and healthfulness; in their immoderate use sorrow and impaired life. There has never been any room for disagreement at least upon the manifold evils of intemperance. Every intelligent observer is deeply sensible of them. They have been stated over and over again in forms far more impressive than they can be presented here.

But the whole world indulges in intoxicating drinks. There is no place without them upon the habitable globe. And women, as well as men, from empresses to outcasts, stimulate the life-pulse, from the cradle to the grave. In mother's milk the babe takes ale, beer, or wine, for thus the nursing parent conscientiously nourishes herself. Weddings and wakes and birthday anniversaries are alike seasons when men and women baptize the stomach with spirit or vinous stimulus. Jewish weddings are notably convivial; and the most beautiful part of the ceremony which unites the bride and groom is the tasting of wine from the same goblet—signifying that they will drink together from the cup of joy or sorrow.

If we were to believe all the cranks and reformers who write and lecture, then we should be compelled to forswear all the foods and liquids of the world, and our orb would become uninhabitable and enter rapidly the phase of a dead star; for thousands have written as violently against the immoderate use of iced, aerated and other waters as have those who have written against liquors and wines. Quite as violent are opponents of tea and coffee as are those who oppose the moderate use of malt, vinous and spirituous liquors. There are those who forbid meats of all kinds; others would dispense altogether with cereals; and there are multitudes who eschew saccharine and starch even to an infinitesimal allotment, and insist that the whole human family should do the same. To be sure, as violently as have all these good things of life been denounced—by men and women of educational attainments as eagerly as by demagogues and cranks, and by that most hideous of all creatures, the (so-called) "reformed drunkard'—excessive eating and ice-water gulping have ruined more stomachs and sent more human beings to premature graves. Indeed, the world's statistics undeniably give the steady and even excessive consumers of spirituous drinks the trophies in the score of longevity.

Still, as noble, convivial and pleasant as John Barleycorn proverbially is, we should bear in mind that we must at all times be moderate in our associations with him, and also remember the incomparable example set us by that temperate and long-lived Venetian, Luigi Cornaro; and also by Martin Luther, who, after services Sundays, used to drink beer moderately with his brethren in the gardens of Wittenberg.

Corn or Rye whiskey is the standard drink of Americans, either plain or in the shape of julep, punch, cobler, toddy, nogg, fizz and cocktail, although they indulge in other whiskies and in nearly all other drinks known, and especially in champagne, ale and beer. But whiskey is the standard tod, through rainy or sunshiny weather, in sorrow or joy. Many American gentlemen keep fine brandies on their sideboards, but whiskey is the safer tod of the two, and has less headachy effects "the next morning." Peach-and-honey and apple toddy are favorite drinks in Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Alabama in winter. Tom-and-Jerry is served all over the United States during cold weather. It is a pleasant compound, and was invented by an Englishman who used to keep a place in New York seventy years ago.

There are many kinds of toddies—hot, cold, "soft," "dry," "sour," etc., made of rum, gin, brandy and whiskey. These are drunk all over the country, and are considered exceed-

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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The Countess Camille

By Francis Grierson

I had heard of her at the Embassy in Vienna, and when I was promoted to a more important post at St. Petersburg I had the good fortune to meet her on several occasions, but always at a reception or a ball, and on each occasion it seemed as if I had met her for the first time. She was known in society as the Countess Camille, and I had not yet succeeded in learning anything more definite about her family relations.

The Countess Camille was invariably accompanied by a little German baroness, who was a good linguist, and who acted as her companion. I had known the Baroness a long time, and at last concluded that she herself did not know the true history of the Countess.

And so it was.

One day I stood at the station in St. Petersburg, waiting to board the train for Paris, when two ladies approached; they were both enveloped to the eyes in furs, the weather being still cold for the middle of April, and as they came nearer I recognized the mysterious Countess and her German companion.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, greeting me, "how delightful! Let us travel together, at least part of the way; I always dislike traveling in a compartment set aside for ladies."

"That would be charming, " I remarked, and as the train was about to start I assisted her in, with the little Baroness following. We were the only occupants of the compartment, and were soon settled in our places, and by tipping the guard I made sure that no one else would intrude on our privacy. We talked of the weather, of the past season at St. Petersburg, of the opera, and many other things, the Baroness chiming in now and then with her nervous, tremulous voice, dotting our conversation here and there with exclamations and interrogations.

And now I observed every look and movement of the Countess Camille. There was no denying the extraordinary beauty, half Oriental, half Russian, of the woman seated before me. I had seen no face like it, even in Russia, where one sees so many women of a strangely complex type of beauty. Every time I looked at this woman, enveloped in furs of the rarest black fox, I received a fresh impression of bewilderment and mystery, and I felt that peculiar indefinable influence that radiates from certain natures born to mystify and to fascinate. I tried to guess her age, but in the maze of conflicting impressions I soon gave it up.

After a good deal of light talk, she opened a small satchel and took out a phial that glittered with all sorts of gems set in fantastic shapes, with arabesque characters engraved between the delicate spiral work of the stones. I did not realize the rare and peculiar beauty of this phial until the Countess held it up, opened the outer stopper by pressing a spring that sounded with a sharp click, and then a tiny inner stopper, and taking the handkerchief of the Baroness, slowly measured out one drop of the fluid and no more. It took a long time, first because of the small quantity required, second because of the thick oil-like quality of the fluid. Thus I had ample time to examine the exterior composition of the phial, and to note the fact that not more than one drop of its contents fell on the handkerchief.

"This is a souvenir of my sojourn in the Orient," said the Countess, with some languor, which I thought not unmixed with a suggestion of care and ennui.

Wonder and delight shone from the face of the Baroness; she seemed to have lost the power of speech, but at last she exclaimed: "Its effect is intoxicating! The odor puts one into a dream!"

The Countess gave a slight nod of assent as she began nonchalantly to fold a cigarette. For the moment I was so amused at the child-like amazement of the Baroness that I was hardly conscious of the potent effect being produced on my own senses by the odor from that one drop of golden elixir. I recognized in its ingredients the attar of roses and a slight tinge of musk, but more I could not make out, although I guessed in silence for a long time, calling to my mind all the rarest scents which I had known in my travels through Asia.

"And now," said the Baroness, still under the stimulus of the odor which seemed to vivify the very air we breathed, "perhaps you will tell us something about Constantinople, for we may never again have an opportunity like this."

The Countess Camille opened her pelisse at the neck, and at that moment I noticed a marked change in the expression of her face. I seemed to see her as another person. Her large, almond-shaped eyes looked darker and deeper than before, and her face became diffused with a slight crimson glow, which gave to her complexion a magnetic brilliancy that was dazzling. Surely this was a face that might turn the heads of statesmen, diplomats, and men of genius, and I congratulated myself that I was not in danger of succumbing to the magic of her perfumes, her jewels, her magnetic looks, and her winsome gestures. At last she said, addressing her companion:

"You have known me some time, and no doubt you have heard strange rumors about my early life."

"Certainly, Countess," said her companion, with a twinkle of expectation in her grey eyes.

"And yet you have only heard legends and old women's stories," said the Countess, as she made one of those bewitching gestures with her marvelous hand while shaking the ashes from her cigarette. "I will tell you some episodes in my early life, and you will soon see the difference between the legends and the reality.

"My father was a Russian and my mother an Austrian," she continued. "I was educated in a convent near Vienna, my mother having placed me there after my father's death. When my mother died, I was left in charge of my maternal aunt, who had full power to do with me as she pleased. I spent my nineteenth birthday at the convent, where all passed, as usual, in monotonous quiet, but the next day my aunt arrived and told me to dress myself in my best, as she was going to take me with her to Vienna.

"My aunt arrived early in the afternoon, in an old family coach, and within two hours' time we were on our way back to Vienna.

"She warned me to be as agreeable as possible to the high personage on whom we were about to call, and as convent life had given my face a serious expression I was told to smile, for, as you know, the Viennese like good humor and gaiety.

"Everything I saw from the carriage windows was new to my eyes, and when at last we got into the city, the bustle and noise almost stunned me. All seemed confusion; and the carriage rolled on and on, through narrow streets, across broad avenues, and again into dingy lanes, only to emerge for a moment and again enter narrow, winding streets. All this impressed me with singular force. My curiosity was now aroused as to the personage we were going to see. I wondered, in a vague way, what my aunt was going to do. At last, after crossing a bridge, we turned down an old street and soon into an old-fashioned court-yard. It was now growing dark, and lamps were being lighted. Servants appeared in brilliant liveries, and we were conducted, in a roundabout way, up a narrow flight of steps, then down a broad and magnificent staircase, then up again through

(Continued on Page 34.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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The Spectator

Gunst's Queer Codicil

The fact that State Senator Frank Leavitt of Alameda has brought suit against the Bulletin for $101,000, charging that he was libeled in a recent article denouncing his candidacy for renomination, serves to remind me of a very queer codicil which, I have been told, is part of the last will and testament of Mose Gunst. Mose Gunst in the days gone by when he was more of a figure in public life that he is now had reason to resent the license of some of our frontier newspapers and he adopted a curious method of recording his protest against this great evil. I am told on very good authority that he added a codicil to his will setting aside $5,000 for the legal defense of any person who should kill an editor for attacking him unjustly. I have known instances of newspaper proprietors leaving money for the defense of libel suits but this is the only legacy for inspiring editors with due caution in the wielding of their tremendous power of which I have ever heard. If Gunst's posthumous reminder to the newspapermen is upheld by the courts we shall observe a very decided improvement in the tone of editorial pronouncements.

A Great Reporter Here

John Slate of the New York World is at the St. Francis Hotel. Who is John Slate and why is he here? I can answer the first but not the second question. John Slate is the star man of the great Pulitzer paper. When there is the biggest kind of a detail to give to somebody on the World, Slate is the Somebody who gets that detail. As to why he is in San Francisco, I give it up. He is not out here to attend the Jeffries-Johnson fight for the big New York daily is already represented by its sporting editor, "Wurra Wurra" McLoughlin and the Evening World is also represented by its editor, "Bob" Edgren. Slate, I suppose, is out here on one of the important secret missions of his newspaper. Those missions in the past have taken him all over the world, so why not to San Francisco? One of Slate's biggest assignments and probably the most difficult was made when Pulitzer summoned him and said: "Mr. Slate, go and find John D. Rockefeller's father." It was at the time that Miss Ida Tarbell was publishing the life of John D. Rockfeller and her revelations as to the career of the oil king's parent suggested to Pulitzer the news value of an article dealing with his whereabouts and his opinion of his son. Slate worked for eighteen months on that detail and spent $60,000 and when he finally disentangled the clue to the elusive object of his hunt he found that the old man had been dead and buried for two months in the obscure part of Iowa where he lived under an assumed name. If Slate is looking for somebody in San Francisco I am perfectly sure that he will find him. Tremble, ye guilty in our midst!

Bowes' Financial Status

From Tacoma comes confirmation of my statement of last week that Ed Bowes' newspaper rating as a millionaire is not in strict accord with the rating which Dun or Bradstreet would give him if called upon for testimony. It looks as though Bowes is worse off than I thought. The land speculations in which he engaged with John H. Spring have not turned out well, owing to the fact that the Southern Pacific has not built its contemplated line from Portland to Tacoma. Instead of constructing a separate line the railroad has purchased a third interest in the Northern Pacific's main line between the two cities, thereby setting Bowes back, it is said, to the tune of about half a million. It is explained that owing to his losses his beautiful wife has resolved to forego the joys of her beloved domesticity and win a new stake from the box office. I am very sorry to hear that Bowes is in such difficulties, but knowing him as well as I do I haven't much doubt that he will eventually achieve a comfortable fortune on his own account.

The Problem of the Hour

Walter Parker of Los Angeles, a gentleman as distinguished for his wit and his alertness in repartee as for his generalship in politics was asked the other day if he did not consider it a curious anomaly that certain corporation-baiters in San Francisco who are continually shrieking about oppressive freight rates should be protesting against the reduction of rates between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. "Nothing curious about that," said Parker; "it only goes to show that the problem which inspires anti-railroad agitation is a local issue."

"Yes, I was fined $500 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter."

"Well, didn't you deserve it?"

"Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."

A Will Contest

During a symposium in the Palace Hotel the other day at which the gubernatorial contest was the subject of discussion an editor from the interior observed that the direct primary had brought about one of the most remarkable situations in the history of American politics. Asked to explain, he said that what seemed to be altogether a political contest was to a great extent a will contest. "Never before," he went on, "was the issue between special interests so clearly defined as it seems to be so far as two of the candidates in this campaign are concerned. Here we have Hiram Johnson running for Governor in behalf of Rudolph Spreckels and Charley Curry running for John D. Spreckels. Of course Curry is not John D. Spreckels's personal chattel, but unquestionably the Call's proprietor regards him as safe and sound for all purposes that may crystallize later on. They are warm friends. As to Hiram Johnson everybody who can glimpse things behind the scenes knows where he stands with reference to Rudolph, and the circumstance that Rudolph has absented himself from the State only serves to emphasize the truth for those to whom it is accessible." Continuing the gentleman from the interior observed that it was perhaps unnecessary to point out the circumstances in which a governor might be of great value to one side or the other in a will contest. He reminded his hearers, however, of the fact that when Jim Budd was Governor he made it possible for the Fair heirs to break their father's will.

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Smashing Anderson

Early this week word was sent out from both the Johnson and Curry headquarters to concentrate forces against Alden Anderson. The news had come from the interior that sentiment in favor of Anderson was manifesting itself in unexpected places. A hurry call was sent out for some of Johnson's old friends of the graft prosecution, and during a conference it was decided to stem the Anderson tide with large chunks of editorial poison. It was the consensus of opinion that Anderson could be beaten if the impression could be created that it was for his benefit that Governor Gillett stopped the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. So the editor of the Bulletin got busy at once and reeled off the desirable balderdash with the same facility with which a greased wad is rammed down a smooth bore rifle. A whole half page was devoted to the argument, and very large type was employed to ensure the weight that it was otherwise bound to lack. It is by such drivel that editors vindicate their faith in the feeble-mindedness of their readers.

The Passing of Mine Hostess

There is mourning in the Latin Quarter, for Rosa, the good wife of Mattias the restaurateur, has passed away. Some time ago Rosa was stricken with dropsy and her husband took her to Mexico, the land of her birth. She never rallied and died a short time ago. Mattias has returned to his little Mexican restaurant in Broadway, a very sad man. Once Mattias told a newspaper interviewer, "Me and Rosa fight like hell," but despite their quarrels, occasioned by the possession of hot Latin tempers, they loved each other deeply and sincerely and were seldom separated. So greatly has Mattias been affected by the death of his wife that he is already thinking of looking for surcease of sorrow in an extended trip abroad. If he goes he will probably put a sign on the door reading, "Gone to Europe; will be back in six months." It was in that casual fashion that Mattias announced his last departure from the city, much as another might announce his going out for lunch. On that last trip Rosa accompanied her husband; but this time he will go a widowed and heartsick man. How proud Rosa was of her husband and of his ability to speak nearly all the languages of Europe! Only once did she see him humiliated and that was when Haig Patigian, the sculptor, addressed him in Armenian and he could not answer. A beautiful woman Rosa was, with flashing black eyes, hair like the raven's wing and a figure that inspired many a Bohemian with poetical sentiments. It was her vivacious personality that went far to make Mattias' a famous resort. All over the world there are men and women who would say "God rest her" if they knew that Rosa had died.

The Success of Bob Davis

Robert H. Davis who used to hustle for news in this city has been so successful in New York that he is considered worth interviewing. To reach the heights where editors are anxious to exploit your personality is to be a Somebody in the metropolis and Bob Davis is undoubtedly a Somebody in magazinedom. From a half-page interview in the Telegraph I learn that he is the editor of the All Story, the Scrap Book and the Railroad Man's Magazine and associate editor of Munsey's, the Argosy and the Cavalier. This would indicate that Frank Munsey thinks rather highly of Bob; also that Bob has a large capacity for work. To the interviewer Davis told the story of his introduction to newspaper work in San Francisco. After working with his brother on the Carson City Appeal for some time Bob determined to go to San Francisco and told his father that he wasn't coming back until he wore a silk hat and creased trousers and had $1,000 in his pocket. The Carson City boys impressed on him the importance of dressing well so he bought a tan waistcoat embroidered with red horses jumping over green hurdles. "There were eight horses on my chest," he says, "and I felt like Lucky Baldwin on his stud farm. I went into the office of the city editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, and unconsciously, as the day was raw, my coat was buttoned. The city editor seemed to like me and gave me an assignment. I came in to write the story and took off my coat. There was a roar all over the office. 'I guess you don't want indoor work,' said the city editor. 'Come back in a year.' Maybe I was disheartened! I went to the Examiner and set type and after that I did reportorial work on all the San Francisco papers. I even started a magazine, Chic, getting all the best writers on my staff. I was strong for good stuff and pure English." Davis says he kept the promise he made his father about going back to Carson. He went there for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight with a silk hat, creased trousers and $2,700 in his pocket. Nobody knew him.

"Did you say that two artists had worked on your wife's portrait?"

"Yes, a portrait artist did her face and figure and a landscape painter her hat."

Abe Hummell's Tribute

Abe Hummell, the well-known New York lawyer, is enchanted with California. Having found San Francisco extremely to his liking he has gone south to test the beauties of Los Angeles, Pasadena and the rest of the resorts. Hummell was expressing his satisfaction with San Francisco to a group of local friends a few days ago and one statement he made impressed them particularly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have traveled considerably in my time, but not in Venice, not in Constantinople, not among the Swiss lakes, nowhere in fact, have I ever seen such beautiful sunsets as the sunsets I watched on San Francisco bay when I was in quarantine at Angel Island."

San Jose Landmark Sold

The old home of the Murphy family in San Jose, a landmark in the Garden City for nearly half a century, was sold at public auction last week. Standing in its

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PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

setting of wide lawns at Market street and Auzerais avenue this old home is known to everybody in the Santa Clara Valley as the scene of many brilliant entertainments. History, political as well as social, was made in the old Murphy home in the days that are gone. For a long time it has been unoccupied and the ravages of decay are everywhere visible. The house is rickety with age, the grounds are weed-grown. Owing to the accumulation of debts in the Murphy estate it was necessary to sell it and it passed under the hammer last Saturday. As the property is very valuable the old landmark will probably be torn down and replaced by a row of flats or a business structure. A superstitious feeling is said to be one reason why the old home will not be rehabilitated. All those who dwelt within it met with misfortune. It was erected by Joel Mason, a wealthy mining man and politician, but he fell on evil days and sold it to Frank Huntsman, another mining man. Reverses came to Huntsman and he was forced to mortgage the home. When the mortgage was foreclosed it passed into the hands of James McCord, a rich man of this city. But McCord seemed to incur the hoodoo of the residence and he sold it to Martin Murphy, the father of Barney Murphy, the present owner. While the Murphys lived there the home was the social center of San Jose, but owing to his lavish spendings and his extensive charities Martin Murphy died a poor man. Barney Murphy too went through his money, principally on account of a tender heart that could not withstand the appeal of another's misfortune. The Murphy family has passed from its affluent estate and the visible sign of the family's wealth and hospitality and charity will soon be no more.

The Emmons Case Again

The amiable correspondent of the Stockton Mail whom I took to task for distorting the truth of the Emmons case acknowledges that he was in error, thus proving himself an exceptional journalist. But Judge Lawlor is incorrigible. He has returned to the charge. This time through the medium of the Examiner, which seeks to befriend him by holding the Court of Appeal up to ridicule for having pointed out the cunning trick by which he deprived Emmons of a fair trial. "The judge," says the Examiner, "read to the jury the exact language of the statute on which the right of the defendant is based." This in the judgment of the learned editor he had a right to do. Judge Lawlor's friend of the Examiner staff cannot conceive how wrong could be done by reading a statute. Thus he reasons: A statute is law; it is legal to read the law; therefore it was legal for Judge Lawlor to read the statute. By the same token it would be legal in the case of a man charged with an assault with a deadly weapon for the judge to read the section about murder in the first degree, and thus intimate that it was lucky for the defendant that he was not being tried for a more serious offense. The point in the Emmons case was that Judge Lawlor did not instruct the jury but rather that he sought to influence the jury by innuendo. He read a section of the code which states a rule of evidence, a section that was intended not for the guidance of juries but for the guidance of judges. If he had the right to read that section he also had the right to read the code on the subject of perjury for the purpose of conveying the impression that the defendant was afraid to assert his innocence under oath. In short, Judge Lawlor had as much right to read the whole code as the section which he did read. But let it not be supposed that Judge Lawlor doesn't know that he did wrong. The judge isn't an imbecile. He is much wiser than the editor whom he induced to write himself down an ass.

Estimating Our Losses

I asked an experienced hotelman how much he thought the city had lost in actual cash owing to the ban placed upon the Jeffries-Johnson fight and he said that a conservative estimate would place the figure at five million dollars. When I expressed some incredulity at the vastness of the sum he asked me if I knew that it was estimated that the steamer "Cleveland" which stayed in this port for six days with its 1500 passengers had left three million dollars here. I did not know this but he assured me that the estimate had been made by an authority on the subject. Going into details he said that the management of the St. Francis Hotel estimated its gross loss at $100,000 and that the Palace placed its loss at the same amount. The Fairmont, he said, had lost $75,000 gross and the Stewart $30,000 and the Grand $15,000. The losses of the other big hotels he placed at from $5,000 to $10,000. He also told me that the St. Francis alone had between 1100 and 1200 reservations for the week of the fight and that to accommodate its expected guests it would have been necessary to fill the ballroom, the mezzanine floor and other parts of the hotel not generally so used, with cots. He said that bartenders would have stood behind the bar shoulder to shoulder in order to accommodate the thirsty throngs.

Others Would Have Benefitted

This hotelman reminded me that the hotels would not have been alone in reaping the harvest had the fight taken place here. The restaurants would have gathered in mighty sums of which some of them are greatly in need just now. The theaters and the saloons would have been large beneficiaries. It was pointed out to me that most of the men coming from the East where heat prostrations are taking place every day would arrive here in the thinnest of clothing and that our cold winds

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and fogs would have sent them shivering to the clothiers and the haberdashers for more appropriate costumes. Of course there are many other ways in which money would have been spent during the week or ten days that the crowd would have remained here, but it is unnecessary to enter into further details. We have lost the fight and we have thereby lost a great deal of money, but sighing and weeping will not bring the fight back or conjure the gold pieces into our purses. As a matter of fact a great many of the wealthy sports who have crossed the continent to see the fight at Reno will come on to this city after the Fourth for a few days of enjoyment. So things are not really as bad as they might have been.

Sophocles vs. Shakespeare

Is Sophocles a greater drawing card than Shakespeare? Are the great critics of the country more interested in "Antigone" than in "As You Like It"? This question is suggested to me by the fact that when Miss Maude Adams played Rosalind for the first time in her career at the Greek Theater recently, none of the eastern critics came here for the performance, while on the other hand, for the "Antigone" performance of Miss Margaret Anglin, we have in town William Winter, the dean of American dramatic criticism, James O'Donnell Bennett, the distinguished Chicago critic, Miss Alice Kauser, the most successful play broker in the country and Percy Mackaye, the poet and playwright. That this quartet should cross the continent to see Miss Anglin in the Greek play might be taken as an indication that Sophocles is more highly regarded than the bard of Avon, but I do not see the matter in that light. It happens that Miss Margaret Anglin is under the management of Mr. Louis Nethersole and the four distinguished visitors are stopping at the St. Francis as the guests of Mr. Nethersole. That helps to explain matters. Before becoming a manager Mr. Nethersole was a press agent and his press agency was unsurpassed. As the publicity broker of his sister, the statuesque Olga, Louis made the country ring with the fame of the Sappho kiss—and that was only one of his achievements. As the result of the presence in the Greek Theater of two critics from the East, a New York play broker and a fine poet and playwright Mr. Nethersole will obtain for his star an amount of publicity which cannot be weighed in gold but which will have its effect on the box office receipts for many a day to come. Miss Adams' manager is Charles Frohman and he was evidently too busy with other ventures to attend to the item of publicity in connection with her appearance in Berkeley. But Louis Nethersole is never too busy for little details like that.

The Liberated Poet

For Louis A. Robertson, the poet, who died in this city last week, death was indeed the golden key that opened the palace of eternity. Nearly all the great poets experienced great sorrows. It is believed that the loftiest poetry was born of the profoundest griefs, and certainly the lives of Milton and Homer teach us that out of suffering have emerged the most sensitive souls. What grief overshadowed the lives of Dante and Petrarch! How intense was the mental anguish of the Psalmist! But where shall we find anything comparable with the woof of pain woven into the warp of Louis Robertson's melancholy life? A true poet was Robertson; some exquisite poetry was written in the sweat of his physical agony, but nothing that he has written excites such intensity of feeling as the awful tragedy of his career. And yet Robertson poured out his grief in lines that inspire the deepest emotion. Who, for example, can read the following stanzas that conjure up the poet himself in the awful gloom of his misery without having his soul stirred to the depths:

My world has shrunk at last to this small room,
Where like a prisoner I must now remain.
I'd rather be a captive in the gloom
Of some deep dungeon, tearing at my chain,
For then, perchance, my freedom I might gain.
Ah God! to think that I must languish here,
Shackeled by sickness and subdued by pain,
To die a living death from year to year,
Joy banished from my breast and Sorrow brooding there.

I often think how once these stumbling feet,
That nevermore can bear me to my bed,
Were swift to follow, as the wind is fleet,
The baleful beam that to destruction led;
Nor paused I till the lurid light had fled,
Till on my ears there broke the dismal roar
Of that dark stream whose waters wail the dead;
Dumb with despair I stood and from that shore
Saw Charon's ghostly craft and heard his doleful oar.

O Marah! Marah! as thy bitter stream
Was turned to sweetness by the magic tree,
So the dark current of my years doth seem
To flow at times in murmuring melody;
'Tis when, Inspiring Muse, I turn to thee;
Then the light laughing loves of other days
Hide their false faces, or like shadows flee;
Oft had I fallen in these cheerless ways,
But heard thy whispered lips that rescue and upraise.

Now though these limbs are cold and almost dead,
And torture runs through every sluggish vein,
Yet is endurance out of suffering bred,
And fortitude to triumph over pain;
The wasted body shrinks, but still the brain
Urges the palsied hand along the sheet,
On which, alas, tears sometimes fall like rain:
But Fancy, even Misery can cheat
And in the pain-born thought oft find a refuge sweet.

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His Tragic Career

Through all the years of his terrible affliction Robertson never gave himself up wholly to despair. Suffering though he did the most excruciating torments, hope like a cordial inspirited his heart. He knew that he was in the grip of locomotor ataxia for life, but always he looked forward to the discovery of something that would ease his pain and sustain his strength. At times he was cheerful, and almost to the last he had hope of some day being able to sell his play "Montezuma," which he never tired of improving. He believed that this play would bring him money and enable him to defray his expenses. His needs were a constant source of anxiety to him intensifying his suffering a thousand fold. He was entirely dependent on the charity of friends, and for awhile, after the earthquake, he was neglected until James V. Coleman learned of his plight and came to his aid. It was Coleman that provided for the decent burial of Robertson, the same Coleman who befriended Dan O'Connell, the Coleman who saved many an unfortunate bohemian from a pauper's grave, and who has more than once filled the role of solitary mourner, paying the tribute of tears to deserted clay.

His "Dead Calypso"

I have a letter from Robertson written in July, 1908, certain excerpts from which I do not scruple at reproducing. "You will be sorry to hear," he wrote, "that I am approaching a helpless condition that may make it impossible for me to dress myself or do any more writing on this machine. It is eighteen years since the first symptoms of locomotor ataxia appeared, and I have always known what was waiting for me. I have, by working as much as possible on the typewriter, kept my fingers and hands in practice, but here all the conditions are unfavorable. If I were in some private room, as I have always been, I could without a doubt retard the ataxic derangement for some months at least. But that is impossible. I have no money and no prospect of getting any. Four or five of the men who have died from this disease—Sands Forman, Harry Veuve and others had money and those near them who made their way into the unknown free from the disadvantages I have to face. I have few friends left, but, thank God, one noble one, that is James V. Coleman. * * * All of my literary work will be in the hands of Jim Coleman. Another good friend of mine is George Sterling. * * * Now I want you to do me a threefold favor. It is this: to publish the enclosed version of 'The Dead Calypso.' If ever a man was sorry for what he had written I am for the first version of this poem which was published in book form seven years ago; many of the lines were imperfect, and there was too much lust in it, and yet the Times-Democrat pronounced it the best poem written in this country since Poe's Raven * * *" For a year immediately preceding his death Robertson was well cared for in a private room at the Buena Vista Sanitarium, and his expenses were paid by James V. Coleman, who is now his literary executor.

His Workmanship

Aside from the great difficulty of naming the men among one's contemporaries who will gain a foothold in the temple of literary fame, it is beyond the capacity of the average critic to judge whether Robertson's poetry possesses qualities that will contribute to its permanence. But undoubtedly it has some of the qualities that belong to what is permanent in our nature and life. It certainly breathes the essentials of man's experience. While there was in the poet an excess of sensuous feeling and very little of ethical aim, his poetry reveals him as a master of the melodies of verse. This predominated in his nature, but he treated topics of the spiritual order with thoughtfulness, grace and wisdom. There is much in Robertson that reminds us of Swinburne's "lilies and languors of virtue," his "raptures and roses of vice." Like Swinburne, also, he showed a tendency to indulge too freely in those conceits of language by which feebler poets have sought to compensate for their lack of the higher poetic qualities; but technically his workmanship is almost flawless, and there are many touches of grace and beauty scattered through his books. In some of his exquisite sonnets which are marked by simplicity and restraint he has shown a deep feeling for the poetic art. It was by his sonnets that he first attracted the attention of critics, but it was his "Dead Calypso" that gave him what measure of fame he enjoyed.

"I suppose you heard what Meanley did in church last Sunday when the plate came around to him?"

"Dropped a button in it, I suppose."

"Worse than that. He leaned over and whispered: 'I paid the pastor's carefare yesterday. We'll call it square.'"

The Mullally and Abbott Cases

What the Supreme Court will do in the cases of Thornwell Mullally and William M. Abott, in whose behalf application for a writ of habeas corpus was made this week, is of course something that even the learned jurists who sit up aloft are as yet unable to say. But during Mr. Garret McEnerney's brilliant and impressive argument in support of the application more than one member of the court gave voice to his sentiments. At the opening of the argument Justice Angellotti manifested some impatience, indicating by his manner and words that in his opinion when a man is deprived of the right of trial his only redress is by way of mandamus proceedings. This at first seemed to be a strongly intrenched

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preconceived notion, but its ventilation gave Mr. McEnerney the opportunity to argue the question after the Socratic method, the result being that the distinguished jurist showed signs of abandoning his position. Chief Justice Beatty and Justice Henshaw expressed themselves along lines that indicated their sympathy with the views of counsel, and Justice Shaw, though he was not inclined to take a definite position, seemed more disposed to acquiesce in, than challenge, Mr. McEnerney's exposition of the law.

A Layman Dissents

Reverting to Judge Angellotti's theory of the law, it strike me as being somewhat unsound since upon analysis it seems to imply that there is more of a burden on accused persons than the principles of justice demand. The law requires the government to prosecute and prove its charges. The defendant is not required to do anything—not even to prove his innocence. There is not the slightest obligation imposed on a defendant. Yet according to Judge Angellotti it may become necessary for a defendant to set the machinery of justice in motion in order to compel the State to perform its duties. This theory is certainly not consonant with the fundamental guarantees of personal liberty. The law is very jealous of the rights of the individual. How extremely jealous it is the rule with regard to excessive bail serves to illustrate. For exacting excessive bail a judge may be impeached. Yet Judge Angellotti would have us believe that a judge may keep an indictment hanging over a man's head for three years without the remotest intention of ever giving him a trial, and that there is nothing for the man to do but apply for a writ of mandamus in order to get—not his liberty but a trial at the hands of a judge who is obviously disposed to deny him justice. Judge Angellotti has probably lost sight of the origin of the Habeas Corpus Act. This famous act of parliament was passed under Charles II, and was intended to insure a person arrested, whether by warrant or on the spot, that at his demand he be brought by the person detaining him, before a judge who may liberate him, bail him or remand him. According to that eminent authority Francis Lieber the habeas corpus act insures a speedy trial, a trial by the law of the land and by the lawful court—three points of the last importance." And in a footnote Lieber gives this information which has a direct bearing on the Mullally and Abbott cases: "Long imprisonments before trial are customary means resorted to on the continent of Europe in order to harass the subjects. Guerrazzi and other liberals were sentenced in Tuscany on the first of July, 1853, after having been imprisoned for fifty months before ever being brought to trial. It is useless to mention more instances; for long imprisonment before trial is the rule in absolute governments whenever it suits them."

"The stage detective must be doubly clever."
"How so?"
"He must disguise himself so that he will be recognized by everybody in the audience and nobody on the stage."

Hittell's Book to be Republished

In 1860 Theodore Hittell, the well known historian who is now white with more than the psalmist's allotment of years, published the Adventures of James Capen Adams. Capen Adams was a famous hunter and trapper whose career was crowded with wonderful deeds and escapes. Old-timers will remember him at Woodward's Gardens with his tame grizzlies. He trapped a great many animals for several circuses and was with Barnum in the heyday of the great showman's career. His life as narrated by Hittell reads like a book of fiction and immediately after its publication became a favorite boys' book. It was beautifully written and has been highly praised by the most authoritative writers on animals. For many years now this book has been out of print but by no means out of demand. On account of this fact the Scribners recently informed Hittell that they were prepared to issue a reprint of the work and would pay the author a handsome royalty. So the boys of the present generation have a treat in store for them.

Carpenter's Chinese Stories

There is no white man in San Francisco who knows Chinatown and its oriental denizens like Grant Carpenter. As a newspaperman and as an attorney he has acquired an intimate understanding of the Chinese mind and character by no means inferior to Hearn's understanding of the Japanese or Burton's understanding of the Arab. So the news that he has disposed of a series of eight Chinese stories possesses considerable literary interest. These stories will appear in the Sunset Magazine in the beginning of next year at the same time that a serial by the Williamsons commences. I am glad to say that Carpenter has received the standard eastern rate for his fiction.

He—So Brown's wife has left him. I am sorry to hear it.
She—But I thought you didn't like Brown.
He—I don't—that's why I'm sorry.

Political Finesse

"Wallie" Miller, the well known architect and member of the Union League Club, bears a striking resemblance to Hiram Johnson, the Lincoln-Roosevelt aspirant for the gubernatorial nomination. Despite this likeness, however, Miller is not for Johnson but is very enthusiastic in the cause of Charlie Curry. A few days ago on a Telegraph avenue car in Oakland "Wallie" was approached by a whiskered individual who mistook him for the standard-bearer of the reformers. "Mr. Johnson," said the hirsuted one, extending a tanned paw, "I am for you and I hope you win. I am just going down to the registrar's office to register so I can sign your petition." "Wallie" Miller smiled genially; he is getting used to the mistake in identity. "My dear sir," he replied, "I am very much flattered by your good wishes. However I already have all the signatures to my petition that I need in Alameda County, so I would advise you to sign for the next best man in the race, Mr. Charlie Curry." "Why certainly, Mr. Johnson, I'll be glad to do that," said the unsuspecting Oaklander, filled with admiration of the candidate's magnanimity. And Miller says that he doesn't care how often he is mistaken for Johnson if it enables him to do Curry more good turns.

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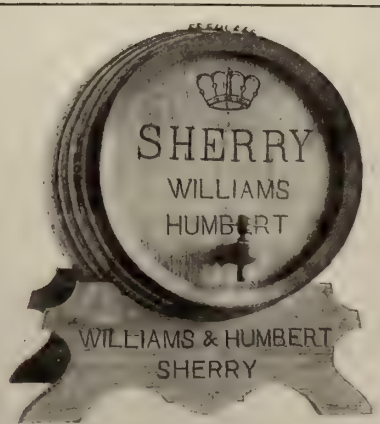

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An Explanation of Hard Times

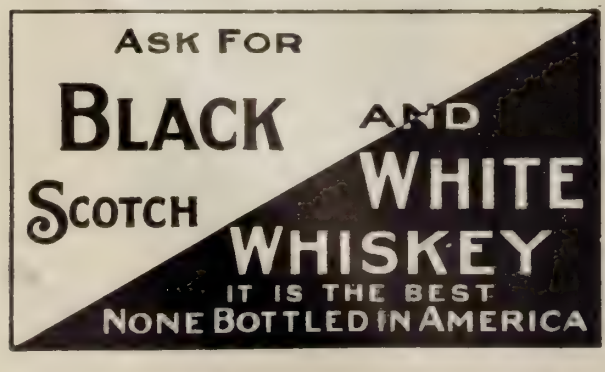
I have heard all sorts of reason advanced to account for the very real business slump which the croakers are croaking about. Some attribute it to the high cost of living superinduced by the new tariff law, others to the exorbitant rents which landlords are exacting in the downtown business district and still others to the mad passion for luxury which people in all walks of life seem to be indulging at the expense of necessary things. The latest reason I have been given is that San Francisco is having hard times on account of the unusual prosperity of the farmers. This may sound paradoxical but there is sound sense behind it. All over California the crops this year are superabundant and the farmers have been engaged longer than usual in gathering them in. In consequence they have been too busy to leave the country for the city and the merchants have had to do without the generous patronage which they distribute when they come to town to spend their year's earnings. In other words the crops have been harvested, but they have not yet been marketed and the money which usually flows into San Francisco before the summer season is thus far advanced has not been forthcoming. This explanation was given to me by a man who is extensively interested in local banks and who should know whereof he speaks.

A Change at the Fairmont

I am informed that commencing September 1 the Fairmont Hotel will be conducted on the American plan. This news is rather surprising as the tendency of all big hotels has been for a long time in the opposite direction. However, as the Fairmont is under the same management as the Palace, it is probably thought that there will be more profit in running one hotel on the European and the other on the American system. The only other hotels in this city run on the American plan are the Stewart and the Grenada. The Bellevue which will be opened about August 15 will also be conducted that way. So San Francisco will have just four American plan hotels of the first class. Throughout the State there are hotels conducted after the same fashion, notably Coronado and Byron. Who knows but that the action of the Fairmont signalizes the backward swing of the pendulum in hotel keeping to a system once extremely popular?

Carmel's First Great Man

Although Carmel-by-the-Sea is being celebrated far and wide as the destined literary center of America, its first native product is a soldier, not a poet. Donald H. Connolly of Carmel is neither a litterateur nor the son of a litterateur. He is a soldier and the son of a soldier. The father was Captain Thomas Connolly of the Twenty-fourth Infantry and the son, a native of peaceful Carmel, was recently graduated from West Point where he stood number eight in a class of eighty-two. In thus producing a man of war before a man of letters Carmel is proceeding in the natural order. Sparta had her great soldiers before she gave birth to Tyrtaeus who inspired her army with victorious courage by chanting his martial odes. Who knows but that in the days to come when Connolly, the Carmelite soldier, is leading his army to victory a Carmelite poet will have risen to cele-



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DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, whose name was San Francisco Savings Union (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), Northwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st. Money deposited between June 15th and Monday, July 11th, both days inclusive, commences to earn interest from July 1st. R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1910. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter street. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1st. Money deposited on or before July 11th will earn interest from July 1st. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier. 7-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1910. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree in partition given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 2nd day of June, 1910, in a certain action then pending in said Superior Court and numbered 28,762, on the register of actions thereof wherein Christian H. F. Otten, also known as C. H. Otten, Friederich Otten, Heinrich Friederich Georg Dauber, also known as Georg Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, Heinrich Theodor Carl Dauber, also known as Heinrich Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, and Katherine Peters, were plaintiffs and Friederich Wilhelm Heinrich Seedorff, Hermann Haase, Gustav Wilhelm Haase, Dorette Wilhelmine Engeline Friese and Heinrich Karl Gustav Friese, her husband, City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Doe, Mary Roe, John Green and Sarah Green were defendants, which said judgment was on the 3rd day of June, 1910, recorded in Judgment Book No. 32 of said Superior Court at pages 458 thereof, and following, I, Fred H. Stanle, the undersigned, as the referee appointed in and by the said decree, will on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1910, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Market Street entrance of the building known as and called the Grant Building at the southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, sell to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, the following described parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

1. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet southerly from the southerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence southerly along said easterly line of Howard Street sixty (60) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning. Being part of Mission Block No. 33. Together with the improvements thereon.

2. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Shotwell Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence northerly along said easterly line of Shotwell Street fifty (50) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon.

3. Commencing at a point in the northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southeasterly from the corner formed by the intersection thereof with the southeasterly line of "Q" Street, South, running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, and the point of beginning. Being Lot Forty (40) in Block three hundred and thirty-two (332) "O'Neil and Haley" tract, unimproved.

4. Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Sargent Street and the westerly line of Head Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Sargent Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet to the westerly line of Head Street, and thence at right angles southerly and along the westerly line of Head Street one hundred (100) feet to the said northerly line of Sargent Street and the point of beginning. Being lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 43 of the "City Land Association" Tract.

5. A certain lot in Harmony Section, Odd Fellows Cemetery, 12x15 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent of the purchase price at time of sale, and balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court. Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 29th, 1910.

FRED. H. STANLE, Referee.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

brate his mighty achievements? And who knows but that some vile punster will then arise in the literary center of America to remark, before he is stoned to death, "In Carmel poeta nascitur, in Carmel Connolly fit."

A Defense of Profanity

Tom O'Connor, one of the wittiest of our young lawyers, recently bought a summer home in Larkspur and had no sooner occupied it with his family than he was drawn into the maelstrom of Larkspur litigation. The case was one of tremendous import. A grass fire broke out one afternoon and a member of the volunteer fire department, one Larsen, rushed to headquarters for a chemical extinguisher. The extinguisher was heavy so Larsen commandeered the delivery cart of an ice cream parlor to convey it to the scene of the conflagration. Now the two estimable young ladies who conduct the ice cream parlor do not like Larsen so they rushed out to protest against the appropriation of their property. But Larsen was determined to put out that grass fire at all hazards so he whipped up the horse and hurried away after flinging a couple of round imprecations at the indignant young ladies. The young ladies retaliated by having Larsen arrested for disturbing the peace and retained a youngster recently admitted to practice to prosecute him. Nothing would do Larsen but that Tom O'Connor should defend him. It was a trial by jury and all Larkspur attended. Remembering his own salad days O'Connor was careful to assist the maiden barrister on the other side in every manner possible, but his kindness was not appreciated by the youngster, so Tom decided to confine his efforts to his client and at the same time to teach the ungracious prosecutor a lesson. I am told that the youth was roundly "trimmed" by his experienced opponent, but the great event of the trial with which Larkspur is ringing from the slough to the canyon was O'Connor's closing plea to the jury. It was a masterly and exhaustive defense of profanity. O'Connor proved that fire-fighters from the time of Gulliver to the late David Scannel were noted for the impetuosity of their speech and actions and he wound up with the following plea: "Why, gentlemen of the jury, if the youthful opposing counsel had been with Farragut at Mobile and had heard him say 'Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!' he would have had him arrested for disturbing the peace." After that there was nothing to it and Larsen was triumphantly acquitted.

Bay Cities Water

The people of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda are signing the contracts of the Bay Cities Water Company by the thousands, and it will be only a short time now until the company will begin the construction of its plant in those cities. The plant will be built in accordance with the most modern engineering ideas and will be of sufficient scope to adequately supply the needs of the bay country for many years to come. It will be constructed to meet the wants of double the present population of the cities. The Bay Cities Water Company has seventy-five million gallons daily supply in its Mt. Hamilton water sheds, available for immediate use. Work will begin when the people have signed contracts for five million gallons daily consumption. While the initial rate asked is 32 cents per one thousand gallons, it is certain, judging from the alacrity with which the property owners are signing, that the number of million gallons contracted for will be so large by the time the plant is constructed that the first water supplied will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-six or twenty-seven cents.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Coffin's Return

The stimulant of absence may become so overpowering that the mind will refuse to act contrary to the heart. In support of this thesis let me adduce the case of a charming girl who instead of summering along the Mediterranean this year has returned to her suburban home in Marin County, greatly to the disappointment of her family. Incidentally everyone is on the qui vive for her next move which is expected to take the form of a very formal announcement before many weeks. When Miss Sara Coffin made her au revoirs this spring, going East with her mother, Mrs. James Coffin and her sister Natalie, there were those who wondered what the effect of her absence would be. The family had planned to meet Mrs. Edward Griffith in New York, and Miss Sara was to accompany the latter with whom she is a great pet, on a tour of the continent. The wardrobes had been prepared accordingly, with trunks full of swagger traveling togs and dainty frilly things to wear at the various resorts in southern Europe. But Miss Coffin had left behind an ardent wooer in the person of Wharton Thurston and every mail brought her his letters from Ross. Sara wasn't particularly interested in the various places which she visited in the East and Canada with her mother and sister and didn't even manifest any undue excitement over the pretty duds which Mamma Coffin purchased in New York. Finally, when the day came for sailing, all the smiles had crept from her bonnie countenance. Timidly, but very determinedly, she told Mamma Coffin she wouldn't go abroad, that she much preferred Ross and San Rafael to all those musty, old fogey places in Europe and that Mrs. Griffith would have to go alone. The family urged and cajoled but Sara knew what she was about and wouldn't budge even across the ferry. Finally the family had to yield, and the trip to Europe was deferred. Young Thurston's joy is great and unconcealed.

A Parallel Case

Since Miss Coffin's return home the other day with Natalie and her mother everyone is wondering if her case will parallel that of Carol Moore, now Mrs. Arthur Geissler who went abroad one season with her parents. Carol who was pretty much the same sort of a bonnie merry girl as Sara Coffin is, wrote back home that she preferred the dusy roads of Blithedale to the dirt of Rome anytime and what folks could see in Europe in preference to California was more than she could understand. So ennuied did she become that the family decided to let her return with some friends. In Blithedale was Arthur Geissler and straight from Rome, as fast as modern transportation could carry her, Carol came to Blithedal. It was just a short time afterwards that the engagement was announced. Which reminds me of the entirely different case of a bride now touring Europe. This is the prankish Genevieve Walker, bride of Billy Burke. Mrs. Burke recently wrote to a girl friend here that the most enchanting thing about European travel was the number of tunnels that the railroads provided, and the more tunnels, the more popular the railroads. One such road she called "The Honeymoon Trail."

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett of Chicago are domiciled at the St. Francis for a short stay in San Francisco.

Pathos in Clothes

Over at the University of California summer school a learned woman has been expatiating on the "pathos of the blue wrapper." This learned person hails from the University of Chicago and it seems that lecturing on the blue wrapper and its pathos is the latest educational wrinkle in the Windy City. As Berkeley prides itself on being au courant with the culture of the middle west

Photo, Schaft MISS IRENE WEBSTER

A beautiful and popular society girl of Oakland who was bridesmaid to Miss Alice Dewing on the occasion of her recent wedding to Norman Price Ellis, the brother of Mrs. Francis M. (Borax) Smith.

it is not surprising that the classes at the summer school should be moved to tears by the hitherto unsuspected sadness that lies hid in the folds of the blue wrapper. The "blue wrapper problem"—to use summer school cant—may be summarized in a sentence: "Pity your poor old mother." Of course a lecturer from Chicago would never put it that way; neither would any of her pupils; but that is a correct summary. The blue wrapper is used to symbolize "the irresponsive woman not yet awakened to her cosmic consciousness." In other words she is the placid woman content to stay at home, wrapped in a factory-made blue calico garment, "dead to the lure of learning, insensible to woman's new posi-

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tion." In university circles where woman's new position is a matter of great concern this woman's case is considered very pathetic. But I can't see it. The mothers of most of our feminine lecturers and university students wore blue wrappers in their time and demanded no pity. If they had adopted the style of wearing expensive house gowns their daughters might never have been able to afford university training and so would never have discovered how superior they are to their

Photo, Scharz

MISS SUSIE HALL

The youthful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hall of Mill Valley who has just announced her engagement to Mr. Lorraine Langstroth.

mothers. For the benefit of those who are not posted on current university activities let me explain that the exposition of the pathos of the blue wrapper is part of the summer course in household economics.

Dancing and Culture

Let me hasten to say that the pathos of the blue wrapper is not the only subject which is being illuminated at the summer school across the bay. The scholastic pendulum swings from one extreme to the other. In another department of the summer school the talk of the lecturers deals with "the esthetic value of the carousel, the csardas and the pastourelle." These lecturers interpret the symbolic and pantomimic dances of Europe because forsooth they have proved "adaptable for playground work, thereby illustrating the physiological, psychological and educational significance of play." In the girls' gymnasium every day young women go through the mazes of the hopping dance, the board-walk dance, the Nixie polka, the Highland schottische and other evolutions, not for frivolous reasons but as part of their baccalaureate course. A great institution is the summer school of our university where the youthful feminine mind may turn from the overpowering pathos of the blue wrapper to the symbolic significance of the csardas. If I had any reason to hope that Prexy Wheeler might some day be induced to tread the mazes of a csardas I might go to the summer school myself, but not on any other pretense. I am so old-fashioned that all this stuff seems to me the veriest rubbish and I would lay liberal odds that the lecturer who talks so glibly of the pastourelle could not give offhand an intelligent account of the pastorell.

The Paradise of Lady Smokers

From recent observations I am inclined to think that when ladies desire to enjoy the privilege of smoking in public they go to the Cliff House. I am at a loss to account for this condition unless it be due to the smiling tolerance which Mine Host Farley extends to those members of the weaker sex who long for the unconventional indulgence. At the Cliff House the dear ladies may dally with the cigarette to their hearts' content. On Monday night there was a distinguished dinner party at the Cliff House. It included General and Mrs. C. R. Edwards, Colonel Biddle, Captain and Mrs. Larz Anderson and Miss McKinstry. All the ladies of the party except Miss McKinstry produced their cigarette cases during the dinner and smoked with evident enjoyment. Which goes to show that European manners are slowly stealing into this city by way of the Cliff House.

Playwright's Wife Well Known Here

A great deal of interest was taken in the production here of "An American Widow" because the wife of the author, Kellet Chambers, is a San Francisco girl. The play was given at the Alcazar recently by Virginia Harned and William Courtenay. Mrs. Chambers was formerly Mary Williams, the daughter of the late Robert Williams. She is well known in the newspaper world. She began her career as a newspaper woman in this city after the death of her first husband, Seymour Davidson, and afterwards went to New York where she gained fame on one of the papers under the name of Kate Carew. Later she met and married Harry Chambers, the playwright. He is a brother of Haddon Chambers, author of "The Tyranny of Tears" and owing to the similarity of the names Haddon and Harry he signs his plays Kellet Chambers. Mrs. Chambers' mother was one of the pretty Gluyas girls prominent here in early days.

On the Primrose Path

After going the pace that kills for a short time a well known army officer now lies in a hospital desperately ill. I can imagine the sort of reflections which dwell with him as he reviews his recent dissipations. It would be wrong to tell the name of this army officer. He is well

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known and so is his wife, but to envelop the family in a scandal would not serve to point the moral any more forcibly and I am in the mood for moralizing. The friends of this army officer realized some time ago that he was neglecting his wife and children for the society of an affinity. Perhaps they expostulated with him but if so, their expostulations did no good. His dissipations became wilder and wilder. One night he took his companion to the St. Francis Hotel and registered. He is so well known that the house detectives were quickly aware of his presence and he was peremptorily told to leave. There was a scene but in the end he saw the futility of argument and took his affinity elsewhere. In the endeavor to depart quietly he broke through the glass of the door near the tapestry room rather than pass the desk in the lobby. The next day the army officer returned to the hotel to denounce the management and to threaten legal proceedings, but he was coldly received. He persisted in his quarrelsome mood, however, and one of his bits of foolishness was to attempt to bribe two policemen with twenty dollar gold pieces in the presence of a couple of newspapermen. It might be thought that sober reflection would make the army officer so ashamed of his conduct that he would cease his erratic conduct and return to his family. But this did not happen. Instead he attempted at the Palace what he had failed to accomplish at the St. Francis. Again he was ordered out. And then he was taken ill. Perhaps it is a merciful illness which will save him from deeper degradation. All his friends hope that he will recover to repent his folly, for the was once a good man and it is a shame that he should go wrong.

A Comparison in Tableaux

San Franciscans in the great audience which witnessed the Tableaux Vivants in Paris, June 2, were unanimous in stating that Mrs. Walter S. Martin and her little daughter Mary who posed as "Mme. Vigee Le Brun et sa Fille" in the San Francisco Tableaux at the Hotel St. Francis, April 5, eclipsed Mrs. William Miller Graham and her daughter who represented the same picture in Paris. The Paris success which was given at La Salle Gaveau in aid of Holy Trinity Lodge and Hospital, was a brilliant social event; and was attended by many members of the American Colony in Paris, including many of the San Franciscans who took part in the tableaux given here when Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., Miss Eleanora Sears of Boston and all the talented members of the local smart set took part.

An Ambitious Project

The success of the Tableaux Vivants, the concerts of the St. Francis Musical Art Society (which correspond to the Bagleys of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York), the plays of the fashionable San Francisco Stage Society and other entertainments of the past season, has induced the Hotel St. Francis to order a large number of new sets of scenery to add to its already lavish equipment for the theater in the Colonial Room. Among these, it is hoped, will be an artistic setting for Maeterlinck's beautiful symbolical play, Sister Beatrice, which has been the most notable production of the New Theater this year. Whether this play is produced here depends upon the success of a few public-spirited citizens who are endeavoring to arrange for an "endowed season" of plays representing the highest achievements of contemporary dramatic art as interpreted by the best artists in America. It would, of course, be impossible to make such a season pay; and an effort will therefore be made to secure, by subscription among the wealthy families of the city, an amount sufficient to defray the expense.

An Endowed Theater

The attendance will be by invitation, but an especial effort will be made to ensure the attendance and cooperation of every prominent artist and musician in the cities around San Francisco Bay; for the ultimate aim of the gentlemen who are advancing this idea is to demonstrate that there is here a sufficient appreciation of plays with an intellectual appeal to justify the erection of an endowed playhouse in San Francisco. This theater would be erected in the heart of the city, probably facing Union Square, and would for a large part of the year be devoted to presenting those dramatic works which are avoided by the average manager because of a fear that they are above the level of the average intelligence, and for the remainder of the year to a season of grand opera. The prices throughout the year will be very low, such as prevailed in the old Tivoli when Salassa and Tetrazzini

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originally sang there; for the promoters realize that the low-priced grand opera, patronized for months running, was one of the big assets of San Francisco before the fire, and gave her an enviable reputation among the art centers of the world—a reputation such as no other American city possessed. It is believed that a successful season in the St. Francis theater would ensure a large public subscription and also municipal assistance for a project not only to restore to citizens of modest means the opportunities for esthetic development they formerly possessed but to create in San Francisco an attraction that would be one of the strongest forces in bringing here those travelers who now go abroad to find the greater charms of living.

A Silver Wedding Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bernhard Schroeder are giving an "at home" today at San Carlos. The affair is to celebrate the silver wedding of this well known couple and brings to mind their elopement which startled society twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Schroeder was then the young widow of Horace Hawes Jr. Hawes had only been dead seven months when his widow in a most romantic manner went out on a tug and was married by Rev. Mr. Fackenthal to the handsome young Schroeder who was a few years her junior. She had two small children, Eugenie (now Mrs. Crabtree, wife of Rev. D. M. Crabtree), and Horace, a few months old, who died when seven years old. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder never had any children. Mrs. Schroeder was pretty Eugenie McLean when she married young Horace Hawes whose father was a well known lawyer and a most eccentric old man. Of the long litigation of Mrs. Horace Hawes Sr. over old Horace Hawes' will society need hardly be reminded. He willed his immense fortune to the church and charity but his widow eventually won. She gave with a lavish hand to all her relatives and conferred the bulk of her fortune on her two children, Horace Jr. and Caroline, now Mrs. Jimmy Robinson. Eventually she found herself poor and entirely dependent upon her children in the declining years of her life. The contest of the Hawes' will occupied the courts for many years and the testimony was more sensational than that of any case fought in our courts in recent years. Oldtimers have been recalling these things apropos the celebration of the Schroeder silver anniversary.

Tantalus Told It First

A few months ago when Miss Florence Hopkins left for a tour abroad I predicted that an engagement would be announced between Duval Moore and this charming young girl, calling attention to the undisguised manifestations of their mutual affection. On the day preceding her departure Miss Hopkins and Mr. Moore went up and down Broadway and Buchanan streets making calls. Their devotion was observed of all observers while they themselves were totally oblivious of the outside world. Now we are told that the engagement will soon be announced. As usual Town Talk was ahead of the bavardes. Miss Florence Hopkins is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins. Her sisters are all prominent in the smart set. Mrs. Augustus Taylor (Helen Hopkins), Mrs. William H. Taylor Jr. (Edna Hopkins), and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear (Georgie Hopkins). Of an only brother Samuel Hopkins 'tis said that his engagement to the intimate friend of Miss Florence Hopkins has long existed, although not formally announced.

The Fairmont Season

The coming social season promises to be particularly gay this winter at the Fairmont, and more reservations have been made by prominent society folk who will spend the winter at the fashionable hostelry than were made last year. The formal season will open November 4 when Edward M. Greenway will entertain the elite with one of his famous assemblies in the Louis Quinze ball room. As Greenway does not expect to return from Europe until some time late in October, the first of the assemblies will be a brilliant function and will be attended by all the debutantes, past and to come, the dowagers who have been abroad for months, and the young men of society—all eager to greet the returned traveler. In December there will be two assemblies danced at the Fairmont on Friday, December 2 and December 28. Mr. Greenway will make the latter a Christmas party and the favors and decorations will be suggestive of good old St. Nick. The last Friday of February will also be an assembly night, but the dates have not been made further ahead than that.

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Golf Tournament at Hotel Potter

A four days' tournament will be held at The Potter Country Club, Santa Barbara, commencing August 13. The links are situated on the beautiful Hope Ranch and are declared by experts the sportiest in California. It is anticipated that there will be keen competition for the valuable trophies offered and great interest is being shown by most of the well-known players of the State. Entries are coming in fast and the tournament promises to be the most exciting event of the season in golf circles. During the days of the tournament there will be a yacht regatta in the channel. This will be the great social event o fthe year in Santa Barbara and at the Potter Hotel, the management of which is guaranteeing the expense of the regatta. Cups to be raced for this year include one new first and four new seconds, to pass into the permanent possession of the winners. Other cup races will be for the Chamber of Commerce and Santa Barbara Club perpetual trophies.

The Hotel Capitola

The season at the Hotel Capitola started on June 15 and ever since that time a large number of guests have been housed in that delightful resort. The popularity of this resort is due largely to the fact that it is being conducted again by H. J. Hartwick who during the past winter was chief clerk at the Manx. Mr. Hartwick is a hotelman of great experience, his California engagements

VIEW OF HOTEL CAPITOLA AND GROUNDS.

having included the chief clerkship of the Potter at Santa Barbara and the Maryland at Pasadena. Associated with Mr. Hartwick at the Capitola is C. B. Hopson in the capacity of steward, a position which, as is well known to hotel patrons, he is particularly qualified for. No expense has been spared this year to make the Capitola attractive and the result is seen in the number of people who have made reservations there.

In the Social Spotlight

The citizens of Santa Cruz have arranged a great program for the Fourth of July. Besides the usual parades there will be an automobile parade, a prize of $140 to be awarded for the best decorated car. The display of fireworks ordered will amount to upwards of $1,000. The large dirigible airship will fly over the city. There will also be a balloon ascension and parachute jump, games on the beach, swimming races, chasing ducks in the water and aerial bicycle riding. There will be a direct wire run into the Casino, and returns of the Jeffries-Johnson contest will be put on bulletins, so that all visitors may be posted upon this event. Crowds are going to Santa Cruz daily and it looks as though the resort is to have a gala season.

Mrs. Wallace Alexander was hostess at one of the pretty affairs of Thursday at the Palace, which she gave in honor of her daughter, Mrs. John Waterhouse Jr. of Honolulu. Among her guests were Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Thomas Barber, Mrs. Daniel Belden, Mrs. Pischel, Mrs. Whipple Hall, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. John Valentine, Mrs. Walter Starr, Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Mona Crellin and Miss Lillian Downey.

Miss Antoinette Keystone was hostess at a pretty tea party in the grand court of the Palace on Monday, her guests being asked to meet Miss Avis Sherwood. A group of the younger set shared the pleasure of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller (Miss Bessie Rinehart), whose marriage took place last week in Covington, Va., are living at the Palace temporarily, before going to their new home at San Mateo.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs from San Francisco are Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen, H. D. Van Sicklen, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Mrs. E. B. Pond and two boys, Harry R. Simpkins, Clarence R. Ward, Ellis H. Parrish, K. E. Buttner

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and daughter, H. A. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Conlin and children, Stanley W. Morshead, Frank E. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Withington and daughters, Miss Nora McNeil, Mrs. M. Murphy andMr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Haven.

Col. and Mrs. Nelson, visitors from England, are guests at the Hotel Victoria where they are to remain for some time.

Mr. S. M. Fabian, pianist, and a native of California, will be here on a visit next month after an absence of twenty years in the East.

Col. Eugene F. Laird, U. S. A., and Mrs. Laird registered at the Hotel Victoria during a visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morton with Mrs. A. M. Colman motored down from San Francisco to spend the week end visiting their mother at the Vendome in San Jose.

Very many prominent people from San Francisco will be found at the Potter this summer. Templeton Crocker, owner of the St. Francis Hotel and one of the holders of the Crocker millions, will go there for an extended stay. In his party will be Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin.

Mr. Frank B. King with his sister Miss King and their guest J. C. Quay motored down from San Francisco to the Vendome and visited Mt. Hamilton.

Mrs. Jack Mattheis gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Oscar Bryn of Los Angeles at her home, 103 Congress street. The afternoon was delightfully spent in music and bridge.

Sir Robert Hadfield and Lady Hadfield motored down to the Vendome for a few days stay to visit Mt. Hamilton and other points of interest.

Mrs. O. A. Hale and Miss Clarice Hale of San Jose are spending a month in the quiet loveliness at Rancho del Monte.

Among the interesting society people who arrived at the St. Francis last week on the transpacific steamer were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham. Walter Dillingham is the popular young Honolulu millionaire who traveled all the way to Florence, Italy, last May to marry Miss Louise Gaylord who was then visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Acton. Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham were the recipients of many courtesies from their friends before leaving on the Siberia Tuesday.

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Stage

A Few Words on the Orpheum Bill

There are times when one leaves the Orpheum an insurgent, eager to swear allegiance to the slow-moving house of William Morris. There are other times when one feels that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the good old vaudeville theater. The mood of enthusiasm for the old is induced much more frequently than the mood of longing for the new. Although the Orpheum programs are not invariably good, there are many more good ones than bad. If it were otherwise the Orpheum would never have become the institution it is in San Francisco. I doubt whether a vaudeville theater occupies a similar position in any big city in the world. The Orpheum and the Alcazar stand high in the affections of San Francisans and without pretending to know the secrets of the box office I hazard the guess that the Orpheum is the bigger moneymaker of the two. No doubt most people think so and that must be a potent factor in the Orpheum's success; how many of us are there who do not respect the moneymaking power? During the past week the Orpheum has not been packed as it was while Vesta Victoria was there. I imagine the reason to be that many patrons who are in the habit of going every other week varied their rule in honor of the English music hall comedian and went for three successive weeks to see her. They feel surfeited with vaudeville this week and are staying away. However that may be, the Orpheum has had a very good bill during the past week. From the aeroplane girl to the human statuary it was all genuine vaudeville. The aeroplane girl is flying on the wings of popular interest. It is because her act is new and unconventional that she makes good, for she is not a vaudevillain of particular ability. She used to be one of the Ziegfield beauties and it is quite likely that she will drift back to her class when the aeroplane becomes a commonplace. The mermaids are also floating on the wave of a fad, but theirs is a more enduring novelty. Any two girls who can look as lovely under water as these two should be drawing cards for many moons to come. They are almost unique in possessing complexions that won't come off in the water and their figures are splendid. They would make the fortune of a summer resort if they would overcome their love for the water and linger on the beach. There is nothing novel about the trained dogs or the man who does sleight of hand with billiard balls. Here are acts as old as variety—much older, as a matter of fact; but they will never lose their popularity with the masses. A couple of blackface comedians can always count on a favorable hearing too; even if their act, as in the case of the two at the Orpheum during the past week, is an imitation of the Georgia Minstrels. A good playlet is never amiss but the playlet of the current bill is not a good one. I remember this line in it: "Jumping Jehosaphat, ain't this awful?" Decidedly it is. As for the human statuary—gilt statuary this time—it is very good, though we have seen better at the Orpheum. It is wonderful what delight an untutored audience takes in the classic groups of old Greece. Two of the groups represented—the death of a hero and the race—were thoroughly Greek in pose and feeling and the spectators could not get too much of them. Which goes to show that classic art is for all, not for the connoisseurs who think that they alone can adequately enjoy it. I have reserved the last word for Peter Donald and his sweet-faced wife. Peter Donald is not a Harry Lauder but he is a fine Scotch comedian just the same and his act filled me with joy. It was a great surprise when he made a little curtain speech, turning it prettily with sentiment and then twisting a bit of droll humor out of it. Here's to you, Peter, you're the best of the bill.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Mrs. Fiske in Thackeray and Ibsen

Mrs. Fiske and her Manhattan company will appear in "Becky Sharp" and "Pillars of Society" at the Columbia during the two weeks commencing Monday evening next. In her visualization of "the immortal Becky" Mrs. Fiske reaches quite a height of artistic achievement and her name will ever be associated with the part. In "Pillars of Society" Mrs. Fiske adds Lona Hessell to her gallery of Ibsen portraits and while the role is not by any means as important as Nora, Hedda or Rebecca, in it she is said to present some of the finest acting of her career. "Pillars of Society" will be given only for the Wednesday matinee performances while "Becky Sharp" will be the medium for all other performances including the regular matinees on Saturdays. The principal member of Mrs. Fiske's company is Holbrook Blinn who needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences since he is almost as well-known as Mrs. Fiske herself. In "Becky Sharp" Mr. Blinn plays that strongly marked character role, the Marquis of Steyne, and in "Pillars of Society," Consul Bernick, the character around whom the play revolves.

Miss Harned in Pinero

Of all the Pinero plays there is not one that has created more discussion than "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in which Virginia Harned will make her farewell appearances at the Alcazar, commencing with a Fourth of July matinee. It has been approved as a great moral lesson and censured as an unnecessary depiction of marital misfortune, but all comment pronounces it a model of playwriting skill and a wonderful analysis of the eternal

MRS. FISKE

Who will appear at the Columbia Theater for two weeks beginning Monday night, July 4th

feminine's promptings. Miss Harned's impersonation of Mrs. Tanqueray is said to be impressively artistic. William Courtenay will be seen as Aubrey Tanqueray, Bessie Barriscale (whose last week as an Alcazar player it will be) as Ellean Tanqueray, Louis Bennison as Captain Ardale, Howard Hickman as Sir George Orreyed, Burt Wesner as Cayley Drummle, Adele Belgarde as Mrs. Cortelyon, Louise Brownell as Lady Orreyed and Will R. Walling as Gordon Jayne, with the rest of the Alcazar players in appropriate roles.

Lily Lena Next

Miss Lily Lena, the dainty English singing comedienne who made herself an immense favorite here some time ago, has just returned from London to fill another engagement on the Orpheum Circuit and will make her reappearance next Sunday matinee. She will be heard in an entirely new repertoire of songs and the effect of her performance will be enhanced by many beautiful and novel costumes. Loie Fuller's "Ballet of Light" will be one of the big attractions next week and it is not too much to predict that its success in Boston and New York will be duplicated here. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne have been secured as a special feature of next week's program and will appear in Cressy's sketch of New Hampshire life, "Grasping an Opportunity." Captain Maximilian Gruber and Miss Adelina's equestrian review is one of the best animal acts ever brought to America. It includes an elephant, a horse and a pony.

"A Black Sheep" at Ye Liberty

For the week commencing with a special holiday matinee on Monday afternoon next the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will offer a revival of that famous old laughmaker, "A Black Sheep," one of the best of the Hoyt satirical comedies. It has not been seen around the bay for a good many years and will be practically new to the younger generation of playgoers, and its established reputation as a provoker of mirth should make its production at Ye Liberty next week a most profitable one. Although "A Black Sheep" is complete without them, its performance next week will be enlivened by a number of attractive specialties and musical numbers being arranged especially by Miss Maribel Seymour, in which the various members of the company will be assisted by a large chorus.

The Hackett Engagement

James K. Hackett's season at the Alcazar, commencing July 11, promises to continue the success of the "two-dollar star" experiment which Belasco & Mayer inaugurated with the engagement of Virginia Harned. There is no actor in America better or more favorably known than the man whose name is linked with "The Prisoner of Zenda" and the advance announcements of his coming have already prompted numerous inquiries as to how long he will stay and what he will present Therefore it is not premature to state that he is booked for six weeks, opening with "The Prisoner of Zenda," and that he will appear also in "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Don Caesar's Return," "Samson," "John Glade's Honor," and "The Pride of Jennico." He will bring with him Miss Beatrice Beckley, an English actress who was his leading woman last season and Arthur Hoops, one of the best "heavy men" in the country. Alcazar players will fill the remainder of the casts. It is as an exponent of stage chivalry that Mr. Hackett is best known, although he has demonstrated his ability to play almost any kind of character that demands dramatic instinct and legitimate training and method. His vehicle last season was Henri Bernstein's "Samson" which he adopted after another eminent actor had failed to impress New York with his impersonation of the title part, and his success was instanteous and enduring. It has been his invariable custom to present a new play each year, so despite the hit made by him as Samson he will portray another character next season on Broadway. Mr. Hackett is not only a great actor but also a successful producing manager. He has proved this repeatedly, so some staging of high order may be looked for during his stay at the Alcazar.

Famous Stars at Idora

With the Bevani Opera Company which opens a summer season at the Idora Park Theater on July 17, come a number of Metropolitan and Manhattan opera stars who have elected to spend the summer on the coast. Umberto Sacchetti, the famous tenor of the Metropolitan who last season shared the principal roles with Caruso and Bonci; and Eugenio Battain of Hammerstein's Manhattan Company, will essay the tenor roles. The baritones will be Achille Alberti, many seasons at La Scala in Milan; and Ettore Campana of the Metropolitan Company and the favorite baritone of Mascagni. Alexander Bevani, late of the Carl Rosa and Royal Opera at Covent Garden, London; and Joseph Florian of Savage's English Opera Company will carry the bass roles. The sopranos will be Guiditta Francini, the wonderful coloratura who can trill on high E flat; Regina Vicarino of the Manhattan Company and Estella Burgess, late of savage's English Opera Co.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was unnecessary for the uncertain crop outlook in the northwest to create a selling movement in stocks as Wickersham did the work in good shape by his speech on government supervision of all issues of securities by corporate interests. The question of merit in this proposition was not the factor so much as the incessant agitation for government supervision of everything in sight that creates unsettlement in Wall street and the business interests of the country at large. There is little doubt that important interests were ready to see a somewhat better market before this episode. But it looks as if hope in this direction might now be given up. Last week's selling was good and the probability is that the market will be allowed to drift in its downward course again. It looks as if stocks should be liquidated on any strong spots.

Wheat—This market the past week has been governed by the weather in the three northwest states. Until now the weather has been detrimental to the crop as a whole and distinctly injurious to early sown wheat on light soil, and it is from this particular territory that sensational claims of damage have been received. The territory referred to covers about five per cent of the entire wheat area. The balance is heavy soil, early and late sown, and is not subject at all to these sensational reports. In our opinion rains which have occurred in the last twenty-four hours have practically eliminated damage talk. With Canadian wheat almost in line for import, and foreign markets so far out of line that they look hopeless, the question arises, "What are we to do with the surplus from 1909?" Wheat values are high from any conservative viewpoint and must be adjusted to an international basis between now and the time that spring wheat is harvested.

Corn—In our opinion it is not so much a question of reseeding, weedy condition or poor seed, so much as what will be done with the immense surplus of old corn of questionable keeping quality carried over from last year's crop. This factor coupled with a sufficient increase in area to take care of moderate losses from reseeding and other reasons, make us skeptical about maintaining any sixty cent level for corn until a larger proportion of the old crop has been disposed of than is the case now.

Cotton—The situation in the cotton market has not changed materially for some time. Both sides seem to be lying low, each faction depending more or less on the weather reports to help their contention as to the price of the new crop options. The bulls declare that they have the situation in hand for a good squeeze in July and August deliveries, and seemingly the amount of cotton on hand makes this statement reasonable and even plausible. On the other hand the curtailment by the cotton mills of the United States must be looked into, studied, and given due consideration. This curtailment has been operative to a greater or less extent since last October, and now it has been shown that it has materially extended this last week in New England. The Fall River Iron Works Co's cotton mills at Fall River controlled by M. C. D. Borden, equipped with 467,000 spindles, is closed this week and will be idle on alternate weeks until further notice. B. B. & R. Knight and Co., operating over 500,000 spindles in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, have placed their establishment on a four day per week running basis, and a number of mills at various points in New England have given notice of a two weeks' stoppage in July. Meanwhile curtailment is in progress at Fall River and a strike is on at Lowell. Explanation of the resort of these numerous other mills to curtailment is doubtless to be found in the high cost of cotton as compared with the level of values, upon which demand for goods is based. In conclusion we mention the fact that the first bale of cotton of the new crop was picked and sent to the market last Wednesday. This very early marketing in the face of the statements of a backward crop would lead us to believe that the weather conditions, up to date at least, have been more propitious than was generally supposed.

Copper—It is production rather than consumption which unsettles the market, especially as, taking a long distance view of the situation, the outlook is for more copper in 1910 than in 1909 and more in 1911 than in 1910. The total production for five months in 1910 was 500 million pounds compared with 564 million in 1909. Great hopes having been entertained that good business during the second half of the year would enable demand to keep pace with the supply, discouragement is proportionately keen at the prospect that these expectations may be disappointed. If the market has been leaning on a broken reed in this respect there would seem to be nothing now, in the absence of a copper combination, except for the inexorable law of supply and demand to take its course until an equilibrium between supply and demand is established. There is a serious revival of talk of a copper merger. The combination is evidently to come. The real question involved is what coterie of financial interests is to dominate it? The Lake coppers with their Boston connections have always held aloof from the western mining interest. Among the latter there are three groups of leaders all sparring for an opening—The Phelps-Dodge, Cole-Ryan and the Guggenheims. Any three-cornered battle between these interests would be so expensive that it may be safely said that the banking interests involved would interfere. Amalgamated's position is becoming more and more questionable. Its market level seems so far out of proportion to its income that it is reasonable to look for its shares to come down in price. The heaviest financial powers are identified with copper and they have learned the advantage of unification over competition. The copper merger is more nearly now at hand than it has ever been at any time heretofore. When this has become a fact we may unquestionably look for a large restriction in production and then surely for an advance in the metal, and with the cost of production becoming less through the economies of good management the stocks of the more responsible and higher grade companies should be at much higher levels.

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The Broderick Funeral Oration

(Continued from Page 9.)

his most scrutinizing enemy could fix no single act of immorality upon him! Temperate, decorous, self-restrained, he had passed through all the excitements of California unstained. No man could charge him with broken faith or violated trust; of habits simple and inexpensive, he had no lust of gain. He overreached no man's weakness in a bargain, and withheld from no man his just dues. Never, in the history of the State, has there been a citizen who has borne public relations more stainless in all respects than he.

But it is not by this standard he is to be judged. He was a public man, and his memory demands a public judgment. What was his public crime? The answer is in his own words: "I die because I was opposed to a corrupt administration, and the extension of slavery." Fellow-citizens, they are remarkable words, uttered at a very remarkable moment; they involve the history of his sensatorial career, and of its sad and bloody termination.

When Mr. Broderick entered the Senate, he had been elected at the beginning of a Presidential term as the friend of the President-elect, having undoubtedly been one of his most influential supporters. There were unquestionably some things in the exercise of the appointing power which he could have wished otherwise; but he had every reason to remain with the Administration which could be supposed to weigh with a man in his position. He had heartily maintained the doctrine of popular sovereignty, as set forth in the Cincinnati platform, and he never wavered in his support till the day of his death. But when in his judgment the President betrayed his obligations to his party and country—when, in the whole series of acts in relation to Kansas, he proved recreant to his pledges and instructions—when the whole power of the Administration was brought to bear upon the legislative branch of the Government, in order to force slavery upon an unwilling people—then, in the high performance of his duty as a Senator, he rebuked the Administration by his voice and vote, and stood by his principles. It is true, he adopted no half-way measures. He threw the whole weight of his character into the ranks of the opposition. He endeavored to arouse the people to an indignant sense of the iniquitous tyranny of Federal power, and kindling with the contest, became its fiercest and firmest opponent. Fellow-citizens, whatever may have been your political predilections, it is impossible to repress your admiration, as you review the conduct of the man who lies hushed in death before you. You read in his history a glorious imitation of the great popular leaders who have opposed the despotic influences of power in other lands and in our own. When John Hampden died on Chalgrove field, he sealed his devotion to popular liberty with his blood. The eloquence of Fox found the sources of its inspiration in his love for the people. When Senators conspired against Tiberius Gracchus, and the Tribune of the people fell beneath their daggers, it was power that prompted the crime and demanded the sacrifice. Who can doubt, if your Senator had surrendered his free thought, and bent in submission to the rule of the Administration—who can doubt that, instead of resting on a bloody bier, he would have this day been reposing in the inglorious felicity of Presidential sunshine?

Fellow-citizens, let no man suppose that the death of the eminent citizen of whom I speak was caused by any other reason than that to which his own words assign it. It has been long foreshadowed—it was predicted by his friends—it was threatened by his enemies: it was the consequence of intense political hatred. His death was a political necessity, poorly veiled beneath the guise of a private quarrel. Here, in his own State, among those who witnessed the late canvass, who know the contending leaders, among those who know the antagonists on the bloody ground—here, the public conviction is so thoroughly settled, that nothing need be said. Tested by the correspondence itself, there was no cause, in morals, in honor, in taste, by any code, by the custom of any civilized land, there was no cause for blood. Let me repeat the story—it is as brief as it is fatal: A judge of the Supreme Court descends into a political convention—it is just, however, to say that the occasion was to return thanks to his friends for an unsuccessful support. In a speech bitter and personal, he stigmatized Senator Broderick and all his friends in words of contemptuous insult. When Mr. Broderick saw that speech, he retorted, saying in substance, that he had heretofore spoken of Judge Terry as an honest man, but that he now took it back. When inquired of, he admitted that he had so said, and connected his words with Judge Terry's speech as prompting them. So far as Judge Terry personally was concerned, this was the cause of mortal combat; there was no other.

In the contest which has just terminated in the State, Mr. Broderick had taken a leading part; he had been engaged in controversies very personal in their nature, because the subjects of public discussion had involved the character and conduct of many public and distinguished men. But Judge Terry was not one of these. He was no contestant; his conduct was not in issue; he had been mentioned but once incidentally—in reply to his own attack—and, except as it might be found in his peculiar traits or peculiar fitness, there was no reason to suppose that he would seek any man's blood. When William of Nassau, the deliverer of Holland, died in the presence of his wife and children, the hand that struck the blow was not nerved

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by private vengeance. When the fourth Henry passed unharmed amid the dangers of the field of Ivry, to perish in the streets of his capital by the hand of a fanatic, he did not seek to avenge a private grief. An exaggerated sense of personal honor—a weak mind with choleric passions, intense sectional prejudice united with great confidence in the use of arms—these sometimes serve to stimulate the instruments which accomplish the deepest and deadliest purpose.

Fellow-citizens! One year ago today I performed a duty, such as I perform today, over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. Today there is another and more eminent sacrifice. Today I renew my protest; today I utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion and a snare; it palters with the hope of a true courage and binds it at the feet of crafty and cruel skill. It surrounds its victim with the pomp and grace of the procession, but leaves him bleeding on the altar. It substitutes cold and deliberate preparation for courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other; it may prevent fraud between practiced duelists who should be forever without its pale, but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause and the truest courage. Its pretense of equality is a lie—it is equal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habitude of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure, all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and which no courage can overcome.

But, fellow-citizens, the protest is not only spoken in your words and in mine— it is written in indelible characters; it is written in the blood of Gilbert, in the blood of Ferguson, in the blood of Broderick; and the inscription will not altogether fade.

With the administration of the code in this particular case, I am not here to deal. Amid passionate grief, let us strive to be just. I give no currency to rumors of which personally I know nothing; there are other tribunals to which they may well be referred, and this is not one of them. But I am here to say, that whatever in the code of honor or out of it demands or allows a deadly combat where there is not in all things entire and certain equality, is a prostitution of the name, is an evasion of the substance, and is a shield blazoned with the name of Chivalry, to cover the malignity of murder.

And now, as the shadows turn toward the east, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride which prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous, and brave: he felt in all the great crises of his life that he was a leader in the ranks; that it was his high duty to uphold the interests of the masses; that he could not falter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of Death was casting its shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them. "Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it. Of his last hour I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race; there was no kindred hand to smooth his couch or wipe the death damp from his brow; but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of early manhood, the devoted adherents of later life, bowed in irrepressible grief, "and lifted up their voices and wept."

But, fellow-citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California?—who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific Coast? Who can appeal to the communities of the Atlantic who love free labor? Who can speak for masses of men with a passionate love for the classes from whence he sprung? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the insolence of office, the corruption of administrations? What hopes are buried with him in the grave!

"Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb?"

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell.

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Boils, bakes, or roasts better than any range. Ready in a second. Extinguished in a second. Fitted with Cabinet Top, with collapsible rests, towel rack, and every up-to-date feature imaginable. You want it, because it will cook any dinner and not heat the room. No heat, no smell, no smoke, no coal to bring in, no ashes to carry out. It does away with the drudgery of cooking, and makes it a pleasure. Women with the light touch for pastry especially appreciate it, because they can immediately have a quick fire, simply by turning a handle. No half-hour preparation. It not only is less trouble than coal, but it costs less. Absolutely no smell, no smoke; and it doesn't heat the kitchen.

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

The nickel finish, with the turquoise blue of the enameled chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

The Cult of Bacchus

(Continued from Page 10.)

ingly appetizing and bracing by the temperate man who has been at desk or book or counter all day, and who can safely steer from one to two or three just before his six o'clock dinner. A floating toddy used to be a neat thing in its way. I saw John Van Buren, that prince of good fellows, make one at the Pewter Mug, near Tammany Hall, in 1856. Dissolve a lump of sugar in half a glass of water, then pour the liquor—which must be good—into a spoon, and let it run into the water slowly from the spoon down upon one side of the glass; the liquor will float on top. Drink it all off, and you will not taste the liquor, but feel its effect.

Vermouth and sherry—the latter with a dash of Angostura bitters—are delightful appetizers. Another marked favorite is the crusta, invented by a Spaniard, Santina, celebrated in the spirit art. There is a dainty after-dinner drink—a little one—that is a favorite with ladies, called brandy scaffa; simply a wine-glass of brandy and maraschino, half-and-half, with two dashes of bitters.

Egg-nogg is of American origin. It was formerly indispensable in the Southern States at Christmas, where it was invented, (in Nashville), and prepared hot. It is a favorite throughout the North at all seasons; and, having emerged from American to cosmopolitan popularity, is called in Scotland "auld man's milk." The Baltimore egg-nogg, made cold, is the chief; it is digestible, never causes headache, and is an excellent drink for debilitated persons, and a nourishing diet for consumptives. This medicine-food-and-drink when perfectly made consists of the yolks of eight eggs and six tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, beaten to a cream; the third of a nutmeg grated in, and beaten again; a gill of brandy or of Jamaica rum,

The Dam at Pine Lodge in the Santa Cruz Mountains

and a wine-glass of Maderia poured in; then the whites of the eight eggs, reduced to froth, beaten in; to which are added three pints of milk. Then pour from one vessel to another for five or six minutes, and you will have an incomparable nectar-nogg sufficient for six or seven persons. Sherry egg-nogg for a single person is made of a tablespoonful of sugar, an egg, two wine-glasses of sherry, ice, milk, and nutmeg. The sugar is first dissolved in a little water, the yolk of the egg broken into a large glass, a quarter of a tumbler of broken ice added, milk poured in, the ingredients thoroughly mixed, and dust of nutmeg on top,—and the cup is ready to be quaffed.

The California egg-nogg, which is preferred by most people to the Baltimore, is made like the above, except that a gill and a half of whiskey or brandy and a gill of rum are the liquors used, with a dash of maraschino or absinthe, if handy.

My fomula for a Christmas egg-nogg is as follows: "An egg for each person—a wineglassful of brandy or whiskey for each person; a tablespoonful of rum, ditto powdered sugar to taste, and nutmeg. It is prepared in this way: First break the egg; second, separate white and yolk, beating the white to a foam; third, stir the powdered sugar into the yolk; then mix the whites with the beaten yolk and incorporate the two thoroughly. Now pour in the liquor slowly while mixing. Let it stand ten minutes so that the liquor will slightly cook the egg. Pour a pint of rich cream in for every four portions, slowly stirring, and let it stand two minutes. Ladle it out in goblets, and if you like nutmeg sprinkle it on top. Use rum or not, just as you prefer the flavor."

The gin fizz—which was wholly undreamed of thirty years ago—is an exceedingly delicious and refreshing concoction, aids digestion, and has become one of the most acceptable drinks of the day in all large cities during the summer months. There are the fizz, the royal fizz and the grand royal fizz, the latter made as follows, according to the late Tom Ochiltree: Take one teaspoonful of powdered or granulated sugar, the juice of half a lemon, a fresh egg, the quanity of an ordinary drink of Old Tom gin, and add half a pony of "Creme de Vanille" cordial. Dissolve all well with a shaker and fill up the rest of the glass with an effervescing water. Squeeze a drop or two of lemon peel upon the mixture and sprinkle lightly with nutmeg. The gin-rickey is one of the most exhilarating drinks ever known. It is principally made of gin and the juice of a half lemon or a whole lime, with plenty of cracked (not shaved) ice, and topped with some good effervescing water from a siphon—invented about twenty-five years ago by a Washington bartender

Every Man

needs rest, recreation and relief from the worry and care of business in the good old summer time, when a judicious use of

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in the fragrant JULEP or the cool sparkling HIGH BALL will refresh, strengthen and restore.

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As An Eye Insurance

Tourists, Automobilists and others exposed to Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight, which produce Irritation, Granulation, Ulceration and Weak Eyes, will find in Murine a Safe, Soothing Eye Lotion affording "Reliable Relief."

The Finishing Touch

Bewitchingly Costumed
In Costliest Gown,
For the Social Event,
At the South End of Town.

The "Finishing Touch"
To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
"Two drops" of Murine.

Try Murine for the "Automobile Eye"

The Countess Comille

(Continued from Page 11.)

another part of the house, through curtained doors into a small, boudoir-like room, where we waited about ten minutes.

"I must confess that I began to feel somewhat nervous. My aunt looked uneasy, and sighed from time to time. She arranged my dress and touched up my curls as they do when you sit for a photograph. The immense house we were in seemed to me more silent than the convent I had just left, and I could not help wishing myself back there again. The convent seemed like home compared to this strange and splendid mansion, where no sounds were heard, not even from the troops of domestics. It was this fact that impressed me so strangely.

"My aunt was walking up and down the little room we were in, her face wearing an expressions of suspense and anxiety. I said to myself: 'It is evident that I am the central figure in this visit,' and my head swam with all sorts of fancies. 'Could it be that I was to be shut up in this house, bound over as a servant of some sort? Or was it that I was to become companion to some invalid?' These thoughts must have taken the color out of my cheeks, for my aunt exclaimed, harshly: 'What is the matter? You are as pale as if you were going to be executed. You look like a fright, all your beauty gone!'

"Then the curtains parted, and a tall valet, in black and gold livery, ushered us through another richly furnished room, then through a small door hung with Oriental drapery. My aunt had just time to pinch my arm when we stood face to face with two men, one seated in a large easy-chair, the other partly reclining on a Turkish divan. They were smoking houkas. The one in the easy-chair half rose and bowed indifferently as we came in, while the other never moved, but eyed us calmly, much as one would look at a domestic entering the room with a salver of sweetmeats. The room was filled with tobacco smoke, which made me cough, and this gave my cheeks a little color. Coffee was served in Turkish cups, and while we were sipping it, the man in the easy-chair rose and began to walk nonchalantly about the room, ending by walking slowly around me in a circle, gazing at me all the time. I felt embarrassed, not knowing what all this meant; but my aunt seemed pleased, and, seeing her so self-possessed, I succeeded in mastering my nervousness. My aunt conversed with this man in German and Turkish. He now sat down again, and said to my aunt in German: 'That man on the divan is Kallif, my twin brother. He is here from Constantinople on a visit.'

"'Yes,' replied my aunt. "I knew you had a twin brother, although I had never seen him.'

"I now took a good look at this man Kallif. He was the image of his brother in the easy-chair before us, and after close scrutiny I saw that his features only differed from those of his brother in this: one eye was the color of agate. The age of the brothers might have been guessed at forty; and the expression of their faces was something between indifference and moroseness. Although I knew nothing about the Oriental character, I instinctively resented the secretive, taciturn power of these two men. The one in the easy-chair, whose name I afterwards learned was Racham, did little more than listen while my aunt talked, and I knew that when she spoke in Turkish she was alluding directly to me, for at these moments he would eye me in the strangest manner possible."

Here the Countess ceased talking, and I thought she had changed her mind and would say no more, but after a few moments she continued:

"All of a sudden I was possessed with a feeling of distrust and fear, and it was with some difficulty that I remained seated in my chair; but just at that moment a black servant brought in refreshments on a silver tray, and as we rose to change our seats my nerves became somewhat calmed. I looked again at Kallif, who had never left the divan, and never ceased smoking. His face now looked sinister. The agate eye was more searching than before, and he scrutinized me with the features of a human owl, blinking under a light that seemed too strong for his strange, weird eyes. His glance inspired me with horror, yet I stared at him as one stares at serpents in a zoological garden.

"After some words in Turkish, my aunt rose to go. We were shown out through another suite of apartments, up and down other stairs, and I now realized the immense size of the house.

"Our carriage was waiting for us in the courtyard. On the way to my aunt's home, in another part of Vienna, she said:

"'The two men you have just seen are twin brother, sons of your mother's aunt, who married a wealthy Turk of Constantinople. Racham, who talked with us, was educated in Vienna.' She was silent for a time, then resumed: 'The two brothers are very wealthy; the gold and silver treasures in this house must be worth a vast sum. Kallif, who was lying on the divan, comes to visit Racham every two years, bringing with him from Turkey the spoils of conquest and other perquisites, amounting to millions, which are hidden along with the other treasures in secret places. Kallif is gloomy and silent, but so much the better.' I trembled while my aunt was making this revelation, and I could see Kallif's eyes—half owl, half snake, as if hypnotizing his victims before destroying them.

"My aunt continued: 'This Kallif is here now with fresh treasure from the East; he brings the gold to his brother, fearing a panic or revolution in Constantinople. I have these secrets from a relative who knows the history of the twins from their youth up.'

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"I listened to this with the interest that a young girl would listen to a page from the Arabian Nights; but when my aunt suddenly said, in a dry hard tone: 'I told Racham just now that you should be his wife before the end of a week,' I nearly lost consciousness. I imagined myself already in his power! But my aunt kept on talking like an oracle: 'Racham is the man, you will have nothing to do with Kallif; he will soon be off again to the East, and Racham will be left alone in the great mansion we have just visited. You will be mistress of everything, and I will see that all goes well. It is my desire that you marry this man, and marry him you must.'

"It seemed useless to protest; I felt I was overpowered. When we arrived at my aunt's home a dressmaker was sent for, and within a few days my trousseau was almost completed.

"Then came the ordeal of the wedding. My aunt procured a powerful tonic for my nerves, and at the appointed time I found myself standing in the church with the twin brothers and my aunt, to be married to Racham.

"That same day my aunt left for Paris, promising to return in a couple of weeks, and assuring me that I had nothing to fear, and that Racham, my husband, would take every care of me.

"I will not attempt a description of my feelings when she had left the mansion and I found myself alone with these two strange men and the servants. Racham, however, proved very good and kind; yet once in a while I had something like a horrible premonition of impending evil, through his brother Kallif, and every day I prayed for his speedy departure for Constantinople.

"In the afternoon of the ninth day after the wedding I was standing at the top of the grand staircase, about to descend, when a group of men appeared at the bottom. The light below was very dim, and I could hardly see. They mounted slowly to the top, carrying something. 'They are bringing in more spoils from the Turkish provinces,' I said to myself. I had stepped aside a few paces, waiting for the men to pass with their load, and as they approached I turned to look. It was the dead body of Racham! He had died from a stroke of apoplexy while out riding.

"All at once I realized that I was alone in the house with the insidious Kallif, and I ran to my boudoir and locked myself it. It seemed an age, but I had not been there long when I was startled by three hard, pointed raps. All of a tremble, I unlocked the door, and in walked Kallif.

"'Ma chere,' he said, looked at my blanched and frightened face, 'the shock of my brother's sudden death has been too much for you. I will ring for some cognac or kirsch, and you will soon be better; be thankful it was not I, your husband, who was taken so suddenly.'

"In a flash I saw his sinister meaning and my brain reeled. He made a movement as if to caress me, but I sank to the floor in a dead faint.

"It must have been late at night when I opened my eyes. I was in my own room, with a low light burning. On the sofa lay a tall, elderly woman, whose name was Minka. I had occasionally seen her about the house, in what capacity I hardly knew, but I had a vague idea that she was the housekeeper. Slowly everything of the previous day came back to me, and the mental agony I went through for the rest of the night I leave to your imagination. Rack my brain as I would, I could not see my way to escape from this house, and Kallif, if he persisted in pretending to be my husband. My aunt was hundreds of miles away in Paris; I did not even know her actual address, and I knew full well the inutility of appealing to any of the domestics.

"Several days went by. Racham was quietly buried, and I saw very little of Kallif, much to my relief, as you can guess. I had regained much of my calm, and began to think that, after all, everything might yet be well, when, the day after the burial of Racham, Kallif came to me and bade me follow him to another part of the house, saying he wished to show me something. Meeting the glance of his agate eye, I was too terrified to refuse. He led me down the grand staircase, through the hall, then stopped in front of a door on the left, which he opened with a key, and we entered a room hung in rich draperies with mystical characters in Arabic and Turkish. The place seemed wrapped in a vague element of mystery."

(To be Concluded next Week.)

From Oakland to Visalia, a distance of 268 miles, in 9 hours and 15 minutes or an average of 29 miles per hour over roads with frequent grades is a record of which the largest and most powerful automobile could well be proud. This performance, however, was achieved by a little Hupmobile driven by H. C. Ray of Visalia who had taken delivery of the car from S. G. Chapman just previous to the run.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A Favorite Toilet Luxury, An Eye Tonic. A Soothing and Reliable Relief. Aids in Preserving and Restoring Eyes to Normal Strength and Healthful Brilliancy. For Dullness, Weakness, Redness, Inflammation, Granulation, Ulceration and Eye Pain. If you would Beautify and Promote a more Healthful Tone to Eye Lids, Eye Lashes and Eye Brows, and prevent Undesirable Conditions—Try Murine and Murine Eye Salve. You will Like Murine. In daily use in Beauty Parlors. Sold by all Druggists. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

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Auto Notes

A. H. Pollard, the widely known president of the Pollard Steamship Co., is the most recent convert to Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tire efficiency. L. R. Hirsch, whose Chalmers "40" is a well known car, is also using the Nobbies.

E. G. Hill of Emeryville is a staunch advocate of Hartford tires. He states to Chanslor & Lyon that, although he drives his cars over some of the hardest mountain roads in the State where rocks abound, he has always found the Hartfords equal to all occasions. Mr. Hill is well satisfied that these are the most serviceable tires made.

R. M. Saltzer of Redding who owns the largest wholesale and retail general merchandise business in Northern California, took recent delivery of a Dorris car. The popularity that this machine is achieving in Redding and vicinity is unmistakable.

A car ordered at the time of the Chicago Show and specially designed for Mrs. Drexler has just arrived in San Francisco and is now attracting much attention at the rooms of the Pioneer Automobile Co. The car which is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful which has ever come to town, has a chassis furnished by the Thomas Company and a Lozier body built by the Cunningham Body Company of Syracuse. Mrs. Drexler was assisted in making her choice of the machine by several automobile experts.

During the latter part of last week S. G. Chapman unloaded two car loads of Hupmobiles. A wonderfully large number of these small cars have been placed by Chapman already this season and the demand is on the increase.

A First Glimpse of Pine Lodge in the Santa Cruz Mountains

The following letter has been received by the Diamond Rubber people: Paso Robles, Cal. Diamond Rubber Co., 601 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal. Gentlemen: I am driving a model 45 Rambler touring car belonging to W. W. Parlin of Coalinga, Cal. The car came equipped with Diamond tires and has run nearly fifteen thousand miles (15,000). All of the tires have run over twelve thousand miles, two were retreaded and are still on the car The other two are used as extras. The car has run most of the time around the Coalinga oil fields and has been given the most severe usage, running over all kinds of bad roads in all kinds of hot and cold weather. You can rest assured we will always use and boost Diamond tires. Yours truly, Ray V. Nanscawen.

The high regard in which men who really know hold Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread Tires for service of the genuine strenuous type is receiving ample illustration of late. Hardly had the Chalmers Glidden Tour pathfinder successfully negotiated its most difficult trip on Nobbies when the Flanders "20" started out on its sensational "Three Flag" run from Quebec to the City of Mexico, equipped with similar tires. Considering their short time on the market, Nobby Tread popularity is wonderful.

George Price and George M. Lund, two enthusiastic autoists of Ferndale, Humboldt County, passed through town recently on the last leg of an extensive tour over some of the hardest grades to be found anywhere in the State. They left Eureka in a Hudson runabout and drove through the mountains and over roads unused to automobiles all the way to Lake Tahoe. In addition they made several tours in the Lake Tahoe region, taking a number of the steepest runs in record times. While in San Francisco the party made a trip around the bay, going down the Oakland side and returning via San Mateo. Mr. Price stated that they had toured several thousand miles in the car over roads that could not well have been more difficult. No repairs or overhauling have yet been necessary and Mr. Price is well satisfied with the machine.

THE HILL CLIMBING CAR

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BAY CITIES ELECTRIC CO.

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1760-1762 Telegraph Ave., Oakland
Phone Piedmont 203

Mr. E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, is advised by a friend that the Dayton Lighting Company, Dayton, Ohio, appreciating the large sale of electric current to be obtained from the use of electric cars, has recently employed a man to look after this trade exclusively. Since this man was added to the force of the Dayton Lighting Company a few months ago the number of electric cars now in use is almost double and it is a well known fact that there are now more electric cars in use in Dayton than in any other city of the same size.

J. R. Fordyce, a very prominent engineer of Little Rock, Ark., and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, recently took delivery of a White Gasoline car. His opinion of it is expressed in a letter just forwarded to H. E. Doty, coast manager of the White Company. It reads: "I have recently purchased your Model GB White Gasoline car. After carefully looking over the field, I consider that this car is the most modern in design, equipment and material of any car built in America today. So far it has given splendid satisfaction and I anticipate a great deal of pleasure at a small expense."

A telegram received by the Standard Motor Car Co. announces another Ford achievement. It reads. "Ford Model T entered and driven by owner, E. M. Willingham, Atlanta, wins perfect score, Atlanta-New York endurance run. Seventy cars entered. We beat sixty-four of them. Other five cars with clean scores, with one exception, cost three to six thousand dollars."

The Haynes is proving a very popular car with physicians who use machines in making their professional calls. Among deliveries recently made for this purpose are cars to Dr. E. Schmoll of Muir Tavern and Dr. Adams of Oakland.

R. Bancroft and Sons, Merced agents for the Howard Automobile Co., have just received shipment of two Buick "40" touring cars and a Buick "40" roadster.

Harlow Bricca and Co., the well known local mail order house, has just purchased one of the Overland delivery wagons, the first shipment of which was but recently received by J. W. Leavitt & Co. The wagon is being specially painted after a pattern used by the mail order house in their poster advertising. The wagon will be used throughout the whole State and beside its value as a delivery wagon it is also expected to do much in an advertising way.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3287, New Series, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, Deceased.

DELLA A. GORHAM, Administratrix of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage certain realty belonging to the estate of said deceased, which realty is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, distant thereon Two Hundred and Fifty (250) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Fourteenth Street, running thence Northerly along said line of Sanchez Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet to the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, and point of commencement; being a part of Mission Block No. 99.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred ($2500) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court of Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to said petition on file herein.

Dated, San Francisco, June 27, 1910.

JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1760, New Series, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial; and said petition having been filed, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

It is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 4th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 27th day of June, 1910.

JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator.
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Marshall Nuckolls, 417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased.
SARAH A. JACOBS,
Administratrix of the Estate of John A. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, Room 1211 Flood Building, Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased.
SIGMUND GREENEBAUM,
OSCAR B. WOOD,
Executors of the Last Will of John B. Luther, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

S. C. SCHEELINE, 417 Montgomery St., San Francisco, and
LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND, Attorneys for Executors,
Room 1211 Flood Bldg., Powell and Market, San Francisco. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, Deceased—No. 9837, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased.
her
TERESA (X) GARIBALDI,
mark
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Stefano Garibaldi, Deceased.
Witnesses to Mark—James A. Devoto and A. S. Devoto.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased.
LENDRUM ARMSTRONG,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Armstrong, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE BOND, Deceased—No. 9928, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased.
J. FRANK BOND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minnie Bond, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, Deceased—No. 9931, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased.
CHARLES W. MULLOY,
Administrator of the estate of Ella F. Mulloy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 2, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

TOWN TALK PRESS

Catalogue, Pamphlet, Commercial

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,163, Department No. 10.

ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, sometimes known as MRS. G. F. REYNOLDS, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-six (176) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the Northerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street and point of beginning. Being a portion of Block Number Sixty (No. 60) of Horner's Addition.

PARCEL No. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Eighty-nine (189) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Dolores Street, and running thence Westerly on said Southerly line of Twenty-sixth (26th) Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fourteen (114) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block 59.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAHEL BEHRENDT, Deceased—No. 9684, N. S., Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Executor of the last will and testament of RAHEL BEHRENDT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713, in the building now known as "Union Trust Building," situate at the northeast corner of Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rahel Behrendt, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Rahel Behrendt, Deceased.
By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN, and A. L. WEIL,
Attorneys for said Executor, Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of J. J. Lermen, Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES G. CLINCH, deceased.

BELLE DUNN CLINCH and JOHN J. LERMEN,
Executors of the Estate of Charles G. Clinch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Executors,
Room 506 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administratrix of the estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-707 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA M. O'BRIEN, deceased.

NELLIE L. McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Anna M. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 701-707 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ARTHUR ZEBRACKI, otherwise known as and called ARTHUR STANISLAUS EQUES. ZEBRACKI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, deceased.

T. E. K. CORMAC,
Administrator of the Estate of Arthur Zebracki, otherwise known as and called Arthur Stanislaus Eques. Zebracki, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 4th, 1910.

VINCENT SURR, Attorney for Administrator,
Room 163, Hansford Block, No. 268 Market St., San Francisco. 6-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased.

MARY CORSIGLIA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Stephen Corsiglia, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administratrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.

CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

Letters

"Faith and Health"

Rev. Charles Reynolds-Brown has added another to his popular series of helpful volumes, for there is no doubt that a large number of people do derive help from these familiar and rather personal "talks" on subjects of interest to them. In "Faith and Health" the author tries to point out the direct connection between an abiding faith and its effect on bodily health, but he is as far as possible from advocating the blind confidence recommended by so many religious healers. On the contrary, simmered down to final facts, all he claims is readily admitted by common sense, for it amounts only to an advocacy of the elimination of the expectancy of misfortune, a confidence in the power, if not in the intention of the Creator to heal or ward off bodily ills and due regard for the laws of health and hyigene, not omitting any of the recognized means towards the end. Dr. Brown, who was himself a student of Christian Science, a belief which he repudiates, is judiciously careful on the whole, in the chapter which he devotes to that subject. He does not believe that a general expansion of the Emanuel Movement would be good policy for either the ecclesiastical or the medical profession, but sees in cooperation the solution of the difficulty. Health, which has become almost a fetich in these days, is only a comparatively recent fad, and those of us who feel no need for such contributions as "Faith and Health" should bear it in mind that two generations ago and less people—women especially—literally enjoyed poor health. One might as well have told a woman she looked coarse and vulgar as have tried to compliment her on looking well. Little girls were censured as for a deliberate fault in looking "so healthy and vulgar." Their bonnets and mittens were sewed on securely in the morning, lest the sun should reach and mar the whiteness of their skins, and older maidens nibbled at magnesia or at chalk or slate pencils if that were not attainable, and took sips of vinegar in the hope of inducing and retaining an interesting pallor. One of the strictest canons of ladyhood forbade the confession of an appetite, especially before the other sex. Miss might pick daintily at a square inch of the breast of chicken and toy with her dessert, but eat she must not. The vulgar physical craving was to be satisfied by a surreptitious visit to the pantry. A family disease was an heirloom to be prized, and if one of the household showed symptoms of consumption no effort was made to withstand it. On the contrary, the incipient invalid was expected to accept the doom as a matter of course, and to be cheered by reminiscences of "Sister Lizy," or "your Aunt Marthy's boy," or "Cousin Ellen." Every household had its own standard remedy to be partaken of by old and young without reference to need or nauseousness. It would "do you good" in some mysterious way as the Orientals have been known to swallow the paper on which a prescription was written, trusting to faith for effect. To be "delicate" was the ideal striven for, and it still survives amongst the "Crackers" and "Piney-wood tackeys" of the south, whose stereotyped answer to the conventional "How are you?" is "Thes er-gruntin!" The same class who once reveled in this pseudo-invalidism and cultivated an air of languidness have now swung to the other extreme. They pursue health as strenuously as they do their other pleasures and many a woman who flatters herself that she is too frail to survive a day's sweeping or washing yet puts forth as much exertion in some "physical training" manual of arms as a maid of all work exerts in her lawful occupation. In other days, occasionally some coarse and brutal male would pass by a charmingly seductive maid with the bald statement that he had no mind to marry a perpetual doctor bill, and perhaps that view had its small share in the eventual reversal of public opinion on the subject of health. At all events, today people surround themselves with the atmosphere of health. They want to be well, and they even regard ill-health as a species of crime to be legislated against. In "Faith and Health," which, like the others of Dr. Brown's books, comes from the press of the T. Y. Crowell Co., he is pulling with, not against the stream.

A Cowboy Story

The cowboy is the prevailing fad in juvenile literature and a very good fad it is, too, when the subject is properly treated. Mary K. Maule is a new name, and if this be her first essay she has acquitted herself remarkably well. The story will appeal to the children of larger growth, the older boys and girls and the adults, though the younger ones will have their interest aroused and their curiosity stimulated by the half dozen illustrations and the cover design by Maynard Dixon—no less. The author evidently knows her ground and her characters. "The Little Knight of the X Bar B." was a mysterious waif brought to the cattle ranch in Wyoming by its rough and masterful owner. He introduced the child to his "punchers" as his own nephew, the son of a sister living in the east, and declared that the boy was being spoiled by over indulgence and was sent out to him to be trained into manliness. The little fellow, who was about seven years old, was evidently delicately bred, and the story was too preposterous for contradiction, even if, underneath the coarse outer clothing he had not been found clad in silk stockings and fine linen. Still, Buck had infused such terror into his little charge that not a word could be coaxed or surprised from him with regard to his name or his former home. He became at once the pet of the ranch, and the cowboys took delight in teaching him the arts and crafts of their profession, even outfitting him in a complete rig, and as soon as he was able to endure the fatigue, they took him on the round-ups and to their festivals, intent on showing off their treasure. The child at first pined for his home and his mother, but his one disastrous attempt to run away convinced him of the futility of such an undertaking, and he settled down to make the best of things where he was. It was not until eight years later that he learned the story of his abduction and the reason which had led Bill Buck to be a party to the crime, and went back to his mother, who had believed him to be dead. Another change in his fortunes made him the owner of the cattle ranch where he had spent so many years, and the men who had been father and mother and big brothers and schoolmasters to him became his partners. Nine times out of ten a story with such a plot is ruined by sentimental mawkishness and pious reflections out of character in its adults and impossible in a child, to say nothing of the weariness they are to readers anxious to go on with the tale. Mrs. Maule has made no such mistake. After the first few days, Jack settles down to accept the inevitable and trains his puppy, learns to care for his pony and help Johnny, the cook, in his work, and an eight-year-old, who attempts to run away and gets lost in the hills at night and shoots and kills a mountain lion, not to mention his other adventures in the blizzard, etc., is surely not apt to find life monotonous. The boys will be sure to like another book with no girls in it, while the girls have never yet expressed aversion to a book about boys, so "The Little Knight of the X Bar B." will be welcome to both. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are its sponsors.

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"How about the fellow who sings in the chorus?" inquired a coarse brute in the rear of the hall.

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The city government of Alameda places its seal of approval upon the Bay Cities Water Company's proposition.

`Ire of
e City Council

Alameda, California, June 18, 1910.

To the Honorable the City Council
of the City of Alameda.

Gentlemen:

Your Committee consisting of your Mayor and the Public Utilities Committee, with the assistance of our City Engineer, I. N. Chapman, and A. Bannister, Civil Engineer, have taken up every phase of the proposition made by the Bay Cities Water Company to your Honorable Body. The engineers have gone over the water-sheds and have had access to government reports, together with many private reports, all of which have been instrumental in helping them to make a most thorough and reliable investigation.

We find that there is an ample and splendid supply of water. Quality primarily and quantity secondly is exactly what the City of Alameda needs. We cannot look too favorably on this question. The Bay Cities Water Company, as you know, have agreed to install a distributing system, the cost of which, at the present time will be approximately $400,000. We cannot see our way clear to recommend a call for a bond election, which would entail the spending of this amount at this time. Many questions arise which make this decision imperative.

The Bay Cities Water Company agree to enter our city, canvass the field and feel sanguine that within six months time, they can procure enough customers to consume a million and a half gallons of water daily. Enough custom will be solicited at once to enable them to start the installation of the distributing system before this time. After installing their plant and placing it in perfect working order, they agree, then, to allow the City of Alameda to purchase it at cost, plus reasonable interest upon the investment and sell the City of Alameda the water wholesale at a price of $175 per million gallons, which, on the face of it, appeals to us as a good business proposition.

Therefore, we recommend that this Council approve and lend their support to the Bay Cities Water Company, to the end that this excellent and abundant supply of water may be distributed throughout our city. It will fill a long felt want and is one grand opportunity, which should be anxiously grasped, as another one may never present itself.

Very truly yours,
W. H. NOY,
Mayor of Alameda.
WM. HAMMOND, Jr.,
Chairman Public Utilities Committee.

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SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

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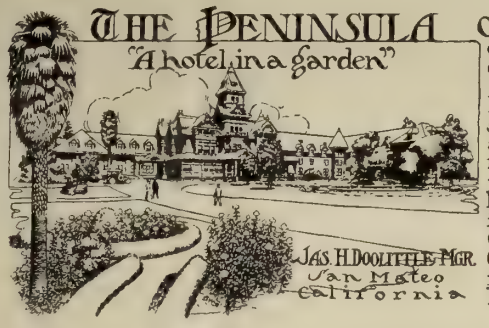

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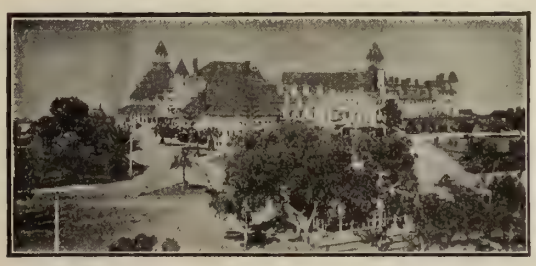

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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ENTRANCE TO BIG TREE GROVE, SANTA CRUZ

TOWN TALK

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The People and the Primary

No man knoweth what the people of this State will think of the direct primary after they have had sufficient experience to enable them to arrive at a just estimate of its worth. But at the coming primary election we shall learn just how eager the people are to rule. Repeatedly we have been told that the people were disgusted with the old method of chosing their servants, and that they longed for the substance as well as the form of the elective franchise. We shall soon learn just how enthusiastic the people are about the increase of power that they have exacted from the politicians. The indications are that fully twenty-five per cent of the qualified voters of the State will not register and the probability is that considerably less than sixty per cent of those that register will go to the polls. If such prove to be the case it will be evident enough that the people of California are not so deeply concerned with the affairs of government as the demagogues would have us believe. But the truth is as experience proves voting is never a popular pastime and the apathy of the people is in proportion to the number of elections. There were between 20,000 and 25,000 voters in Athens where elections were of frequent occurrence, and not more than six thousand votes were ever polled in that city. On some of the most vital questions ever submitted to a people a large proportion of electors abstained from voting. Out of a total registered vote of 10,203,428 in France there were more than two million who did not vote on the question, Shall or shall not Louis Napoleon Bonaparte assume the imperial crown? In South Carolina less than two-thirds of the people voted on the question, Shall or shall not the State secede from the Union? In our own city of San Francisco we have seen the most strenuous efforts made to stir up public interest on the question of municipal ownership. and we have seen the city committed to the pet project of the demagogues by a minority of the electorate. It appears that while the people are fond of power they do not care to be preoccupied with the exercise of it. The consequence is that the greater the power with which the people are vested the greater becomes the influence of the artful politicians by whom the business of the people is managed.

The Principle of Statesmanship

How characteristic of the Colonel was his message to a member of the New York legislature with reference to the direct primary. "I believe the people demand it," he wrote; "I most earnestly hope it will be enacted into law." Here we have a perfect, a most lucid epitome of the Colonel's philosophy of the science of politics and government. In the words quoted the Colonel succinctly defines what he conceives to be the first and last duty of the American statesman; which is to persuade himself that the people demand something and then to do that very thing. Old fashioned persons who have faith in the teachings of the Founders, who believe that the highest duty of a statesman is to guard the people against their own folly whatever be the consequence to himself, will doubtless regard the rule enunciated by the Colonel as heretical and pernicious. But it should be remembered that the Colonel is himself a founder; that he is the great Apostle of Innovation, the Champion of a new philosophy, scornful of the old and vituperated system of things and resolved to give the people their head. His conception of statesmanship is grounded in a theory that has always been upheld by the idols of the people—the theory that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The maxim that to govern people for their own good they must not be governed by their own ignorance is excluded from the Colonel's philosophy. He holds that there is no such thing as the ignorance of the people. Nor does he heed the suggestion that when half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the circumambient ring with their importunate chink whilst thousands of cattle reposing beneath the trees chew their cud in silence one might fall into the error of assuming that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field. The Colonel insists that it is impossible to be mistaken about the voice of the people. He believes that the Divinity that inspires the people raises up prophets to divine the popular sentiment. Hence the rule for the guidance of statesmen: Follow the people not as a coachman follows his horses having a tight grip on the reins and guiding them, but wherever they may lead, fully persuaded that government is not a matter of reason and judgment but a matter entirely of will.

Class Legislation Blocked by Taft

Very little has been said in the daily press about the most sensational and gratifying incident of the closing days of the last session of Congress. We refer to an incident in which President Taft figured conspicuously as the successful opponent of one of the most vicious schemes that was ever contrived by Organized Labor. Taking advantage of the cowardice of those Congressmen whose renominations are uncertain Samuel Gompers and other union leaders had got well under way a play to exempt their organizations from the operations of the Sherman anti-trust law. They succeeded in attaching to the civil sundry bill an amendment which provided that none of the money appropriated for the enforcement of the anti-trust law in 1911 should be expended in the prosecution of conspiracies in the nature of labor boycotts. Thus did they seek to induce Congress to discriminate in favor of one class of citizens and against other citizens of the United States. And considerable progress did they make toward the unholy consummation. The amendment was voted down by the Senate but had passed the House. The conferees of the two houses failed to agree, but the lower house by a vote of 152 to 105 instructed their representatives to return to the conference and insist upon the House amendment. President Taft was considerably alarmed over the prospect. He summoned to the White House all of the members of the House and Senate who had been wavering because of their fear of union labor, and as a result of his activity the House recalled the bill from conference and instructed the conferees to agree to the Senate amendment. The vote this time was 138 to 130. Only two speeches were made in the House in opposition to the amendment. One of these was by Congressman Tawney of Minnesota who said that he would give up his seat in Congress rather than vote for a proposition that exempted one class of people from the operations of the criminal law of the country. The other speaker was Representative Madison of Kansas. "Accept this amendment," he said, "and you vote to repeal the law of conspiracy. At the same time you will legalize the secondary boycott. Every man must stand equal before the

law, and every man without exception must obey the law." The fact is worth recording that the only speaker in favor of the amendment, Representative Hughes of New Jersey, pleaded in extenuation of his conduct that he was actuated by his reverence for one of the Roosevelt policies. And it is but fair to him to say that when Colonel Roosevelt was President he recommended the enactment of a law exempting laborers from the operations of the anti-trust act. So we may now reflect on what might have happened had the White House been occupied during the recent session by the great Apostle of the Square Deal who preached the principle that it is wrong to make fish of one and fowl of another though all the while in favor of exempting the powerful labor unions from the law that makes it a crime to enter into agreements in restraint of interstate trade.

The Complaisant Press

In all the political history of this country there cannot be found anything approximating in viciousness of tyrannical power the attempt of the leaders of organized labor to coerce Congress into the enactment of legislation designed to nullify a criminal law for their exclusive benefit. Yet how little comment has been provoked by this startling manifestation of a disposition on the part of a very powerful element of the electorate to make right subservient to might! Not less startling than the attempt to accomplish class legislation by means of intimidation are the flashes of silence by which "the palladiums of our liberties" have made luminous their cowardly complaisance. Uproarious is their patriotism whenever they witness manifestations of the power for evil that resides in the predatory plutocracy; by such manifestations is their civic zeal inflamed; the aggressions of a vicious small minority they never fail to reprobate; but when by the despotism of an organized band of bullies the most sacred of the fundamental principles of our government is threatened with extinction the great militant moulders of public opinion abandon the tripod and rush for the cyclone cellar.

A Roosevelt Policy Abandoned

Of all the achievements thus far to the credit of President Taft none entitles him to the measure of credit that he won by his timely and successful opposition to the labor union amendment to the sundry civil bill. Since the days of Grover Cleveland no Chief Magistrate has given a finer exhibition of political courage and moral intrepidity. But the President in view of his conduct merits the animadversions of many stern moralists, for he has violated one of the Roosevelt policies. It will be remembered that when the Supreme Court of the United States held the boycott to be a violation of the Sherman act Mr. Roosevelt's attorney-general was asked to prosecute labor unions as he had prosecuted commercial bodies, and that he refused to do so. Now Mr. Taft's sentiment on this subject is plainly at variance with that of his illustrious predecessor. The expression of Mr. Taft's sentiment was evoked by a telegram from W. S. Carter, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers of St. Paul. This is the telegram:

The President:

Press reports of today indicate that you favor using the people's money to prosecute labor in their efforts to better conditions. The 798 delegates attending the twelfth biennial convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers at St. Paul instruct me to protest against this unjust policy.

Upon receipt of this telegram the President sat down and dictated the following despatch:

W. S. Carter, President Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, St. Paul, Minn.:

Your despatch of June 22 received, in which you say that reports today indicate that I favor using the people's money to prosecute labor in their efforts to better conditions and you protest against such a policy. I presume you refer to the proposition now before Congress that money appropriated for fiscal year 1911 for enforcement of anti-trust laws and acts to regulate commerce shall no part of it be expended in the prosecution of conspiracies in the nature of boycotts to increase wages, shorten hours or better the condition of labor. The Supreme Court decided that such a boycott is a violation of the Sherman anti-trust law and this proposal is an attempt to withhold the means of prosecuting that law when it is violated by a particular class to be made privileged.

I am entirely opposed to such class legislation. If it was proposed to amend the language of the Sherman anti-trust law itself so as somewhat to narrow its scope that would present a proper question for consideration, but so long as the present anti-trust law remains upon the statute books an attempt to modify its enforcement so as to render immune any particular class of citizens, rich or poor, employers or employees, is improper legislation and in my judgment ought to be opposed by your brotherhood. The laboring man and the trade unionist, if I understand him, asks only equality before the law. Class legislation and unequal privilege, though expressly in his favor, will in the end work no benefit to him or to society. —Wm. H. Taft.

President Taft has done no preaching on the evil of making fish of one class of citizens and fowl of another, but in view of his recent action we need have no doubt of his ability to apprehend and appreciate the principle enunciated in that ancient platitude.

Socialism Versus Christianity

The Socialists of New York have worked themselves into a high state of indignation because the Socialist minister of the Church of the Ascension was ousted from the pulpit on account of a tendency to preach politics in preference to religion. The Socialists of New York are unreasonable. Why should the members of a church be expected to pay a man to supply them with something they don't want? The answer of the Socialists is that Socialism is Christianity and that therefore it is proper for it to be preached in a Christian church. But

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how can they be sure that Socialism is Christianity? The Socialists themselves do not agree as to what Socialism is. And certainly not many of them will argue that it is a philosophy of religion. For one thing we can be sure—that Socialists are not concerned about the welfare of the soul. They are concerned chiefly about the business of this life. They may argue that Christianity is also concerned about the business of this life, but at least they must admit it is evident from the number of jarring sects that there are many sides to the question as to what are the fundamentals of Christianity. If they are not bigots they will admit that unless we acknowledge the existence of an infallible authority it is tyrannical to deny a man the right to determine for himself the meaning of the philosophy preached by the Founder of the Christian religion. Now the members of the Church of the Ascension have come to an understanding as to what Christianity means, and according to their understanding it is as different from Socialism as botany is from astronomy. They believe that Socialism and Christianity are distinct cults. It is their privilege to hire a man to instruct them in Christianity, and having exercised that privilege it is natural that they should have very positive objections to his attempting to instruct them in Socialism. But singularly enough the Socialists conceiving the attitude of the members of the Church of the Ascension to be a species of intolerance berate them in the most impassioned and violent language. It is for them to realize that their own attitude bespeaks intolerance. They are intolerant of the view of Christianity that is held by the members of the church. But at this we should not be astonished since they have for their leader that half-baked philosopher, Lincoln Steffens, who could see but one side of the graft prosecution. Discussing the subject of the removal of the minister he says: "The church is corrupt. It voices the desires of a part of the people only. It belongs to the same people who control our government and our politics. That's why I am astonished to hear Christianity preached in a church." From which the breadth of the Steffens mentality may easily be gauged. Did ever bigot utter himself in a more intolerant spirit? Was there ever a frenzied fanatic more facile in the selection of the postulates of his furious denunciations?

Louis Robertson

By Val

Departed soul of song, your lips are mute,
Your harp is broken and its strings are strown:
You who in pain struck music from the lute
Are winged again—say whither have you flown?
Sing back to us who stay and cannot hear—
Sing back the truth and sing in simple phrase.
Is it not true that love should have no fear?
Are paths you walk the paths of earthly ways?
Now you are medicined by death from pain
All your young hopes and vigor are restored;
But can you sing, as you have sung, again?
Is it not true that pain must strike the chord?
Or have you learned a newer symphony?
Perhaps your song is nobler now than when
You, who were skilled in mortal melody
Enthralled with changing moods the hearts of men.

Perspective Impressions

The Reno widow and her weeds are soon parted.

Isn't it about time to organize for the reformation of reformers in self-defense?

The proneness to discover bad habits in your neighbor and good habits in yourself is not a habit conducive to the best results.

Though it is shown both by the school and federal census that San Francisco has not as many children as she ought to have why worry now that Theodore II is a married man in our midst?

Mr. William R. Hearst tells us that war with Japan is inevitable. Well we certainly need a war to divert our attention from the politicians and to produce in us more wholesome emotions than those with which we are at present afflicted.

If what the sporting reporters have been telling us is true the white race must now be in a hopeless condition. But perhaps the ingenious sporting reporters will now tell us that as Mr. Johnson has a white wife we need not despair since the better half of him is Caucasian.

Mr. Hearst's Examiner lamented the death of Chief Justice Fuller in two columns and the defeat of Jeffries in thirteen pages. The worship of justice has never lacked altars, but the sky-line is black with the spires of temples dedicated to the worship of strength.

Let us felicitate ourselves on the fact that San Francisco is one of the few large cities in the United States in which there was no clash between negroes and whites on receipt of the news from Reno. But let us be especially proud of the fact that the news that produced the clashes elsewhere did not emanate from the so-called Paris of America. Hats off to Governor Gillett!

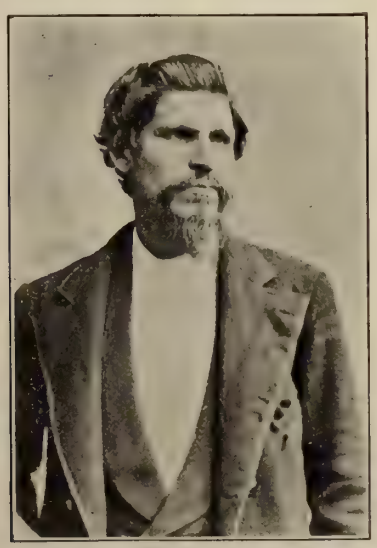
Tiburcio Vasquez the Bandit

Being a Brief Notice of the Criminal Exploits of One of the Most Picturesque Ruffians that California Has Produced, Extracted from a Rare Pamphlet Published in 1875 by Eugene T. Sawyer.

Although Tiburcio Vasquez operated in the vicinity of San Francisco and was hanged in San Jose, his exploits are not nearly as well known to the average San Franciscan as those of Black Bart, Joaquin Murietta, Three-Fingered Jack and Evans and Sontag. Yet Vasquez is as picturesque a figure as any in the criminal annals of the State and the popular sympathy was so aroused during his trial that when he was sentenced to death many women in the courtroom broke down and wept. Not that his career embraced any of the unselfish incidents by which some of the worst robbers and murderers have distracted attention from their viciousness. Vasquez had only one virtue, daring, but his effrontery and engaging personal appearance somehow won the general imagination so that many actually regarded him as some sort of a martyr when the law finally put a rope around his neck.

At the height of his career Vasquez possessed a well-knit, wiry figure and wonderful power of endurance. His complexion was that of a Castilian; his features were clear cut and wore an expression of keen intelligence. To the general observer he appeared quiet and inoffensive with frank and gentlemanly manners. His voice was light and melodious and a smile continually hovered over his face. Perhaps it was his attractive exterior which made him a favorite with women, perhaps his reckless criminality and outlawry had a great deal to do with it. At any rate women played an important part in the life of Vasquez, and one woman had much to do with his death.

Tiburcio Vasquez was born in the town of Monterey in August, 1835. His parents were respectable people and gave him a common school education. Early in life he evinced a distaste for honest toil and a liking for the



TIBURCIO VASQUEZ

company of loose men and women. When only sixteen years old he fell in with Anastacio Garcia, a bandit who terrorized Monterey County for quite a while. Perhaps that association inspired Vasquez with the desire for an outlaw's life; at any rate it was the beginning of his career of crime. He joined a gang of horse-thieves and at the age of twenty-two went to serve his first term in San Quentin. He escaped but was recaptured and stayed in prison until August, 1863. In the following year an Italian butcher was murdered at Enriquita and Vasquez acted as interpreter at the inquest, but none of the witnesses for whom he translated seemed to know much about the crime. After the inquest he disappeared and subsequently discovered facts connected him with the crime. It was a Robin Hood trick in a new setting, that of a guilty man interpreting at his victim's inquest.

Two years later we find Vasquez seducing and abducting the beautiful daughter of a man who cared for him after an accident. This was a characteristic exploit; to Vasquez the claims of hospitality meant absolutely nothing. From 1867 until 1871, he was again in State's Prison, having been caught stealing cattle. When he emerged his piercing black eyes, his seductive smile and his soft musical voice had as many charms as ever for the senoras and senoritas and in 1870, having been for some time the guest of one Abelardo Salazar in San Juan, he made conquest of his host's wife and rode off with her. Salazar tried to kill him on their next meeting, but Vasquez escaped with his life and the woman stayed with him till he tired of her.

In the spring of 1871 the bandit began a series of depredations which kept the State in a ferment from Mount Diablo to Los Angeles. With his thorough

ABDON LEIVA

knowledge of the country the bandit found little difficulty in eluding pursuit and he had so many friends that the most carefully planned hunts failed to surprise him. He robbed the Gilroy and Visalia stage near San Felipe and escaped from the pursuing posse with a bullet through his body. When he recovered from his wound he held up the San Benito stage below Hollister and escaped, though his assistant was captured and lynched. Vasquez never tarried after a crime to help a companion make good his escape; self-preservation was the first law of his nature.

In January of 1873 Vasquez met Abdon Leiva and his wife, Rosaria. As usual he won the woman's heart and through her persuasion Leiva joined the outlaw who was recruiting for a big campaign. By summer time Vasquez had a picked band consisting of Leiva, a French hunchback named De Bert, Moreno, Chavez and Gonzalez. Plans were made to hold-up the Southern Pacific pay train between San Jose and Gilroy, but the plot was betrayed and had to be abandoned. Then followed the worst crime of Vasquez's career, the murderous robbery at Tres Pinos, a few miles below Hollister.

On the 13th of August, 1873, the robbery of Snyder's store, on the Tres Pinos, was first suggested by Vas-

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Countess Camille

By Francis Grierson

(Concluded from Last Week)

The little Baroness laughted with delight as the Countess paused a moment and waved her lace handkerchief with one of those charming gestures of which she had the secret, and I again caught a whiff of the wonderful scent. It seemed to envelop me, and I felt a sensation of exhilaration mingled with a slight drowsiness, and I began to wonder whether this feeling was produced by the perfume or some secret power exerted by this systerious woman.

She continued her story:

"We now entered a smaller room. From the ceiling hung several lamps encased in pure gold filigree. A glow of light fell on a bowl encrusted with opals, set in a basin of malachite.

"'Sit here,' said Kallif, pointing to a pale green divan which the flickering lights rendered all but transparent. He then walked round the room. When he came to the bowl of opal he stopped and looked at it, as if meditating some important act. He then took from his pocket a small bunch of keys, cautiously opened the lid and took out a phial. Then facing me, he said: 'First I shall let you inhale a little of this extract, for not till then will you be able to understand what I have to show you.' I heard a slight click when he opened the phial, and almost on the instant a wave of wonderful perfume enveloped me. In another moment the room seemed laden with the fascinating odor, and with it, I thought I heard a far off music as of harps. Gradually I became reconciled to the strange influence of the room, and my terror vanished.

"Kallif now walked slowly to the opal bowl, and replaced the phial. He came once again and stood beside me, and, with a curious gleam in his eyes, he whispered:

"'Musk, sandal-wood, attar of roses.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but that is not all!'

"'Ah,' he replied, 'the fourth ingredient must remain a mystery; but if ever you do guess it the secret will be yours. Remain where you are, and do not move,' he continued, as he walked to the far end of the apartment.

"I saw him unlock a small casket and take out something, carrying it in his hand as he again came towards me.

"He unfolded some tissue-paper and held before me a crystal-like stone of unique shape, bordered with rubies and black diamonds. He held it out before me, and I gazed into it. Suddenly he grasped my left hand and placed the stone in it. I shuddered as something like an electric shock passed through my arm, and just as I was about to express my surprise, Kallif bent his head down close to mine, and looking into my eyes, said with a significant gesture:

"'You see it is an agate!'

"Instantly I thought of his agate eye. I looked at the eye, then at the stone; they were exactly the same color. As I moved it, the black diamonds darted fire such as I had never seen from jewels.

"And now the old life had passed away, and a world of romance was before me. Define it all I could not, nor did I wish to try.

"Kallif took the agate stone and put it under lock and key once more, and said in a careless manner, 'I think you now understand that I only want your aid; you will assist me in my work at Constantinople.'

"He led me back to my own apartments where the woman Minka was awaiting me. This woman I had almost begun to like; she seemed very kind, but to confide in her I did not dare.

"A few days after that eventful evening, we started for Constantinople, Minka being my constant companion. Kallif had now gained complete control over my mind. But I did not fear him; it was a sort of indifference I now felt.

"Arrived at Constantinople, I found myself in a dream-palace that seemed to have been erected on the plan of some Arabian Nights entertainment, so varied, so surprising, so bewitching was every room. Kallif took me all through it one evening soon after our arrival, and the moment I stepped outside my own suite of apartments, I was lost in the bewildering mazes of arabesque walls and elusive doors hung with extraordinary curtains worked in weird designs leading anywhere or nowhere."

"But were you not afraid that he would sew you up in a sack some night and have you thrown into the Bosphorus?" asked the Baroness, in her childlike way.

"Wonder had taken the place of fear," replied the Countess Camille simply. "There was a mystery about all the mazes of the palace which I was dying to solve, and I was certain this house had no equal in Constantinople.

"One never-to-be-forgotten evening Kallif had the whole palace illuminated for the reception of some great and distinguished visitors. There was that unearthly shimmering effect, that serene glow and fascinating glamour about everything from ceiling to floor that I had witnessed in Vienna, but spread out here through whole suites of apartments with unnumbered lights and illusions unknown at the Austrian mansion.

"Kallif informed me that among the guests would be a Russian diplomat from whom he must get some important state secrets, and that I must aid him. He feared, however, the influence of a certain Fakir and a hunchbacked companion of his whom the Russian insisted on having present that evening, as he was much interested in the study of the occult.

"Kallif commanded me that I should dress on this particular evening in a semi-Oriental gown of rose pink. He gave me emeralds for my hair and arms, and I wondered why these jewels were to be worn alone; but Kallif had a reason for everything, and this was no exception. When my maids had finished my toilette, he came to conduct me to the room he had chosen for the reception. On we went, through turnings that led from one enchanting scene to another, and when we arrived at the appointed room Kallif gave a wave of his hand, as much as to say, 'here it is.'

"He went away for a time, and I sank into a divan, in a dream of ecstasy at the sight all about me. The room was of emerald-green, and that was why I was commanded to wear emeralds, but the pink and opal glow of the curiously wrought hanging lamps reflected a pale rose-color on the shell-like ceiling, which, in turn, threw a sheen on the splendid rugs and divans, and in the midst of all I stood with my pale rose-gown and my jewels, as if I had been created for the room. I looked to see if I could distinguish the door through which we had entered. It was impossible.

"Kallif now returned, and as he approached me I noticed a faint smile on his hard, cynical lips; he made a motion for me to rise. He led me a little way towards the middle of the room where the lights seemed to merge in a soft mystic glow. He pronounced some words in Turkish or Arabic which I did not understand, made a gesture in the air with his hands, and fastened in my hair, what do you think? The agate crystal with its rubies and black diamonds! There I was, with a talisman on

(Continued on Page 34.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Siftings from Many Sources

Friar Lands Investigation

It was a great surprise to most observers when in the closing hours of Congress the Insular Affairs Committee of the House ordered an investigation of the sale of the Friar lands in the Philippines. It was not thought that anything would be done in this matter during the session. The resolution adopted calls for "a thorough investigation of the Interior Department of the Philippine Government touching the administration of Philippine lands and all matters of fact and law pertaining thereto, whether the same are to be had in the United States, the Philippine Islands or elsewhere, and to report to this Congress." It will be remembered that when Representative Martin of Colorado first made public his allegations of corrupt dealing in the Friar lands his charges made a great sensation. They implicated Frank W. Carpenter, executive secretary of the Philippine Government who, it was stated, had leased 5,000 acres of Friar lands and purchased 17,000 acres. Martin further charged that 3,000 acres of the Friar lands had been leased for a period of twenty-five years for twenty cents an acre per annum to E. L. Worcester, a nephew of Dean C. Worcester, the Philippine Secretary of the Interior. The resolution denounced these transactions as "so criminally corrupt and immoral as to constitute malfeasance in office." The investigation is bound to be sensational.

An Insurgent Complication

The national insurgents are very much confused over the situation in Massachusetts where Representative Butler Ames, a red hot insurgent, who has announced his candidacy for the Unite States Senate in opposition to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge will not only be opposed by the powerful State machine but by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the warm personal friend of Lodge, as well. The colonel, of course, is the idol of insurgent worship, so it is a hard pill for them to swallow. It is said that Colonel Roosevelt will make at least one speech during the approaching campaign in behalf of his fellow-author Lodge. Commenting on this rumor which seems to have ample verification Butler Ames has said: "It is hard to believe that the ex-president will lend himself to the political support of one, even though a friend, who has consistently violated in Massachusetts all the moral teachings of which he is the great exponent." At the same time the fact that Senator Lodge should have appealed to the colonel for personal assistance is taken as an indication of the tight hole he is in with an opponent like Butler Ames trying conclusions.

A New Kind of Pygmies

The greatest interest has been aroused in scientific circles by the discovery by the expedition of the British Ornithologists' Union of a new pygmy race in New Guinea. The explorers are cut off from all communication, but it is supposed that, according to their program, they had commenced the ascent of the Charles Louis Mountains running east and west of Dutch New Guinea, and that it was here they made their discovery, which absolutely upsets all preconceived ideas, anthropologists having held that pygmies were not to be looked for among the Papuans. Further particulars published in The Times state that the average height of the pygmies is four feet three inches. They are very dark ("the color of a newly blacked stove"), with broad noses, frizzly hair growing in "peppercorn" tufts, and long arms. They are of the Negrito race, which was only previously known to exist in the Andamans, the northern districts of the Malay States, and in parts of the Philippines. They are nomadic hunters and experts in the use of poisoned arrows and in the construction of a kind of spring gun for the capture of game. They are a "merry little people," very hospitable, not cannibals, and apparently monogamous. The party is one of the most important scientific expeditions of its kind despatched from England for many years. Organized by the British Ornithologists' Union and the Royal Geographical Society, its object was the exploration of the largest unknown area on the earth's surface—an area as large as Great Britain and Ireland and France together.

A Catholic Tuskegee

The Catholic church in this country plans the foundation in the South of a national Catholic industrial school modeled on the Tuskegee Institute of Booker Washington. The project was discussed at the annual meeting of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People over which Cardinal Gibbons presided. Father John E. Burke, director general of negro mission work, having formerly administered a negro parish in New York, was picked out as the most competent person to plan the new foundation and he will soon make a tour of Alabama and Mississippi for the purpose of picking out a site for the institute. There is a good deal of money available for the new project but Father Burke hopes to establish an annual fund of $100,000, to be contributed largely by the young Catholics of the country. The whole scheme is indirectly a tribute to the success of Booker Washington.

Power Sites a State Heritage

A great deal of serious consideration is being given to a speech delivered in the closing week of Congress on the subject of the conservation bill by Senator Borah of Idaho. Taking a position diametrically opposed to that of Gifford Pinchot and his followers Senator Borah dwelt upon the argument that the equality guaranteed by the Constitution to all the States would be destroyed by the demands of the extreme advocates of conservation. "If Illinois or Massachusetts," argued Senator Borah, "receives thousands or even millions of dollars as a revenue for its water power and Idaho receives nothing, but on the other hand, pays thousands or millions into the Federal Treasury, is there equality among the States? The old States make these power sites a source of incalculable revenue out of which to pay the expenses of the State and lessen the general taxes. But we must not only pay our taxes but in addition this revenue to the general Government." Senator Borah emphatically indorsed th policy of regulating these sources of power to prevent waste, extravagance and monopoly; but the "policy of strangulation of the great West" he as emphatically denounced.

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The Spectator

As to the Big Fight

Any occasion which causes thousands to congregate, whether it be a Shakespearian play at the Greek Theater in Berkeley or the lynching of a negro in Georgia is worthy of serious consideration. If for this reason alone I would scorn to be of those who display an affectation of indifference toward the prizefight in Reno. While for obvious reasons the pugilistic battle had nothing in common with the lynching of a negro, it certainly had many points of contact with a Shakespearian tragedy. That is one of the reasons why it appealed very strongly to me, but I do not hesitate to say that the principal reason is the pleasure I take in seeing two fighters trying conclusions. (I never in my life helped separate street-corner fighters unless one was a bully and obviously out of his opponent's class.) Like most other men I enjoy a scrap; probably more than a great many men I enjoy a great spectacle; so I would gladly submit to the discomforts of another trip to Reno or elsewhere to see such a spectacle as that of last Monday afternoon. If it had been a better fight I should have enjoyed it more; if after a rattling good battle Jeffries had won I should have enjoyed it most of all. From which it may be gathered that if not a fight fan I am at least orthodox in my sporting creed.

It was Very Dramatic

In many respects the fight might be compared with a tragedy at the Greek Theater. The arena held a tremendously large crowd. Everyone knew he was there to witness a dramatic event but of course it was only at the conclusion that this dramatic event proved to have been a tragedy. Speaking for myself, I was never so keyed up with excitement at the beginning of any play as I was when Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson entered the ring. I imagine that a great many more who, like myself, had no money wagered on the result, nevertheless felt just the same way. It was a natural feeling. Here were a black and a white giant facing each other, waiting the signal to start the contest which had been one of our staple subjects of conversation for months past. We knew for a certainty that the battle would occupy an important chapter in the future annals of fistiana, much more certainly than we ever know that any particular player in any particular play will be remembered beyond a decade. A world's championship, whether it be in chess or fisticuffs, is not to be sneered at. It was a great thing to be present and any man who, being present, did not breathe the atmosphere of the occasion had wasted his time in coming. It was real drama from its slow and cautious start to its startling climax. I wish any player had the power to overwhelm me as I was overwhelmed when Jeffries toppled for the first time beneath Johnson's blows. I could hardly believe my eyes. It seemed like a bad dream. To think that that wonderful fellow had at last met his superior! And yet the climax had come with the inevitability of all true tragedy. There was no other way out of it. With the relentlessness of fate the black pugilist had exhausted the possibilities of his science and strength in humbling the pride of the white. The picture of Jeffries hanging out of the ring is one which will never be erased from my mind.

Some of the Other Actors

If I had the pen of Pierce Eagan or William Hazlitt, if I could write as Carleton wrote when he gave us "The Dead Boxer" or as George Borrow wrote when he described the humiliation of the Flaming Tinman I might attempt to vie with the sporting writers in a description of the fight. I prefer to criticize some of the minor actors, the stars having been thoroughly discussed. There was Jim Corbett, for instance. It struck me that he cut an amusing figure, but of course tragedy must have its low comedy relief. Jim got decidedly the worst of it in some of his repartee with Jack Johnson but never lost his amiability. Between the rounds he visited Johnson's corner and pretended to study the fighter's condition. But as Jeffries failed to hurt the negro Corbett's teasing was in vain. More effective was the part played by Joe Choynski whose duty it was to jolly the bruised and disheartened white man, to keep his eye open and to stop the flow of blood. The eagerness with which most of the pugilists took the limelight with Billy Jordan before the fight began was very amusing. Even Philadelphia Jack O'Brien had the effrontery to clamber through the ropes and bow; but the crowd would have none of him. John L. Sullivan is clearly the popular idol and next to him, Fitzsimmons. Tom Sharkey is a joke to everybody. I never got such a good look at his celebrated cauliflower ear. It is the greatest anatomical curiosity I have ever seen. Billy Muldoon is nearly as handsome today as when he was the champion wrestler and rumor said that Kate Forsythe who played Rosalind in the "As You Like It" to which he contributed his wrestling skill was infatuated with him. Evidently he has not learned much wisdom from Elihu Root and other distinguished patrons of his, otherwise he would never have made that foolish speech about "the only free State in the Union."

The Literary Experts

Doubtless many people who have been reading the articles signed by Sullivan, Corbett, Muldoon and others have suspected that they were not the real authors of these effusions. They were not. John L. Sullivan's articles were written by "Wurra Wurra" McLoughlin, the sporting editor of the New York World; Corbett's by a very clever youngster named Brown, also of the World; Muldoon's were the work of C. E. Van Loan of the Hearst contingent; while Freddie Hewitt, formerly of this city but now of the Chicago Inter Ocean, was responsible for "Bat" Masterson's. Even Battling Nelson who regards himself as a litterateur was not averse from seeking assistance. It was not easy work, this composing articles for the old-timers. Van Loan complained that when he sought Muldoon for material the former wrestler would begin, "Thirteen years ago" and fall into a revery. Van declared that these three words represented the only material he ever received from Muldoon, but of course even newspapermen are not free

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from the vice of exaggeration. It is not necessary to point out that newspapermen did not write the special articles signed by Jack London, Rex Beach, Alfred Henry Lewis and other blown-in-the-bottle novelists. If they had those articles would have been of vastly better quality.

The Judges of Form

I don't suppose any previous ring contest developed so great an aggregation of cock-sure judges of physical form as this one did. Men who are paid large salaries by metropolitan dailies for their services as sporting editors and writers filled colmns with descriptions of Jeffries' superb physical condition and with arguments to prove his invulnerability. Very few had the courage to set down in cold type their final judgment of the comparative chances of the two fighters, but most of those who did picked out Jeffries as the better man. I recall few who showed themselves experts in more than name, but "Tad" of the Hearst papers, Ben Benjamin of the Chronicle, and M. Georges Dupuy of the Paris Figaro were of this scanty company. Here is a situation which raises a question of competence. Should not others besides these few have been able by observation to learn what Jeffries' real condition was? Was their judgment faulty or did they allow prejudice to run away with them? Of one thing I am sure. Henceforth I shall not put my trust in experts but shall trust to my own inexpert observation. Then I will be spared the disappointment I suffered when Jeffries, the so-called "bear man," went through the ropes.

Sullivan on the Passion Play

Big Tim Sullivan's pugilistic utterances have figured at great length in the despatches from Reno, but I am much more interested in his remarks on the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The New York State Senator came direct from Europe to Reno to act as stake-holder at the fight and regaled some of his friends at the Golden with an original criticism of the Tyrolean religious spectacle. "I went to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play," he began. "I wish I had stayed longer in Ireland. The play from a religious standpoint may be all right, but as a spectacle it does not amount to much. The local talent, if gathered together and brought to New York, would not make a very long run even at the Metropolitan Opera House. I have been to Coney Island, but the simple villagers over there have adopted Coney Island methods, and in a German setting they lose nothing. The innkeepers charge you $6.50 a day for accommodations which can be furnished on the Bowery for 75 cents a day. Indeed, Bowery accommodations at that price have the Bavarian accommodations beaten by a city block. You have to pay two days in advance, and as soon as you are safely landed they begin overcharging in a way that would do credit to a get-rich-quick game. Not many Americans had arrived when I was there, but the simple natives were preparing for them. When the play is over there ought to be enough money in that section to allow many to retire, build castles, and buy titles. Everybody has a hook out for the expected American invasion."

He Talked and He Talked

Justice Lorrigan of the Supreme Court made a record for long winded post-prandial speechmaking last Saturday night on the occasion of the banquet given in his honor at the Vendome by the San Jose bar. Though "the event of the evening" Justice Lorrigan was not given an opening until twenty minutes before midnight, but he was then in fine fettle, and he talked until almost two o'clock in the morning. He was in reminiscent mood, and despite the lateness of the hour nobody went to sleep. The judge kept his audience awake with some good stories, one of which was about a case that he failed to win when practicing at the bar. He was defending a man charged with a serious crime. Having great faith in his ability as an orator he talked to the jury for a day and a half, and his client was convicted. Amazed at the verdict he asked one of the jurors how it was that he had become convinced that the man was guilty. "Well," said the juror, "the evidence wasn't very strong, but you talked and talked, and somehow you didn't seem to get anywhere, and so I concluded that there was a reasonable doubt of your client's innocence."

Shortridge for the Bench

Up from San Jose comes the news that Charles M. Shortridge, statesman, journalist, lawyer and philosopher is about to conquest a new field. After a brief experience at the San Jose bar it has occurred to him that the bench of the Santa Clara Valley is in need of a little more of the judicial temperament and that he has some to contribute. This happy thought came to him partly as a result of his experience in the court presided over by Judge Welch where he was fined some time ago, and partly as a result of Judge Welch's unique conception of the principles of justice and the rules of evidence. Judge Welch has been reversed so often that the taxpayers of the prune belt have been put to considerable expense for new trials, and with commendable public spirit Charley Shortridge has resolved to put an end to the drain on their pockets. I hear that his resolution meets with the approval of a majority of the members of the bar.

"What a beautiful costume, dear!"
"Do you like it?"
"Oh, my dear, I love it. It's just too hideously fashionable for words.

Spalding for Senator

Lost is the World's Fair to San Diego, but perhaps there is to be compensation in the honor of giving to the nation a senator. For San Diego commends to our consideration Al. Spalding, the father of his nation's preeminent pastime. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as to be unconscious of the mortal cinch that Al. Spalding has on almost any job that he might care to fill? The love of the Spalding is a national sentiment, first at some time or other in the hearts of every mother's son of us. What delicious memories cluster about the name that has been a household word in the United States for lo, these forty years! How many voters in California, think you, will read on election day

the name of the giant twirler of the original Chicago White Stockings without letting their memories wander vacant-lotwards to the halcyon days of virile youth, to that gladdest season of life when there were no illusions and all the joys of existence were experienced through the divine combination of a Spalding ball and a Spalding bat. And who can think of those darling implements of our earliest and cleanest rivalries without a touch of something akin to poetic reverence for the man who will be forever identified with our sweetest traditions! There are few things that we do in this life less grudgingly than those which are done for old-time's sake. And certainly a large majority of us feel that there is a very close connection between old-time's sake and Al. Spalding's. Therefore the prospect of compensation ahead for the world's fairless city to the ultimate south of us.

The Diamond School

Wellington is reported to have said that Waterloo was won on the cricket field at Eton. In a similar sense most of the glorious triumphs of Americans were won on the diamond. It was on the diamond where every boy is a unit in his little world that many a successful American acquired the qualities of self-reliance, pluck and perseverance. On the diamond the love of fair play was first instilled in the breast of many an American youth. There too innumerable American citizens received their first lessons in justice as administered by the umpire from whom there is no appeal. By the rules of the game they were taught to be not impatient of justice, or, at least, to bear with the infirmities of human judgment to the extent of never impugning the integrity of the sole arbiter. And so while it is the sacred prerogative of every rooter to kick at the rank decisions of the fallible one his impartiality is never questioned. In Al. Spalding we have a fine specimen of the kind of manhood that is fashioned in the dust and sweat of the turbulent ball field. And to Al. Spalding we are indebted in a very great measure for the preservation through the years of the pristine purity of the noble sport. He it was that nursed the game in its evolution from primitive rounders to its present state of perfection. Its fundamental rules he formulated, its finest traditions he helped to make.

The One Disadvantage

So. Al. Spalding starts in the senatorial race with some advantages that his only competitor Judge Works will not find it easy to offset. The only disadvantage from which he may be thought to be suffering is money which he made out of baseball. Though never officially included among the malefactors of great wealth, it may nevertheless be considered unfortunate for him in these piping times of prejudice against the predatory rich that he has a fortune of many millions. This circumstance, however, may be employed for argumentative purposes for or against him with almost equal facility and cogency according to the state of mind to which the argument is addressed. Much depends on whether Mr. Spalding will endeavor to show that he is not inseparable from his wealth. It has been reported that he intends to make a noiseless campaign, one absolutely devoid of the gladsome sound of sound money. It is to be hoped that the report is exaggerated. There is many an old codger with whom the remembrance of his baseball days is but a sigh, who will be grateful to Al. Spalding for awakening in him memories of those vanished hours that are never included in the days of wasted time; but will he not also be disposed to doubt that the candidate for senator is really and truly the man that used to pitch for the original White Stockings? Mr. Spalding must loosen up to dissipate incredulity among the plain people.

Rich But Repentant

Some callous persons there are who regard the money-making faculty as not at all incompatible with the senatorial essentials so long as it is accompanied by the money-spending habit. Indeed there are persons who regard the combination of the faculty and the habit as conclusive of sanity and conservatism. So after all it is in Mr. Spalding's power to appeal to two classes of the electorate—those who are susceptible to the influence of sentiment and those who measure ability in terms of the counting-house. And let it be said incidentally that so far as can be ascertained Mr. Spalding accumulated his money with a reasonable degree of respect for his conscience. But of course millions of money are prima facie evidence of a conscience cultivated up to some measure of grateful resilience. It is not therefore to be contended that "Pop" Anson's old partner has remained immaculate since quitting the slab. It goes without saying that he is not as honest as that lonesome poor man, the beloved of the idealists, who has never broken the golden rule. But there is to be said in his favor, that unlike most American millionaires he got tired of the sordid business of his post-diamond career, turned it over to his sons, and by picking out a garden spot for the home of his declining years made it evident that commerce had not utterly extinguished his capacity for appreciating the delights of a soulful leisure.

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married and have a quiet and peaceful home of my own."

"Well," replied the man who knew, "sometimes it works that way, and sometimes it's like joining a debating society."

A Peck of Vulgarity

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, lately of Columbia College, has been found out. Considered for years a gentleman and a scholar he has at this late day exposed himself to all who care to look at a very vulgar little person. It all came of a suit for breach of promise and the consequent publication of a batch of love letters. The love letters which Peck wrote to his inamorata were not of any particular literary value but they flamed with

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the erotic fires of middle-age adoration and naturally evoked guffaws wherever they were read. Now Peck is not singular in writing indiscreet letters; most of us have done exactly the same thing and the professor might well say, Let him that is without offense laugh first. A better course would have been for the professor to maintain silence, exactly the course which he did not follow. As a result of the whole miserable business he was asked to vacate his Latin chair at Columbia and immediately retorted with a mean attack upon President Nicholas Murray Butler. Some time ago the New York Sun, a most irreverent paper, referred to Peck as "the coprophagous editor of the Bookman." That is a most objectionable adjective to apply to any man but as Peck's literary activities have consisted largely in raking the muck of literary lives, it was perhaps deserved. Perhaps Peck's favorite studies caused the deterioration in his character; perhaps Petronius, whom he translated, corrupted him. At any rate Peck stands discredited, a peck of vulgarity, nothing more.

Conductor—You pulled the wrong rope; another time, when you want to get off the car, just notify me.

Passenger—I didn't want to get off; I just wanted to ring up the last fare that you failed to register.

Rudolph May Leave Us

A vagrant rumor has been current during the week that the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels, the first and last hope of Californian reformers, may soon fill the State with mixed emotions by announcing his permanent withdrawal from this scene of his most virtuous activities. Mr. Spreckels, so the story goes, feels that he should not confine his efforts as a reformer to a single State. Calls have come to him from all sections of the Union to get in behind the national movement for civic regeneration, to fight for the supremacy of the higher ideals shoulder to shoulder with J. Rudolph Garfield, "Battle Bob" La Follette, Gifford Pinchot and the other paphlagonians and proponents of the New Idea. And it is said that he has given ear to these calls, and that he has about concluded to take up his headquarters in Washington, D. C., and there finance and direct the big movement. There will certainly be joy at the Capital when Mr. Spreckels takes his leg there and corresponding thereto in volume will be the mourning of the bereaved ones at home. But Mr. Spreckels has not yet decided to leave us. His future course depends on the gubernatorial contest. He will take no revolutionary step for the present.

Another Guess About "The Sybarite"

The identity of "The Sybarite" who recently wrote for Town Talk a series of papers entitled "The Physician at the Supper Table" is still keeping our readers guessing. The following paragraph is from the last issue of "The Spectator" of Los Angeles:

Truman and Ainsworth?

San Francisco Town Talk has just concluded a series of talks by a sybarite—and about the best series of papers that has been published in California in many a long day. All over California people who have been reading these papers have been guessing as to their authorship. I am as much entitled as any one for a try, even though Town Talk will not reveal the name of the writer. My guess is that those papers are the work of Major Ben C. Truman and that the physician referred to in them is Dr. Ainsworth of the Southern Pacific. Will Town Talk attest the correctness of this?

In reply to this I can only say that it is impossible for me to announce the name of the author of the papers until I obtain his permission to do so. When they were contributed it was with the understanding that his anonymity should be preserved. Some of my readers may not know "The Spectator" of Los Angeles. It is a new weekly paper of alert and breezy tendencies conducted by Mr. Winfield Scott who used to be prominent in local newspaperdom. Mr. Scott edited the Los Angeles "Graphic" for some time and edited it well. Since his withdrawal the paper has been moribund.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Jinx."

"Well, that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and the fool insisted on telling me."

Alfred Henry Lewis, Autoplagiarist

Plagiarism is not a rare crime, but autoplagiarism, which perhaps is no crime at all, is certainly uncommon. Oscar Wilde set a precedent in this practice, "lifting" from himself poetic images and dainty phrases, but with all his courage and contempt for conventionality he never had the boldness that has been exhibited by Alfred Henry Lewis in the gentle art of filching from his own published works to lighten the burdens of authorship. I feel that it is worth while calling attention to the virtuosity of Lewis in wholesale repetition because of a most curious circumstance. In 1901 Lewis published his Life of Richard Croker. Now it is on this work that he has made large drafts for the purpose of eking out his "Story of Roosevelt" in the June number of the magazine called Human Life. How remarkable that Lewis with his thoughts concentrated on the greatest moralist of the age should have received the inspiration which sent him back nine years in quest of material that was con-

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ceived while pondering the life of the Tammany boss. I will employ the felicitous parallel:

From his "Croker"

This sketch, to say the least, is becoming highly excursive. There will be those of its readers, doubtless, to marvel at its long legs and erratic wanderings. I may as well vouchsafe a syllable of explanation. When I began, after some thought on that point of discursiveness, I took the bridle off and turned my pencil out to pasture. It will graze where God pleases, and where the grass of that moment grows best to its taste. (Page 26).

In dressing the stone, and mixing the mortar, and laying the walls of this story, there shall be but one purpose: The sole, lone target aimed at shall be truth. It may be well to wear this statement in one's mind. A procession of mendacity, in a very lock-step of lies, will follow Richard Croker to the end. It will be marshaled by partisanship, recruited by jealousy, and led by his foes. It is worth while, therefore, since none cuts coupons from any bond of error, to create a place in print where the truth of Richard Croker can be had. This is to be no attack, no defense; it is neither to blame nor to praise. "Sir Oliver," quoth Sir Peter Teazle, "we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better." . . . No, there's to be neither love, nor hate, nor praise, nor censure, nor bouquets, nor brickbats, nor interest personal or political, from one cover to the other. Truth shall be the watchword, first as last. 'Tis a commodity grand, popular, and scarce—that Truth. There's little of it told; there's little of it sold. For which reasons, Truth, where and for what cause it comes to market, should carry that interest and selling quality commonly stated of hot cakes. (Page 3).

It is a fashion when one writes of folk of eminence, advertisement, and power, to plant some space with their pedigrees. Whether the subject be some kinless loon or one rich in ancestry is ever of deep importance; especially in America, emphatically in New York. There are . . . more "Burke's Peerages" sold each year in New York City than in London and all England. There are more carriages to be seen in any New York City day bedight with the coat-armor of the free and democratic American inside, than would roll by one in London in a week. (Pages 3, 4).

It will strike the calmer mind that in this matter of family we have done enough. . . . Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," deals out the genealogy of his wigged, grave heroes with but a scurvy scantiness. Even in the instance of the bloody Jeffries, about all that Campbell tells one is that Jeffries' father was a Welshman who took early occasion to prophesy a headless ending for his son with block and axe on Tower Hill. . . . Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," an indomitable work which extends itself in ten volumes, disposes of the "pedigree" and the

From his "Story of Roosevelt"

In seizing it I am likely to become highly excursive. Also, there will be readers, doubtless, to marvel at my long legs and erratic wanderings. Wherefore I vouchsafe this syllable of explanation. I have resolved to take the bridle off and turn my pencil out to pasture. It shall graze where heaven pleases, and where the grass of that moment grows best to its taste.

In dressing the stone and mixing the mortar and laying the walls of this story, there shall be but one purpose: The sole, lone target aimed at shall be truth. It may be well to wear this statement in one's mind. A procession of mendacity, in a very lock-step of lies, makes up the body of modern biography. Commonly it is marshaled by partisanship, recruited by jealousy, led by ink sycophants who fawn on Money or Place or both. It is worth while, therefore, since none cuts coupons from any bond of error, to create a corner in print where the truth can be had. This is to be no attack, no defense; it is neither to blame nor to praise. "Sir Oliver," quoth Sir Peter Teazle, "we live in a damned wicked world and the fewer we praise the better." No, there's to be neither love nor hate, nor praise, nor censure, nor bouquets, nor brickbats, nor interest, personal or political. Truth shall be the watchword, first as last. 'Tis a commodity as grand as scarce—that Truth. There's little of it either told or sold. For which reasons, where, and for what cause it comes to market, it should carry that charm and selling quality commonly stated of hot cakes.

It is the fashion when one writes of folk of advertisement to plant some space with their pedigrees. . . . Whether the subject be some kinless loon, or one rich in ancestry, is ever of importance in America, emphatically in New York. There are more "Burke's Peerages" sold each year in New York City than in London and all England. There are more carriages to be seen in any New York City day, bedight with the coat-armor of the free and democratic American inside, than would roll by one in any London week.

For all that, it will strike the generous mind that in the matter of family I have done enough. Campbell in his "Lives of the Lord Chancelors" deals out the genealogy of his woolsack heroes with no such liberality as I have shown. Even in the instance of the bloody, and therefore interesting Jeffries, about all that Campbell tells us is that Jeffries' father was a Welshman, who took occasion to prophesy a headless ending for his son by block and axe on Tower Hill. Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott"—an indomitable work in ten volumes—disposes of the "pedigree" and

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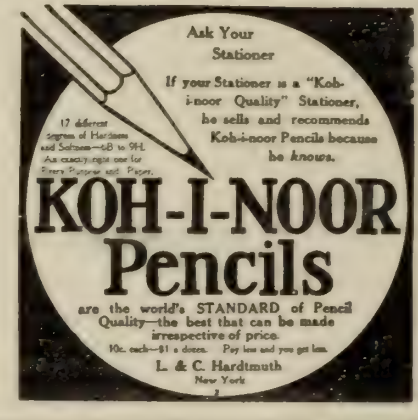

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"parentage" of his noble hero in twenty-five pages. And as Sir Walter was father of Lockhart's wife, the author was bound to warm to his subject, and hold for it a filial love by sheer artifice of law. (Page 9).

One is not, however, to blame Walton, nor Campbell, nor Lockhart, nor those others of our biographers who expand not themselves generously in affairs of pedigree. It's not so much neglect as caution. And to you who read, and who, at this time, for aught one knows, may be sowing the seeds of the pedigree habit within your own breast, a word of warning should be flung. . . . Have a care as you climb the family tree, lest your sensibilities should heir a fall. One must not crowd one's ancestry to the wall, nor harass it with too strict a search, lest it turn and rend one. It has been the fault of every age that more folk were hanged than crowned. . . . There lives none but who is bound, by the very argument of opportunity, and as one thousand is to one, to face the risk of an ancestry, which, with the last word, will climb a gallows rather than a throne. (Pages 9, 10).

Your Tom Crib takes his place with your Newton, your Lely, your Phidias, your Wren, your Handel, or what champion you will. He got his brawn where Newton got his brains,—at the same bargain counter of Nature, and paid the same price. . . . Or why should some genius of ear, or eye, or hand of nerve-fineness, look over the poor fist-genius who is born to batter those features of mouth and nose and ears and eyes which a Lely is born to paint, a Phidias to carve, a Handel to compose a hymn for, and for which a Wren or an Angelo is to build a church? (Pages 20, 21).

Upson—Don't you hate to see a bill collector come in?

Downes—Yes, and yet I frequently request him to please call again.

Carmel's Dramatic Venture

The ambitious project of a forest theater with amateur players will be inaugurated tonight at Carmel-by-the-Sea. Readers will recall that Michael Williams described the principles and purpose of this venture in a recent communication to Town Talk. From Grace MacGowan Cooke I have just received a letter with details of the production which will be the maiden effort of the Carmelites. Mrs. Cooke is the press agent of the theater and her work is very interesting. Interesting too is a photograph which she encloses. It represents my old friend Professor George H. Boke, the Berkeley pundit, in the garb of the prophet Samuel, the part which he will adorn this evening. Boke is a very impressive looking Samuel. Part of his flowing drapery is folded over his head concealing the bald spot of that dome of fevered thought while a white beard disguises the lower part of his interesting countenance. His right arm is extended dramatically in a gesture which leads me to infer that he is pointing with pride to something, but whether it be to David, the shepherd king, to the Witch of Endor or to Hiram Johnson I am at a loss to say. If I find time to run down to Carmel to see the first production at the Forest Theater it will give me excessive pleasure to watch Boke in the unfamiliar role of a mummer. At the same time it strikes me that recent events in San Francisco must have filled Boke with feelings more allied to the character of Jeremias than to that of Samuel.

The Play is "David"

Seriously however I am greatly interested in the information which Carmel's feminine press agent has sent me. Feminine press agents are apt to avoid the ruts in which their masculine co-workers usually plod along. I recall in this connection the good work done by the very charming young lady who did the press work for Miss Florence Roberts during her last visit to this city. I learn from Mrs. Cooke that the drama of "David" is from the pen of Constance Skinner of whom I have heard ere now and that it will be produced under the direction of Garnet Holme whose name is new to me. Miss Skinner's drama deals with Saul's hatred of the newly-anointed shepherd and of the love of David for Michal, Saul's young daughter. That Mrs. Cooke is no ordinary press agent may be guessed from this specimen of her colorful language: "Like a rare, pure flower on a back-

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ground of crimson, this tender story of young love shines out against the bloody, brutal tragedy of the day and time." With Mrs. Cooke's statement that in those wondrous days "the power of beauty was dimly felt" I cannot agree however. "Dimly" is not the word. A reader of the Bible must be impressed with the tremendous influence exerted by beauty. In the cast of characters I recognize the names of Herbert Heron, dear Professor Boke, Helen Cooke, the daughter of the press agent, Alice MacGowan and Bertha Newberry. The others are strange to me. Well, here's good luck to Carmel's first dramatic attempt.

A Trip in a Torpedo Boat

I met Walter Doyle, the able police reporter of the Call, the other day and without holding me with his glittering eye—because his eye doesn't glitter—he told me a yarn of the sea that interested me a great deal more than the tale of the Ancient Mariner interested the fidgety Wedding Guest. Doyle was the guest of Lieutenant Ross S. Culp, U. S. N., on a recent trip which the torpedo boat Goldsborough made from this port to San Diego. The torpedo boat Rowan went along in charge of Lieutenant S. H. Lawton. Doyle is a bit of a sea dog himself and he told me that he had never seen such rough weather in his life. The story is interesting as showing the bravery and efficiency which the officers and men of the navy display in the routine of duty and I will let Doyle tell it in his own words. "We weighed anchor," Doyle told me, "in the morning and just as we were getting out of the Golden Gate we commenced to get a very choppy sea and a stiff breeze. We were steaming up to 150 revolutions or about twelve and a half knots. We passed a French brig and noting that her canvas was pretty well torn, prepared for a storm. As we rounded out into the ocean we struck a big swell and the wind increased. As we struck our course the sea came astern much faster than we were traveling. The Goldsborough began to pitch and roll and we could see that the Rowan was making very heavy way of it. We could only see her for a minute or so at a time."

An Ominous Message

"About five-thirty in the evening," continued Doyle, "we hit the real thing. We noted a distress signal from the staff of the Rowan. We slackened to about five knots—just enough to let the helmsman keep our boat up—and as the Rowan rolled on the crest of the wave we got this message, one of the worst you can get at sea: 'Tube burst, number two boiler. Stand by.' We signaled to find out if anybody had been injured and after terrible suspense got the answer, 'None.' So perfect is the discipline on these boats that the men without needing orders had leaped below for bandages, picric acid, etc., while others stood by the davits of the whale boat, ready to lower away. The Rowan had stopped and the wind and the sea were driving her. Soon she signaled that she would get under way, half speed, in ten minutes; then that she would make standard in fifteen minutes. That was pretty fine work, considering her accident. The wind increased to a gale and the waves rolled over us, burying the bow in green sea. We shipped green sea over the jack staff and took spray on the bridge. This was at sundown. All through the night we battled one sea after another. Our deck was awash and it was next to impossible to make one's way from the bridge aft. The men clung for their lives to the life lines as they went to their stations. Extra lookouts were placed on the aft conning tower to report the Rowan's signals. Along about ten at night, off Point Concepcion, the sea seemed to be at the height of its fury."

The Height of the Storm

"We were rolling," Doyle went on, "nearly a quarter of the circle's degrees and taking water into the cabin and the crew's quarters. The glass port holes broke un-

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EDDIE MARCHAND, Manager.

der the strain of the water. At half-past ten the quartermaster reported a signal from the Rowan. It took four men and two officers fully eighteen minutes to get the signal, so great was the storm. It was: 'Life boat carried away.' They were surely having a lively time of it, as I learned afterwards. Lawton was below, trying to get a little rest after twelve hours on the bridge and Ensign Leo Welch was on the job. When the Rowan took the sea astern she keeled to starboard and dipped her high bow well into the sea. Quivering from stem to stern, her propeller blades racing above water, she keeled again, this time to fully ninety degrees. The life boat, lashed high to the davit arms, went deep into green sea and filled with water. It seemed to Welch and his men that the Rowan could never right herself. They were hurled from their feet. The helmsman almost lost his grip on the helm but responded cheerily to Welch's cry of 'Catch her!' For three or four minutes they fought a terrific battle to right her and get her in her course. The davit irons snapped like pipe stems and the life boat was torn away. A gunner's mate battening a hatch over the officers' cabin was struck by a heavy sea and hurled through the steel life lines with such force that he was dazed. Three men standing amidships saw the sea taking their comrade and rushing over managed by mighty exertions to pull him back on deck. The storm continued for twenty-one hours, a wonderful battle of young naval officers and their brave men against the most tremendous powers of nature. But they won out handily. No wonder, though, that Commodore L. C. Richardson complimented Culp and Lawton when it was all over." And I echoed, "No wonder!"

Automobile Extravagance

Several times in these columns I have called attention to the extraordinary number of automobiles in this city and have pointed a moral of extravagance therefrom. Figures at my elbow show me that casual observation has not played me false. From the first of January to the first of June this year 6,877 automobiles were licensed at the office of the Secretary of State. Naturally the greater number of these machines must be owned near San Francisco. I find also that 35,513 automobiles have been licensed since the licensing statute went into effect and that this represents an expenditure of about $35,000,000. All of this money has not been expended for mere pleasure; the automobile is a valuable accessory of business. But when we reflect on the comparative scarcity of business automobiles and the superabundance of joy wagons, it must be admitted that there are a parlous number of millions invested in an expensive luxury. The financial letter of the American National Bank from which I have obtained my figures makes this reasonable comment: "While in many—perhaps most—instances the indulgence is reasonably commensurate with the means available for its gratification, there is undeniably a growing tendency on the part of many who cannot afford it to mortgage their future earnings for the same purpose. And this tendency it should be the duty of bankers to discourage."

Many connoisseurs of oriental rugs are taking advantage of the reduction sale now going on in the well known establishment of Mihran and Company at 326 Sutter street. This is the oldest establishment of the kind on the coast and has been noted for years for the rare quality of the rugs placed on sale there. Mr. Mihran is now in the Orient on one of his rug collecting trips.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is located at 626 Merchants Exchange Building, where all business of The Citizens' Alliance is transacted.

The Free Labor Bureau of The Alliance in Oakland is at 804 Broadway. All classes of male help is furnished absolutely free, to employer and employee.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business June 30, 1910

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	$16,858,349.35	Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds at par	2,450,000.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,700,633.61
Other Bonds and Securities	1,790,860.59	Circulation	2,450,000.00
Other Assets	333,505.12	Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	2,008,019.95
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	2,008,019.95	Deposits	23,586,632.66
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,304,551.21		
	$33,745,286.22		$33,745,286.22

OFFICERS

SIG. GREENEBAUM ..... President

H. Fleischhacker ..... Vice-President and Manager
Jos. Friedlander ..... Vice-President
C. F. Hunt ..... Vice-President
R. Altschul ..... Cashier
A. Hochstein ..... Assistant Cashier
Challen R. Parker ..... Assistant Cashier
Harry Choynski ..... Assistant Cashier
G. R. Burdick ..... Assistant Cashier

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Sensation the Papers Missed

I am amazed that none of the papers took the trouble to ascertain the names of the women who occupied the very exclusive box on the rim of the Reno arena during the prizefight. Perched in their eyrie against the sky these women were the cynosure of all eyes, but apparently none of the newspapermen were curious to learn who they were. That mystifying indifference lost them the best story that could have been published in connection with the fight. The women in that box were nearly all very fair to look upon, they were all stylishly and attractively gowned and they manifested the most eager interest in the pugilistic encounter. These facts alone made them the sort of newspaper material which our sensational editors love to use, but there were other reasons why they should have been exploited prominently. The fact of the matter is that two of those women belonged to the inner circle of our Four Hundred. No big affair in this city or in Burlingame is considered successful unless they lend the prestige of their presence to it. Whenever they appear in public the bavardes tell about it in the society columns. Their names are known to the countless thousands in town who read society news. How in the name of all that is strange and unaccountable did the papers miss chronicling their presence at the prizefight? In addition to these two women there were in the box several of the best known members of the divorce colony of Reno. The marital difficulties of these latter have been exploited all over the United States and their faces should be easily recognized by a wide awake newspaperman. Evidently the reporters were all too busy watching the fight to pay any attention to them. Even the two women who attended the fight for two local papers failed to identify any of these well known women. What are our papers coming to?

Fair Fight Fans at the St. Francis

A picnic suddenly transformed to a funeral could not have been more hushed and solemn than was the crowd of women that filled the tapestry and tea rooms of the Hotel St. Francis on Monday afternoon, the day of the fight. Every word from the ringside was listened to with quiet alert attention and when the first round of extras came in, the women bought them with frantic eagerness. The story was read out loud here and there, the women crowding about the reader for all the world as if the news were of vital importance. "Good gracious, and my husband left so confident and happy yesterday." "Well, it has taught me a lesson. Men are not infallible in their judgment." "My, what a narrow escape I've had. I wanted to bet a couple of hundred but mamma wouldn't let me. I'm glad that I listened to her." "Well, there goes the automobile that I was promised. Guess we'll have to walk or go by trolley." These were some of the comments heard in the tea room where the womenfolk whose husbands and brothers were at Reno, comforted themselves with tea and ice cream, condoling with each other on the disappointment of the day. Such chagrin and sorrow overwhelmed them that all the laments were those of pity rather than censure for the mistaken judgment of the men who had predicted otherwise. For some reason, difficult to understand, the women were far more intensely and genuinely interested in the contest than in any previous affair of this kind.

The Nodding Bavardes

The city is a veritable Sleepy Hollow. Everybody who is anybody is out of town and those who are forced to stay behind have their front blinds discreetly pulled down and are living stealthily in the back of their homes. They don't want to be found in town! The bavardes are hard put to it to find social items during this dreary out-of-season period. Their dire straits, however, are no excuse for the many glaring mistakes which are appearing daily in their columns. Why, for instance, in their accounts of the wedding of pretty Elaine Brashear and Coleridge Ertz should they refer to Mrs. Safford Colby, the charming matron of honor, as "the sister of the bride"? As a matter of fact there is absolutely no relationship. Mrs. Colby was a New York girl when she married Safford Colby, the son of Paymaster Colby, U. S. N., several years ago. While visiting in Blithedale Miss Brashear and Mrs. Colby met and became dear friends. Again I read in one of the veracious dailies

Photo, Moore and Clark

MISS RUTH SEARLES

A very cultured young woman who is engaged to marry Mr. Leland Sparks, the son of the late Governor Sparks of Nevada.

Go to Headquarters
BATHING SUITS
Sweater Coats Summer Underwear
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KNITTERS
Write for Illustrated Catalogue
Cor. Grant Ave. and Post St.

that Mrs. Florence Pope Frank had rented her house for the summer and would spend the season abroad. The sorrowful truth is that Mrs. Frank died a couple of years ago of malignant cancer. I learned with considerable surprise that Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin had returned from a lengthy visit in the East to their son William and were accompanied by their sons Ralph and Stanford. I happen to know that William Gwin Jr. has been in Paris

Photo Schatz

MISS MARGUERITA JOHNSON

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Johnson of Oakland whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Theodore Edward Glazier of Greely, Colorado. Miss Johnson is a graduate of Miss Horton's school while Mr. Glazier is a University of California man.

for the last two years cultivating his voice which by the way is one of great promise while Ralph Gwin has been dead these many years. Again one paper informs us that Mr. and Mrs. Pool will spend some time at Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock. This is only partially true. Mrs. Pool, the sister of Mrs. Babcock, will visit Tahoe but her husband Lawrence Pool, the well known Pacific-Union clubman, died many years ago. Truly the bavardes must be awfully hard up for news when they insist on resurrecting the dead.

A Laughable Instance

One of the most amusing mistakes of this sort was made by the Call of last Friday. On the first page in the position of greatest importance appeared a picture of Miss Jennie Lee. The portrait must have been about fifteen inches long and five inches wide. Accompanying this was a meager item announcing the engagement of this very charming young lady to Ensign Albert Reis. Now Miss Lee is one of our most beautiful and most interesting young women and is the object of a great deal of admiration on the part of eligible society chaps. But by all newspaper standards her engagement was not of sufficient importance to warrant such an unusual half-tone display. When Princess Alice announced her engagement to Nick Longworth she was not honored with quite so great a pictorial compliment in any of our papers. And the funny part of the incident was that the announcement was a mistake which was duly corrected next day in a very tiny item in the society column. I am inclined to think that there may be some truth in the bare statement that Miss Lee is engaged, though not to Ensign Reis. Gossip links her name to somebody else but I am not at liberty to divulge the name.

The Groom Belied His Name

The development and training of a sense of humor ought to be included in the curriculum of every college and university. A man might easily make his mark in the world without knowing anything about logarithms or biology but he is destined to many a bitter drubbing if his fun instinct is latent. Several hundred summer idlers at Yosemite Park, in the vicinity of Camp Curry, impressed this fact on young Frank Gay of Redlands who was Stanford's quarterback two seasons ago. Gay is a solemn young giant, in fact almost as somber as the plumes on a hearse and his excess of dignity aroused the prankish instincts of a crowd of picnickers. He was married to a charming young woman from Redlands a few weeks ago and had taken his bride to the Park. One evening a few days ago a number of youthful campers thought it would be a nice little compliment to serenade the bride and groom at their tent. Fifty or more of them circled about the tent singing joyful songs. Gay, however, did not look upon the attention in the nature of a compliment. After standing their lusty mirth as long as he could, he suddenly hurled his six foot four of husky strength out of the tent and made a lunge for the nearest singer. The crowd tore them apart, changing the tune to "For he's a jolly good fellow," all the time whirling about the tent like a lot of wild dervishes. Gay again made an attack and in less than a minute there was a general fight, with Gay striking out to the right and to the left with the speed of a prizefighter. The bride looked on for a while, then broke down and sobbed. One of the older women stepped in to call a halt and rebuked the furious groom for his woodeny lack of humor. Everybody ceased singing and the young couple were left alone. Early in the gray dawn of the following morning they made their departure, walking from the camp before anyone was up.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Kenyon of San Francisco with Mr. A. G. Kenyon and Mrs. P. Kenyon motored down to the Vendome recently.

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A Book for Snobs

C. W. de Lyon Nicholls of New York is about to publish a new edition of his book "The Ultra Fashionable Peerage of America." He says that he has revised his old list and that of the names in the new list not more than ninety-nine will represent families that reside outside of New York. Apropos of this great piece of news the Call tells us that "every one is wondering who from San Francisco will rank in the holy of holies"; also, that the news of the coming volume "has set the fashionables of Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, etc., on the qui vive as to who will be in the social ranks of the union." All of which excites in me a touch of incredulity. I haven't heard anybody discuss the coming volume. I asked Willie O'Connor what he thought about it and he asked "who in h—— is de Lyon Nicholls." I told him that Mr. Nicholls was a descendant of Robert Bruce, and he told me that the Caledonian Club was full of Bruce's descendants some of whom were working in the Park for McLaren. I consulted another scion of one of our first families, and he told me that the only member of our smart set who could give me any reliable information about current literature was Mrs. Frank Carolan. He also said that if Mr. Nicholls was capable of making a genuine contribution to literature Mrs. Carolan would know all about him. I explained that what I wanted to know was whether any member of our provincial aristocracy would be disappointed if omitted from the revised list of the American peerage, whereupon he informed me that he wasn't acquainted with some of the latest arrivals from the bottom of the ladder. He did not mind venturing the opinion however that the new book would fail to create a sensation either at Burlingame or Hillsboro.

Back from the Desert

Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt who recently returned from Africa where she spent nearly a year among the wanderers of the desert, the mistress of her own caravan, is now at her country home near Napa. During her sojourn on the desert Mrs. Mansfeldt was in every sense of the term a stranger in a strange land among a strange people, for she passed months without seeing one of her own race. The experience she says was most fascinating; and the Arabs she found a most interesting and hospitable people. She became an enthusiastic student of their manners, customs and language, and their literature is now her hobby.

A Bride from Washington

One of the most recent and prominent of Washington brides, Mrs. A. Robert Elmore, has arrived in Los Angeles with her husband and is being much feted of late. Mrs. Elmore is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Sutherland of Washington, D. C. As Miss Edith Lee Sutherland, Mrs. Elmore was one of the most popular of late capital debutantes and the wedding was attended with much pomp and ceremony, while it was honored by the presence of many Washington and Atlantic coast notables. Mr. Elmore found an attractive business opening in Los Angeles shortly before his marriage and returns to continue in his old position. He is something of an ornament to society himself and lent his talent and support to the success of the spring Kirmess. It was during the round of private entertainments attendant upon the preparation for the Kirmess that news of the approaching nuptials leaked out.

The Singleton Difficulty

The John Singletons of Los Angeles, after eight years of troubled married life, appear to find it not so very easy to separate after all and friends of the couple would not be at all surprised to learn that further proceedings had been indefinitely postponed. Numerous details have occupied the attention of the attorneys for both parties to the recently filed suit and Mrs. Singleton left recently for New York, resigning herself to a further delay of the hearing until fall at least. Her younger sister, Miss Lillian Graham, has just returned from Europe and Mrs. Singleton went on to meet her in the metropolis with a view to assisting her as far as possible toward securing a desirable position in an operatic or dramatic company, in both of which branches of professional entertainment she has had some experience.

In Lieu of Bridesmaids

From London, in the letter of a correspondent, there comes to me news of a wedding innovation which is likely to become popular in these United States. It is the substitution of a best girl for a bevy of bridesmaids. This novelty has already been seen at several fashion-

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no countefeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
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able weddings in London and is regarded with favor by the English, despite their usual conservatism where old customs are concerned. The best girl does not follow the bride up the aisle, as the bridesmaids do, but stands at the head of the center aisle opposite the position of the best man. There both await the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. With the best man the best girl follows the pair down the aisle after the ceremony. It seems to me that this is an innovation which will be eagerly acclaimed by prospective brides, although the girls who are constantly in demand as bridesmaids will regard it with dismay—until their own time comes to figure as the principal performer in a wedding ceremony. As an economical reform it is not open to question. To buy a present for a best girl instead of for a bevy of bridesmaids means the saving of a pretty sum. Who will be the first bride to have a best girl at her wedding?

Luncheon at the Palace

The luncheon hour at the Palace is one of the jolly periods of the day and supplies one of the most interesting scenes to be found about the hotels of the city. The orchestra is discoursing classical and popular music, the white and gold decorations of the long dining rooms give the requisite touch of beauty, there are quantities of flowers in brilliant hues; while the guests who gather about the splendidly appointed tables complete the picture. The Palace guests are a study in themselves for they come from the four points of the compass. There are people of gigantic business interests both at home and abroad, globe trotters, princes of the Orient, princes and noblemen of Europe with their ladies, army officers and their wives and daughters, debutantes and their mothers and belles of the ball room wearing clothes that would be the envy of Paris. All meet in the spacious dining rooms, enjoying their luncheon and many times not knowing the station and financial standing of some of the noted persons of the world who are quietly discussing the menu at adjoining tables.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Fletter (Leola Spofford Stone), have returned from their honeymoon spent at the Rose Carnival at Portland and Lake Tahoe and will be in town until August when they will make an eastern tour.

Mrs. George Kerr entertained a party of friends very pleasantly at tea in the St. Francis last Saturday, following an enjoyable afternoon at the Columbia. Mrs. Kerr arranged the affair in compliment to Mrs. Harold Havens and Mrs. King.

Mrs. John W. Toule with Miss Marion and Noama Toule of Omaha, are paying a few weeks' visit to Santa Clara Valley.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include Mrs. Hamilton Beall, Los Gatos; Dr. and Mrs. Lester Curtis, Chicago; C. B. Collins, Toledo; A. E. Laud, Toledo, and Y. W. Yeatmas, Cincinnati.

W. R. Sherwood went down from San Francisco to visit Mrs. Robt. Sherwood at the Vendome recently.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Miss L. M. McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cohn, Julian D. Cohn, Milton H. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. S. Abraham, H. R. Mann, Miss Whitley, Frank J. Solomon, Miss Olga Eppstein, Joe Harris, L. G. Casad, Mrs. L. G. Casad, Miss Casad, Mrs. S. E. Duncan, C. E. Grieff, Alfred C. Skaife, Walter L. Doyle, Theo. Peters, Frank W. Dickson and George B. Forgy.

Among the San Franciscans in the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are Mr. and Mrs. S. Chener, Mrs. W. H. Patton, Miss E. D. Patton, Mrs. E. A. Bresse, Miss Martha McMahan, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. Weihe, Miss Marie Tyson, James D. Kenneder, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Hamburger and child, Bertram Hamburger, Miss Irene Peters, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Rosenfeld, H. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Higgins, Dr. R. E. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Seeley and Miss Ruth Seeley.

Mrs. W. F. Palmanteer and her daughters, Miss Hazel and Miss Ethel, are spending the summer at Castle Crag, where they plan to remain for two months or so.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her popular daughters, Misses Sara and Mary and Elizabeth, who have been spending several months at the Fairmont, left a few days ago for their home in New York.

A BOY'S LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

"Dear Papa: No good candy up here, send me a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' from San Francisco." An order can be sent by mail or express from any one of their four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market street, near Ferry.

Mrs. E. E. Freeman, Miss Mathews and Mrs. E. A. Breese of San Francisco motored down to the Vendome recently to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Holmes.

J. F. Landis, a navy man from Vallejo, accompanied by Mrs. Landis, and H. L. Landis of Kansas City, registered at the Hotel Victoria during a recent visit to San Francisco.

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Swell Merchants Lunch at Popular Prices
The Best French Dinner in Town for $1.00
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MAISON TORTONI HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
The Only Genuine Italian Restaurant in San Francisso
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Twenty Feet from St. Francis Hotel
Music by Italian Orchestra from 6 to 8 p. m.
Kitchen under supervision of chef expressly brought from Europe for this place. Italian dishes in every known style.

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LUNCH, 75 cts. REGULAR DINNER, $1.00
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Harry Simpkins was a luncheon host at the Palace during the week, entertaining in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham (Louise Gaylord) prior to their sailing for their home in Honolulu.

The flower show will be a fashionable event of the fall season and many of the most prominent women of the city and the peninsula will exhibit this year. An effort will be made to make the flower exhibit a smart as well as a beautiful event, as it is in Paris where the finest flower shows of the world are held, although California truly boasts the possession of the finest flowers. The flower show will take place at the Fairmont Hotel, October 20 to 22, inclusive.

Sir Robert Hadfield and Lady "Bob" have started on a motor trip through California. They made their start from the Palace Hotel where they have made their home while in San Francisco and expect to cover the entire State, stopping at the principal points of interest.

An important party that will be at the Potter in July is that of Emory Wingate of New York. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Wingate, his two children, and Mrs. Morris Casey of San Francisco. Their visit will last two months.

As usual regular musicians have been engaged to play in the Potter Hotel during the summer. Miss Lydia Berth, the talented violinist of Los Angeles, has been engaged with her assistants, Rolla E. Gardiner, 'cellist, and Albert Bode, pianist. Beside the regular orchestra work, Miss Berth is planning to give a series of chamber music concerts. The concerts will include standard trios and solos and will be very interesting to the hotel guests and their friends.

Mrs. Fulton G. Berry, widow of the late Commander Berry, her daughter, Miss Maude Lillian Berry, and Miss Emily Gardner, have taken permanent apartments at the Palace. Since her arrival in town a month or two ago Mrs. Berry has been visiting at the homes of different friends in the service set.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N., retired, has been at the Palace, awaiting the arrival of his wife and family from the East.

Following is a list of recent arrivals from San Francisco at Castle Crags: Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Gault, Miss Jemima Ryle, Anna Nicolson, Elizabeth Keyser, Frances Keyser, Mrs. Elsie Grover, Martha A. Ijams, Mrs. Geo. E. Dow, Miss Throck Morton, Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, Marie Mariott, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Rigdon, Mrs. A. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and two children, Miss Marie P. Russell, Mrs. W. R. Chadbourne, Virginia Chadbourne, Anita Chadbourne, Suzette Chadbourn, Nelley Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McGan and three children and Lee Burke.

Mrs. A. J. Hammond of Hollywood, Los Angeles, with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brooks, Mrs. C. B. Hass of Birmingham, Alabama, were one of the many motor parties registered at Del Monte recently.

Mrs. G. B. Castle, wife of one of the wealthy sugar planters of Honolulu, spent several days recently at Del Monte with her friend Mrs. M. E. Tenney.

The following are some of the guests who have been at the Potter lately: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Powers, A. F. Frey, E. S. Levins, H. J. Hart, H. G. Stanton, Mr. C. O. Cohen and family, Miss Playes, R. B. Knox, E. M. Jude, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rosenthal, M. B. Rosenbefg, A. M. Ellis, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Roedlig, Pasadena; J. N. Powell, A. C. Brode, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mackay, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Derring, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Hedges, Mrs. N. H. Fuller, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Granger, Upland; Mrs. T. J. Orbison, Miss Virginia Orbison, Miss Joan Orbison, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bigton, Santa Monica; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dolton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Welbers, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Milligan, Los Angeles; F. O. Dunham, Ocean Park.

The California Conservatory of Music, 147 Presidio avenue, has issued its list of free and partial scholarships to be awarded to talented and deserving pupils. The awards will be made by a committee made up of Georg Kruger, director; Miss Pinkham, principal of Irving Institute, and George Walcker, head of the voice department of the Conservatory.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin, (Ella Hobart) were delightfully entertained by their numerous friends during their short visit at the Fairmont and left the latter part of the week for their home in Colorado Springs. One of the most elaborate affairs given in their honor was the dinner party at which William B. Bourn was host. It took place at the Fairmont and was attended by five guests. Although so small a function it was one of the best appointed and most elaborate dinners given since the winter season. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin in turn entertained with several informal luncheons and dinners at the Fairmont during their stay in town.

One of the beautiful affairs of last week was the dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. John B. Coryell of Menlo Park in the white and gold dining room of the Palace Hotel. The table was massed with lilies-of-the-valley. The center piece was a globe of the lilies at the top of which were mingled a few gorgeous orchids, producing a most beautiful effect. There were eight guests. Mrs. Coryell, as usual, was beautifully costumed, her gown being a combination of orchid tints and white trimmed in exquisite thread lace. The Coryells are leaving soon for Europe and the contemplated voyage was suggested in the ices and creams, the bon bons and cakes served which were all cut in the form of trains, boats, automobiles and tiny suit cases. Hoffman's orchestra rendered a special musical program for the occasion.

COLUMBIA THEATRE Cor. Geary and Mason Street. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs. Phones, Franklin 150, C 5703

Second and Last Week Begins Monday Night, July 11th.
Harrison Grey Fiske Presents

MRS. FISKE

and the Manhattan Company
Monday and Saturday Nights and Wednesday Matinee
"PILLARS OF SOCIETY"
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Nights and Saturday Matinee
"BECKY SHARP"
July 18th HENRIETTA CROSMAN in "Anti-Matrimony."

ALCAZAR THEATRE Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs. Phones, West 1400 and S 4242

Week Commencing Monday Evening, July 11th,
the Distinguished American Actor

JAMES K. HACKETT

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"SAMSON"
Its First Presentation in San Francisco
Prices: Night, 25c to $1.00. Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday. Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

MARION MURRAY & CO. in Their Screaming Farce "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon"; JOLLY FANNY RICE in "The Miniature Stage"; PRINGLE & WHITING, Presenting "Breaking Into Vaudeville"; SIGNOR TRAVATO, "The Eccentric Violinist"; Last Week of WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE, Presenting for the First Time Here Mr. Cressy's Latest Sketch "ONE NIGHT ONLY"; CAPTAIN MAXIMILION GRUBER and MISS ADELINA'S EQUESTRIAN REVIEW; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES; Last Week of LOIE FULLER'S "BALLET OF LIGHT" and LILY LENA, the Dainty English Singer of Story Songs.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c and 50c.

OAKLAND ATTRACTIONS

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, July 11, Every Evening, Saturday and Sunday Matinees
Return of Sydney Ayres
BISHOP'S PLAYERS in a Spectacular Production of

FAUST

Entire House, 25c and 50c—All Performances
Next: Opening of Izetta Jewel Season—"Merely Mary Ann."

IDORA PARK OAKLAND KEY ROUTE

Take Key Route—Oakland's Million Dollar Fun Factory.
25c round trip from San Francisco via Key Route includes admission.
THAVIU AND HIS RUSSIAN BAND
Open Air Concerts this Afternoon and Evening.

AFTER THE PLAY
THE FORUM CAFE
OAKLAND
Under the management of GUSTAV MANN

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter street. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1st. Money deposited on or before July 11th will earn interest from July 1st. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier. 7-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the half year ending June 30, 1910, divjdends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1910. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

Genuine Reduction Sale of

Oriental Rugs

40% Discount

From Our Already Reasonably Priced Stock of Choice ORIENTAL RUGS

We are suddenly called upon to make an immediate remittance to the Orient for our heavy purchases, having received imperative orders from Mr. Mihran, who is away on his collecting trip, to raise this amount at any loss, hence we will give a

Genuine and Straight 40% Discount

ON OUR ALREADY LOW PRICES

Come and See the Values you will get from this Exceptional Sale

Mihran & Co.

326 SUTTER STREET

Oldest Rug Establishment on the Coast

Mrs. Fisk in "Becky Sharp"

By Edward F. O'Day

It is to be hoped that Gertrude Atherton will speedily provide Mrs. Fiske with a good play. It has long ceased to be a secret that yielding to Mrs. Fiske's importunities Mrs. Atherton has plunged into the unfamiliar task of dramaturgy. All lovers of the theater will unite in a fervent prayer that her maiden play will be worthy of the great actress for whom it is being constructed. Mrs. Fiske, I take it, is sadly in need of an adequate vehicle for her capabilities. If not, why did she revive "Becky Sharp"?Not that it was to be expected that Langdon Mitchell's episodic play would be so soon consigned to the shelf. It was bound to be revived from time to time by stock companies. The perennial popularity of "Vanity Fair" would insure it a cordial welcome from that very large class of theatergoers which delights in seeing its favorite fictional characters depicted on the stage. But it seems to me that Mrs. Fiske has outgrown the part of Becky in more senses than one. The interest of the play centers in the scene in the third act wherein Rawdon Crawley discovers his wife's infidelity and punches Lord Steyne. Everyone who knows his Thackeray is curious to see how that scene looks on the stage. It looks mighty well with Mrs. Fiske playing Becky, but it is only one of five scenes and the other four are not of sufficient importance to warrant Mrs. Fiske in continuing to present them. It is not very polite to refer to any woman's age, even if she be an actress who is expected to submit to a certain amount of very personal criticism; but in considering Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" the question of age must be touched on. Mrs. Fiske is not a young woman and more than that, she has not preserved the figure of a young woman. The Becky Sharp of the mind's eye was a slender creature, lithe and supple as a serpent. Mrs. Fiske gives us a Becky who is not this Becky of the mind's eye because she is not a Becky with a well defined waist line. Of course the hideous costumes which fashion condemned women to in the fourth George's time have much to do with the matter. I recall that in the modern garb of a Leah Kleschna Mrs. Fiske was not open to this criticism; the same was true of the part she played in "The New York Idea." Criticism, perhaps, should be able to overlook such a detail. In that case it would be able to offer nothing but praise for Mrs. Fiske's Becky. Mrs. Fiske is an actress distinguished for her great intellectual ability and for her magnetic personality. She easily indicates to her audience the principal notes of Becky's character, her cunning, her calculating selfishness, her satirical humor, her powers of fascination. There are several monologues in the play to which Mrs. Fiske has no difficulty in imparting the semblance of dramatic power, although in the hands of a less capable actress they would be dull and tiresome. I do not say anything about the stock objection to Mrs. Fiske's delivery because I have never experienced that difficulty in hearing and understanding her words which so many complain about. There is no doubt that her staccato utterance is a mannerism but to me it has always seemed a mannerism which conformed perfectly to her mimetic character without detracting from her charm. Mannerisms are as much a part of character in life as they are on the stage. What would Becky Sharp be without her mannerisms? It seems extremely likely to me that Mrs. Fiske's fondness for this part springs as much from her appreciation of Becky's mannerisms as from her desire to exercise her fine mind on a character of the complexity which Thackeray gave to his favorite heroine. There can be no doubt that equally to the mind and to the ear she interprets it with never-failing understanding. That she does not interpret it to the eye with equal felicity I have already noted and this is sufficient reason why she should cease presenting it. Let Mrs. Fiske admit that she has outgrown Becky as prepared for her by Mitchell. And let her turn her attention to some really great play. There are so few actresses of Mrs. Fiske's powers that we have the right to protest when they waste their time. I think she is wasting her time on Becky. Decidedly she is not wasting it on Ibsen, but perhaps Mrs. Fiske objects to Ibsen as a steady diet. In that event she must look elsewhere for a great play. Will Mrs. Atherton please favor us with one? I am on tiptoe with expectation.

It is said that Frederic Thompson's production of the latest dramatic sensation "The Spendthrift" has attracted more attention than any play recently staged in New York. It deals with the timely subject of domestic extravagance and the high cost of living. The play ran nearly all winter in New York. The company will come direct from Atlantic City to San Francisco.

Henry W. Savage's production of the notable European and American success "Madam X" is to be seen at the Columbia in the fall.

Rose Stahl will make a cross country tour with her great success "The Chorus Lady" prior to her New York appearance in a new play now being prepared for her.

MRS. FISKE

Who is appearing at the Columbia Theater

CANDY IN THE COUNTRY

If your supply of candy runs out while on your vacation, you needn't go "Candy-Hungry." Just send a money order to Geo. Haas & Sons' Phelan Building store and the candy will be immediately shipped to you, carefully packed, so as to arrive in perfect condition

Stage

Hackett in "Samson"

Pursuing their policy of keeping the Alcazar open all summer with a "two-dollar" star heading the players, Belasco & Mayer announce that James K. Hackett, the famous romantic actor, will commence a six weeks' engagement next Monday evening in Henri Bernstein's much-discussed drama "Samson." As it will be the play's first presentation in San Francisco, and as Mr. Hackett has not appeared here within the last dozen years, the event is of twofold importance. Supporting Hackett will be Miss Beatrice Beckley, a clever young English actress who was his leading woman last season in New York, and Arthur Hoops, a talented player of "heavy" roles who has been with him several years. The regular Alcazar players will round out the casts. "Samson" made a tremendous impression when Mr.

EUGENIO BATTAIN

Tenor, as Canio in "I'Pagliacci" with Bevani Grand Opera Co. coming to Idora Park on July 17th.

Hackett presented it on Broadway, the critics unanimously pronouncing it even a greater play than "The Thief," by the same author. In construction it is almost flawless, its theme being big and modern, its action swift, its climaxes logical and strong, its characters clearly and vividly drawn and its dialogue crisp and rapid. It is a play that grips the heart and the imagination, so masterly is it in conception, so full of splendid vitality.

Fanny Rice at the Orpheum

Marion Murray, one of the popular Murray Sisters who is this season touring with her own company, will appear in a comedy sketch by Edgar Allen Woolf called "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon" at the Orpheum next week. Jolly Fanny Rice will present her original conception of "The Miniature Mimic Stage" which is a delight to both adults and juveniles. In her cabinet which is a reminder of the good old "Punch and Judy," she presents her characters, all of whom are entertaining and amusing. Miss Rice needs no introduction to San Francisco for she is remembered as one of the most successful stars that have ever appeared here. Aubrey Pringle and George Whiting who have for many years distinguished themselves separately in vaudeville have now combined forces and are meeting with immense success. They will amuse in a skit called "Breaking Into Vaudeville." It is an unconventional assortment of comedy and popular songs introduced in a very attractive manner. Signor Travato styled "The Eccentric Violinist" will give us a taste of his skill. Next week will be the last of Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne who will appear in another of Mr. Cressy's sketches entitled "One Night Only"; also of Loie Fuller's "Ballet of Light," Captain Maximilion Gruber and Miss Adelina's Equestrian Review and Miss Lily Lena, the English singer.

Mrs. Fiske's Last Week

During her second and final week at the Columbia Mrs. Fiske will present "Pillars of Society" on Monday and Saturday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. The Ibsen play is expected to draw big houses. It is said to be an exceptionally fine performance. "Becky Sharp" will be offered on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday.

Attractions at Idora

Weber's big military band which began a four weeks' engagement at Idora Park in Oakland last Thursday, has already won the approval of the music lovers of the bay cities. Miss Blanche Mehaffry, the soprano soloist, has a charming voice, sufficiently strong to be adapted to band accompaniment. At every concert she renders a number of popular ballads and operatic selections.

MARION MURRAY

Who will appear in "The Prima Donna's HoneyMoon" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

Bevani's big opera company which opens a summer season at the Idora Park Theater on July 17, will arrive from New York tomorrow. Over fifty people are included in the cast and orchestra, a number of the principals being from the Metropolitan and Manhattan companies. The advance sale for the first week begins on Monday at the Oakland store of Sherman, Clay & Co.

Sydney Ayres Returns to Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, conclude their special season of musical plays with the performances this Saturday and Sunday of Hoyt's "A Black Sheep," and on Monday evening next resume their regular dramatic season. The opening play will be "Faust" in which Sydney Ayres, the popular leading man of the company makes his reappearance after an absence of six weeks. Manager Bishop is preparing an interesting production of the well known play, for the big revolving stage with which the theater is equipped permits of some spectacular and startling mechanical and electrical effects. All of the favorites of Ye Liberty company will be seen in "Faust" which will have the usual one week's run. "Merely Mary Ann" is announced to follow in which Izetta Jewel opens her special season with the company.

"I pleads guilty ter stealin' dem melons, jedge," said the prisoner, "but I wants de mercy er de court."

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"On dese grounds," replied the prisoner; "I stole de melons, but de sheriff didn't give me a chance ter eat 'em!"

EDUCATIONAL

Mills College

FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. Third and fourth years of College Preparatory during 1909-10. Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Within reach of both Stanford and University of California. Earnest Christian influences; non-sectarian; all forms of healthful out-door amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. 1:10 from San Francisco. Fall term begins August 10, 1910. For catalogue and brochure of views address, President's Secretary, Mills College P. O., California.

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BERKELEY

Commences its twenty-ninth year, Monday, August 8th. Accredited to the University of California, Stanford, University of Michigan, Cornell and Pennsylvania.

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A home school for boys desiring a thorough preparation for college in a minimum of time. Location adjacent to Stanford University permits unusual advantages. Ample facilities for all athletic sports. Eighteenth year opens August 30th. Send for illustrated catalogue.

W. A. SHEDD, Head Master.

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Castilleja School

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Home and Day School for Girls. College preparatory and general courses. Intermediate and primary departments. Domestic Science, Music, Art, Out-of-Door Gymnasium. Pupils admitted to Stanford, University of California, Wellesley, and Smith, without examination. Illustrated catalogue. Term opens August 29, 1910. Principal, MISS MARY I. LOCKEY, A. B.

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Prepares for university, the law and medical colleges; eighteenth year; here you can save time and money; excellent teachers; special coaching for August examinations of the universities; we have prepared hundreds successfully; day and evening sessions.

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In Oakland Wednesdays 1161 Bush Street

California Conservatory of Music

All branches of music successfully taught. Many teachers, and each for one subject—not one teacher for many subjects. Sixty (60) free and partial scholarships to the awarded in July. Send for list. **Georg Kruger,** exponent of the Leschetizky method, head of the Piano Department. **Georg Walcker,** exponent of the method of Manual Garcia, head of the Voice Department. New catalog and circular sent on request. Address 147 Presidio avenue, San Francisco. Phone West 4935.

Miss Harker's School

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Boarding and day school for girls. Certificate admits to Stanford, University of California, Vassar, Smith and Mills. Intermediate and primary departments. Great attention given to music, arts and crafts. Home economics. Special nurse for younger children. Ninth year begins August 15th. Catalogue upon application.

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Boarding and day school for girls, accredited to the University of California, Stanford, Vassar, Smith and Wellesley; 23rd year begins August 16, 1910.

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BROADWAY AND 32d STREET, OAKLAND

Endowed with all rights and privileges of State University. Literary, scientific, civil, and mining engineering courses; complete business course. Studies resumed fall term, Thursday, September 1st. Send for catalog to Registrar, Bro. Vellesian, President.

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Excellently equipped, beautifully situated, offers greatest advantages to those wishing thorough preparation for college in least time possible. Splendid facilities for athletics, in which a master will coach. Next term begins August 9th. Send for catalogue.

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Finishing and college preparatory courses for young ladies. Attractive school life combined with out door facilities. Intermediate grades. Number of pupils limited. LYDIA M. POIRIER, Principal, Los Altos, Cal

Ninety-Sixth Half-Yearly Report

OF

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISO

Whose Name Was

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

New building at junction of Grant Avenue with Market and O'Farrell Streets will be completed and occupied before the close of the year.

Temporarily Located at

Northwest corner CALIFORNIA and MONTGOMERY STS.

The name of the San Francisco Savings Union has been changed to SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO to more clearly indicate to the general public that it conducts a banking business. At the same time its identity is kept as the old "Savings Union," the name by which it has been popularly known for nearly half a century.

For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1st.

Money deposited on or before the 11th inst. begins to earn interest from July 1st.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities

Savings Union Bank of San Francisco, June 30, 1910

ASSETS

Loans secured by first lien on Real Estate wholly within the State of California	$12,813,365.16
Loans secured by Pledge and Hypothecation of Approved Bonds and Stocks	1,222,654.52
Bonds of the Municipalities and School Districts of the State of California, Railroad Bonds and Bonds and Stocks of Local Corporations, the value of which is	10,225,803.89
Bank Premises	700,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	579,632.53
Furniture and Fixtures	500.00
Cash in Vault and in Bank	1,350,578.52
Total Liabilities	$26,892,534.62

LIABILITIES

Due Depositors	$24,578,737.31
Capital paid up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,313,797.31
Total Liabilities	$26,892.534.62

(Signed) JOHN S. DRUM, President.
(Signed) R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1910.

(Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The sharp break again this week in the stock market can be attributed to the leading banking interests here who have been greatly disturbed over the outlook on the railways, in view of the recent control for rate-making given the Inter-State Commerce Commission; hence leading rails have been sold freely and the market was without any tangible support until the closing days of the week when heavy buying orders appeared in standard securities. There has been some betterment in the crop outlook in the Northwest where some rains have fallen, and this factor has relieved the very pessimistic sentiment prevailing in Wall street in some degree. We hardly expect any great upturn in prices at the moment but a market for stocks that will show slow improvement.

Wheat—Light scattered rains over the Northwest in the first part of the week put a check on the bullish enthusiasm that had been brought about by sensational reports of damage in the Northwest by the long dry period and the high range of temperatures. The market at no time could have been called weak, although there was a reaction of a few cents from the top prices. The extreme bullish talk from the Northwest has been offset to some extent by the more favorable news from the Southwest. The yield and quality of the winter wheat could hardly be better and an early run of new wheat to market is predicted. The few cars of new wheat that have already arrived at Southwestern markets, show exceptional quality, and with present ideal weather conditions for harvesting, it looks as if the Government's estimate is a little too conservative. Of course, the spring wheat crop is now going through its critical period and all news from that quarter has more bearing on the market than anything else. At present, while they have had some rain, it is not sufficient, and a general wetting down of the entire Northwest is urgently needed and unless we get it soon, another howl will come from that territory. The foreign news continues bearish and is of no consequence.

Corn—Corn showed further strength on buying from strictly professional speculative sources. Demand from the latter, however, is widening and has already resulted in considerable tightness in the market. The country has sold corn for future delivery here but the cash sales from the interior continue light. Reports so far are excellent but the speculative trader calls attention to the haw shortage, the general feed shortage in the Northwest and to the probability that the continued dry and hot weather will result in a scare over the holidays or next week.

Cotton—The market has taken an unexpected upward turn lately, due to less favorable weather and crop accounts, which have a tendency to modify previous large crop ideas. There have been heavy rains in the central portions of the belt and in Arkansas and more wet weather in south Atlantic states where it was not wanted, and while there were light scattered showers in west and northwest Texas, there was no rain in Oklahoma, where rain is needed badly. Moreover the indications are for continued wet weather in all sections of the central and eastern portions of the cotton belt where fields are foul already with grass and weeds, as a result of the incessant rains of the month of June prohibiting proper cultivation of the plant. Although showers are promised Texas, there are none such for Oklahoma in sight. The last government crop report was a great disappointment and was a very bullish card. In comparison to last year's report at this time 74.8, against 80.7 of this year, it does not look so bad, but at the best it could only have a passing influence as the weather as a rule has been unfavorable so long. This unlooked for condition being taken into consideration, particularly since the world will require a very large crop next season, the outlook is bound to remain uncertain owing to the spreading of the destructive weevils over the heart of the cotton belt. We therefore can see nothing better for the present than a very conservative position in regard to trading, taking advantage of any dips to buy and selling on any sharp rallies such as we have had in the last few weeks, as the bears can and will work to keep the price of cotton down and in this they are always aided by the disposition of the spinners.

Copper—Copper continues dull, but the decline in prices seems to have halted. Lake is 12 3-4 cents and electrolytic 12 3-8 to 12 5-8 cents a pound. Sales are being made almost every day, but no very large lots have been known to change hands recently. The one bright spot in the situation is the steadily increasing foreign consumption. European consumers who manufacture copper into wire, sheets, various other shapes and compositions and ship it all over the world are evidently finding an increasing demand as the price declines. With the general revival in business throughout Europe has come a resumption of electrical construction and equipment, which is encouraged to some extent by the low price of copper. All of these factors are helping to check the growth of the surplus supply. There is good reason for the belief, however, that consumption in this country, which has grown quite steadily since the 1907 panic, is now beginning to fall off; but notwithstanding this the world's markets are still taking more copper than ever previously. Production continues to increase slightly. While innumerable small mines have reduced their output or discontinued shipping to custom smelters, because of the low price of the metal, the Butte district, Greene Cananea and the big porphyry mines of Utah and Nevada are steadily increasing their outputs. Copper mining securities are so low and profits so small that the development of new properties is being discouraged. Some of the large producers, which are now helping to flood the market with metal, are exhausting their ore reserves very rapidly. Consumption will continue to increase, but there will come a time ultimately when the growth of production will halt or decline and copper will again sell at from 15 to 20 cents.

"Asticolony" is the name of the split bottles of excellent California white or red wine that are offered at all hotels, restaurants or cafes at 15 cents.

The Pioneer Automobile Company is just in receipt of a telegram stating that E. C. Pelouze driving a Chalmers "30" wins its class in the Times-Despatch North Carolina endurance run. The car finished in perfect condition with no repairs.

Pugilist Jack Johnson, far famed for love of auto driving, is partial to the line of cars sold by the Pioneer Automobile Co. He owns a six-cylinder Thomas "70," a Chalmers "40" and has just bought a Hudson for his wife.

P. H. Lyon, vice-president of the Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Company is in town, making his headquarters at his firm's local branch. On his way up from Los Angeles Mr. Lyon stopped at Fresno and gave attention to the new branch that Chanslor & Lyon are opening there. From here Mr. Lyon goes to Seattle where he will spend some time looking after business interests before returning to Los Angeles.

Telephone Douglas 2487 R. E. MULCAHY, Mgr.

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

THE PIONEER HOUSE

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STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED JUNE 30, 1910

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States ($9,610,000.00), of the State of California and municipalities thereof ($2,581,875.00), the actual value of which is	$14,397.910.89
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks	1,658,867.12
3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is	6,428,060.20
	$22,484,838.21

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($266,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Co. 5 per cent Bonds" ($250,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($108,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($29,000.00), "Southern Pacific Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($1000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($858,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($185,000.00), "Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Ferries & Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,490,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($474,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Co. 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Co. 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	32,304,347.02

The Condition of the said Promissory Notes and Debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it as its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and Debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	45,670.96

The Condition of the said Promissory Notes and Debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($257,169.38), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($20,987.74), Alameda ($261.21), in this State, the actual value of which is		278,418.33
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its office, the actual value of which is		1,025,901.32

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Contingent Fund—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes	$139,558.24	
Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds	138,006.46	
		277,564.70
Total Assets		$56,416,740.54

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation Owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is		$52,587,758.07

(Number of Depositors, 79,582; average amount of Deposits, $660.46.)

2—Accrued Interest—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes	$139,558.24	
Interest Accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds	138,006.46	
		277,564.70
3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value		3,551,417.77
Total Liabilities		$56,416,740.54

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1910.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Deposits made on or before July 11, 1910, will draw interest from July 1, 1910.

Tiburcio Vasquez the Bandit

(Continued from Page 9.)

quez to his associates at the house of Leiva. Several conversations on the subject were had, Mrs. Leiva being present on two occasions. It was also proposed to rob the New Idria stage and a store on the San Benito. Vasquez instructed his subordinates to shoot down every person who should refuse to obey orders. He hoped, however, that there would be no occasion for bloodshed.

The raid on Snyder's was fixed for the 26th of August. Abdon Leiva arranged with one Joaquin Castro to take Rosaria and his two children to San Emedio, Kern County, 160 miles south, and there remain until he and Vasquez should rejoin them. The band left Cantua on the 24th, and was composed of the following persons: Vasquez, Leiva, Chavez, Moreno and Gonzalez. At night the gang reached the house of Manuel Larria, Vasquez's brother-in-law, in the Vallecitos valley. After remaining a short time they went on and camped for the night at Hernandez ranch, near the Panoche. In the morning Leiva and Chavez went ahead, and waited for the others at the Comez ranch. That night the bandits struck the stage road to Hollister. A few miles on, a whiskey saloon was discovered, where Vasquez and Chavez got a bottle of whiskey. At daybreak, on the morning of the 26th, the party came to the Tres Pinos creek. Leaving the road, they took to the fields and went up a small canyon, where they selected a good camping place, and lay concealed from observation until late in the afternoon. The party broke camp at about 5:30 p. m. Vasquez sent Leiva and Gonzalez ahead to ascertain the lay of the land. They were instructed to go to Snyder's store and wait until the others should come up. Arriving at the store the two dismounted, and went inside and called for drinks. They were waited on by John Utzerath, the clerk. A few minutes afterwards the mail arrived, and while Utzerath was sorting it, Moreno came to the door. His face was muffled by a scarf, as at the Twenty-one Mile House. Gonzalez at this time was partially inebriated, and would have become totally unfit for business had not Leiva checked him. The following persons were then in the store: L. C. Smith, blacksmith, Andrew Snyder, proprietor of the store, John Utzerath, his clerk, ——— Murray, and one or two others, names unknown. Before Moreno arrived, Snyder was called outside by one McKune, to whom he paid some money. The transaction was observed by Leiva. Moreno, when he arrived at the door, drew his pistol; Leiva and Gonzales followed suit. The men in the store were ordered to lie down, and all complied. While the three bandits were engaged in tying their victims, Vasquez and Chavez rode up.

Vasquez entered the store just as the last man was being tied. He at once asked, "Are you all through?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued, "then one of you come out here." Gonzalez went out. At this time, Vasquez wore a broad-brimmed hat and a large, open-sleeved cloak. At this juncture, a Portuguese sheep-herder, named Bernard Bihury, came up to the door. Not knowing the character of the new-comers, he attempted to enter the store, when he was ordered to halt and lie down, by Gonzalez. The Portuguese, who did not understand English, paid no attention to the order, but when he saw Gonzalez' pistol pointed in the direction of his head, he started to run to the rear of the store. Gonzalez followed. Bihury made a circuit and struck a bee line for the fence, in order to gain the Hollister road, on the north side of the store. Just as he was in the act of climbing, his pursuer fired, the bullet striking him in the cheek. He cleared the fence, but as soon as he reached the ground, Moreno, who stood by the door, sent a bullet crashing through his brain and the unfortunate man fell dead on the porch, within a few feet of his murderer. In the meantime, Chavez had been occupied in disposing of a little son of L. C. Smith, in the stable yard. The boy had started to run away when he saw the Mexicans at the store, but Chavez caught up with him and by a blow from his gun, knocked the youngster down; then took him to the store and laid him down with the rest. While Chavez was on his way to Snyder's, a teamster named George Redford, in the employ of Ezra Beach, of Hollister, drove up in front of the hotel with a load of pickets. Dismounting from the wagon-box, he began to attend to the horses, when Vasquez approached with a Henry rifle and ordered him to lie down. Redford, who was troubled with deafness, evidently did not comprehend the order, for he at once started to run in the direction of the stable. He had just reached the stable door when a bullet from Vasquez' rifle passed through his heart, killing him instantly. When found afterwards, he lay face downward, his hands clutching tightly a wisp of hay, and his face horribly distorted from the agonies of the death struggle.

When the bandits came up, Lewis Scherrer, a saddler, was standing in front of the hotel. After a few moments he went to the rear to perform his ablutions. While thus employed, E. S. Burton, brother-in-law of Leander Davidson, the hotel keeper, came in from the stable. The killing of Redford was observed, and then Scherrer made for his shop across the way to defend his own property. He had not proceeded half the distance before Vasquez saw him, and, with rifle in hand, the bandit started to head him off. The saddler saw that he was flanked and he therefore retreated in good order to the kitchen. Vasquez then rushed towards the front and Scherrer hurried through the house in the same direction. The door was open.

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FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

Savings 108 SUTTER STREET Commercial

(Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000.00
Capital Paid In	750,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	166,874.00
Total Resources	5,281,686.00

OFFICERS—A. Legallet, President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President; J. M. Dupas, Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Assistant Cashier; P. Bellemans, Assistant Cashier; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET Mar. 29, '10

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Cash and Sight Exchange	9,984,601.71
Deposits	24,111,867.07

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March 29, 1910

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$ 5,602,306.02
Deposits	23,028,250.20
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,311,835.63

We offer our customers every facility consistent with good banking and invite new accounts.

The GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

(Members of the Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,555,093.05
Deposits June 30, 1910	$40,384,727.21
Total Assets	$43,108,907.82

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer, Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Asst. Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

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Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Davidson and Burton were in the front room. Just at this moment Leiva darted from the store towards the hotel, and shouted to the inmates, "Shut the door, and you won't be hurt; go in, go in!" Davidson was then standing to the right and his wife to the left of the door; Scherrer and Burton were behind them. Leiva had hardly got the words out of his mouth before Vasquez came round the house from the rear, rushed up on the porch, and as Davidson was in the act of closing the door, fired a shot. The bullet passed through the door and pierced Davidson's heart. He fell back into the arms of his wife, and in a few minutes breathed his last. After the shooting, John Haley, a teamster, drove up with a load of grain from Grogan's ranch. Halting in front of the store he looked up, and saw four revolvers and a Henry rifle pointed at his head. "Come down!" was the order given by Vasquez. Haley replied, "What do you want." The answer was a thrust in the ribs from the rifle. He came down and was struck on the head, and then robbed of four dollars and fifty cents.

Meanwhile the men in the store were lying on their backs, alternately guarded by Leiva and Chavez. After Haley had been disposed of, Vasquez went to the store and ordered two of his men to untie Snyder and bring him out, which was done. Vasquez then directed Leiva to take Snyder to his house and obtain what money he had there. Mrs. Snyder appeared at the door, and at her husband's request, and Leiva's promise that no one should be hurt, went inside and returned with a bureau-drawer containing several hundred dollars. The bandits then went into the store, and after relieving the men on the floor of all their valuables, proceeded to appropriate Snyder's provisions, clothing, etc. When they had taken as much as they could carry, eight horses and two saddles were stolen from the stable. The day before, Vasquez had stolen a mule, and this animal was loaded down with provisions, etc. The work of plunder and murder had occupied over three hours. It was now half-past eight o'clock and the word to depart was given, and in a few moments the bandits had passed out of sight of the scene of blood.

The murderers made good their escape to Los Angeles County and there Leiva discovered the criminal intimacy between his wife Rosaria and Vasquez. He tried to kill his leader but was prevented and left, broken-hearted and repentant, to give himself up to justice.

When the tragedy of Tres Pinos became known to the authorities posses were formed to hunt the bandits. It was difficult to enlist men in the enterprise owing to the terror which the name of Vasquez inspired but the sheriffs of Santa Clara and Monterey were soon hot on the trail. The posses came up with Vasquez and Chavez at Rock Creek but the two escaped after an exchange of bullets. Despite his danger Vasquez ventured within the lines of the hunting party to get Rosaria Leiva. She joined him once more—her husband had meanwhile surrendered and for her children she seemed to care nothing—and remained with him in the mountains for several months. But finally Vasquez, fearing that the woman would retard his movements, deserted her in the hills, far from any settlement. The miserable woman was enceinte and her sufferings during the days when she was making her way to the nearest farm were terrible.

Meanwhile a second member of the gang had been captured through the information given by Leiva. This was Moreno who was tried at Salinas for murder and given a life sentence. Vasquez and Chavez fled northward with the sheriffs ever at their heels and in the Cholame Valley Chavez murdered a sheep-herder for $200. His accomplice in this crime was caught and hanged. The two bandits next held up a store at Millertown in Fresno County and then plundered two stores in Kingston. These daring crimes put the State into an uproar and Governor Booth offered a reward of $8,000 for the capture of Vasquez alive and $6,000 for his corpse. The legislature appropriated $15,000 for his capture. Nothing dismayed Vasquez and Chavez continued their depredations, holding up individuals, robbing stages and keeping the country in a state of terror.

The sheriffs of several counties were already in the field when Harry Morse, afterwards the famous detective but at that time sheriff of Alameda, went out with a posse of fifteen picked men in March, 1874.

Morse had not been gone many days before Vasquez and his gang made their appearance at the old Mission, near Los Angeles. Proceeding to the house of Alexander Repetto, they took him out, tied him to a tree and then demanded $800 as a ransome, or they would kill him. Repetto sent a boy to Los Angeles with a check for the amount, but instead of cashing it, the boy went to Sheriff Rowland of Los Angeles and informed him of the outrage, and in a very short time a posse of men was on the road to Repetto's. When they arrived in sight of the house, Vasquez and his companions were in the act of mounting their horses. Rowland gave pursuit. While retreating towards the hills, Vasquez met Charles Miles, John Os-

On the evening of May 14, 1874, a short time after the Repetto affair, information of Vasquez' exact whereabouts was brought to Sheriff Rowland by D. K. Smith. A posse was immediately organized and placed in charge of Under Sheriff Johnson. At ten o'clock the road was taken. Proceeding in the direction of the house of a man known as Greek George, they concealed themselves where they could have a good view of the country, and could not be seen by outsiders. The next morning, a wood wagon was stopped and the driver compelled to turn his horses' heads, allow all the party to lie down in the wagon-bed, and proceed back to the house of Greek George. He was made to understand that if he played them false, his life would pay the forfeit. When the destination was reached, Johnson and his party leaped out, surrounded the house and drew their weapons. Two men were posted at the western side, the others at the southern. The foremost of the party started for the door, when it was suddenly opened by a woman, who gave a quick cry of alarm and attempted to close it. But Johnson's men burst in and saw Vasquez in the act of going through the door leading to the kitchen. One of the men rushed for him, but the bandit made a leap and went through the window. His horse was already saddled and bridled a short distance from the house, but when he landed on the ground he found himself confronted by a band of armed men. Instead of surrendering, he made a dash, when the men fired, wounding him in eight different places. G. A. Beers, special reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle, fired the shot that brought him to terms. Turning around, covered with blood, he threw up his hands and said: "Shoot, you cowards." A moment later and he was in custody. The capture was cleverly planned, and reflected great credit on Johnson and Major H. M. Mitchell. The latter was second in command, and had accompanied Adams, Rowland and Morse in all the expeditions against the bandit in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

The news of the capture of the noted outlaw, who had so long bid defiance to the laws, was received with joy all over the State.

It was thought at first that Vasquez could not possibly survive his injuries, but having a strong constitution, he at length got the best of the Grim Destroyer.

Had it not been for the large reward offered, it is extremely probable that he would now be alive and at large. He was betrayed; "given away" for coin.

Leiva was the principal witness against Vasquez when he was placed on trial at San Jose. The case excited tremendous interest and there was a great array of counsel on both sides. The attorney general, assisted by two Hollister lawyers and the district attorney of Santa Clara conducted the prosecution. Three San Jose lawyers appeared for Vasquez. When the jury brought in its verdict of murder in the first degree and affixed the death penalty women all over the crowded courtroom brought their handkerchiefs into play. The last words which Vasquez spoke in public were: "I am resigned to die, and hope that God may have mercy on my soul."

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IT IS THE BEST

NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

The Countess Comille

(Continued from Page 10.)

my head as great as a crown. I cannot tell you what my feelings were on that evening! I looked into Kallif's face: his agate eye was larger, brighter, and more unearthly than ever. All of a sudden I felt ten years older; I knew, without any explanation from Kallif, that he had endowed me for the moment with a power, not for my own use, but for his political ambitions.

"'Ah!' he half groaned, as he gazed at the agate gem in my hair, 'now I shall accomplish something!'

"He turned about and fixed his gaze on a corner of the room where I saw that some drapery partially hid a doorway. There was not a sound to be heard, and Kallif stood motionless, as if awaiting some event. Precsently the curtain moved as by a mysterious breeze, and in walked a man with white hair and beard, wearing several orders set in brilliants. Hardly had he been greeted by Kallif than the visitor turned and tried to fix in his mind the exact place where he had entered the room, just as I myself had done on a dozen different occasions in different rooms in the house.

"I saw by his look that he was baffled. He could not at that moment have found his way out, if he were to win the whole world by succeeding. Kallif knew it, and I knew it, but I pretended not to know. Then a panel, fixed in the centre of one of the walls, glided apart without the slightest noise, and a tall dark man appeared, with a huge military moustache. He, too, after greeting Kallif, glanced with a half-dazed expression towards the spot where he had entered; but I had my eye on that very place, and saw what he did not see: a magnificent fan-shaped screen of peacock and ostrich feathers fold silently together, thus hiding the sliding panel which had let him in. Next to this door was another panel, and had the military man sought an exit by the way he had come, he would have chosen the wrong one.

"I had quite forgotten the presence of the distinguished visitors in the study of doors and mysterious entrances, and my eyes roamed everywhere on the look out for surprises. I was thinking the next visitor would enter somewhere near the same place; I was mistaken. Kallif greeted the third guest—a short, fat man—just behind my seat, but I turned too late to see where he had entered. The fourth guest was ushered in by a Nubian servant through two small folding-doors; as they closed again, curtains glided over them. This guest was the Russian diplomat. There was now a strange trumpet sound in one of the outer rooms, a curtain was drawn aside, and a fakir appeared followed by a hunchback. The fakir looked like a Hindoo; his eyes shone like black beads, his nose was hooked like the beak of a vulture, on his turban was a small ruby serpent, and his costume was covered with various emblems.

"During the evening a screen which stood at one end of the room and a little to one side was removed by a servant without any noise and without a word being spoken, and there stood a table laid with a service of gold, and filled with rare delicacies and wines, many of which were new and strange to me. Eight chairs were placed at the table, three at either side and one at each end. Kallif placed me at one side in the centre seat, and the Russian at my right; the seat at my left he gave to the military-looking man with the fierce moustache. Then with much ceremony, Kallif seated the fakir in the chair directly opposite me. The old gentleman with the white beard was seated on his right, and on his left the short stout man. Kallif gave one of the end seats to the hunchback, and took the other himself.

"We must have been seated at the table about half an hour when a mysterious music began. It seemed far away, beyond any of the rooms near us, floating here and there, now a little nearer, now farther away, then just outside, then overhead, between the ceiling and the roof.

"We had up to this time been served by four black servants, but now, during this music, they slipped away, first one, then another, and were not seen again. The guests helped themselves to the wines which the servants had taken the precaution to place before them. At the sound of the music Kallif's face lit up with an expression of delight, his agate eye rolling in a kind of ecstasy, and I became aware that a secret battle was raging between Kallif on one side and the fakir on the other; now Kallif took from an inner pocket the phial of mysterious elixir and handed it to me behind the chair of the Russian diplomat at my right. As he did so I heard the faint click of the stopper being opened. Instantly an odorous wave enveloped the table, and apparently right under my chair, beneath the floor, the muffled sounds of a tom-tom began a low, measured, sinister beating. Every face at the table was metamorphosed except Kallif's and my own. The beating of the tom-tom grew louder, more ominous and oppressive, and with each rhythmic measure the guests became more and more enthralled in mingled stupor and suspense.

"I looked at the fakir opposite; his gaze was riveted on the agate in my hair. Kallif had placed it just over my forehead, and I knew it was darting its potent gleams straight at the fakir's head.

"All this time I was looking at the fakir, and he at the agate crystal, and I became conscious that he was slowly contracting, withering, like something shrivelling in a dry heat, his head slowly settling down between his square, bony shoulders

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Eyes that Need Care.
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for Weak, Red, Inflamed & Itching Eyes & Eyelids.
As An Eye Insurance
Tourists, Automobilists and others exposed to Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight, which produce Irritation, Granulation, Ulceration and Weak Eyes, will find in Murine a Safe, Soothing Eye Lotion affording
"Reliable Relief."

The Finishing Touch

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In Costliest Gown.
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To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
"Two drops" of Murine.

Try Murine for the "Automobile Eye"

His face resembled a great spider with two black eyes peering from a skin of parchment. He was slowly sinking down in his chair. And now I understood the designs of Kallif—I knew the fakir was doomed. The guests looked bewildered, amazed; possibly some of them thought the fakir was only passing through some familiar and oft-repeated feat of the will.

"When I looked at the hunchback at the end of the table, opposite Kallif, I saw that he, too, had settled down in his seat until his head was on a level with the glasses before him. At last the fakir, mumbling something incoherent, let his head fall on the table. At that moment two stalwart Nubians entered. They had come to carry him away, and I knew then that Kallif had taken the place of his formidable rival. Presently they returned and carried off the hunchback. I could see by the expression of Kallif's face that the moment had come to gain the coveted secrets from the Russian diplomat, who now seemed in a half stupor. But suddenly, to my amazement, I saw my aunt's face, white as death, staring straight at me from behind a half-drawn curtain. A sense of imminent danger seized me; she made vehement motions to one side, as if to say: 'Escape! escape!' Up to this moment I had been wondering at all I saw and heard, but now my courage was gone I realized my position. The sudden shock of seeing the blanched face of my aunt had with one stroke brought me back to my normal self; the horror of the situation was thrust upon me. Escape! but how? I felt that I, too, was changing countenance. I was in despair when I thought that Kallif would surely notice my trepidation and hurry on some fatal calamity.

"Five precious minutes passed, and still I sat there unable to move, while Kallif was conversing with the Russian. But now he lifted up his sinister head and surveyed the guests. In another moment he would rise, and with him the half-stupefied company. But imagine my astonishment when, instead of rising, I saw him gradually close his eyes and pass into a state of lethargy, as if dozing in his seat. I felt that my moment had come. My aunt was still watching me, and, swiftly and silently leaving the table, I hurried to her side. I found the woman Minka with her. My aunt took my hand, and, without a word, they hurried me on and on, through the various rooms and turnings, to an exit from the palace, Minka having secured a wrap for me as we passed my apartments.

"Once outside the palace, we all breathed freer; but I felt I should never be safe from the terrible influence of Kallif till I got back to Vienna, in spite of the protection of my aunt. We went to the hotel where she had taken rooms, and, after changing my dress for some of her things, we left that very evening for Vienna, taking Minka with us.

"On the way my aunt told me how, receiving no response to letters sent from Paris to me at Vienna, she grew uneasy, and decided to return to the latter city at once. There she heard of Racham's death and the departure of Kallif and myself for Constantinople. She immediately set out for that city. At Kallif's palace she soon found Minka, and, with her aid, as I have just told you, effected my escape.

"Not long after we were informed that Kallif never recovered from the effects of that terrible evening, having passed away some days later."

"And did either of the twins leave you anything?" asked the little Baroness, her eyes full of wonder.

"When we got back to Vienna, we found that Racham had left me the mansion with everything in it," said the Countess Camille, while she proceeded to make her third cigarette; "and my aunt was not long in beginning a search for the treasure, which, she declared, existed somewhere in the secret vaults of the house. She worked like one possessed. While I held a light, every nook and corner was searched. She had examined four rooms without result, when, just as we were about to leave the fifth, we noticed a peculiar Japanese screen, which seemed to fit in the wall. When this screen was removed, we discovered a small door that led into a narrow space with a heavy iron door at the end. This was opened after a great deal of trouble. We now entered an iron vault, in which stood several large safes. After several days of work and suspense, in which foramilities of the law had to be complied with, my aunt stood in wonder and ecstasy over sack upon sack filled with precious objects. There were collars of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, ropes of pearls, hundreds of rings. She looked like a mad woman as she pulled out the ropes of pearls and strings of precious stones, and threw them in confusion around her neck, one on top of the other. She spent hours opening sacks and counting the coins, until she declared she was so bewildered that she could no longer endure it. As for me, I could not help laughing, she looked so comical.

"Guards were placed at each door until everything was duly counted, registered, and sent to the bank.

"I let my aunt keep all the jewels and the mansion, with everything in it. I kept for myself the fortune in coins and bonds."

"And the mysterious agate?" I asked.

"I must have dropped it in my flight," replied the Countess, with seeming indifference, "for I never saw it again; but a long time afterwards I discovered that I still possessed the precious phial."

"But the secret, the secret of its contents?" chimed in the Baroness, with eager curiosity.

The fact of the Countess Camille assumed a dream-like expression, and for some moments she was lost in reverie. Amidst the noise and confusion of moving trains, she began in that marvelous voice that was hers, and in tones so low that I could just distinguish the words: "I made a most significant discovery"—when the door opened, and in stepped my former chief at the Legation at Constantinople, none of us having noticed the train coming to a dead stop.

My old chief, a man of great dignity and tact, saluted the Countess with marked deference, for he, too, had met her on former occasions. The conversation became formal, and, two hours later, the train having stopped at another junction, there was a general changing of places, we became separated, and during the journey, to my great disappointment, I did not see the Countess Camille again.

Wifey (at breakfast)—The scientists say that flies have a language of their own.

Hub—I wonder if this one asked its ma if it could go swimming in the milk pitcher?

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Auto Notes

L. F. Spice, an automobile expert of wide experience and reputation, is in San Francisco. Mr. Spice has for some years been prominently connected with the Chalmers factory at Detroit, having had charge of their repair department and supervised the stock rooms. He is making his headquarters with the Pioneer Automobile Company.

One casing giving five years' service and covering 80,000 miles is an almost incredible achievement, but it is an actual record made by a Diamond casing used on R. K. Moore's Rambler touring car. Mr. Moore who lives in Lemoore, writes the local branch of the Diamond Rubber Co. as follows: "I have a 30x3½ regular Diamond casing that I had driven on my model K Rambler touring car for the last five years. I just took the casing off my car, not because it was entirely gone, but I had driven it so far that I thought it surely must have done its work and the safest thing to do was to put on a new casing. This casing ran 80,000 miles if it ran a foot."

W. H. Harvey, a prominent merchant of Shingle Springs, El Dorado County, has just come to San Francisco with a party of friends in his '09 model Oakland "40" touring car. Harvey is an enthusiastic advocate of Oakland endurance and worth. He has during the past year driven his machine over practically all the El Dorado and Placer County roads and reports that he takes the steepest grades in this mountainous section on the intermediate.

Mr. Heidbrink, representing the factories of the J. P. Davies Co., manufacturers of Buckeye Cleanser Automobile Soap, has been in San Francisco recently. Mr. Heidbrink came West by the northern route and spent some time in the Northwest where he reported business in the Buckeye brand booming. He spent a few days with George P. Moore, coast representative of Monogram who also looks after Buckeye interests.

The Baker Electric delivery wagon in use at the White House is giving very satisfactory service. It is used for delivering books from the Congressional Library to the White House and the offices of government officials; also for the various requirements of the executive offices. Its cleanliness, safety and economy of operation is a decided advantage over the horse drawn vehicle formerly used.

Gustav Knecht of the Braun, Knecht and Heimann Co. who recently drove to Los Angeles in a Hupmobile, has just returned home and reports an enjoyable trip. The Hupmobile made the whole distance without the least trouble and proved its ability to hold its own with the best of the big cars with which it fell in on the way down.

Several of the park base-ball teams are playing this year under the colors of various makes of automobiles. Prominent among these is the Hupmobile Junior team which is one of the chief contenders for this season's base-ball honors in park fandom. This team has been winning with astonishing frequency, having annexed fully 75 per cent of the games played. S. G. Chapman declares that they are playing up to Hupmobile standard.

One hundred thousand miles of service or a running distance that would four times encircle the earth and have a little jaunt across the United States in addition is a record that should win any automobile lasting fame. Such is the achievement made by the White Stanhope owned by A. J. Wills of Akron, Ohio. This car has been kept in constant service since it was bought several years ago and when its 100,000 miles were reached it was still running smoothly. Such records as this are fast dispelling the former idea of automobile shortness of life.

J. W. Shannon, a prominent real estate dealer of Oakland, has just returned from a trip made in his model 19 five-passenger Haynes touring car. Mr. Shannon made the tour through San Luis Obispo to Santa Maria via Santa Barbara. From there he went to Bakersfield and thence over the mountains back to Pizmo beach. From this latter town he made two trips to Paso Robles and then came back to San Francisco. The total mileage was 2,500. This Haynes is the first car that Shannon has ever owned and although he has had it only two and a half months he made the entire run without the least trouble. He reports that due to heavy hauling and ruts the roads in the oil districts are exceptionally bad.

R. Tibbitts of the Healy-Tibbitts Construction Company is an enthusiastic booster of Diamond tires. Mr. Tibbitts owns a White car which always wears Diamond and the service given, he declares, is little short of marvelous. The car is put to the hardest sort of running over roads anything but conducive to long tire life. From ten to twelve thousand miles is the average for each Diamond tire used.

Announcement has been made that the Automobile Club of California has appointed Percy J. Walker as chairman of the Race Committee to supervise the Golden Gate Road Race of September 10. This appointment gives general satisfaction on account of Walker's recognized understanding of the auto racing game and his absolute fairness in dealing with all competitors.

R. M. Drake, a prominent Southern Pacific official and civil engineer of this city, has recently taken delivery of a Haynes.

In their recent tests on this coast the United States submarine achieved the remarkable record of 30 hours non-stop. At the completion of this strenuous feat a thorough investigation showed the engines to be still working perfectly. Throughout the run they had kept cool, a feature never before realized in similar tests. Speaking of the performance which sets a new mark in submarine possibilities the authorities in charge declared that everything was dependent on the engines which in turn owed much to lubrication. As a consequence much credit is given to Monogram Oil which by a recent contract is the lubricant specified for all submarine engines in government service.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1760, New Series, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial; and said petition having been filed, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

It is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 4th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 27th day of June, 1910.

JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator.
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7166, Probate, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, Deceased

John M. Reynolds, Administrator of the estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is threfore ordered by said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the fifteenth day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10, Probate, of the said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing John M. Reynolds, as Administrator of said Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, to sell all of the real estate of the said deceased, SARA E. STRATTON.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: June 30, 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administrator.
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-9-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Armstrong, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE BOND, Deceased—No. 9928, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased. J. FRANK BOND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minnie Bond, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3287, New Series, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, Deceased.

DELLA A. GORHAM, Administratrix of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage certain realty belonging to the estate of said deceased, which realty is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, distant thereon Two Hundred and Fifty (250) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Fourteenth Street, running thence Northerly along said line of Sanchez Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet to the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, and point of commencement; being a part of Mission Block No. 99.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thercof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred ($2500) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to said petition on file herein.

Dated, San Francisco, June 27, 1910.

JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, Deceased—No. 9931, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased. CHARLES W. MULLOY,
Administrator of the estate of Ella F. Mulloy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 2, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree in partition given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 2nd day of June, 1910, in a certain action then pending in said Superior Court and numbered 28,762, on the register of actions thereof wherein Christian H. F. Otten, also known as C. H. Otten, Friederich Otten, Heinrich Friederich Georg Dauber, also known as George Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, Heinrich Theodor Carl Dauber, also known as Heinrich Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, and Katherine Peters, were plaintiffs and Friederich Wilhelm Heinrich Seedorff, Hermann Haase, Gustav Wilhelm Haase, Dorette Wilhelmine Engeline Friese and Heinrich Karl Gustav Friese, her husband, City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Doe, Mary Roe, John Green and Sarah Green were defendants, which said judgment was on the 3rd day of June, 1910, recorded in Judgment Book No. 32 of said Superior Court at pages 458 thereof, and following, I, Fred H. Stanle, the undersigned, as the referee appointed in and by the said decree, will on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1910, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Market Street entrance of the building known as and called the Grant Building at the southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, sell to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, the following described parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

1. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet southerly from the southerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence southerly along said easterly line of Howard Street sixty (60) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning. Being part of Mission Block No. 33. Together with the improvements thereon.

2. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Shotwell Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence northerly along said easterly line of Shotwell Street fifty (50) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon.

3. Commencing at a point in the northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southeasterly from the corner formed by the intersection thereof with the southeasterly line of "Q" Street, South, running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, and the point of beginning. Being Lot Forty (40) in Block three hundred and thirty-two (332) "O'Neil and Haley" tract, unimproved.

4. Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Sargent Street and the westerly line of Head Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Sargent Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet to the westerly line of Head Street, and thence at right angles southerly and along the westerly line of Head Street one hundred (100) feet to the said northerly line of Sargent Street and the point of beginning. Being lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 43 of the "City Land Association" Tract.

5. A certain lot in Harmony Section, Odd Fellows Cemetery, 12x15 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent of the purchase price at time of sale, and balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court. Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 29th, 1910.

FRED. H. STANLE. Referee.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

NOTICE TO SELL REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made on the 27th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of said deceased, the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, subject to confirmation of sale by said Court, on, or after the 25th day of July, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of said HANNAH S CRANE, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that her said estate by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real property, namely:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Northwestern line of Clay Street, distant thereon Seventy-seven (77) feet, Six (6) inches Southwesterly from the point of intersection of said line of Clay Street with the Southwestern line of Battery Street, and running thence Southwesterly along the Northwestern line of Clay Street Twenty (20) feet; thence at a right angle Northwesterly Sixty-eight (68) feet, Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly Twenty (20) feet; and thence at a right angle Southeasterly Sixty-eight (68) feet, Nine (9) inches to the point of beginning.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, 10 per cent thereof to be paid at the time of the acceptance of the bid, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court; deeds and abstracts at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Wm. R. Geary, Attorney for said Administratrix with the will annexed, at Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, California, or may be filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, June 27, 1910. HANNAH S. CRANE,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Hannah S. Crane, Deceased.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Bldg., Oakland, Cal. 7-9-3

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,253.

DORA I. WALTON, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

Action in rem brought against all the world in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dora I. Walton, the above-named plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Douglas Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Fifteen (115) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street; running thence Northerly along the said Easterly line of Douglas Street Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Thirty-four (134) feet and Three (3) inches to the point of commencement. Portion of Horner's Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixteen (216).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: The judgment of this Court establishing plaintiff's title to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all the above described real property and each and every part thereof free and clear of any liens or encumbrances, and for general relief and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff with the addresses of such persons set respectively opposite their names: None.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
502-505 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Marshall Nuckolls, 417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS,
Administratrix of the Estate of John A. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, Room 1211 Flood Building, Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased.

SIGMUND GREENEBAUM,
OSCAR B. WOOD,
Executors of the Last Will of John B. Luther, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

S. C. SCHEELINE, 417 Montgomery St., San Francisco, and
LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND, Attorneys for Executors,
Room 1211 Flood Bldg., Powell and Market, San Francisco. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, Deceased—No. 9837, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased.

her
TERESA (X) GARIBALDI.
mark
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Stefano Garibaldi, Deceased.
Witnesses to Mark—James A. Devoto and A. S. Devoto.
Dated, San Francisco, June 25th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,295.

DOTTIE LILLIAN PARSONS, Plaintiff, vs.
EDWARD EUGENE PARSONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Edward Eugene Parsons, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that , unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk,

W. E. DILLON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1350 Golden Gate Ave., Tel. West 7132, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEPHEN CORSIGLIA, deceased.

MARY CORSIGLIA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Stephen Corsiglia, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 11th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administratrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 21,256, Department No. 8.

MARGARET G. LINER, and ROSE McKOWN, formerly ROSE LINER, Plaintiffs, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Margaret G. Liner and Rose McKown, formerly Rose Liner, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Twentieth Street, distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Noe Street, running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of Twentieth Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Ninety-eight (98) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly Ninety-eight (98) feet to the Northerly line of Twentieth Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 112.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 29th day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); address, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 5-7-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

Letters

A Good Story for Boys

A few years ago Everett Tomlinson conceived the idea of selecting four typical American boys representative of the different sections of the country, and sending them, in the summer vacations, on extended trips about their own country with a view to acquainting them and incidentally their readers, with the history, geography and progress of other portions of the United States besides that in which they happened to be domiciled. Accordingly, this quartette paid a visit first to the Yellowstone region by way of the Great Lakes; next they saw something of the South, and then they went into camp near the Mississippi, in Arkansas. Evidently the author has thought again, if not better, of his original project for, some property right in an English coal mine discovered on land which had long ago passed out of the possession of his ancestors, seems likely to make the father of Lee Harris, the Southern lad, a fairly well-to-do man, and Lee, who is to attend to some of the details of the transaction by which the income is to be secured, sets sail for England accompanied by his four chums. Scarcely have they landed when Lee disappears, and the other lads have an opportunity to try their skill at detective work while they see something of the historic monuments of England which each appreciates after his own manner, Larcum Brown, the Chicago youth who has given up school for a clerical position under his father in a railroad office, as usual, standing up stoutly for America first and the west before all the rest, while John Field, the Bostonian, is equally intent on glorifying landmarks, and Scott Gordon, the New Yorker, still feels that he is competent to lead in every emergency. The boys make pleasant friends both during and after the voyage, and it is to be hoped that the readers of the book will make note of the difference in attitude between their own assertiveness and the polite if slightly incredulous English youths. There is the usual tendency to make bad puns and tell old stories but one must bear in mind the fact that boys of a certain age are prone to these indulgences and as for the most part the conversations take place amongst themselves, no one else suffers. Whatever may be the verdict of the grown ups, Mr. Tomlinson has scored with his chosen audience, for the boys who have read the preceding volumes of the series heartily endorse them, so that, were the choice of their reading matter left to them the author might be reasonably assured of a place amongst the best-sellers. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are the publishers.

London on Revolution

Jack London is busily gathering up the scattered fragments of his writings, and in "Revolution" he presents a baker's dozen of essays written at various times and places and published in widely scattered periodicals. A goodly proportion of these are Socialistic and vigorously Socialistic at that, for their author is thoroughly in earnest and no half-hearted missionary ever yet made a convert. He assumes as a matter of course that only Socialists have any interest in the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and that there is no salvation outside his particular creed, and he preaches the millennium as energetically as any old time religionist. "What Life Means to Me" is to some extent a condensation of his recent novel, "Martin Eden," with a termination diametrically opposite. "The Yellow Peril" is an outcome of the author's experience in the Japanese war, and "The Gold Hunters of the North" a tribute to the early pioneers of Alaska. "Foma Gordyeef" and "These Bones Shall Rise Again," are appreciations of Gorky and Kipling, but what will make the most direct appeal to the largest number of readers are "The Other Animals," a reply to the Roosevelt-Burroughs denunciation of "nature fakirs," of whom Mr. London was mentioned amongst the chief of offenders, and "The Golden Poppy," which ought to be reprinted every year when the flowers begin to blossom, ordered in unlimited quantities bu the out-door art leagues and city-beautifiers, and distributed broadcast by the Floral Association. It is a simple narrative of the author's efforts to prevent the extermination of the Eschscholtzia on his own property, while trying to show some sympathy with the "nature lovers" who, professing to love flowers, in practice love only to destroy them. Even if one cared for nothing else in the book, "The Golden Poppy" would make it worth while to own, but it is a very good book to have, especially in these days of half-heartedness, when so much of the literary output is literary and literally work, something to be got through with in the hope that it will furnish an income. It is good to find force behind words even if one does not accept the gospel in its entirety. Macmillans, who have published nearly all of Mr. London's books, are also the sponsors for this new volume.

He Knew the World

In Lanarkshire there lived a laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his peculiarities. On a certain occasion a neighbor waited upon him, asking the favor as a neighbor of a loan of $100. It was only a bill of accommodation for three months, which led to the following reply:

"Na, na; I canna do that."

"What for no, laird? Ye have dune the same thing for ithers."

"Aye, aye, Tammas; but there's wheels within ye ken naething aboot! I canna do it."

"It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird."

"Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name tell't ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when th' time cam' roond ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, sae you and we wad quarrel. We may as weel quarrel the noo, as lang as the siller is in my pooch."

Husband—Did you hunt up the new cook's references?

Wife—No, John, I didn't. I was afraid they might prove prejudicial.

Upson—Do you have to be examined by a physician before joining the Aviators' Club?

Downing—No; not until after you have made your first flight.

Husband (at the theater, to his wife—I hope you have noticed, darling, that between Acts I and II four years are supposed to elapse, and the actress who takes the part of the Countess wears the same dress. You could very well follow her example.

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Send us your address and we will send one of our
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Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, etc. Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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IN our contract we guarantee a steady decrease in the rate until it reaches 25 cents per thousand gallons. Our rate is 32 cents on 5,000,000 gallons, and 25 cents on 19,000,000. This means that you pay 27 cents, probably 25 cents a thousand gallons for the first water you buy of us. Our coming into the East Bay Cities means a saving to the property owners of $500,000 a year, or $5,000,000 in ten years.

But we cannot afford to spend the $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 necessary to bring our water here if the property owners will not agree to buy our water to the amount of 5,000,000 gallons per day. We have already spent over $100,000 perfecting our plans and specifications, having brought them to that point where we can start work 24 hours after the order is given.

With an expenditure of millions of dollars the Bay Cities Water Co. has acquired a chain of water sheds and water rights unequaled by any other water company in the world. These rights comprise the South Fork of the American River, Echo, Silver, Audrain, Twin, Devils, and sixteen other Sierra lakes—water properties on the Consumnes River, and thousands of acres of lands and water rights on the four sides of Mt. Hamilton. With these sources at our command, we can supply the East Bay Cities with 300,000,000 gallons of pure water per day.

By bringing our water into your city, you bring the insurance rates down, for we propose to supply all the cities' hydrants through 6-inch mains, not through 2 and 4-inch mains. In the construction of our system we will follow closely the laws laid down by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, thereby insuring you the best possible fire protection.

In the contracts we ask you to sign, we do not bind ourselves to a certain rate for one year, as Mr. Dingee did when he entered the local field, only to jump the rate up higher than it ever was in water history. We bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, or assigns to certain rates for ten years, and we are perfectly willing to make it twenty years.

Contracts are pouring in upon us now by the thousands, but we want more—we want yours. We want enough to warrant us in making the rate 25 cents per thousand gallons by the time we begin to deliver water into your house.

Upon your decision and that of your neighbor, rests the momentous question of whether or not your city is to have this magnificent water system.

BAY CITIES WATER COMPANY

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Vol. XVIII. No. 933 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 16, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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ADDRESS.....

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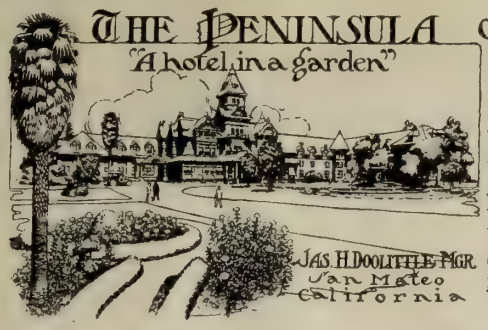

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MISS IZETTA JEWEL

Who inaugurates a special season with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland next Monday evening, in "Merely Mary Ann."

TOWN TALK

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The Prophet and the Pilgrims

Oyster Bay has become the Mecca of the Insurgents and all the idols of the Chautauqua circle. The pilgrimage to the shrine of the sovereign lord of the nation is a continuous procession. The steady tramp of many feet echoes from the slopes of Sagamore Hill where the aureoled and dauntless hero of that other acclivity celebrated in song and story as Kettle Hill is holding imperial court, receiving the homage of the only guaranteed patriots and beaming on them affectionately as on their marrowbones they thump their briskets and chant their hymns of loyalty. An inspiring spectacle this, of the Prophet giving audience to his beloved disciples and assuring them of his appreciation of their unwavering devotion to the true faith. From the smiles that illumine returning countenances, and other eloquent phenomena too numerous to mention, it is inferred that the words of encouragement with which the hearts of the pilgrims are gladdened bode ill for the incorrigible standpatters and all their malign works and sinister pomps. Consequently the news that radiates from the hub of political activity is poignantly affecting to politicians in every State in the union. Grave misgivings are filling the hearts of Mr. Taft's adherents, there is rejoicing among the righteous overmuch. Meanwhile the President is pursuing the even tenor of his way, apparently more concerned about Colonel Bogie than about Colonel Roosevelt. And occasionally faint rumors are wafted this way to the effect that the great apostle of peace is about to undertake the harmonization of the G. O. P. According to these rumors Mr. Roosevelt has experienced a change of temperament. The pleasures of discord no longer appeal to his erratic fancy. He has broadened his sympathies to comprehend all factions, and would like very much to reconcile insurgents and regulars and send his party into the fray as a solid phalanx against the enemy.

A New Idea Born in Chicago

From Chicago, the fountainhead of culturine, comes the news of the birth of a "New Christianity" in the divinity school of the somewhat bizarre university of that opulent city. This new religion is to "release men's minds from the bonds of tradition and creed." It will stand with geology in preference to Genesis and it will accept "the assured results of historical investigation into the records of ancient times"; for, while "religion has its rights, so also has history." Which reminds us that nowhere does "a little learning" flourish so luxuriantly as in our pampered universities where young schoolmasters are masquerading as great scholars and stuffing the immature minds of budding citizens with osophies and isms that were discarded by the learned of centuries agone. The promulgation of the principles of this so-called New Christianity is but another instance of the unjustifiable pride of intellect that is incessantly cutting curious capers in the academic groves. The idea that religion and science are incompatible is not new. The arguments pro and con on the question of their incompatibility would fill many volumes, and it is doubtful whether the question is ever to be solved to the satisfaction of all men of intelligence and learning. The only thing of which we can be sure is that when the Bible appears to clash with science we cannot be certain that we have a correct interpretation of Scripture. This being the case is it not clearly futile to quarrel on the subject. William E. Gladstone, who wrote a book to prove that there was no conflict between Genesis and geology, said that the nearest semblance to a palpable contradition between modern Science and Holy Writ that he was able to find was upon the statement that sin brought death into the world. We know that death was antecedent to man and therefore to sin. But in Scripture, beyond all dispute, the word death has many meanings. For example, it means severance of spirit and body; it means separation from God and domination of body over spirit; it means reunion with God, and domination of spirit over body. Now how will the Chicago professors determine in what sense St. Paul used the word? And how are these professors to ascertain what are "the assured results of historical investigation?" "What is history," said Napoleon, "but fiction agreed upon." Said Walpole, "All history is a lie." When Frederick the Great would have his secretary read history to him he would say, "Bring me my liar." According to Alexander Dumas, "Truth is very liable to be left-handed in history." According to Dr. Johnson there is very little authentic history. Nevertheless the Chicago professors, being men of superior wisdom, if they have not faith in religion, have an abundance of it in history. Above all they have faith in science. How learned they are in science is another matter. We are assured by eminent authority that the person who thinks there is conflict between science and religion must either be very young in science or very ignorant in religion.

The Mexican Despotism

One may be in doubt as to whether Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, is a benevolent despot or a typical tyrant, but it is clear enough that his personally conducted ship of state is no longer sailing in smooth waters. Also it is clear enough that the persons who have vested rights under the Mexican despotism, protected by the great autocrat, are keenly apprehensive on account of the rapid growth of sentiment hostile to Diaz at home as well as abroad. Affairs in Mexico have seemed to be approaching a crisis. And though Diaz may be able to quell disturbances and hold the people in submission by the methods usually employed by despots it is almost certain that on his death the republic will be rent with factional strife. But even now it is deemed essential to the stability of his administration to manufacture sentiment in his favor in this country, and to that end special writers are employed to celebrate his benevolence and wisdom in certain magazines and dailies. Thus we find Alfred Henry Lewis, special writer for Mr. Hearst, who has very large interests in Mexico, eulogizing Diaz in extravagant terms. According to Lewis the President of Mexico is a great patriot who "has fought, suffered, starved, moiled, toiled and lived for Mexico." Furthermore the anti-Mexican campaign, Lewis tells us, is financed by that eternal, omnipresent malefactor, the Standard Oil. British writers who have visited Mexico to study conditions have another story to tell. According to Channing Arnold and Frederick J. Tabor Frost, a state of anarchy is bound to ensue in Mexico on the death of Diaz. These writers tells us that the people have many grievances. They are oppressed "under a shameful system of virtual slavery. There have been many massacres by Mexican troops." "Judges of the

courts in Mexico," says Senor Barron in an article published in The Editorial Review, "are creatures of the President. The gravest cases are decided in the course of a morning call at the National Palace. President Diaz wields discretionary power over the property, freedom and life of every Mexican, and is not accountable to anyone for any one of his acts." We should not believe all that we read about Diaz. Doubtless he has done much good for the country by his despotic methods; for he has at least subdued the Latin temperament and maintained a certain kind of social order; but it is absurd to picture him as a great patriot. Great patriots concern themselves about the permanent welfare of the people. A despotism even though it be benevolent is a selfish system of government that always carries with it the menace of anarchy.

The Charms of Political Strife

One of the direct results of the direct primary is the awakening somewhat earlier than usual of public interest in the ambitions of certain distinguished gentlemen who are eager to pull the public leg for a term of years. Before the discovery of the great blessing which we are now experiencing it was said of us Americans that we were much too preoccupied with material acquisition, and that all our multifarious talents were devoted and subordinated to the accumulation of money. This awful reproach is no longer justified. For the direct primary has taken our mind off the most enchanting but lowest aim of existence. We are now almost exclusively preoccupied with politics. Public interest is centred in the rival claims of ardent patriots. Heretofore the politicians occupied our attention not more than a few weeks each year, and the rest of the time we were absorbed in sordid occupations. Now the closed season for gladhanding is less than half the year. For more than six months we are to be entertained with the antics of the ground and lofty performers in the political arena, and our interest is keyed to a high pitch by the exciting uncertainty of the outcome of a contest that deeply, vitally concerns the whole State. The new order of things is to say the least diverting. And doubtless it is for the benefit of all of us; for at any rate it causes us to take a keener interest in the most edifying of all sports—that which is conducted by the gentlemen whom Shakespeare tells us are capable of circumventing God. Who cares whether as a result of the protraction of politics we shall be better governed than before? We who are not of the general—we whose privilege it is to peep behind the scenes, to be in touch with men and cognizant of their motives, designs and machinations may speculate on this purely academic question, but it is not for us to utter ourselves oracularly and attempt to disillusion the enchanted populace. Not for us because we know the futility of seeking to dissipate illusions. Believing that we have as much right as the dear people to enjoy ourselves we find our enjoyment in our own way. When we read what is said in the incorruptible dailies about the candidates, the invulnerable virtues of this one, the innumerable vices of that one, we meditate profitably on the incredible credulity of the average molecule of the masses, the same molecule that but a short time ago was devouring with feverish avidity the esoteric flapdoodle from the training quarters in Nevada, never dreaming that it was adapted to the intellectuals of stupidity in bulk. Knowing that the people love to be hoodwinked the dailies treat them with uniform disingenuousness whether they are booming a prize fight or a political faction. So it is but affording the dailies a suitable opportunity for the performance of a cardinal duty to make election contests as nearly in the nature of a continuous performance as possible. So we may conclude that whatever be the effect of the direct primary on government its operation is conducive to the gratification of the popular appetite. Indeed to believe that such is not the case is to incur the suspicion that one is a hopeless antique in a whirling world of unprecedented progress. The direct primary is the most precious of all the darling contrivances of the cognoscenti of politics. It is the pet product of the cult of progress, the high-water mark on the glistening shores of Innovation. As we ponder it we become sensible of the hearty laugh we should have at the expense of that old-fashioned statesman Abe Lincoln were he with us today. How profoundly we should humiliate him by quoting him thus: "If ever this free people—if this government itself is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this incessant human wriggle and struggle for office, which is but a way to live without work." What a low estimate Abe had of the gentlemen who practice the divine art of being wise for others! Ponder his cruel intimation that politics means all for office, nothing for principle; all for self, nothing for the people. How little of the prophetic power was possessed by this great statesman who failed to foresee the organization of a faction in his name led by a Hiram Johnson divinely commissioned to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and wholly oblivious to self-interest! And how far was he from apprehending the advantages of living in a State committed to that interminable political strife which, according to the unwise of former generations, has a tendency to corrupt the mind and ulcerate the heart. Thrice blessed are we who are being taught by experience that political issues "create the according music of a well-mixed State." 'Rah for the direct primary! Long may she wave!

More Power for the People

"The thing to do," says the Examiner, "is to restore to the people their legitimate power to order their own public affairs. Government will be safe with the people." The sentiment is somewhat familiar. We believe we have come across it before. Indeed we are quite sure that it is the sentiment that Aristophanes satirized in one of his plays when he himself played the role of Cleon some four hundred years before the

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Christian era. "More power for the people" is a fine slogan. It never fails to win popular favor; nor has it ever failed to seduce the people to their own undoing. How safe the government is in the hands of the people we know from the uniform experience of peoples of many climes, of many ages and under diverse systems of popular government. How safe government may be in the hands of the people of this country we have had an opportunity of judging from a recent occurrence at Washington. The House which is directly representative of the people decided by an overwhelming vote to amend a criminal law for the purpose of exempting from its operations and penalties a numerically powerful element of the people. Now it is needless to point out that the object of government is to provide equal justice for all classes of citizens or to suggest that no government can endure that fails to secure this object. The mere statement of the fact is as platitudinous as the most insipid truism that was ever didactically set forth by the illustrious personage who won his way to the hearts of his countrymen by repeated discoveries of the Decalogue. This being the case it is obvious that what the cowardly representatives of the people in the lower house of Congress did in deference to the demands of the union labor leaders was a species of treachery fraught with somewhat dangerous consequences. But however lightly we may view the matter the point to be kept in mind is that the representatives of the people were false to their trust from a sense of what they conceived to be their own political advantage; also that in this instance we have a concrete example of the inadvisability of governing the people without certain checks and balances of power. The check in this instance was supplied by the Senate. The Senate blocked the legislation proposed by the House. Let us suppose that the people were represented in the Senate in precisely the same way as they were represented in the House and reflect on what might have happened. Is it likely that a Senate composed of men elected directly by the people and as eager to conciliate their constituents as are the members of the House would have had the courage to defy the selfish incivism of the truculent bosses of organized labor? To give the question a graver aspect let us suppose that the proposition before the Congress was one affecting our relations with some powerful nation and that it had arisen in another emergency similar to that which grew out of the blowing up of the Maine. Could we depend on a Senate of servile politicians to resist the importunities of public clamor? We know that the Senate as at present constituted and elected lacked backbone in the historical emergency to which we have alluded; but how much more pronounced would be the invertebrate state of that body if all Senators were as profoundly concerned about majorities as are all Representatives! The thwarting by the Senate of the impudent agitators of organized labor is an achievement that demonstrates the wisdom of the men who drafted our Constitution. They gave us two houses of Congress, and that each might act as a check on the other they made one extremely sensitive to the public will and one in a measure inaccessible to public clamor. In thus providing against the despotic and impulsive power of the multitude they were not experimenting in theories of government. The system of two separate and distinct houses of the legislature is founded on a principle as old as the common law. But not for its age alone was it reverenced. Wherever the system which is now proposed by the modern disciples of Cleon has been tried it has proved a failure. France, Spain, Naples, Portugal, our own pre-federal Confederacy—all experimented with a single house and found it a failure. Now we are urged to put our trust in two houses constituted in such a way as to produce practically two committees of the same house. By this method are the people asked to assume more power. This is what Mr. Hearst means when he says that "the thing to do is to restore to the people their legitimate power." Thus would Mr. Hearst augment his own power. For it is when the people are apparently all-powerful that they are most completely under the thumbs of the men who make public opinion.

Not So Simple

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a trout.
He spied a sign "No Fishing Here"
And there pulled sixty out!

Perspective Impressions

To be ill-natured is to be as incapable of receiving pleasures as giving them.

Grove L. Johnson is making Hiram Johnson's fight in Sacramento. Has the machine cast an anchor to windward?

Senator "Billy" Lorimer whose way to political distinction was littered with bank notes, never swears, never drinks and never permits his anger to survive a sunset. He's almost as good as Hiram Johnson.

As the new Geary street road will be an object lesson in municipal ownership its construction should be pushed with all possible speed. It is always profitable to be enlightened.

To make a mistake in judgment is nothing; to adhere to it is everything.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller says the time has come for a universal religion. Has the worship of Mammon ceased to be universal?

People that are most envious of them that seem to have more than their share of the good things of life are the least pitiful of them that have more than their share of its miseries.

The versatility of Colonel Roosevelt is to receive fresh demonstration. He is to speak for Senator Lodge "of the interests" in Boston, and for Senator Beveridge of the immaculate mugwumps in Indiana.

A Remarkable Courtesan

Being a Short Appreciation of a Very Interesting and Valuable Book Entitled "A German Pompadour," the Work of Marie Hay

By Edward F. O'Day

From the distant day of Father Herodotus to the present time history has delighted to dally with the careers of courtesans. In the Biblical narrative and in the profane records of the ancient monarchies and republics courtesans played an important part; so too in modern times, particularly in France. To understand how a beautiful or clever woman may gain left-handed dominion over a prince and a people involves an intimate study of feminine psychology and as that is a subject which philosophers have been studying for centuries without perceptible increase of knowledge the quest has all the fascination of mystery—it intrigues the imagination and stimulates the brain. What was the secret of Aspasia's charm? How did the Pompadour lord it over one of the lords of earth? Here are questions that can only be partially answered and any new data thrown into the argument should receive the recognition its importance deserves. Decidedly Marie Hay has supplied us with new data in her delightful book "A German Pompadour" recently issued in attractive dress by Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the extraordinary history of a woman of whom not one in ten thousand of us has ever before heard. Yet she played a remarkable part in her world and more than one monarch had cause to damn her great gift of beauty. Her name was Wilhelmine von Gravenitz and she flourished in the German principality of Wirtemberg at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Her story as told by Marie Hay is compact of the stuff of romance and it is a pleasure to say that it has lost nothing in the telling. The book is an extraordinary tour de force because, as the author tells us in her preface, only a dusty, time-soiled packet of legal papers which had lain untouched for nearly two hundred years was available as material for the reconstruction of the life of this Wirtemberg beauty. Marie Hay is mistress of the period of which she writes and with only that packet of legal papers has produced a story with all the charm of romantic fiction and all the grip of actual fact.

It was an intrigue planned by a few unscrupulous courtiers which brought Wilhelmine von Gravenitz to the court of Stuttgart where the handsome, brave and polished Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Wirtemberg held sway. She was a poor young girl from the south, remarkably beautiful. There was a dimple in her chin and another near her lips. She was very tall, lithe of limb and spare as a Greek runner but very full breasted. Her hair was deep brown with a glint of gold and almost too abundant. In her blue eyes there was a strange look of concentration which in a later age would have been ascribed to hypnotic power. The brutal advances of a lustful pastor had taught her the spell of her beauty before she was summoned to Stuttgart by her brother and other intriguers to captivate the duke's susceptible heart and thereby help to feather their nests. This was a sordid business, of course, and Wilhelmine had no scruples of maidenly modesty about doing her part. Her beauty, however, and the romantic surroundings conspire with Marie Hay's artistic handling of the narrative to gild the theme.

Duke Eberhard Ludwig was a soldier and a poet but he was not a faithful husband. His wife did not appeal to him and Wilhelmine did; so in a very short time this peasant girl was established as the reigning favorite and the career of the German Pompadour had commenced. It was a marvelous career and one wonders that it was never before exhumed from the grave of history. Before her coming the family life of the Wirtemberg ducal circle had been simple, stiff and dull; under her influence it became a brilliant, festive court which, travelers tell us, vied in magnificence with the glories of Versailles.

There was no ambiguity about the position of Wilhelmine at Stuttgart. She was the duke's acknowledged mistress and neither the pining sorrow of his humiliated wife nor the mutterings of the scandalized Wirtembergers disturbed the impetuous ardor of his love affair. Like the upstart that she was Wilhelmine was inordinately proud and inordinately jealous of her shaky position. She hated her lover's wife, she hated his people and her public actions proclaimed her feelings. Soon the populace came to hate her and to suspect her of witchcraft. The truth is that she was as bad as she was beautiful and made more than one attempt to kill the duke's wife.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of her career was her marriage to the duke, a solemn mockery that was bigamy pure and simple but which served to embroil the Austrian empire for a long time, owing to the duke's insistence on its validity. As the "wife" of the duke Wilhelmine gave free rein to her extravagance and even today the Wirtemberg peasants speak of her as the Land Despoiler. Her court was brilliant but wanton, one of the most remarkable gathering places for the dishonest brave and the unscrupulous fair that Europe ever knew. Then like a thunderbolt came an order from the Emperor of Austria, the duke's suzerain, exiling her from the empire.

That was the beginning of the end. As she had suddenly risen she as quickly fell. Her poetical lover had the bad grace to tire of her before her cup of misfortune filled to overflowing so that she tasted the worst bitterness which can come to a woman in her position. It would be unfair to the reader who may desire to read the book for himself to detail the strong scenes which conclude this veracious chronicle. It is history but it reads like a novel and nobody cares to have the ending of a novel revealed in advance. Suffice it that after twenty years of extraordinary power and fifteen of almost equal misery Wilhelmine von Gravenitz died.

There is absolutely nothing to indicate that she was not scrupulously faithful to her ducal lover during all the time of her ascendancy and greatly as Marie Hay seems to fancy the most effective collocation of her material I do not think that she would suppress the fact if it was indicated in the little packet of legal papers from which she reconstructed this story. A remarkable courtesan was Wilhelmine von Gravenitz and when we lay aside the book dealing with her life we apprehend a little more of the truth about the influence which such women can exert, the manner in which they keep themselves in power and the causes of their almost inevitable fall.

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A Paris Cafe

By Filson Young

It exists to gratify appetite rather than to satisfy hunger; it is one of the great granaries of wild oats that have been established in cosmopolitan Paris as a kind of international reserve of that commodity, in case the crop should ever fail. In a word, it is a restaurant held in great repute by the disreputable, famous among the infamous, as well as among the great throng of the reputable and the famous who in their hours of relaxation or curiosity have at one time or another sat at its tables.

It is hard for anyone who has never been there, or in some similar place in Paris or Vienna, to realize what it is like. It is hard for one sitting six hundred miles away, with the sound of the sea in his ears, to believe that it is a real place, or that its tragic life goes on in daily ebb and flow, as punctual as the tides, whether he remembers it or not. Such a chain of reality intervenes—downs, windswept in the stormy night; the salt dark waves of the Channel; fields newly turned by the plough; cottages, farmsteads, docks, railways, towns—and at the end of this dark perspective, as I look in imagination, the lurid spot of light in the heart of Paris that might well to the Puritan mind stand for an image of Hela, or reveal the company of the damned sitting feasting in the very glare of Tophet. Yet if I were suddenly to be transported across the intervening miles—I, or anyone willing to view what he saw with a mind open and sensitive to impression, we should at once begin to fall under the spell; to find it interesting, to find it fascinating, to feel that it was reality, and that the world beyond was a phantom and a dream. A very real and strenuous life—the life of Paris herself, the life of France—flows round it, as a broad river eddies and swirls round an islet, leaving it forgotten or unheeded; on the one side of the wall there is the modern world of industry, commerce, politics—on the other this frank Pagan worship of Bacchus and Venus.

There is nothing particularly French about it; nothing Parisian, even, in the true sense of the word—except in so far as it represents something foreign which can yet only flourish to perfection in Paris—that friendly soil to which (to use a contradiction) so many alien plants are indigenous. There are so many Parises—the Paris of the artist, of the diplomat, of the financier, of the milliner, of the rich Jew, of the poor Frenchman, the Paradise of the American, the Inferno of the Puritan—and each feels that he, and he alone, holds the key to her fascinating mysteries. Our cafe belongs to none of these; it is of the Paris of expensive pleasure, designed for that cosmopolitan race of money-spenders that Paris in her heart so dearly loves and so warmly welcomes. Englishmen and Americans are its chief patrons—because it represents something that cannot exist in England or America. New York may imitate the externals, but it cannot achieve the nameless atmosphere of gaiety, the heartless happiness of Paris. There was—happily is no more—a terrible and doleful travesty of it in London; a place which offered a spectacle of intrinsic indecency and horror only possible in a Puritan country and under a grandmotherly legislation; for grandmothers, however active they may be for our welfare, cannot go everywhere, and have a way of assuming that the horrors they do not see are all right, or else are necessary horrors. A cafe like this in London is as impossible as Simpson's would be in Buda-Pesth. It represents something which the Englishman, if he recognizes its existence at all, prefers to keep outside his native life; a commodity which he is content to purchase in a foreign market, and has no ambition to produce at home—which in this case is sound fiscal wisdom, and the only true Protection.

There is nothing aesthetically indecent about it or ugly to the eye. Laughter is not ugly; women's clothes, as made in Paris, are not often ugly; bright eyes are not ugly; wine and flowers and jewels, and the demeanor of people willing to amuse and to be amused, are not ugly; to see people happy, amused, forgetful of the shadowy side of life, for however brief a time or by whatever means, is not an ugly sight. And the interest of our cafe just depends on how far you take it for what it offers and pretends to be, and not for what it actually is or may be. Tragedies and mortal sins are not its concern; you go there on your own responsibility; if you cannot enjoy yourself there without these disagreeable consequences, that is your own affair. In other words, it is a little corner of the universe raised, so to speak, to a higher power; the laws that obtain there are the laws that govern life everywhere; like every part and corner of the earth it is a school of philosophy for those who wish to learn, and a school of damnation for those who wish to be damned. You may learn your philosophy a little sooner or be damned a little quicker there than in other places—that is all.

That is why our cafe is interesting to artists, and to all of us whose business it is to study human nature in as many places and under as many different conditions as possible; that is why the faces of some of its frequenters have been seen on so many canvases, and faces and characters alike given an immortality so strangely inconsistent with their brief destinies. There is something in its atmosphere—an atmosphere from which the ugly vice of hypocrisy is entirely absent—that acts as a reagent on certain natures, selecting and precipitating the more human qualities. Men, at any rate, are very much themselves there; even the fearfully-minded, and those suffering from a sense of misbehavior, are fortified by a consciousness that all are in the same boat, and the absence of the disapproving eye seems to release something in their facial expression, so that a face which may be familiar to us as hard, or furtive, or mean, becomes transfigured, and beams openly with frank and genial enjoyment. A sense of shame may be a very salutary virtue—I am not so sure of that; at any rate, it is very demeaning to the appearance; and it is to the credit of this place that you will never see anyone look ashamed there. You may see faces tired, wearied to death; you may see faces sorry, faces angry, you may see the expressions of hatred, desire, and jealousy in all their terrible nakedness; but the disfigurement of shame on a human countenance I think you will not see there. The reason is, that people are there either themselves or are accepted for what they wish to seem; and, in these circumstances, no one is ever ashamed.

The interest of these midnight hours as a human spectacle depends entirely on how deep you go. You must not go deep at all if you wish to be a partner with the spirit of gaiety. It is all a surface, polished and faceted; the joy is as deep as a mirror—no deeper. On the surface you have laughter, pretty faces, eager eyes, wine, flowers, stimulation of all the centres of sensuous enjoyment. Look a little deeper, and you will notice the tiredness that underlies the gaiety on some of these beautiful women's faces, and, I fear, the extreme vacuity of some of the men's; the gaiety seems artificial. A little deeper, it is the sheer interest and curiosity of it that will appeal to you, quite impersonally. A little deeper, and you see that under the glittering surface, moving to the captivating measure of the music, a little

(Continued on Page 30.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Siftings from Many Sources

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The Dogs of Stamboul

More than one Sultan has tried to get rid of the swarming street dogs of Constantinople by exposing them on uninhabited islands; but the dogs swam back. Once more, on the 18th of May, while the natives were looking in vain for the comet, a raid was begun which is to be continued until the streets are cleared of some 50,000 dogs. Preceded by gypsies, who beat them from their lairs, a number of catchers, armed with large iron grappling-hooks, seized the yelling creatures and deposited them in vans. The native populace is, as a whole, still strongly averse to the measures adopted, since the beasts for two thousand years or more have acted as scavengers. To remove them is, they believe, to invite the wrath of heaven. Some of them concealed the animals in their quarters night after night till the catchers had passed. As the authorities did not dare, on account of superstition, to kill the dogs, they were imprisoned within the old town walls, the result being inevitable cruelty to animals. The situation is extremely difficult to deal with, and not a few observers believe that this attempt to get rid of the canine scavengers is also doomed to failure. Yet something must be done. The dogs obstruct traffic more and more, and by their howling make sleep almost impossible, at least to resident foreigners.

The Death of an Inventor

Joseph Thomas, an old-time inventor, has died at his home in Hoboken, of general breakdown incident to old age. He was eighty-three years old. He was a brother of General Valentine Thomas, who served with distinction under Napoleon in the Franco-Prussian War. Joseph Thomas was born in a suburb of Paris, France, on March 19, 1827, and came to this country at the age of nineteen. He became a machinist's apprentice and early began to display his inventive genius and made many useful mechanical devices, and the men who promoted their manufacture made most of the money. Mr. Thomas was employed by Isaac Merritt Singer at the time Singer was perfecting his sewing machine in a garret in New York City, and together the young men invented important devices which made the Singer machine a success. The invention of the first machine for the manufacture of sulphur matches was considered by Mr. Thomas as his greatest work. The machine was able to turn out 20,000 matches a minute. It was on exhibition at the Crystal Palace in New York City in the early sixties, and thousands of people gazed in wonder as it worked. Mr. Thomas invented a steel wire hoop skirt which soon became all the rage in this country and elsewhere in the early fifties. He perfected a secret process of tempering steel so that the hoops were pliable and easily accommodated themselves to the stout or slender fair ones who wore the skirts. Like most geniuses Mr. Thomas was not a success as a business man. He had too great faith in the honesty of other people and was often the victim of too much confidence.

The Scare in Politics

The efficacy of a popular scare as a weapon in politics is fully recognized in England and scaremongering has been reduced to scientific exactitude. It is generally conceded now that the widespread fear of a German invasion was fanned by political leaders to force the building of Dreadnaughts or in default of that, to retire the ruling party. Now that the Dreadnaught scare has produced its desired effect, the attention of the people has been turned to the pretended danger of an invasion by means of submarines. The British navy is now overwhelmingly superior in Dreadnaughts but it is lacking in submarines and torpedo boats. So the English people are being told that German submarines would find easy access to the shores of England if they saw fit to make an attack at the present time. It is urged that Great Britain devote all her energies and money to building a fleet of these crafts as fast as possible. It is fully expected that before long popular opinion will be so worked up that the majority party will have to build submarines or retire from power. It is thus that the game is played in England.

The Greatest Caisson

A record in building foundation construction work was established recently in New York with the completion of a caisson for the new Municipal Building at the Manhattan terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge. The foundation runs 112 feet 1 inch below water level. This is the deepest caisson ever constructed, and it was built without accident of any kind. The maximum air pressure at the bottom during the work was forty-seven pounds to the square inch, and the men worked in twenty shifts of five each, remaining in the chambers for an average of forty minutes.

The Slaughter of Birds

Startling figures regarding the slaughter of birds for the Paris and London millinery markets were given recently by a lecturer of the Selborne Society in London. "Bird life," he said, "is being reduced at an alarming rate by the traffic in feathers and the killing in the breeding season, when feathers have full luster, smoothness and elasticity. During 1898, 1,538,738 egrets were killed in Venezuela for their plumes, and in 1908 the number had fallen to 257,916—the effect of ten years' slaughter. The same thing is happening in every country where the white heron is found. There has been growing for the last ten years a demand in the millinery market for the large white wings and tail feathers of the American jabiru, the largest but one of all living storks. In London alone 30,000 of these quills are sold annually. The bird would have been annihilated long ago, but it scented danger from man and his fowling piece, though today, in the middle Crinoer basin, its favorite feeding ground, it is shot by a soft-nosed bullet from a Mauser rifle, and thus woman's wish is gratified. Besides the egret, 10,612 pounds weight of other plumage is exported from Ciudad Bolivar. Besides being extravagantly wasteful of bird life and terribly cruel, the plume trade is aggravated by illegal practices. Although in 1903 the government of India passed a law prohibiting the export of the skins and feathers of all wild birds, the most useful and beautiful birds continue to pour into the London market, being clandestinely conveyed out of India under fictitious names and addresses, and the cases falsely declared as containing cow hair, horse hair or flimsy silk material."

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The Spectator

Investigating Mrs. "Ducksey"

Two weeks ago I mentioned that John Slate, the star man of the New York World, was in town on a mysterious mission. I find now that this mission is one in which San Franciscans will manifest a particular interest. Slate is out here to investigate the career of Mrs. "Ducksey" Rosenbaum. Mrs. "Ducksey" or Mrs. Sadie Maguire Rosenbaum Rogers Dunne, to give her all the name that she is entitled to, has a libel suit against the New York World for $200,000, and Slate is gathering evidence for use when the case comes to trial. It will be remembered that Mrs. "Ducksey's" third husband who was interested in the Savoy Hotel in this city took French leave of his better half one day and departed for New York with a Mrs. Rogers. "Mrs. Ducksey" started in pursuit and overtook the errant couple on the board walk of Atlantic City. So enraged was Mrs. "Ducksey" at her husband's infidelity that she lambasted Mrs. Rogers with an umbrella. The New York World in telling the story stated that Mrs. "Ducksey" had been the mistress of a notorious house in this city. It happened that this statement was incorrect and Mrs. "Ducksey" promptly filed in the New York courts two suits, one for libel against the New York World and another for the same amount against Mrs. Rogers for alienation of her husband's affections.

Her Colorful Career

I am sure that Mr. Slate must find his work exceedingly interesting. Who that knew the night life of the old San Francisco does not remember the variegated doings of Sadie Maguire? The narrative of the manner in which she is reputed to have snared the affections of "Ducksey" Rosenbaum would demand the pen of a Balzac or a de Maupassant. Only Gautier could do justice to some of her other adventures. She was a familir figure around the old Palace Hotel and on the bridle path of Golden Gate Park. A graceful equestrienne she was one of the first women in this city to desert the side saddle. When "Ducksey" Rosenbaum could no longer tolerate his physical wretchedness he took a dose of cyanide of potassium and Mrs. "Ducksey" was mistress of several hundred thousand dollars. Then she married Charley Rogers who promptly deserted newspaper work and became Rogers "the advertect." But that was a short-lived romance and it was some time afterwards that she became the wife of Dunne the hotel man. These are but the dry bones of her exuberant life. Any old-timer will fill in the skeleton with sprightly stories of strange caprices tinged with blue and rose.

Stowe Converted Into "Stone"

How disappointing it must be to a prominent citizen from the provinces to be discovered on Broadway by a reporter for a big metropolitan daily and interviewed for publication only to find his name printed wrong in the morning! This sometimes happens, for reporters are infallible with respect to names only when the news is of a scandalous nature. Now Mr. Vanderlyn Stowe never does anything scandalous, and of course the interview with this pink of propriety which appeared last week in the Sun was intended to give him enviable publicity. But alas! he was written up not as Stowe but as Stone. He was deemed of sufficient importance to be interviewed because he is an ex-president of the Bohemian Club. His election to the presidency was perhaps the greatest distinction he ever achieved. And his election gave the club a certain distinction for it has been known ever since as the plumbers' club by reason of the circumstance that his fitness for the presidency was inferred from his success in his plumbing and gas fixture business.

A Suspicion of Irony

After reading the interview with Mr. Stowe in the Sun I suspected the reporter of having trifled with the honored name of our prominent citizen in a spirit of malice. Reporters are not free from that spirit. And when it is aroused in them they assuage it by twisting the name of the person against whom they wish to vent their spleen. The reporter who interviewed Mr. Stowe probably expected to get from him material for a good story. And it is evident that the interview didn't pan out. "Mr. Stone," says the reporter, "doesn't look like a Bohemian bohemian, nor a Parisian bohemian nor the New York variety which affects table d'hotes where the wine is thrown in for 35 cents. He is a business man, being in the light fixture business and looks prosperous." Somewhat tinged is this, and much of what follows, with irony, for the reporter makes it clear enough in his deft way that he does not regard the ex-president of San Francisco's club of wits as a very keen-witted person. When one gentleman thinks another gentleman an ass he does not express himself frankly but implies what he thinks in the politest terms he can invent. I quote from the Sun:

"'Once a year we have jinks,' said Mr. Stone."

"'Drinks'? inquired the reporter thirstily."

"'No, jinks—j-i-n-k-s.'"

"'High jinks?'"

"'Well that depends. The jinks take place in the summer and last two weeks. * * * The time is the full of the moon of August.'"

"'And is there any superstition or tradition connected with the full of the moon in this case?'"

"'No. In the old days they chose the full of the moon because it was the cheapest way of lighting the camp.'"

From Jinks to Graft

Finding that Mr. Stowe was more grave than gay, that he was more inclined to solemnity than vivacity in conversation, the jocular reporter switched the conversation from playful topics to serious business.

"Is San Francisco better for the graft prosecution?" he asked.

"No," said the Bohemian Club's ex-president; "it is no better nor is it any worse than it was before the prosecutions. I am not prepared to say it was very bad then. San Francisco is a very cosmopolitan city. It has its Spanish quarter, its Italian quarter, its German and

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its Japanese quarters, and, thank God! we've got a few Americans there too." With this burst of real humor by which Mr. Stowe proved that wit may be latent even in a most prosperous looking business man the interview ended.

The Donners and the Murphys

In the card room of the Press Club the proposal to erect a monument to the Donner party was the subject of conversation. "Barney" Murphy of San Jose was too absorbed in a bridge hand to contribute to the discussion, although the Murphy party which included his father and grandfather arrived in California two years before the Donner party. "How is it, governor," queried Grant Carpenter, "that the Murphy party is not celebrated in history like the Donner party?" "Governor" Murphy removed the cigar from his mouth and with his eyes still fastened on his cards rejoined drily: "Well you see, Carpenter, the Murphys did not have the distinction of eating one another."

Martin Murphy's Estate

Speaking of the Murphys, I find that I am mistaken in saying two weeks ago that Martin Murphy died a poor man. It seems also that the Murphy home in San Jose was not sold because the estate was involved but because some of the heirs of Martin Murphy were minors. I was misled in my statements by an article in a San Jose newspaper. When Martin Murphy died he owned 75,000 acres of land stocked with cattle in San Luis Obispo County, 12,000 acres in Santa Barbara, the 5,000 acre ranch called Murphy's in Santa Clara County where he lived, 4,000 acres on the west side of the valley adjoining Stanford University, the 4,000 acre ranch of Milpitas and improved real estate in San Jose and San Francisco. Martin Murphy spent only two years in the old Murphy home in San Jose after which illness necessitated his removal to a place where he could receive the constant care of his doctor. Mrs. Murphy spent ten years in the old house.

"I wish you didn't have such a flat and plebeian nose, papa," said the aristocratic young daughter of the plain old merchant.
"That's the mark of the grindstone, my dear," replied the plodding old man.

Pugilism, Press and Pulpit

The gentlemen of the pulpit and all the proponents of universal austerity who are felicitating themselves on their glorious triumph over the evils of the prize-ring remind me of the fable about the fly and the wagon wheel. The wheel it will be remembered was revolving rapidly over a county road when the fly, perched on the hub, remarked, "What a lot of dust we are raising!" It was not in deference to ministerial protest that Governor Gillett put an end to preparations for the fight in San Francisco. Nor is it because of conniption fits thrown in the pulpit that a wave of sentiment hostile to the moving picture enterprise has rolled over the country. That sentiment is the result of race riots caused by the feeling that was inspired by the defeat of Jeffries. The pious gentlemen of this city who abominate pugilism and are persuaded that the tone of society is to be improved by the interdiction of professional fisticuffs, by a little reflection will perceive that there is less reason for exultation than for a quite different emotion. For though these gentlemen may be absolutely sincere in their vociferations against the degrading and demoralizing effects of pugilism, it is a matter of common notoriety that they have had no quarrel with the one great and powerful agency through which the brutal pastime is fostered and made profitable, and by means of which our pluguglies are made the objects of a most disgusting hero-worship. Manifestly the moral cowardice of our militant divines is in proportion to the sincerity of their aversion to pugilism. If they had the courage of their convictions they would have the courage to inveigh against the press as well as against the prize-ring and the other promoters of pugilism. If they regard the moving pictures as demoralizing then certainly the newspaper pictures do not meet with their approval; nor is it to be supposed they consider that the living pictures presented in a theater under newspaper auspices were by some mysterious process rendered innocuous.

Complaisant Pulpiteers

Judged from the standpoint of the clergymen the newspapers are more deserving of rebuke and reprobation that the fighters themselves. It was the newspapers that made the match. Jeffries, who had quit the ring, was goaded into the fight by a coterie of sporting editors. Long before any "promoter" took an interest in the matter the newspapers were manufacturing a sentiment in favor of a contest between the black man and the white man. They interviewed Jeffries on the subject, and when he said that he had no intention of returning to the ring they intimated that perhaps he was afraid to tackle the colored giant. It was by dint of newspaper taunts that Jeffries was induced to consent to the match. And all the while the pulpit was enveloped in an impenetrable cloak of silence. Nary a preacher permitted his tongue to luxuriate. Not a protest against the united efforts of the newspapers to incite men to the commission of crime emanated from the watchdogs of virtue. Not until after the match was made; not until the eleventh hour did the pulpit show signs of agitation. Nor did a single preacher then take exception to what the newspapers were doing toward exciting public interest. Yet it was impossible for anybody with the slightest delicacy of sensibility to read the news from the training camps without suffering an attack of nausea. What disgusting drivel was served up from day to day to the readers of the dailies by the experts in the argot of the slums who were frankly idolizing the beetle-browed heroes of the prize-ring! Not less demoralizing than the fight itself; nay, a thousand times more to be deplored, was the servile obsequiousness, the unconscious self-abasement that marked the tone of most of the "literature" that emanated from the training camps. But all the while the zealous guardians of society were

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complaisant. Perhaps they were so busy reading their prayer-books they had no time to glance at the newspapers.

A Pertinent Question

"One first question," says a great philosopher, "I ask of every man: Has he an aim which he follows with undivided soul? Whether his aim is a right one or a wrong one forms but my second question." By which I am reminded of our rampant divines. Do they follow their aim with undivided soul, or do they follow it only where the going is easy and turn back when they encounter that which they have not the courage to face? So far as I know the ultra-refined gentlemen of the pulpit who imagine that they precipitated the current spasm of morality cannot but answer the philosopher's first question in the negative. But peradventure I am mistaken. Perhaps Dr. Dille and his confreres have been exhorting the newspapers to be good. Perhaps they have been thundering against the wicked press without my knowledge. Or perhaps they have been expostulating with our erring journals by wireless or some other noiseless medium. Earnestly do I hope that it would be unjust to our reverend pulpiteers to assume that while conducting a crusade against the devil they have studiously refrained from giving offense to his most beloved handmaiden. I hope that Dr. Dille or somebody will come forward and dissipate all doubt on this subject. For so deep is my religious feeling that I hate to see the pulpit under humiliating suspicion. Far better that pugilists should be permitted to practice their brutalities for the pleasure of the unregenerate than that the professional expounders of Christianity should be found timidly and surreptitiously compromising with iniquity. Here "upon this bank and shoal of time" we can scarcely hope to attain anything better than a strong habitual belief in the freedom of the pulpit from cant, hypocrisy and moral cowardice.

Mistress—Why, Lizzie! Now you have broken another valuable vase! You have done more damage than your wages amount to. What shall I do?
Maid—Raise my wages, ma'am.

The Death of Ambrose Bierce

Start not, gentle reader, at the heading of this paragraph. Ambrose Bierce has not actually departed this life. Reports from Berkeley where he is sojourning indicate that he is still vigorous mentally and physically. But it would seem that at least one of Bierce's most distinguished contemporaries was unaware of his continuance in the land of the living. I refer to Conan Doyle. I happened to pick up the other day the doctor's interesting book of literary causeries entitled "Through the Magic Door" and there I read this strange passage: "Talking of weird American stories, have you ever read any of the works of Ambrose Bierce? I have one of his works here, 'In the Midst of Life.' This man had a flavor quite his own, and was a great artist in his way. It is not cheering reading, but it leaves its mark upon you, and that is the proof of good work." This is a kindly tribute to one of Bierce's best works but Bierce has always been a stickler for grammatical accuracy and I doubt whether he will be disposed to forgive the substitution of the past for the present tense, even in an appreciation. A preterite panegyric may be better than none at all, but Bierce is not hard put to it for applause nowadays and he will not relish the thought that his later literary work has been so inconspicuous as to warrant the assumption that he is dead.

Edwards Davis Reappears

It is with a lively anticipation of amusement that I hail the reappearance within my ken of Edwards Davis, erstwhile Oakland clergyman, now full-fledged vaudevillain. It is years since I have heard the name of Davis but time has not dimmed my appreciation of his sensational personality and I await with eagerness his next contribution to the crusade against monotony. Edwards Davis was born to teach us that the world is far from being a dull place. He is a pastmaster in the art of exciting laughter and so committed to his work that little he recks if the laugh is turned against himself, as has been very frequently the case. After years of concealment—that is to say, concealment as far as we of San Francisco and Oakland are concerned—he heralds his return to our midst with an imposing disquisition on "The Rehabilitation of Oscar Wilde." I am given to understand that Edwards Davis is touring the Orpheum Circuit with a playlet founded on Wilde's morbid "Picture of Dorian Grey." Presumably he wrote the playlet himself. It must be interesting. Everything Edwards Davis does is interesting. His press agency is extremely interesting, albeit lacking in sounder qualities.

A Man of Temperament

Edwards Davis used to be an Oakland clergyman and was renowned from Berkeley to Leona Heights as the esthete of the pulpit. It was he who set the pace for the amazing Dr. Dille and other pyrotechnical preachers, a pace which they have been perspiringly keeping up ever since while he has turned serenely to pastures new. As a clergyman Edwards Davis was skilled in the arts of advertising. He was always doing something to attract attention to himself. He rode a wheel before bicycling became common, he wore a claw-hammer in the pulpit, he waltzed for his congregation. I remem-

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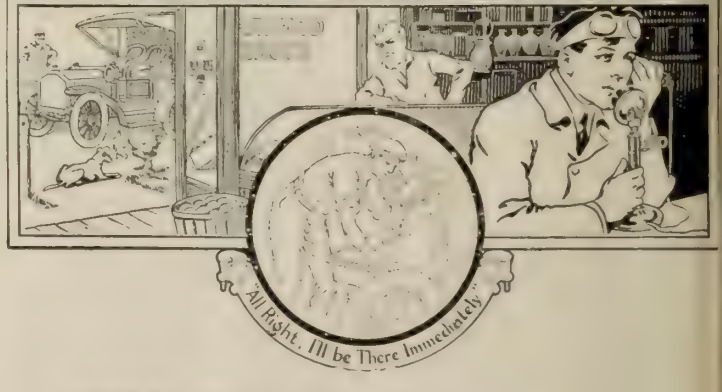

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ber dimly that he once appeared in knickerbockers and silk stockings that set off his shapely calves but shocked a good many members of his congregation. One day he married Alta Kingore who sang in his choir and they went East, Davis having resigned his pulpit. In New York Davis invented a drawing room game that sold well and kept the wolf from the door. Then he fell ill and went to a hospital while his wife went on the stage. Later on Mrs. Davis returned to Oakland and engaged an attorney to sue for a divorce, but she relented and soon husband and wife were doing vaudeville turns. When he played at the Macdonough in Oakland the general verdict was that his acting was atrocious. It seems that we are soon to have an opportunity to judge whether he has improved his mumming with the lapse of years.

His Essay on Wilde

Meanwhile Edwards Davis has favored me with an essay on Wilde by way of advance notice of his coming. He lavishes on Wilde an almost blubbering pity. "Of what," he cries, "is the intelligent denizen of our pseudo-civilization more ashamed—the pitiful crime of the neurotic Wilde, or the crime of our stolid society against the perverse unfortunate?" 'Tis a difficult question further complicated by the following startling analogy: "If the product of the brain is to be forever associated with the function of the physique, shall we not reject 'Don Juan' because of the congenital lameness of Byron, or shall we deny the dignity of Pope's 'Essay on Man' because he was physically deformed?" Pursuing Wilde's career Davis tells us that in 1884 Wilde married. "That fact," he comments, "is hardly worthy of mentioning, since so many men do that." This note is certainly not clerical and I would hesitate to call it vaudevillainous. It must be a purely esthetic utterance. Davis agrees with Henri de Regnier that Wilde was punished for a chronological error and of Nordau's Degeneration" in which Wilde was branded a degenerate and a pervert he says: "Before I had finished reading it I was convinced that either Nordau was a degenerate and a pervert or that I was." Davis adds that he has "found beauty, brilliance and profundity in the orchidaceous lavishment of Wilde's exotic waste." If Wilde were alive to read that sentence he would shudder to the artistic soul of him. The essay ends with this cryptic utterance: "It is vain for a man to be more nice than God." To any reader who finds meaning in that I will supply a couple of passes when Davis appears at the Orpheum.

A Bit of Bunten Repartee

Colonel Laurie Bunten whose sad death has shocked everybody in town will be particularly mourned in the Bohemian Club because he belonged to a coterie of wits that is scarcely more than a memory now. Wit is not lavished prodigally in the Bohemian Club of today but is doled out carefully as befits a rare and precious commodity. Colonel Bunten's wit was of the stinging variety. Witness his retort to Orrin Peck one day. Good Scot though the colonel was he was brought up in Germany and loved the language. Orrin Peck tried to rally him for speaking German so frequently and put his pleasantry in this form: "Colonel, you don't care for English, do you? I never heard you speak English." To which the colonel replied: "You wouldn't understand me if I did."

GRAVIES

Test the ability of a cook. To obtain the right seasoning use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Welsh Rarebits, Chafing Dish Cooking and Salad Dressings are improved by its use. Try it!

Shun Substitutes. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

"I suppose you're one of those idiots that touch wet paint to see if it's dry?"

"No, I'm not. I touch it to see if it's wet."

Booming the Job-Chasers

Along with the direct primary has come the political press-agent. Every up-to-date candidate with money to burn has a man with a typewriter on his staff whose duty it is to promote publicity. The literary effusions of these press-agents are greatly swelling the volume of business done by the post-office. The job-chasers are buying stamps by wholesale. Every editor in the State has his waste-paper basket choked with communications from the busy boomers of the pee-pul's friends, informing them of the wonderful progress that is being made toward the various goals of worthy ambition, and calling attention to the unsurpassed fitness for office that distinguishes the subject of every eulogium. Nearly all these communications are of the same tone and in the same strain. The only press-agent who has anything to say of his employer that is not precisely what every other press-agent has to say is on Phil Stanton's staff. What appears to strike him as most remarkable about Stanton is his going qualities. He writes of Stanton as though the qualities most needed in the gubernatorial office were those of a cross-country runner. "He is on the go eighteen hours a day," says Stanton's press-agent; "he completely exhausts the other members of his party in an effort to keep up with him." Now from this one

ASK FOR BLACK AND WHITE SCOTCH WHISKEY

IT IS THE BEST NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

TO QUENCH THE THIRST

A glass of choice Italian-Swiss Colony red TIPO in a pitcher of lemonade improves the beverage wonderfully. Try it.

might judge that Stanton was merely trying to break a speed record; but according to his eulogist, "His idea is not only to tell the people what he can do for them, but to learn from them the measures in which they are most interested." So with this amiable and benign purpose animating him "he visited fifty counties in twelve weeks covering 8,000 miles." He probably has a speedometer attached to his person, but of this the press-

GEORGE WALCKER.
Basso and teacher of singing at the California Conservatory of Music.

agent says nothing. Suffice it that he is conscientiously touring the State in record time to bring glad tidings to the people and learn of their wants. And he modestly admits, that "the trip has been a great education for him."

Vesta Did Not Respond

Rumor credits Vesta Victoria, the English music hall singer who was in our midst recently, with being one of the wealthiest of stage favorites. She is said to own real estate in London and New York and everybody knows that for a long time she has been enjoying a top-notch salary. In view of this I was very much surprised at a story I heard from a vaudeville performer. Last week a pretty well known vaudeville performer died from tuberculosis in Los Angeles after a considerable period of invalidism. He left his wife only one hundred dollars. Miss Lily Lena was a friend of the couple and as soon as she heard of the husband's death and the wife's plight she despatched one hundred dollars to Los Angeles and called upon all nearby vaudeville performers for ten dollar contributions to a fund for funeral expenses. All the vaudeville performers in San Francisco and contiguous places responded readily—with one exception. Four hundred dollars was raised but in the list of contributors the name of Miss Vesta Victoria was lacking. Miss Victoria simply ignored the appeal.

The Auspices at Carmel

I was unable to make the pilgrimage to Carmel-by-the-Sea last Saturday to witness the maiden presentation in the virgin Forest Theater of Constance Skinner's "David," but I have gathered a circumstantial impression of the event from close study of the dramatic critics. I do not always agree with the dramatic critics but never do I fail to admire their handiwork and my admiration of their treatment of the Carmel amateurs approaches the superlative. In particular do I radiate appreciation of the manner in which Mr. Al Joy of the Examiner sugar-coated his bitter pill of criticism. From Mr. Joy I learn that the Forest Theater is a place of great natural beauty. He pictures for me the towering pines and the somber firs, the stars that peep and the breakers that break in the distance with a musical monotone. I learn that the theater is a poem and that the players deserve credit for their strenuous rehearsals. I read that the stage pictures were beautiful, that the flowing robes were impressive, that the singing and dancing, the flaming of the torches and the smoking of the censers captivated the senses. And then, having assimilated all this praise and being prepared for still more flattering mention of the play and the players, I am brought up with a jerk. I find that Mr. Joy has merely been poking the critical fires and that the roasting is about to begin. I learn that while the theater may be a poem the performance is not a play but "pure claptrap," that its tragedy is comic and its comedy tragic, that the language is stilted, the speeches incongruous and the whole action "absurd melodrama." To cap the climax I am informed that the theme was better treated in a curious production called "The Shepherd King"

CAKES

Puddings, Ice Cream and all kinds of Desserts are much more delicious when made with

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BRAND EVAPORATED
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(Unsweetened)

Best for all cooking where milk or cream is an ingredient. Dilute with water to any desired richness and use same as "fresh milk."

Convenience, Economy and Better Results make the use of Pioneer Milk a Valuable Habit.

Recipe Book for the asking while they last.

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MARCHAND'S

For years located in San Francisco, and for 8 years at Geary and Stockton, is now located in Hayward. The same dinners, the same service as of old. A celebrated chef has been secured. Garage attached. Gasoline and oils constantly on hand. Auto for hire.

EDDIE MARCHAND, Manager.

written and played here some time ago by an actorine named Wright Lorimer. As for the players, Mr. Joy says that only one of them can ever hope to be successful. Knowing Mr. Joy for a conscientious appraiser I am forced to the conclusion—oh, most impotent conclusion!—that the auspices do not favor a dramatic renascence at Carmel. Which is too bad. The Carmelites aimed at the stars and their ambitious missiles were boomerangs. They have a beautiful theater but they are not actors and their play is unactable. But there is one consolation for the Carmelites. None of the critics described Miss Skinner's play as a closet drama. That favorite phrase in the language of damnation by faint praise was not put into requisition. A closet drama is a contradiction of terms used by critics to salve the soreness of failure. It is better for the Carmelites to know that they have failed than to cheat themselves with words that mock. Let them manifest their sporting spirit by giving three times three for the critics.

The Hetch-Hetchy Folly

Engineers appointed by the Federal authorities to ascertain whether San Francisco needs a greater supply of water than is to be obtained from Lake Eleanor will soon be in the field. I am told it is almost certain they will find that there is more water in Lake Eleanor than we shall require, and consequently that nature lovers need not worry over the proposed trespass within the primeval forest of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. This news causes me to wonder whether in the event of the engineers reporting that Lake Eleanor is all that we need anything will be said about the money (nearly two hundred thousand dollars) which the taxpayers of this city have spent for certain rights in Hetch-Hetchy. While it is of no use to cry over spilt milk it may be to our advantage to reflect on the asininity of the individuals who led us to believe that both the valley and the lake were required to insure us an adequate water supply. It may be to our advantage for the reason that despite the humiliation which this city recently suffered in Washington when the facts were disclosed that we were absolutely without data to support our demands for the permit which Secretary Ballinger had withheld, and had been spending money like drunken sailors for the things which in all probability we may never need, nevertheless we are still indulging the incompetents who brought the humiliation upon us.

A Tale of a Hatter

San Francisco rejoices in the possession of a hatter who is a master of the art of exploitation. When it comes to planning new stunts in advertising you must arise before dawn to get ahead of him. There is no avenue of publicity which he has not traversed. With this hatter advertising is business and business is his greatest pleasure. To his mind heads were made to be fitted with hats and he would rather see one of his hats on the head of a great man than possess his brains. This hatter's specialty in advertising is a picture of heroic size representing the back of his own head with an inscription beneath inviting the stranger to meet him face to face. It is an expressive picture showing all the characteristic brilliance of the hatter's personality and it has won him much trade, for hundreds of the curious go to his shop to discover whether the front of his head is as beautiful as the back. But this is not my story. A few days before the fight Tom Dillon—I cannot conceal his identity—despatched an agent to Reno with instructions to obtain from Tex Rickard permission to erect a small sign at the arena. The agent went out to the arena to select the likeliest place. He found that there was only one advertisement displayed, the familiar Bull Durham sign of the American Tobacco Company. Dillon's agent found Rickard and made his request. "I would like to put Tom's sign just over that Bull Durham advertisement," he explained. "How much would Tom be willing to pay?" queried Tex.

THERE'S A FACINATING FRAGRANCE

In a tulip wet with dew
But a fragrant

HUNTER JULEP

Will refresh and comfort you

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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AMERICAN PLAN, Reopened.
Rates per day, $2.50 Rooms without Bath
Rooms with Bath, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

EUROPEAN PLAN.
$1.00 per day and up
With bath, $1.50 and up

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor

THE ANGELUS

LOS ANGELES

One of California's Best Hotels
Centrally located; street cars direct to hotel
Rates $1.50 per Day Up

LEVY'S CAFE

Third and Main Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

Much the Best Place to Get Fine Things to Eat and Listen to Choice Music at Popular Prices.

Phone Sutter 1024 W. N. YOUNGLOVE, Mgr.

Newspaper Art League

Commercial Art of All Kinds

Speculative Drawings and Bids Submitted upon Request

636 MARKET ST., Room 15 SAN FRANCISCO

"Pay?" repeated Tom's agent. "He didn't expect to pay; he just wanted to display a little sign, so the boys would remember him when they got back to town." "Do you know how much that Bull Durham sign cost?" asked Tex. Tom's agent shook his head. "It cost Henry Heyneman of the American Tobacco Company just $25,000 and it would have cost $50,000 if the fight had been held in San Francisco." Tom Dillon's agent fainted dead away.

The Newspaper Revel

Disappointed though they may have been in the outcome of the fight the horde of sporting writers who flocked to the Pacific Coast from all parts of the world to report the Jeffries-Johnson affair had the satisfaction of being entertained to the limit in San Francisco. The leading clubs in the city were open to them and their visit was brought to a giddy conclusion on the night of July 6 when they were given a farewell jinks and banquet at The Press Club. This event opened at 6:30 p. m. and continued in whirlwind fashion for nigh 12 hours. Vaudeville talent of every conceivable sort was brought into play, the program including acts by Will Cressy, Agnes Mahr, Peter Donald and Meta Carson, Bunyea and Gideon, La Estrellita, Niel McKinley and Daisy Thorne Lundy. At the dinner preceding the jinks speeches were made by J. Hamilton Fyfe of The London Mail, William Corbett, a sporting writer of Sydney, Hugh E. Keough of the Chicago Tribune, H. G. Foster of the New York Telegraph, Hugh McKintosh, the Australian promoter, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns and Battling Nelson. W. W. Naughton of the San Francisco Examiner sired the jinks. The affair throughout was a unique one, the early evening being devoted to an Oriental jinks, arranged by Carl Schiller, at which Chinese performers and musicians banged and squeaked themselves into a state of Chinese bliss. The occidental jinks began at midnight when the actors playing the local houses added themselves to the joyous aggregation of writers and fighters.

Lady Douglas' Plight

So Lady Sholto Douglas has attempted suicide after leaving a Salvation Army shelter in Spokane. Strange indeed has been the career of this once beautiful woman. How many know that it was the dullness of Bakersfield which raised Loretta Mooney, the daughter of a San Francisco policeman to the British peerage? The story is that while Lord Sholto Douglas was sojourning with some English friends at a ranch near the oil town he became bored to death and decided to sample the delights offered by Bakersfield's tenderloin. At a dance hall he met Miss Loretta Addis, as she called herself, fell in love with her and later persuaded her to become his wife. It was therefore Lord Sholto's desire to find relief from ennui that led to one of the most surprising of international alliances. Several years ago news came from Spokane where Lady Douglas recently tried to commit suicide that Lord Sholto had purchased a saloon for $1700 and proposed to settle down and lead a quiet life. At that time he was supposed to have $50,000 of his inheritance but he must have dissipated it very quickly for a year later his wife returned to the footlights as an actress and her salary was supposed to be the sole support of the family. Sholto Douglas is the third son of the old Marquis of Queensbury whose name is associated with pugilism and with the Wilde debacle. He is a brother of Lord Alfred Douglas who, after being exposed to the world as Wilde's pathic, married a poetess and became the editor of the London Academy, a position in which he now lashes vice with the fanaticism of a devotee.

CANDY SENT TO THE COUNTRY

A box of candy is always welcomed by friends in the country. Easily sent by mail or express from any one of Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market street, near Ferry.

LIQUEUR

PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

Think of Last Summer--

You can remember days when the heat inside your kitchen was so great you could hardly bear it. With the right stove you would have made a better hostess. Save your health. Don't put up with the drudgery of a coal range. You can have a clean, cool, pleasant kitchen. The

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

does away with all drudgery of cooking. Why should you be a slave to a coal range when you can have an Oil Cook-Stove that is cheaper than coal, cleaner than coal, doesn't "smell," doesn't smoke, lights instantly, can be put out instantly, leaves no ashes, and doesn't heat the kitchen. With one of these stoves you can boil, bake or roast the most elaborate dinner. You can change from a slow to a quick fire, or the other way about, by simply turning a wick. Apply a match, and instantly the heat from an intense blue flame shoots upward through the turquoise-blue enamel chimneys to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven—but nowhere else. The stove has every convenience that can be thought of: Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping food and dishes hot, drop shelves to hold coffee or teapots, towel rack; in fact every convenience possible.

The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

A Soldier-Dramatist Dead

Those of us who had the good fortune to see Miss Annie Russel and Lawrence D'Orsay in "A Royal Family" and John Drew in "The Second in Command" and "The Duke of Killiecrankie" learned with extreme regret of the recent death of Captain Robert Marshall, the author of these and other good plays. Captain Marshall was born in Edinburgh in 1863. He served with distinction in South Africa and elsewhere and retired from the army in 1903. A good many years before that he had commenced play-writing and continued it with noteworthy success up to the time of his death. Aside from the three dramas already mentioned the piece of his which was best known to Americans was "His Excellency the Governor" in which Ethel Barrymore appeared. All of his plays were noted for the sparkle of their dialogue and the daintiness of their situations.

Sacramento and Irrigation

Another great irrigation project is under way in the Sacramento Valley. To the great work being done on the Haggin Grant subdivision and the Natomas reclamation scheme will soon be added the project of the California Corporation which will place under irrigation, cut up and sell a tract of 100,000 acres in the southern part of Sacramento County in the vicinity of Galt. This enterprise is being undertaken by Sacramento capitalists who have completed their preliminary work and will soon be ready to turn water into the lands which they control. They own what was formerly the North Fork Ditch Company which irrigates the rich Fair Oaks lands and have purchased the property of the Woodbridge Canal Company which supplies water to more than five thousand acres. The land to be placed under cultivation will be suitable for vine and deciduous fruit culture as well as for dairy farming. In consequence of this latest project there will soon be 224,000 acres bordering on the muncipal boundaries of Sacramento ready for subdivision into small farms. The addition to the wealth of the county will be enormous.

The Wonders We are Working

The ordinary San Franciscan knows practically nothing about the wonders which irrigation and reclamation are working in the northern half of California. Outsiders are much better posted than we are. For instance, there is now in San Joaquin County a St. Petersburg scientist who is famed in Russia for his knowledge of agriculture and engineering and who was sent out here to study the irrigation and reclamation projects which are being carried out by great combinations of capital. Before that Russian leaves Stockton and the vicinity he will learn a great deal about the subjects which he is investigating, for he is the guest of the Rindge Syndicate which has about 25,000 acres of reclaimed land in the river district. The papers of the Sacramento Valley towns are constantly recording the inception of new irrigation and reclamation projects. The whole valley is buzzing with progress and humming with machinery. As fast as the engineer prepares the land by draining or irrigating it the scientific farmer or orchardist commences to cultivate it, with the result that the land values of the section are climbing upward by mighty leaps. And yet, as I have said, we know almost nothing of these things in San Francisco. I venture to say that investors in London are better posted on the affairs of Natomas Consolidated, to mention one great corporation, than are the ordinary investors of this city. We live in the midst of thaumaturges and seem to regard their wonders with indifference.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is located at 626 Merchants Exchange Building, where all business of The Citizens' Alliance is transacted.

The Free Labor Bureau of The Alliance in Oakland is at 804 Broadway. All classes of male help is furnished absolutely free, to employer and employee.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

Beginning September 1, 1910

A Table d' hote or American plan dining room

will be conducted in addition to the

European or a la carte restaurant

HOTEL VICTORIA

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CENTRALLY LOCATED .·. A MODERN AND UP-TO-DATE FAMILY HOTEL

Sun in every room. Elaborate furnishings. Excellent cuisine. Large lobby and reception room. Grill room. Dining room.

American and European Plan.

HOTEL NORMANDIE

SUTTER AND GOUGH STREETS

A comfortable, high order, uptown hotel, now under the management of

THOS. H. SHEDDEN, Formerly Manager of St. Dunstan's.

HOTEL ARGONAUT

Society of California Pioneers Building

FOURTH STREET NEAR MARKET

California s Most Popular Hotel

400 Rooms 200 Baths European Plan $1.00 per day and up

Dining room seating 500 Table d' hote or a la carte service as desired

Special Sunday dinner, including wine, $1.00

EDWARD ROLKIN, Manager GEO. A. DIXON, Asst. Manager

Seattle's Newest and Most Modern Hotel

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SEATTLE

"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"

Building, concrete, steel and marble.

In most fashionable shopping district.

Bound magazines in reading room.

Most refined hostelry in Seattle.

Absolutely fireproof.

Rates, $1.50 up

HOTEL SAVOY SEATTLE

HOTEL SACRAMENTO

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Elegant new fireproof construction. Service as perfect as expert management can produce.

ALBERT BETTENS, Proprietor

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Fascinating Mrs. Oelrichs

What a procession would be without a band is nothing to what Newport would be without San Francisco's foremost representative, that blithe and buxom widow Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Perennially productive of sensations that alleviate monotony, an inexhaustible source of cordials against consumption of the spirit, old Jim Fair's rich and rollicking daughter supplies most of the oil that keeps the rust off life in gay and giddy Newport. She is always figuring in some episode that excites the interest of the blase bavardes. The news of her doings is always salt for the conversation of the elect. Gossip was becoming very tame in Newport when Mrs. Oelrichs sprang the sensation about the coachman who fell in love with her, and who while fainting for the inspiriting atmosphere of her affections gave some measure of relief to his impassioned soul in letters of somewhat sapphic torridity. And now the gossips of Newport are observing that this was not the first coachman by whom Mrs. Oelrichs has been worshiped. Incidentally we are told that Mrs. Oelrichs has grown so attractive that because of the number of her admirers she is like the old woman who lived in the shoe. Among them according to Newport gossip are Harry Lehr, Harry Black, Addison Mizner and Stuyve Le Roy.

Newport's Jester

The report that Harry Lehr is one of Mrs. Oelrichs' admirers may be regarded as somewhat shocking; for Harry is a married man, and the supposition is that between Newporters marriage is like the Constitution between friends. But to one versed in the manners of Newport and cognizant of its personalities, their predilections and pastimes, this report is not of the slightest significance. Harry Lehr is the all-round queen's jester of Newport. He plays no favorites. He capers nimbly from court to court making milady smile, embroidering conversation with pungent witticisms, putting touches of rosy sunsets in lives that are gilded but not all gladness. When he was not a married man he entertained married ladies. Why, now that he is married, should he confine his enlivening attentions to single ones? Before his marriage he was unremitting in his intimate ministrations to that frothy triumvirate of the smart set comprising Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont, Mrs. Stuyve Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs and by everybody it was understood that the office he filled was that of promoter of social gaiety. Habituated to that office he has never quite vacated it. Doubtless he still admires Mrs. Oelrichs, but that does not mean that he loves her. And as for Addison Mizner, the jester imported from this city, of course the admiration that he has for Mrs. Oelrichs is only such as her intellectual qualities excite. Addison knows no emotions save those that spring from the intellect. The fact is that Mrs. Oelrichs has but one wooer, and that one is Harry Black who has decided, now that she has postponed her trip to Europe, to postpone his also.

Ada Ryland's Romance

By the death of Miss Ada Ryland, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Ryland of San Jose, a lifelong romance has been brought to light. The publication of Miss Ryland's will showed that she cherished through life an attachment of the strongest sort which never ended in marriage owing first to a promise given to her mother and in the second place to her untimely death. The late Mrs. C. T. Ryland, it will be remembered, was a member of the old banking firm of McLaughlin and

Photo. Hadenicnt MRS. WELLINGTON GREGG

A matron of the local smart set whose unusual beauty and charm are mirrored in her daughters, Miss Enid and Miss Ethel.

Ryland. By birth she was Letitia Burnett, the daughter of the State's first governor. Her sister married the late Judge Wallace. Her daughter Ada Ryland fell in love years ago with Mr. Finley of San Jose and engaged herself to him without her mother's consent. When Mrs. Ryland learned of the romance she made emphatic objection because the two were first cousins. The mother of Mr. Finley was a sister of C. T. Ryland. Mrs. Ryland exacted a promise from her daughter that she would not marry Mr. Finley in her mother's life time. Miss Ryland was a beautiful and cultured girl but she never forgot her first love. Her mother died about six weeks ago, leaving her all her estate including the beautiful Ryland home. Worn out with nursing her mother Miss Ryland went to Denver to visit her sister Mrs. Erby and three weeks after her arrival died of pneumonia. It then came to light that she was on the eve of marry-

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KNITTERS
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Cor. Grant Ave. and Post St.

ing Mr. Finley. Her mother's death freed her from her promise but death stepped between the lovers. Miss Ryland willed everything to the man who had waited so long and who would have been her husband if she had lived.

A Letter from a Prude

I have just received the following letter:

San Francisco, July 11, 1910.

Dear Tantalus:

It is unnecessary for me to give names or place but I assure you that the following is an accurate report of a conversation which I happened to overhear a few days ago. The speakers were two prominent society

Photo, Scharz MRS. FREDERICK WINSTON READ

One of the beautiful and interesting matrons of Oakland's smart set.

women. "Won't you come with me," said one, "and have luncheon at the Palace?" "Thank you very much," answered the other, "but I must go home. Why don't you go home with me for luncheon?" "Really," said the first speaker, "the Palace is so much more convenient. Why must you go home?" "To tell you the truth," explained the other, "I must have a smoke after luncheon and my people would be horrified if I smoked in public. It has become so with me that I must have my smoke after each meal." What I want to ask, dear Tantalus, is just this—what do you think society is coming to when one of its prominent women is not ashamed to talk like that?

Very sincerely,

—A Prude.

Dear correspondent, you need not have concealed your identity under the noun which you signed to this letter. I would have known that you were a prude from the contents. Only prudes overhear conversations which were not meant for their ears, or to put it in another way, only prudes repeat such conversations. I am surprised at your medieval scruples. Why should not this good woman smoke at luncheon or at any other time if she sees fit? Is there a commandment against smoking in the Decalogue? Do you seriously think that St. Peter ever barred the gate of Paradise to any woman merely because she liked the weed? Or do you pretend to think that Mr. Greenway ever excluded a woman from his assemblies because there was a trace of nicotine on her pretty fingers? Well then, if one can smoke and still go to the Greenways while one lives and to Heaven when one dies, what in the name of morality and society can be your objection to the cigarette?

The Versatile Mizners

Not long ago Lansing Mizner who is the single member of his spectacular family flourishing in comparative obscurity, was seen to pick up a newspaper in the reading room of the Bohemian Club and scan the pages carefully. Then he put it down with a sigh of relief. "Nothing about a Mizner today," he murmured and turned his attention to other things. "Looking for something?" asked a friend. "No," was the reply, "not exactly, but I instinctively search the columns every day for some sensational yarn about a Mizner and the days I don't find one are red letter days." The incident occurred to me when I read that Addison Mizner had been intrusted with the care of the Gould children by their mother when she departed on her Thomas wedding trip. "Addie" was not a conspicuous success as guardian since he permitted Miss Helen Gould's detective to secure his young charges. Until Wilson Mizner appeared in Reno for the fight there had been a slump in the family notoriety which must have been grateful to the retiring Lansing.

Mrs. Kohl at Tahoe

Mrs. Fred Kohl has stood an unmerciful lot of jollying the past week because a newspaper despatch referred to her as "proprietress of a resort on Lake Tahoe." She was assuredly not responsible for the ignorance of a correspondent who thought "Idlewild" was something between a summer hotel and a picnic park, but since the article appeared her friends have deluged "Mrs. Kohl, Proprietress of Idlewild" with letters requesting accommodations for families. The news item was anent the drowning of Captain Howard of the Kohl's yacht "Idlewild" and it was at the inquest that testimony is reported as given by "Mrs. Kohl, proprietress of the resort," who ran the yacht, presumably for the hire of patrons of the resort. It was a good "ad" wasted. "Idlewild" is one of the most beautiful estates in the Tahoe region, formerly the property of Amy Ashe Gillig Gouraud who gave it its name. Since the Kohls acquired it they have en-

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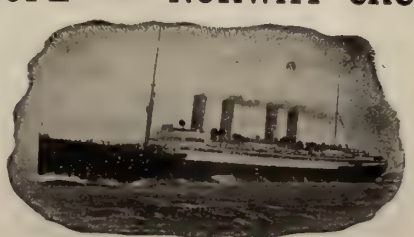

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tirely rebuilt the home and added a score of guest rooms and during the summer they entertain relays of visitors. Among their August guests will be Mrs. Jack Casserly who is one of Mrs. Kohl's intimates, their mutual love of music bringing them much together. Recently Mrs. Kohl has sung at several affairs to the harp accompaniment of Mrs. Casserly and the result has moved their friends to enthusiasm. Even Walter Damrosch who heard them at the Casserly home in San Mateo expressed his delight.

The Success of Gladys Unger

From Charles Frohman's Bulletin I learn with considerable interest that Gladys Unger, a San Francisco girl who has spent most of her life in Paris and London, is engaged in translating "Le Bois Sacre" (The Sacred Grove), a play by Robert de Flers and Armand Caillavet which achieved a great success in Paris. It is to be the starring vehicle this fall for Hattie Williams and G. P. Huntley. Miss Unger is certainly making her mark in the dramatic field. It was she who translated from the French of de Flers and Caillavet "Love Watches" in which Billie Burke starred, "Inconstant George" which John Drew presented with some success and "My Wife" in which Mr. Drew and Miss Burke made an unusual hit. Miss Unger's work is not the mere drudgery of translation. All the French plays which are used on the American stage must be more or less twisted out of their original shape to suit our peculiar ideas and in this work Miss Unger has been singularly successful. Gladys Unger is the daughter of Frank Unger but is not very well known here owing to her continued residence on the other side of the pond. For a long time she was under the protection of Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, afterwards Mrs. Wilson Mizner, and enjoyed the best advantages of Parisian and London education. She early manifested great artistic ability and first won success as a dramatist with a curtain raiser which received the approval of Seymour Hicks, the well known London actor-manager. For some time now she has been living in Essex.

Her Clever Parents

Gladys Unger comes naturally by her talents. Her father Frank Unger used to belong to a brilliant coterie of Bohemian clubmen which included Harry Gillig, Billy Barton and Dan O'Connell. He is as versatile as his friend Joe Redding and can talk, write, dance and sing with equal distinction. He plies the brush and the crayon with success and as an amateur actor has won applause both at the Bohemian and the Lambs club. Gladys Unger's mother was Minnie California Buchanan. After her divorce from Frank Unger she married Arthur Jules Goodman, the artist, but the second marriage had a termination like the first. At the time that Minnie Buchanan graduated from Mills Seminary she was known to possess artistic and literary ability. She was fascinating and popular and possessed a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand dollars. She led the germans of the fashionable Southern set with Frank Unger and their mutual infatuation ended in marriage. When Frank had dissipated her fortune she separated from him and supported herself by contributing to a couple of evanescent weeklies in this city. Later she went to Paris and met the delightful Arthur Jules Goodman who took quite an interest in her and her little girl Gladys. He followed her to New York and there they were married. They collaborated, Arthur Jules illustrating his wife's magazine work and then went back to Paris where, as Mrs. Goodman put it, "For ten years Artie held my hand while I gave every thought to furthering his interests." Fnally they separated and Mrs. Goodman devoted herself to her daughter whose genius was beginning to loom on the horizon. It was shortly afterwards that Gladys Unger's curtain raiser "Edmund Kean" received the approbation of Seymour Hicks. Ever since then her work has borne the hall-mark of success. Her mother I think, is with her in Essex.

G. H. Swift and a party of four of the well-known Chicago family, arrived at the Potter in Santa Barbara recently from Los Angeles by automobile. They will remain several weeks.

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Their Old-Fashioned Devotion

I was down at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara a few days ago and was very much amused by some of the criticism which is being leveled at Mr. Templeton Crocker and his beautiful betrothed Miss Helene Irwin. Ever since Mr. Crocker arrived there in his private car with his bride-to-be, her mother and Miss Julia Langhorne, his movements have been the principal, nay the only study of a number of sojourners whose position in society is more or less fixed. The criticisms of these observers bear very severely on Mr. Crocker and Miss Irwin. It is not any lack of devotion that is carped at —far from it. The critics are very frank in expressing the opinion that the engaged couple are altogether too fond of each other and have no shame about manifesting their affection in public. This criticism greatly surprised me and I sought an elucidation. I then discovered that in the social circle which the critics adorn devotion between an engaged couple is regarded as old-fashioned. It is not considered as bourgeois as love between husband and wife, but the critics say that it is in thoroughly bad taste, particularly when it is allowed to be seen by the vulgar eye. They pointed out to me several other engaged couples who treated each other in the approved manner of smart society. As nearly as I can describe that manner it seems to be a mixture of hauteur and contempt set off by occasional flashes of bored recognition. "Marriages nowadays," said one of my informants, "are of such doubful duration that the contracting parties are bound for their own peace of mind to curb any natural tendency toward affection. The memory of the impulsive lovemaking of other days frequently dashes the happiness of the divorced state. So why take any chances?" All this set me thinking and observing. I finally reached the conclusion that while some of the other engaged couples who came under my notice may regard matrimony as a way station en route to divorce, no such thought enters the happy heads of Mr. Crocker and Miss Irwin and I rejoiced in their old-fashioned fondness.

The Interesting Ives Family

Those who have watched the big touring car standing almost constantly at the door of the Ives home in Washington street were not surprised at the announcement of the engagement of Florence Ives to Othello Scribner. Miss Ives is the daughter of Mrs. Eunice Jane Ives and the sister of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Mrs. McLaine. W. S. Ives of Sacramento is her brother. The Ives family came into prominence many years ago when the late Mrs. Charles McLaughlin adopted little May Ives. She reared and educated the pretty girl and lavished every luxury upon her that wealth could procure. May Ives is now Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, one of the most beautiful and most interesting women in society. When Mrs. McLaughlin died without children she left her fortune to Mrs. Crocker. Miss Florence Ives and Kate May Dillon, her niece, who is now Mrs. Emory Winship. After her marriage Mrs. Crocker built the quaint little home in Washington street next to her own residence and installed there her mother and wamily.

Sports at Del Monte

The official announcement of the dates for the annual month of sports at Hotel Del Monte has just been issued. This year's games will open on August 19 with the Del Monte golf tournament which will continue until the twenty-sixth. The tenth annual competition for the men's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association will be held from August 27 to August 31, inclusive. The men's open championship of the Pacific Coast will be played off on August 28. The Pacific Coast Golf Association is composed of the golf clubs of Los Angeles, Redlands, Riverside, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Victoria and Vancouver. Each of these clubs sends a team to compete for the honors.

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Del Monte links are the scene of the play because they are strictly neutral ground. The men's open championship for the Pacific Coast is open to all players, and the winner holds the championship cup for a year. The tennis tournament will be given during the holiday week of the Labor day and Admission day celebration and will doubtless bring a large crowd of tennis enthusiasts. This is the annual event for the championship of the Pacific Coast and the interest in it is coast-wide. In addition to the regular events for the more skilled players, a number of other classes have been provided, enabling every one to play whether highly skilled or very amateurish in the game. The prizes, cups and trophies hung up at Del Monte during the month of sports are always worth trying for and this year the number of them has been greatly increased. As usual the reduced railroad fare will be arranged from all points in the State.

Fairmont Hotel Innovation

Not content with giving to San Francisco two of the most magnificent hotels in the world operated on the European plan, the Palace Hotel Company has gone a step further and now announces that on and after September 1 it will operate an American plan as well as the European plan dining room at the Fairmont Hotel. For several years before the fire the Palace Hotel maintained both the table d'hote and a la carte dining rooms. Since that time however the European plan only has been in force and San Francisco has been without a really first class American plan house. That a hotel operated on the table d'hote plan was really needed however has been proved to the management of the Fairmont by the number of requests for this service by local residents and also by the travelers who assemble at that fashionable hostelry. This demand is particularly strong with the travelers from the Orient and the islands where the table d'hote plan is universally accepted. As the Fairmont caters almost entirely to this highest class of travel such a demand could not be ignored and the present announcement is the result. The introduction of the table d'hote plan will not affect the operation of the European plan which will be maintained as heretofore.

In the Social Spotlight

Castle Crags continues to be a favorite resort for vacationists. One of the reasons for this is the freedom from formality in dress. One may wear "country clothes" at Castle Crags. Among the guests summering there are: Joseph L. Barber of Portland, Mrs. J. C. Plunkett of Oakland, Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Williams of Sausalito, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Woodford and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Harwood of Claremont, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dow, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morton, all of this city, Dr. and Mrs. W. V. Cook and Mr. Carson Cook of Pasadena, Mr. J. S. Merrill and Mr. Francis Merrill of Menlo Park, Mrs. N. J. Tiffany of Sausalito, Miss Clara Dabney of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. L. Kierulff of San Francisco, Mrs. M. D. Eaton, Miss Selma Eaton and Mr. Ralph Eaton of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Frederick, Miss W. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bogart, Mrs. Jonathan Swigert, Mrs. James A. Snook, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shields, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Anderson, G. W. Hendry, Mrs. A. Hendry, C. S. Wheeler, Miss Isabel McPherson, Bruce Fair, all of this city. Dancing, swimming, riding and bridge are some of the diversions to which these guests are devoting themselves.

Miss E. B. Wymans arrived here recently from Nice, France, and registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. F. M. Miller and daughter of Fresno are spending the summer months at the Victoria.

Mrs. Victor Blue has returned to the Victoria after an absence of six weeks spent at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Garneau and three daughters of St. Louis are spending the summer months at the Victoria.

E. C. Crystal, a business man of Vacaville, is spending a few days at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodruff and sister, Mrs. Hepburn of Sacramento, are spending a few days at the Victoria.

Mrs. Andrew P. Welch and her charming young daughters, the Misses Marie and Florence, have gone from their home at San Mateo, and will spend the summer months at the Potter Hotel. Mr. Welch is motoring down the coast and will joint his family at the hotel. It is the third summer that this fashionable family have been guests of the Potter, but in the past they have never arrived there until after July, spending the present month at Lake Tahoe. As so many San Francisco society people have selected Santa Barbara this year as the best summer watering place on the coast, the customary outing at the beautiful lake resort in the Sierras was not taken. Each day the San Francisco colony (which includes the society people of San Mateo, Burlingame, Oakland, San Rafael and other fashionable suburbs around the bay) is growing larger at the Potter Hotel. With the Welchs there and the Porters, Newhalls and others to follow, it looks as though Santa Barbara will have the cream of northern society within its gates.

Roy Wheeler, one of the most popular and congenial club and society men of Pasadena, was at the Palace for several days during the week, having motored up in his touring car to meet Rev. and Mrs. Robert Burdette of Pasadena who returned from a trip to the Orient. The trio remained at the Palace in one of the royal suites for a few days before motoring down to the southland.

Mrs. Wm. L. Hathaway and daughters, Marie and Mabel, of San Francisco were the guests of Mrs. H. H. McGowan of Paraiso Hot Springs for the week end. Miss Hatton of Monterey accompanied the party.

Mrs. D. K. Champlain was a luncheon hostess at the Fairmont Monday, entertaining a group of eight ladies. The table was beautifully attractive in long stemmed American Beauty roses.

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Paymaster and Mrs. G. H. Douglas of the United States Navy are guests at the Fairmont and have been informally entertained during their stay by members of the service set.

A private masquerade was given at Paraiso Hot Springs on Tuesday last. All the guests participated and the affair was very successful. Dancing and supper concluded the evening's enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Wagner of Philadelphia are among the prominent eastern persons of social prominence who stopped at the Fairmont during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner will spend several weeks at Del Monte and will return later to the Fairmont.

Mrs. T. C. McCauley was another of the delightful hostesses at luncheon at the Fairmont this week. Her guests numbered four.

One of the prettiest and smartest luncheon parties of the week was given at the Palace by Miss Curran who motored in from the country on Monday. The table was beautifully decked with roses and ferns. The guests included Mrs. Clem Tobin, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Rooney, Miss Cooke, Miss Lily O'Connor and Miss Frances Stewart.

Among the prominent society people from Los Angeles who stopped at the Palace during the week were Mr. and Mrs. Sherley C. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stimson, the latter being accompanied by Mrs. T. J. Waters and Miss M. E. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Burford and Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Fairchild.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Frank I. Towle, C. W. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Gordon, P. M. Moise, Miss Hazel Moise, Miss Clarice Moise, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. O'Reilly and child, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Doyle, A. G. Galt, Miss Lillian Deacon, T. G. McMahon, Mrs. J. M. Hewitt and Miss J. Armer.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee who with her family is spending the season at Del Monte entertained half a dozen of her friends at tea at Pebble Beach Lodge last Wednesday. Friday Mrs. Lee gave a very elaborate little tea for her friends who are guests at Del Monte.

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Hackett in Bernstein's "Samson"

By Edward F. O'Day

Is Marseilles the Keokuk of Europe? Are its husky longshoremen the hoosiers of France? Was Maurice Brachard self-made in the Marseilles of southern France or in the Marseilles of northern Illinois? Twenty-four hours after seeing James K. Hackett in Bernstein's "Samson" I am still in doubt about these questions of geography. Hackett plays the part of the money king of Paris but he suggests a corn baron of Indiana. He is about as Frenchy as John D. Rockefeller. His clothes look as though they were borrowed from "The Man from Home." His manners are Chicagoese. In short he acts like an American captain of industry transported to Paris. If the scene were laid in the stock yards or Wall street the illusion would be complete. As it is the illusion limps. Bernstein did not make his malefactor of great wealth on the American pattern. Far from it. There are no Brachards in Bradstreet's list. No American Samson would be so blind to the methods of modern business as to pull down the temple of Mammon on his own toupee. Yet that is what Maurice Brachard does. He wipes out his own fortune of thirty million francs to break the man who had designs on his wife. We do these things better in America. Rumor has it that John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie have broken many a man but never have they had to imperil their own fortunes in the process. In Paris, it would seem, millionaires of the self-made variety are more quixotic. They toss fortunes to the winds and stride to the embraces of marital reconciliation over the prostrate forms of their foes. This is melodramatic and therefore interesting to the general, but it is not American. Then why, oh why should James K. Hackett play Maurice Brachard like an American of the middle west? For the life of me I cannot find a satisfactory answer to this question. It may be that Hackett deliberately plays the role after the fashion most likely to please the multitude. The multitude has had an abundance of plays dealing with heavy handed pork packers, stock brokers and other varieties of millionaire and there can be no doubt that the multitude likes these plays. Is it possible that Hackett has decided to save the multitude the trouble of making the acquaintance of a new type? that he has calmly reduced Maurice Brachard, self-made in Marseilles and Paris, to the common denominator of Americans self-made in Keokuk and Chicago or Akron and New York? It would seem so and I am sorry for it. Otis Skinner or William Gillette would not have treated the part so. It is a splendid part and worthy of better handling. And the play is a splendid play, full of thrills, rather talky in the first act but continuously entertaining. How the audience, that dear old Alcazar audience that is a mixture of sophistication, semi-sophistication, pseudo-sophistication and wide-eyed girlish ingenuousness, how it did drink in the racy details of Parisian high life! You could have heard a pin drop while Jerome was making his assignation with Anne-Marie or while Elsie was describing the orgy at the Cafe de Paris. Too bad that the players were not all equal to their tasks. Hackett himself had moments of great intensity but they were too often succeeded by grimacing, arm-swinging pantomime which was neither dramatic nor French. Arthur Hoops, Hackett's leading man, carries his arms like a suspicious prizefighter and his neck like a man with a boil. His was a splendid part—in fact all the parts are splendid—but he insisted on caricaturing it for the sake of evoking laughter. If Jerome Le Govain had acted like Arthur Hoops he would never have been what the program says he was, "a great favorite in Parisian society." Charles Gunn acts well enough but his pronunciation is bad. I can see Fred Butler taking him in hand. Miss Beatrice Beckley is Hackett's leading woman but in "Samson" her part was too much for her. It is a part of unusual emotional demands and should have been entrusted to a more mature actress. Miss Beckley has not passed the sweet young-womanly age of acting yet and it is too much to ask that she do justice to a married woman who has resolved deliberately to be unfaithful to her husband. The same criticism applies to Miss Margaret Calhoun who played Elsie Vernette. Elsie is an incredibly fast young woman who tells a shocking story of dissipation. Now I defy anybody to imagine Miss Margaret Calhoun as participant in an orgy at the Cafe de Paris or anywhere else. Her acting fails utterly to convey the illusion of her lines. She looks like a Puritan. Older women are needed for cynical roles like these. Or if they are to be given to young women, let it be to such as Louise Brownell. I remember her fine portrayal of The Firefly. She is an exceptional young actress. Her part in "Samson" was inconsiderable.It is a pleasure to say that the two members of the cast who played their parts to the satisfaction of the most critical were old favorites at the Alcazar, Bert Wesner and Will Walling. Both of these are exceptional actors and they were delightful in "Samson." Wesner had the better role of the two, that of a bibulous marquis. He was as true to the character in acting as in makeup. Walling's role was an unimportant one but his makeup was wonderful. Take it all in all, "Samson" was very interesting but not the play with which to try the abilities of the Hackett company. It was too much for most of them.

"Seven Days" which has been running at the Astor Theater, New York, for some months past, will be seen here next month. It is said to be provocative of much laughter and is accounted a hit of exceptional note

Among the stars for the coming season at the Columbia are Rose Stahl, Francis Starr, Lillian Russell and Ethel Barrymore.

ADELE BLOOD

Who will appear in "The Picture of Dorian Gray" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Stage

Miss Crosman in "Anti-Matrimony"

Henrietta Crosman comes to the Columbia Theater for an engagement of two weeks commencing next Monday evening, July 18, in her big comedy success, "Anti-Matrimony." Miss Crosman who has long been recognized as a great comedienne has not been seen in San Francisco in three years, and her return is a matter of great interest to those playgoers who appreciate the very best in modern comedy. She brings a play by Percy MacKaye, poet and dramatist. This play is called "Anti-Matrimony" and is a whimsical, satirical comedy, throwing a humorous light on several angles of the marriage state and poking innocent fun at the misdirected efforts of extreme reformers of domestic conditions. The poignant wit and satire which Mr. MacKaye has infused into his play have won the praise of critics and audiences. Henrietta Crosman has appeared in some splendid comedies and caused much laughter in her various plays, but "Anti-Matrimony" is said to show her at her best. In the role of Mildred Grey, the wholesome, merry-hearted wife of a New England minister who finds the family peace threatened by a scandal and sets her wits to work to bring order out of chaos, Miss Crosman finds a character worthy of her skill, while the other roles in the play are excellently portrayed by one of those faultless companies Miss Crosman always has in her support.

Hackett in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

James K. Hackett, famed as the beau ideal of romantic acting, will find striking opportunity to display his manly graces in "Monsieur Beaucaire," the play selected for his second week at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday evening. It was adapted by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland from a French story, and the late Richard Mansfield found it one of his most successful vehicles. It is his version that Mr. Hackett, the only American actor qualified to do it justice, has adopted. It is needless to say that in the costumes of the period Mr. Hackett will be a splendid figure, or that he will fill to utmost the acting requirements of the title role. In the cast with him will be Miss Beatrice Beckley as Lady Mary, Arthur Hoops as the Duke of Winterset, Will R. Walling as Major Molyneaux, Catherine Calhoun as Lucy and the remainder of the Alcazar players in appropriate roles. The production throughout will be one of the most resplendent ever seen on the Alcazar stage, with the glamor of Bath society in the days of Beau Nash reproduced as faithfully as stage art and lavish pecuniary outlay can accomplish.

Izetta Jewel at Ye Liberty

Next Monday evening Miss Izetta Jewel commences her special season of six weeks with the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, when she will appear in the title role of "Merely Mary Ann." Until this last season, Miss Jewel had appeared as leading lady with various stock companies on the Pacific Coast, and with such success that the beginning of the season just passed found her in New York City, playing the leading role with Otis Skinner in "Your Humble Servant." Her success there, as well as in each of the cities visited by Mr. Skinner, is now a matter of theatrical history, but as she does not join him again until the latter part of September Manager Bishop was able to secure her services for a short engagement with his stock company. "Mary Ann" is a character in which Miss Jewel is said to have scored one of her greatest stock hits, and there are doubtless a great number of her former admirers on both sides of the bay who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance with her. All of Ye Liberty favorites will be happily cast in the play and it will be given the usual careful scenic surroundings. After one week of the Zangwill comedy Miss Jewel will be seen as "Cigarette" in "Under Two Flags."

A Good Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Edwards Davis and his company in his own dramatization of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Mr. Davis was formerly a clergyman and for four years was pastor of the Central Church, Oakland. James Thornton will appear in a series of his newest songs and timely sayings. A new military act, "The Imperial Musicians," will be presented for the first time here next week. It is the work of the celebrated producer Jesse L. Lasky. The company consists of eleven soloists, each of whom is a qualified exponent of his or her instrument. Professor Apdale's trained animals will introduce a "Zoo Circus" which includes dogs, monkeys, cats, ponies and a little brown bear called Jess. Next week will be the last of Pringle and Whiting, Fanny Rice, Signor Travato and Marion Murray & Co. in "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon."

EUGENIO BATTAIN

Tenor with the Bevani Opera Co. which opens a summer engagement at Idora Park commencing July 17th.

Grand Opera at Idora

The Idora Park management will present its most ambitious undertaking to the music lovers of the bay cities beginning Sunday matinee, when the Bevani Grand Opera Company will open its season of four weeks in a repertoire of the favorite grand operas, mostly Italian.

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"Faust" will be the opera presented during the entire first week. The opening will be tomorrow (Sunday) when matinee and evening performances will be given. The tuneful "Martha" will be sung on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the second week and "Rigoletto" on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Weber's prize band continues to entertain the lovers of outdoor band music. The critics and public have nothing but praise for his organization and during the remaining three weeks of their stay at the big amusement resort they should play to capacity crowds.

The Orpheum's European Deal

News come from London that Morris Meyerfeld, president, and Martin Beck, general manager of the Orpheum Circuit, have recently consummated probably the most important deal in the history of vaudeville and one that will be far reaching in its effects. Messrs. Meyerfeld and Beck have just concluded with the recently formed Variety Theaters Controlling Company whose headquarters is at Randvoll House, Charing-Cross Road, and of which Alfred Butt is the Chairman and Walter Gibbons and Walter De Frece, members of the Board of Directors, negotiations for the affiliation of the Orpheum Circuit with it. The properties acquired by the Variety Theaters Controlling Company include the well known Barrasford Circuit and also the booking arrangements in connection with the celebrated De Frece Circuit and the London Theaters of Variety (Limited). In addition to this the company has secured the Alhambra, Paris. Messrs. Meyerfeld and Beck are also associated with the Variety Theaters Controlling Company in the construction and equipment of a first class vaudeville theater in Berlin. The advantages which will be derived from the new state of affairs by vaudeville artists and the public are almost incalculable and will result in causing the Orpheum Circuit to be the most powerful organization of its kind in the world. By next year when the Berlin Theater is ready for occupation it will be possible for the Orpheum to give artists a month's engagement in Berlin, a month in Paris, a month at the Palace, London, a subsequent tour of the English provinces and thereafter to send them across the Atlantic to make the Orpheum Circuit tour from New York to San Francisco. The effect of this lengthy engagement will result in the eagerness of the most famous vaudeville stars to engage with the Orpheum management, and consequently the programs will reach the highest possible standard attainable and the amusement public will consequently be great gainers. The news of this remarkable deal caused quite a sensation in London and enabled Messrs. Meyerfeld and Beck to sign quite a number of the foremost vaudeville artists, among whom are several feminine stars of equal celebrity to Vesta Victoria. Among the British Music Halls with which the Orpheum is now affiliated are: Palace Theater, London; The Victoria Palace, London; Alhambra Theater, Paris; Alhambra Theater, Glasgow; Hippodrome, Liverpool, England; Hippodrome, Brighton, England; Hippodrome, Leeds, England, Hippodrome, Hull, England; Hippodrome, Birmingham, England; Hippodrome, Portsmouth, England; Hippodrome, Bedminster, England; Hippodrome, South End, England; Hippodrome, Margate, England; Hippodrome, Boscombe, England; Hippodrome, Southampton, England; Hippodrome, Sheffield, England; Hippodrome, Colchester, England; Hippodrome, Bolton, England; Hippodrome, St. Helens, England; Hippodrome, Nottingham, England; Hippodrome, Blackburn, England; Pavilion, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England; Palace, Manchester, England; Empire, Wolverhampton, England; Opera House, Tunbridge Wells, England; The Grand, Bristol, England; The Empire, Aberdeen, Scotland.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Who will appear at the Columbia Theater for two weeks commencing July 18th, in "Anti-Matrimony."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The past week in stocks has been a very trying one on the trader, stocks rising one day only to fall again the next. The Inter-State Commerce Commission by its action in the Nevada rate cases has upset everything, inasmuch as it was confidently believed by the best posted people that the railroads would be allowed to increase their rates, and the action of the Commission would indicate that a reduction in some classified rates was in order rather than an increase. Sentiment turned very bearish on the theory that without an increase in freight rates dividends would have to be cut, and it was rumored that St. Paul and Atchison which held their dividend meetings last week would be the first to cut. The action of the directors of both companies in declaring the regular dividend was a big market factor and had a good effect upon the general list. The market recovered most of its loss and at the end of the week is in a fair position for a further advance as sentiment has again become more optimistic. There is however so much hanging over the market that a good rally is about all that can be looked for at present.

Wheat—Official confirmation last week of even more radical crop damage than the most sensational had claimed put the market on a decidedly different basis from that of previous weeks. According to these official figures the crop year beginning July 1 starts just 70,000,000 bushels smaller than last year and there were exports last year of about 89,000,000 bushels. It will be seen at a glance, therefore, that the total necessary to export to leave reserves as large at the end of the present as at the end of the last crop year is but 19,000,000 bushels. This is practically a domestic basis, as it is figured that there are about 24,000,000 bushels available for export from the states of the Pacific Northwest. The latter wheat is as far removed from the leading markets of this country as is the wheat of foreign countries, the overland rail freight fully offsetting the ocean freight from almost any portion of the globe, with the 25 cents a bushel import duty added. Unless there is a revision of the official figures later or the spring wheat crop shows something of the powers of revival shown recently in Kansas, it would appear as though this country, with the aid of conservative selling on the part of the producer, could fight along comfortably through the year with the export factor eliminated.

Corn—Very little net gain in prices of corn was retained at the close of last week. Government figures promise the largest total crop ever raised. Some people are expecting a good run of old corn to market as soon as haying, harvesting and corn cultivation is ended, all now near in the corn belt.

Cotton—Were it not for the absence of outside trade in the cotton market, prices would have undoubtedly scored a good advance during the past week, especially in the new crop months. The news has been all in favor of the bull; cloudy and rainy weather has been an every day occurrence in the south Atlantic and middle southern states all week and in some places the fields are under water. Damage reports have been coming in daily telling of the poor prospects for the growing crop; a late start, poor stands and too wet to cultivate. Conditions are just the reverse in Texas and Oklahoma where dry weather and unusually high temperatures have reduced the crop and unless rain falls soon in these localities the crop will be cut down materially. The situation is such that the crop cannot afford to deteriorate any more if a large yield is to be made this year, which the world is so much in need of, and even if a large yield crop is to be harvested during the fall and winter, statisticians will not be able to figure the possibility of a large crop comparing the condition of the plant up to date with the condition it was in at the same time in 1904, 1906, and 1908 when the crop was around 13,500,000 bales. Curtailment has been in order wherever it was possible but even with a large curtailment by all the large mills the amount of old cotton to be carried over will be very small. Spot cotton at all points in the south is in good demand but receipts are very small which shows that there is very little cotton left to come forward. Of course the weather is the principal factor at the moment and a little later on we will have the boll weevil to contend with. The situation in our opinion is strong and we favor purchases of the new crop months on all weak spots.

Copper—The copper market continues dull and uninteresting but prices seem to be gradually working to a lower level. Small sales of the metal are being made daily but as yet the production is so much in excess of the consumption that stocks of the metal are piling up every month. There is some foreign demand for copper metal but as yet it has not become a factor although with a further weakness in the metal a good business can be expected to materialize. While a number of the small mines have shut down indefinitely on account of the low price of copper the larger mines in the Butte district, the Greene Cananea and the big mines in Utah and Nevada are steadily increasing their output. All of the mines are selling their ore for much less than it is reasonably worth, but it is much cheaper to continue operations rather than shut down and a few of the mines are actually operating at a loss. The situation at the moment is anything but encouraging and, until there is something done to check the heavy accumulations of the metal, stocks will seek a lower level.

Auto Items

William Bolger, the man who is driving the Chalmers "30," that is now the only car with a perfect score in the Glidden tour, is well known in western autoing circles. Because of this local enthusiasts are noting his success in piloting the car with unusual interest. Confidence in his ability to bring the machine through without a single point being detracted is growing daily and numerous congratulatory telegrams have already been forwarded to him from San Francisco.

T. C. Black who has driven his big Peerless car in excess of 17,500 miles, using Monogram oil constantly, recently made a thorough investigation of his engine and was surprised to find absolutely no carbon. This is a wonderful record and well indicates the possibilities of lubricants when pure and properly refined.

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A Paris Cafe

(Continued from Page 10.)

world of the virtues is at work—courage, anxieties bravely concealed, humanity on the part of the brutal, kindness shown by the unkind—it becomes admirable. A little deeper, and the basis of it all is perceived to be selfishness, lust, and greed; it becomes, for its fine trappings, primitive and sordid. Deeper still, and you see the terrible abyss, empty as death, over which it hangs; and it becomes, according to your temperament, the most cruel of farces or most hideous of tragedies. If your mind insists on carrying you below the surface, you had better stop at the third story down; or, if you are an incorrigible sentimentalist, at the fourth. No deeper, at your peril: you have no business there, you can do nothing there except suffer and be miserable—and what good is that? Fortunately there seems to be no tendency on the part of the principal patrons to descend below the surface; for, if the custom were otherwise, this cafe-restaurant would close next week.

One deeper interest than that of the mere surface it is, perhaps, permissible to notice—at any rate for me, as I am not an habitue. It has the tragic fascination of all places that hold eloquent echoes and memories of voices and faces departed. Amid the gay, merry throng at the many tables, beside those who feast and those who sing, between lover and mistress, buyer and bought, sit the ghosts of men and women who have feasted there, who have been glad there, been sorry there. They sit, for those who have eyes to see them, like skeletons at the nightly feast, to remind the revellers that joy may endure for a night but that heaviness comes in the morning; and that heaviness rather than happiness is the true nature of the life of pleasure. For many of those ghosts this scene of color and movement, of brilliant, tragic activity, with its smouldering fires and its endless languishing strains of music, has been their last heaven-upon-earth—so real and desirable to them once, so entirely unreal and unimportant now! And for you, also, who are not a ghost, its reality will only last while you are there. Once let the great doors swing behind you and you are in another world, on which, perhaps, the sun is just rising. And long after the summer dawn has come, it may be full garish night in the cafe; only you will not believe it. It is the night of a dream, the city of a dream, of which, if you searched for it by daylight, you would find no trace.

Buffalo's Fine Hotel

The well known Hotel Statler where so many San Franciscans stop while they are in Buffalo, New York, has just been enlarged by the addition of 150 rooms. This gives the Statler 450 rooms and 450 baths and makes it the largest as well as the best

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Auto Notes

Manager Holmes of the stage line that runs from Susanville in Lassen County, California, to Reno, Nevada, has just taken delivery of a Moline car from the Hugo Muller Auto Co. for passenger service over this route. Mr. Holmes states that he already has a Moline which he has been using on the run since 1907. The car is still giving excellent service and has a reputation that extends through this entire section. Some months ago the sheriff of Lassen County accompanied by six passengers took the machine into the Wild Horse Mine over an extremely steep grade. Several cars had before attempted this run and all had met with serious disaster. As a consequence the road had been abandoned until the Moline succeeded in negotiating it. This achievement stimulated several other makes into renewed efforts to duplicate the feat but all have failed.

Will M. Cressy, the Rockefeller of the vaudeville stage, has been spending his vacation in Southern California and Mexico in company with his wife and friends, traveling some 3,000 miles in his Rambler automobile. He visited the City of Mexico and all points of interest en route. On this trip Mr. Cressy has taken some three hundred photographs. He reports having had but one puncture and the expense of repairs on his car was five cents. In consequence Mr. Cressy is a Rambler booster.

C. F. Noyes of Los Angeles, accompanied by his wife, son and partner, has just arrived in San Francisco, having driven up from the southern metropolis in his Premier Car. The coast route was taken and Mr. Noyes reports that the roads throughout have been excellently repaired. The La Honda grade has received much attention and is in good condition. The car ran perfectly all the way and made good time. Mr. Noyes also reports that the roads are swarming with automobile tourists.

H. A. Taussig who made a trans-continental trip from San Francisco to New York in his Thomas Flyer and later used it in touring Europe is now making a tour of the Western States. Writing to his friend Calvin C. Eib of the Pioneer Automobile Co., from Olequa, Washington, he said: "Eight hundred and seventy-eight miles from San Francisco. Had delightful run up California Coast to Crescent City, then across to Grants Pass and on to Portland. Hope to reach Seattle today. The trip has been thoroughly enjoyed by the entire party."

Among the local dealers whom the unusually prosperous auto trade of this season has sent East to arrange for increased allotments of cars is C. S. Howard who has just returned from a trip to the Buick factory in Flint, Michigan. Howard is not the only Buick dealer who has experienced a demand for the car exceeding allotment arrangements and consequently he found Buick distributors from all over the country gathered at the factories on the same mission on which he had gone East. This naturally meant some strenuous hustling on his part, but so pleased were the factory officials with the remarkable business built up out here, that he succeeded in arranging for unprecedented additional shipments which are due to arrive in the near future. Among other things Howard reports himself especially well pleased with the business that the local branch has done while he has been away, and equally so with the racing honors annexed by the Buick during his absence. One of the first things he did on arriving home was to look up Frank Murray and congratulate him on his miraculous escape in the Fresno-Coalinga road race accident and to commend his grit in entering later races on the same day.

O. H. Bullene, Salinas agent for the Howard Automobile Co., is in town to take delivery of a Buick "30" which he will drive back home. Mr. Bullene reports that preparations are being made for extensive repairs on the road running from Salinas to Monterey. This drive which offers some of the finest scenery in the State has been more or less neglected of late, but the repairs now under way will convert it into a magnificent boulevard.

W. L. Brown, manager of Sudden & Christensen Lumber Co. of Los Angeles, has just driven up from the southern metropolis in his Autocar. Mr. Brown was accompanied by his family and the entire party report a most enjoyable trip. The car ran perfectly all the way and reached San Francisco in great shape. Some two weeks will be spent in this locality and Mr. Brown contemplates making several local tours before returning home.

Mr. J. B. Sanford, proprietor of the Dispatch Democrat at Ukiah, has arrived in town in his Chalmers car, having run it two thousand miles since taking delivery in the early part of May, without even so much as a puncture. He reports having climbed hills near his home which a horse and buggy cannot make.

Morgan & Wright Nobby Tread tires are proving decided favorites with pathfinders this season. Nobbies equipped the famous Chalmers "30" that scouted out the Glidden tour route with such marked success. They are now being worn by the E-M-F car which is pathfinding through the East for the Munsey Reliability Contest.

Tony Nichols, president of the Weinstock Nichols Company, writes from Detroit where he is visiting the Morgan & Wright factory that the plant is pushed to its utmost capacity to meet orders. The foreign department is doing a surprisingly big business, this being especially so with Nobby Tread tires.

Fred M. Wilcox of Los Angeles who owns a Franklin car reports an unusual service record for the two front tires which it wears. These tires which are Diamonds, have been in constant service for one year and have covered 15,343 miles as shown by a Warner Autometer. Neither has ever been off the rim nor pumped up since put on the car.

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Letters

A Story of This City

We have had graft stories and slum stories ad nauseam. Thanks be, Charles Tenney Jackson has found a new point of view and has given us a glimpse of both sides, from the viewpoint of the go-between who, while identified with neither side in the see-saw, forms the connecting link and enables them to do business without coming into contact. "The Day of Souls" is an uncommonly interesting and well told story which does not depend on muckraking or any shadow of that occupation to hold the attention of readers. The title is derived from the Japanese festival, the night when all descendants of the old Samurai families keep watch and ward by the arms of their ancestors under the belief that the souls of the valiant dead return to ask an accounting of them and that to be worthy of the judgment they must have cleansed their souls. The scene is San Francisco and the plot deals almost entirely with the night side of life, centering about a miserable cheap boarding house in Washington street, just beyond the border of Chinatown. It is there that J. Hamilton Arnold has his residence, and there that most of the odd and incongruous characters come together. Arnold was fitted by nature and early environment for a better social position. He was the son of Seldon Arnold, a wealthy resident of the San Joaquin Valley, interested in vast irrigation schemes, and this only child, motherless, had had the usual bringing up of a rich man's son, ample indulgence and a good education. Selden Arnold had had the hardihood to favor a candidate obnoxious to the railroad company, and he had been used as an example to keep other insurgents in line. The backers of his enterprises were influenced to withdraw and he became a bankrupt and a convicted criminal and was now serving a sentence in the State penitentiary. The men who had been his former friends and neighbors had turned on him and having reorganized his enterprises, they were reaping the harvest. It goes without saying that they virtually controlled the political situation in both State and city, and it was with the hope of influencing them to obtain a pardon for his father that J. Hamilton Arnold became their tool and degenerated into "Hammy," the tenderloin rounder, the handler of the bribe money, the one to bring pressure to bear when needed, the familiar associate of bartenders, pugilists and other links too low down for the real manipulators to touch hands with while at the same time he was on hail fellow terms with the gilded youths of the select set. Hamilton Arnold had more than an average share of good qualities and it is hardly fair of Mr. Jackson to blame "the town" for what he made of himself. It is true enough that the gilded saloons, the pool rooms, the slot machines and the prize fights will help any man down once he begins to slide, but on the other hand, if it were not for the large number only too pleased with the exhilaration of the decline, these institutions would not flourish. It is a curious coterie to which Arnold introduces Sylvia Spring, the confiding girl who has come to San Francisco from the wilds of Trinity County, on his solicitation, to marry him. Sylvia knows nothing of town or town ways for she has lived in "the country in back," sixty miles from a railroad and far away from telegraphs, telephones and daily papers. She is far more unsophisticated than the conventional village maid, and very much in love with Arnold who has met her on one of his wandering expeditions when he happened into the wilderness and with his easy good nature, and talented versatility helped the Ladies' Aid Society to stage a home production of "Pinafore." Arnold is not to be confounded with the traditional stage villain. Nothing is further from his intention than to do any wrong to Sylvia or for that matter, any other girl, in the usually accepted sense. He is not in love with her but as it happens, she is possessed of property of considerable value, and now, having tired of his unavailing efforts to obtain the freedom of his father by the underground political route, he sees an opportunity of making another start in a new direction on the proceeds of Sylvia's little fortune, and no doubt he would have made good, but that he was called upon by his masters to render further service by perjuring himself before the Grand Jury in connection with some registration frauds. He must either do this or see his friend, Weldy, abandoned. Weldy has a wife and babies and an old mother to share his disgrace, and moreover, it was Arnold who introduced him to politics. There seems nothing to be done but "take program" and this to Arnold means that he must abandon any hope of extrication. He will not drag the girl down so he parts with her advising her to return to her home. She does not follow his advice but he, losing sight of her, imagines her to be safe with her friends in Trinity until, long after, he discovers that he is believed to have robbed, wronged and abandoned her. After parting with Sylvia, Arnold gives up his idea of drawing

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out and sinks gradually deeper into the mire until he is brought suddenly up by the suicide of another youth, a bookkeeper who, following a tip from Arnold, bets the money he has misappropriated at one of the pool rooms, and finding himself a loser, blows out his brains at one of the gorgeous saloons owned by a police commissioner. It is a decidedly ugly picture that is put before us when Arnold, having broken with his former owners, attempts to earn an honest living but finds himself shut out at every turn either by direct interference or by the rising up of his former record. After trying first one occupation and then another, sometimes finding himself incompetent but oftener discovering that there were plausible reasons why he was not wanted, we find him at last, amongst the ranks of the horny handed, a cement-mixer's helper, earning an honest $1.75 a day, instead of collecting $165 a month as a Senate clerk and never needing to appear in the Senate chamber, picking up odd thousands on race track and fight tips and losing it as easily, borrowing odd twenties and lending others; while Nell, his friend, who has spent her unconsidered hundreds every month on jewelry and frocks and ridden in her automobile, is held back from a reckless plunge by the problem of who is to get an old man his breakfast. Decidedly this is an inspiring book though Mr. Jackson has not stood on his toes to write it. It deals with the old town before the fire, but we are spared any rhapsodical reflections. It is not written at one, and though it is in no sense a tract, there are morals enough to be drawn. Perhaps we all need a "Day of Souls" in which to take reckoning and determine our share in the complicity which has made things what they are, the tolerance with which we accept and excuse because it is too much trouble to prevent or correct. At any rate, this is an exceptionally good book and has an assured place in the fictional history or historical fiction of San Francisco. From the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHRINA HIMMELMANN, also known as and called CATHERINA HIMMELMANN, Deceased.

Helene Munch and Andrew D. Himmelmann, the Executrix and Executor of the last will of CATHRINA HIMMELMANN, also known as and called CATHERINA HIMMELMANN, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of a part of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 9th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 9, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Helene Munch and Andrew D. Himmelmann, Executrix and Executor respectively as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased described in their petition therefore as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, July 8, A. D. 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Executrix and Executor,
804 to 810 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal. -7-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE BOND, Deceased—No. 9928, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased. J. FRANK BOND,

Administrator of the Estate of Minnie Bond, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, Deceased—No. 9931, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased. CHARLES W. MULLOY,

Administrator of the estate of Ella F. Mulloy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 2, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7166, Probate, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, Deceased

John M. Reynolds, Administrator of the estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is threfore ordered by said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the fifteenth day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10, Probate, of the said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing John M. Reynolds, as Administrator of said Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, to sell all of the real estate of the said deceased, SARA E. STRATTON.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: June 30, 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administrator,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-9-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3287, New Series, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, Deceased.

DELLA A. GORHAM, Administratrix of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage certain realty belonging to the estate of said deceased, which realty is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, distant thereon Two Hundred and Fifty (250) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Fourteenth Street, running thence Northerly along said line of Sanchez Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet to the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, and point of commencement; being a part of Mission Block No. 99.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred ($2500) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to said petition on file herein.

Dated, San Francisco, June 27, 1910. JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

"You are never pleased at anything I play on the piano," said the angry wife.

"No, you are quite right," replied the husband.

"If I set the piano afire and played the hose on it, I don't suppose you'd be satisfied."

"No, I think I'd rather have you let it burn."

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,498.

EVA M. MARTIN, Plaintiff, vs.
GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to GUY C. MARTIN, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. B. NAGLE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mechanics Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 5-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Lilienthal, McKinstry and Raymond, Room 1211 Flood Building, Powell and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN B. LUTHER, deceased.

SIGMUND GREENEBAUM,
OSCAR B. WOOD,
Executors of the Last Will of John B. Luther, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

S. C. SCHEELINE, 417 Montgomery St., San Francisco, and
LILIENTHAL, McKINSTRY and RAYMOND, Attorneys for Executors,
Room 1211 Flood Bldg., Powell and Market, San Francisco. 6-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, Deceased—No. 9837, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased.

her
TERESA (X) GARIBALDI,
mark
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Stefano Garibaldi, Deceased.

Witnesses to Mark—James A. Devoto and A. S. Devoto.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1760, New Series, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial; and said petition having been filed, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

It is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 4th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 27th day of June, 1910.
JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree in partition given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 2nd day of June, 1910, in a certain action then pending in said Superior Court and numbered 28,762, on the register of actions thereof wherein Christian H. F. Otten, also known as C. H. Otten, Friederich Otten, Heinrich Friederich Georg Dauber, also known as George Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, Heinrich Theodor Carl Dauber, also known as Heinrich Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, and Katherine Peters, were plaintiffs and Friederich Wilhelm Heinrich Seedorff, Hermann Haase, Gustav Wilhelm Haase, Dorette Wilhelmine Engeline Friese and Heinrich Karl Gustav Friese, her husband, City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Doe, Mary Roe, John Green and Sarah Green were defendants, which said judgment was on the 3rd day of June, 1910, recorded in Judgment Book No. 32 of said Superior Court at pages 458 thereof, and following, I, Fred H. Stanle, the undersigned, as the referee appointed in and by the said decree, will on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1910, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Market Street entrance of the building known as and called the Grant Building at the southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, sell to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, the following described parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

1. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet southerly from the southerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence southerly along said easterly line of Howard Street sixty (60) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning. Being part of Mission Block No. 33. Together with the improvements thereon.

2. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Shotwell Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence northerly along said easterly line of Shotwell Street fifty (50) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon.

3. Commencing at a point in the northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southeasterly from the corner formed by the intersection thereof with the southeasterly line of "Q" Street, South, running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, and the point of beginning. Being Lot Forty (40) in Block three hundred and thirty-two (332) "O'Neil and Haley" tract, unimproved.

4. Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Sargent Street and the westerly line of Head Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Sargent Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet to the westerly line of Head Street, and thence at right angles southerly and along the westerly line of Head Street one hundred (100) feet to the said northerly line of Sargent Street and the point of beginning. Being lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 43 of the "City Land Association" Tract.

5. A certain lot in Harmony Section, Odd Fellows Cemetery, 12x15 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent of the purchase price at time of sale, and balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court. Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 29th, 1910.
FRED. H. STANLE, Referee.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

NOTICE TO SELL REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made on the 27th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of said deceased, the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, subject to confirmation of sale by said Court, on, or after the 25th day of July, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of said HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that her said estate by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real property, namely:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Northwestern line of Clay Street, distant thereon Seventy-seven (77) feet, Six (6) inches Southwesterly from the point of intersection of said line of Clay Street with the Southwestern line of Battery Street, and running thence Southwesterly along the Northwestern line of Clay Street Twenty (20) feet; thence at a right angle Northwesterly Sixty-eight (68) feet, Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly Twenty (20) feet; and thence at a right angle Southeasterly Sixty-eight (68) feet, Nine (9) inches to the point of beginning.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, 10 per cent thereof to be paid at the time of the acceptance of the bid, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court; deeds and abstracts at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Wm. R. Geary, Attorney for said Administratrix with the will annexed, at Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, California, or may be filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, June 27, 1910. HANNAH S. CRANE,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Hannah S. Crane, Deceased.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Bldg., Oakland, Cal. 7-9-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Armstrong, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 18th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-5

A Strange Marriage

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," runs the old saying, the deeper meaning of which, according to some people, is that every mishap at a wedding is an omen of bad fortune and future unhappiness. Nevertheless, there are times when the most unusual wedding incidents, and the unhappiest of honeymoons, have resulted in happy marriages.

Take for instance the case recently reported from Bordeaux of a young man who, two years ago, was, like Edmond Dantes in "The Count of Monte Cristo," arrested when about to sign the marriage contract with a girl to whom he had been betrothed for five years. The charge brought against him was one of forgery. The evidence was very strong, but the girl believed in her lover and insisted on the marriage. The authorities gave the necessary permission, and the couple were married before the trial came off.

Never was there a stranger honeymoon, the husband in prison awaiting trial and the wife moving heaven and earth, as the saying goes, to procure his release. And she was successful, the real culprit being discovered at the eleventh hour. This case reminds one very much of that of an American bridegroom who, on leaving the church with his bride on his arm, was arrested and conveyed to the nearest police station. The charge of embezzlement was brought against him. He was bailed out, and managed to appease the wrath of his father-in-law by declaring that it was all a mistake. It was not until a few days later, however, during which the suspense of the bride may be better imagined than described, that the authorities admitted their mistake, having located the real culprit.

It appears that some time previously they had received instructions to be on the lookout for a young fellow who had been guilty of embezzlement, and had received an anonymous letter to the effect that the embezzler was to be married at a certain church at such an hour. By some extraordinary mistake they went to the Catholic instead of the Protestant Church and—arrested the wrong man.

An Improvident Couple

It is said that love laughs at locksmiths, but that love is sometimes glad to avail itself of locks has been proved by the honeymoon of a Philadelphia couple who one morning were obliged to ask the authorities of Cincinnati to grant them shelter until they had wired home for money to defray necessary expenses. It appears that they had been rather reckless in their expenditures, and could not pay their return fare. The money turned up in due course of time, and the improvident bride and bridegroom returned. It augured bad for future home management, and everybody prophesied a miserable future; but a Philadelphia pressman, who learned the whole story, says that the marriage is proving one of the happiest on record.

Honeymoon in Quarantine

Probably one of the queerest predicaments in which a bride ever found herself was that experienced by a young lady of Leeds six years ago, who spent her honeymoon in quarantine. At the time of her wedding the bride and her mother were suffering from smallpox, and the source of the infection was traced to the brother of the bridegroom. The consequence was that the sanitary authorities gave instructions for the principals of the wedding party to be segregated, while the guests were kept under observation in the towns to which they belonged.

A memorable honeymoon was that of a sea captain and his wife in March of last year. Directly after the wedding the ship of which the bridegroom was master was dispatched from Harburg to Berwick-on-Tweed, and the bride decided to accompany her husband. When two days out a terrible gale was experienced. The vessel sprang a leak, and the crew worked hard at the pumps to keep the ship afloat. Ultimately the ship reached the Tweed, but had no sooner rounded Berwick Pier, in tow for Leith, to be repaired, than the hawser broke and the heavy sea drove the vessel on the rocks.

The crew and the wife of the master refused to leave the vessel, although communication with the shore was established. It was a terrible time, even for the most seasoned mariner on board, but the bride preferred to remain with her husband until the sea calmed down and permitted the vessel to be extricated from its perilous position.

Jefferson Knew His Man

While "Joe" Jefferson was down in Florida one winter he met an old friend. They had a long talk over old times, during which Mr. Jefferson inquired about a common friend of theirs who used to play with him in Rip Van Winkle. "Well, Joe, the last time I saw him he was in London, and, would you believe it, he has become very profane." "When I knew him," said Mr. Jefferson, "he was pigeon-toed and chicken-breasted, so it does not surprise me that he is foul-mouthed now."

The Fly Grocer

The country grocer was issuing instructions to his new assistant.

"It's only by looking closely after the trifles," said the proprietor, "that a profit can be made in these days of sharp competition."

"Yes, sir," came from the boy.

"For example," continued the grocer, "when you pick flies out of the sugar, don't throw them away. Dust the sugar off their feet and put 'em among the currants."

Maud—Is Jack constant in love?
Ethel—No, constantly.

"And are you on good terms with your mother-in-law?"

"Excellent; only speak by telephone."

"Reginald, dear, you puckered up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature, languorously, as she lay stretched on the beach surveying the frolics of Neptune.

"I intended to," replied Reginald, hesitatingly, "but seem to have got some sand in my mouth."

"For heaven's sake, swallow it," exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system."

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Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, etc. Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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A water system not for to-day but for all time

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Former President Roosevelt in a letter to the Merchants Association of New York.

SUCH is the water system we propose to bring into your city; a system that will meet the needs of the East Bay Cities for all time; a system that will automatically expand and that will automatically drop its price as it expands.

The East Bay Cities are now paying higher water rates than any other cities of their size in the United States. Why not do what you can towards having your city pay the lowest? Why not settle this water question now, once and for all?

Contract to buy our water and you will get a supply that is practically inexhaustible; you will get water that is clear, sweet and absolutely pure, and you will get it at a price that will permit you to use it when and how you please.

In a report based on a personal visit to our water sheds, Engineers Chapman and Bannister of Alameda said, "All of the reservoir sites are 1,750 feet above sea level and are higher than any reservoirs now in use in supplying the Bay cities with water. All slopes and water courses indicate that but little sediment is washed down by the water in winter and there is no evidence that the ground has a tendency to slip."

That is why we can guarantee the water we will bring into the East Bay Cities to be clear, sweet and absolutely pure. It is the water you and your family should have. It is the water your city should have if it is to take its rank among the cities of the West.

A primary factor in the growth of a city is the quantity, quality and price of its water. We have the quantity; we have the quality; we are ready to make the price a lower one than you have ever paid.

But our coming here and the making of this price are in your hands. When we have signed contracts aggregating 5,000,000 gallons per day we start work upon our plant. Within fifteen months we shall be delivering water into your home. When our contracts aggregate 19,000,000 gallons per day the rate will automatically drop to 25 cents a 1000 gallons.

BAY CITIES WATER COMPANY

Telephones: OAKLAND 1309 and A 2795

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Vol. XVIII. No. 934 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

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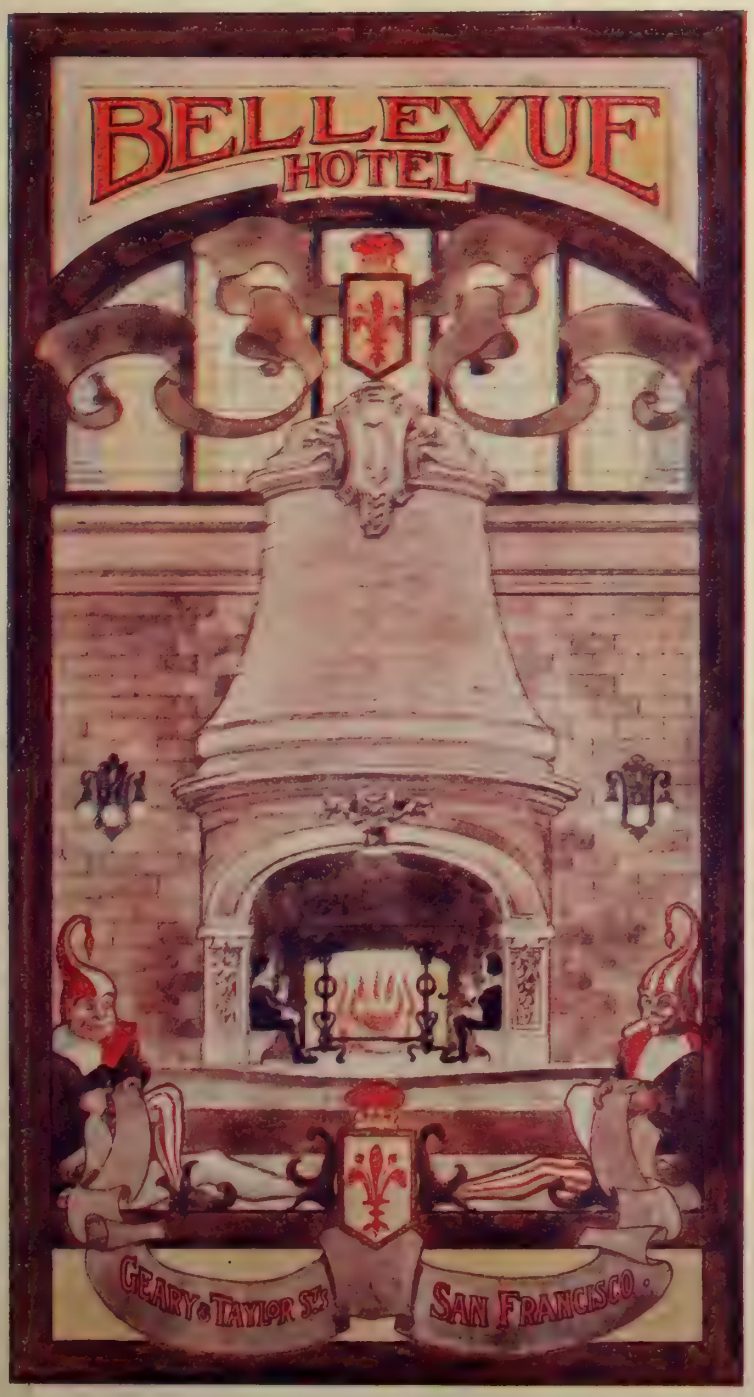

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The new Bellevue will open August first as the most magnificent American plan hotel in the world.

San Francisco is far famed for its great, luxurious hostelries. The opening of the Bellevue emphasizes this reputation and offers guests comfortable accommodations surrounded by every luxury known to modern science, and exclusiveness not heretofore obtainable even in our best hotels.

The Bellevue represents an investment of over one million dollars. The judicious expenditure of this vast sum has made a hotel so perfect in all its appointments that improvement will not be possible until time develops new devices for more luxury and greater comforts.

W. E. ZANDER, Manager

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Is the ideal objective point for the motorist. The accommodations are complete and the ride from either side of the bay is delightful. This hotel is unsurpassed in the West for the beauty of its environment and for those qualities which contribute to ease and comfort. H. W. LAKE, Manager.

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The most accessible of all resorts; a delightful terminal for an automobile trip. Take 8:05 a. m. train from Third and Townsend; you arrive at Spring 1 p. m. for lunch. Natural hot soda and sulphur plunge and tub baths, 104 to 116 degrees, for rheumatism, malaria and all stomach troubles. Iron and arsenic water. Rates $12 to $16 a week, including Baths. **Expert masseurs.** Reduced round trip rates $6.35 including auto. H. H. McGOWAN, Proprietor.

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In the Shasta region, at the junction of the Sacramento River and Soda Creek; elevation 2200 feet, producing a very warm, dry and delightful atmosphere. A view of Mt. Shasta from veranda. Trout fishing; many trails to explore; horses to ride and places to go; electric lights and many other improvements. Castle Crags Farm is now under the management of MRS. W. F. MORRIS of Hotel Victoria, San Francisco.

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One of the world's most curative springs, 2½ hours from San Francisco; one of California's best hotels and a delightful place for rest and recreation. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, James Flood Building, any S. P. Agent, or Peck-Judah, 789 Market St., San Francisco, or 553 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, or address manager, Byron Hot Springs, California.

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Most beneficial mineral springs in the State. Swimming tank 75x150 feet, exceeding any other mineral tank in size. **New hotel, theatre, garage and baths.** New grill open day and night. Four new orchestrions. Terms $14.00 per week upwards. Send for booklet.

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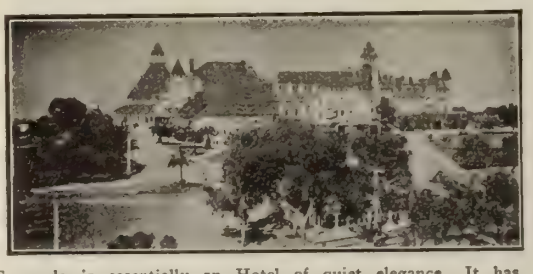
CORONADO, CAL.



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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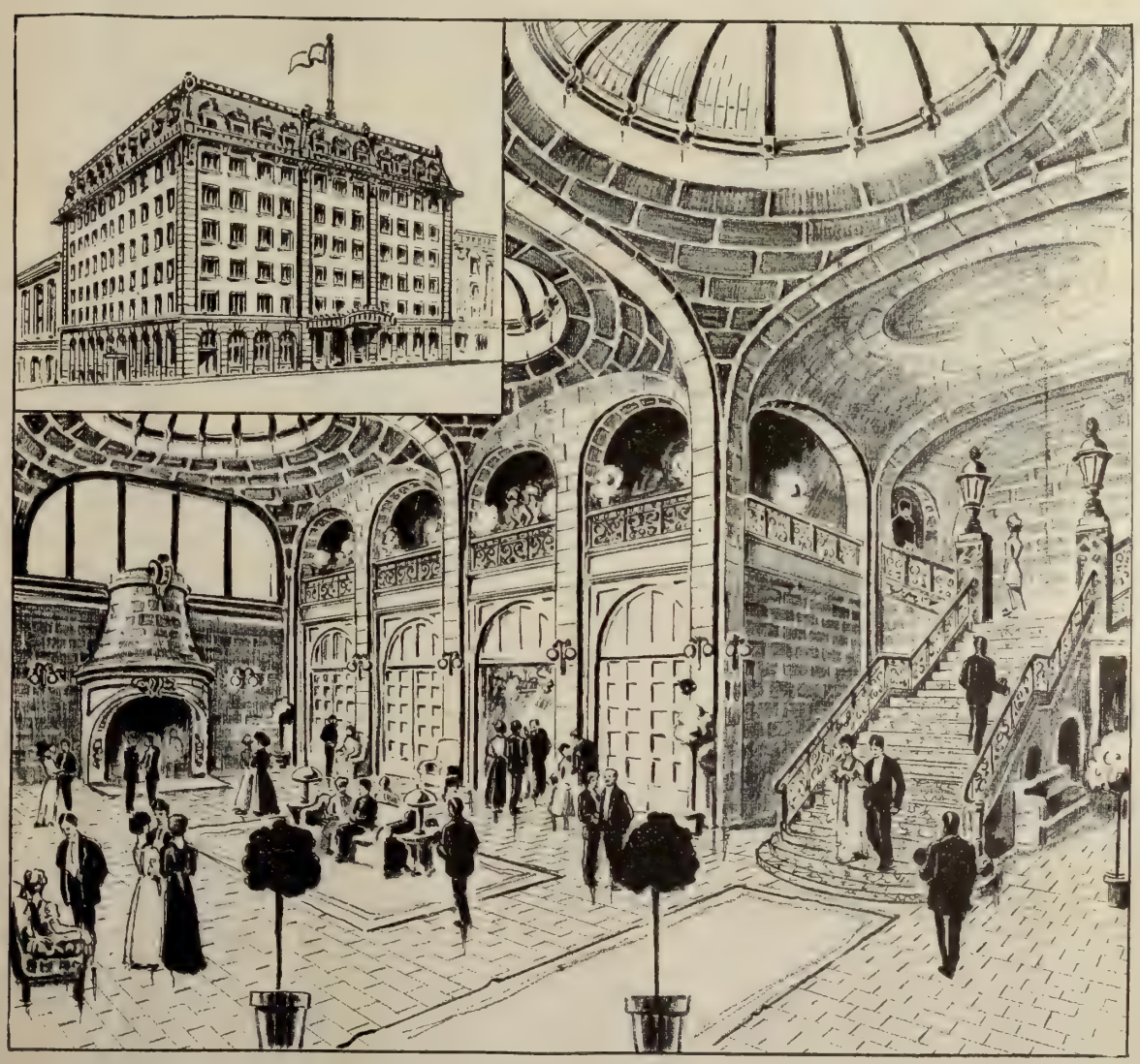

Magnificent Lobby and Main Staircase of the New Bellevue Hotel which opens August First

REGINA VICARINO

Prima donna with the Bevani Opera Company which opened a summer engagement last Sunday at Idora Park.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
88 First St., San Francisco. Phones, Douglas 2612, Home J 3622

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Modern Oracle

Banished to the limbo of forgotten things is the question that perplexed us for many years: What shall we do with our ex-presidents? For this as for all other questions that have engaged the public mind since his accession to the office of Pontifex Maximus that most versatile of mortals, Colonel Roosevelt, has found a solution. Our only ex-president has relieved us of all anxiety regarding himself by establishing a clearance house for political tittle-tattle, and constituting himself authentic distributor of counsels adapted to the infinite concerns of politicians of all complexions and all States. In this job the Colonel will transmute his prestige into an abundance of ready money. For all the while the product of his type-writer will be in constant demand, and his words will sell like hot cakes no matter what the subject he may care to discuss. And there is no subject that he cannot discuss with some degree of human intelligence. Moreover there is no question under the sun that can give him pause, no darkness in any of the corners of this sublunary sphere that he will not attempt to disperse. He stands ready to expose errors wherever they congregate, in matters of pure curiosity as well as in speculation, moral or intellectual, and the people are hanging on his inspired lips. As in the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king Colonel Roosevelt is easily the crowned first citizen of this republic. Everything he says has something of the sanctity with which the Romans invested the augury of the twelve vultures handed down from the days of Romulus. So there remains nothing for him to do but to preserve his prestige as did the Oracles that counseled the Grecian people until triumphant ridicule drove them into disrepute.

Our Consular Service

The consular service of this country has reached such a high degree of efficiency that our foreign rivals in commerce are beginning to sit up and take notice in the most remote corners of the earth. Our consular service has become a most aggressive agency for trade expansion much to the consternation of our competitors in the far-flung marts of trade where in the years agone American consuls where recognized as nothing but political hacks who were maintained in ease and luxury by a paternal government by way of reward for successful manipulation of election machinery. The great improvement that has taken place in our consular service is due to the Root-Lodge bill by which it was reorganized in 1906. Since then entrance and promotion in the service has depended almost entirely upon fitness and merit. As a result the average of personnel is much higher than it was a few years ago. The work and worth of our consuls are now measured chiefly by commercial standards. They are required to keep the State Department informed about trade and trade conditions and to exert themselves for the purpose of trade expansion. Our exporters and importers are in touch with them directly or through the Department, and continuance in the service and promotion are assured only on condition that they vindicate their intelligence and their fidelity to duty. There are now in the service about 1100 consuls-general, vice and deputy consuls, consuls, agents and subordinate officials, yet the net cost of maintenance is only about $250,000 a year. While the gross cost is over $2,000,000 the revenue from fees amounts to nearly $1,800,000. There is no department of the government so well managed as the consular and none from which we derive so much benefit.

The Worship of Machinery

The Charter Revision Convention has adjourned after doing work that meets with the hearty approval of the Examiner. It has proposed five amendments to the charter which, the veracious journal of the plain people tells us, "are likely to prove of vital importance to the city." The amendments provide for direct nominations, for non-partisan elections, for a simplified initiative, referendum and recall, and for the acquisition of all street railroad properties. These amendments, according to the Examiner, will enable the people to get precisely what they need. If we take the Examiner's word for it there will be nothing to worry about after the adoption of these amendments; they will solve all questions that are the peculiar topics of the present hour, questions of expediency, questions of morality, all questions of right and wrong. The Examiner's faith in the supernatural powers of machinery is sublime. Our memory runneth not to the time when the Examiner was not rolling in an ecstasy induced by the discovery of some mechanical device that had brought the millennium within hailing distance. We distinctly remember that when the Australian ballot was invented the Examiner's emotions were akin to those of a lean horse turned loose in a June pasture of lush and succulent grasses. The Examiner recognized in the Australian ballot the handiwork of God, and predicted that it would metamorphose politics and render the people secure in all their rights. But the transports and raptures produced by that clairvoyant ballot were insignificant compared with those into which the susceptible and emotional Hearst journal was plunged when the present charter came from the hands of its inspired authors. If it had been inscribed on tablets of stone and duly authenticated as a divine performance it could not have excited greater enthusiasm in the Examiner office, nor could it have been received with more profound veneration. So great was the reverence in which the charter was held before it was tested, that no one might question the soundness of its principles without being suspected of all manner of mean motives. We were told that the charter was guaranteed to make the government as clean as a whistle, and that it was inconceivable that any decent citizen should vote against its adoption. Yet this is the charter that the Examiner wishes to have amended. It is admitted that there is room for improvement in our municipal affairs, and the Examiner, strong as ever in its faith in machinery, is celebrating some new devices guaranteed as usual to produce all the desired effects and insure the one and only beneficent consummation. Sincerely we hope that the political millennium is at hand. But we are sceptical. We do not believe that any great progress is to be made toward ethical perfection by means of machinery. Nor do we think that the best political machinery is that which makes elections frequent and the mob more sensitive to the exhortations of a corrupt, demagogic press and an illiterate and degenerate pulpit. Indeed we are not at all enthusiastic about political machinery. We think the fact is pretty well established that every people gets the kind of government it deserves, and we feel sure that we deserve the kind of government we are getting be-

cause we are tolerant of ministers whose incompetency has weakened the influence of religion and of newspapers that disseminate vulgarity and promote demoralization.

History That Disillusions

As we not only read history through our prejudices but find pleasure chiefly in such history as most appeals to our prejudices, James H. Stark's history "The Loyalists of Massachusetts," is not likely to become a best-seller. Stark has taken the trouble to rescue from oblivion the bad as well as the good deeds of the men that started the American revolution, and the consequence is that to despise their ancestors is the price that sons and daughters of Revolutionary sires must pay for the truth which the Boston historian has been at considerable pains to gather. But Stark has not constituted himself a witness of the past merely for the purpose of casting discredit on the men that made Colonial history. He is a sincere, conscientious historian strong in the conviction that if a thousand old legends are to be ruined in our march to truth we must still march on. And why not? Why should we go on applauding the balderdash of Fourth of July orators who think that in order to make the eagle scream with delight they must deify the demagogues that were rampant more than a hundred years ago. There is enough that is creditable in our history without distorting facts and perpetuating fiction for the greater glory of the founders of the nation. Among those founders there were many genuine heroes, many noble patriots. Why should we maintain on a level with them a lot of unscrupulous politicians? Or why, because of their inability to dissuade the multitude from being dishonest and dishonorable, should we blink the truth and hold fast to all that is pleasing in tradition merely out of deference to our prejudices? If, for example, as the historian reminds us, the Congress of the United States was guilty of the infamy of violating the treaty of Versailles by which England sought to exact protection for the Loyalists, is it not puerile, nay nonsensical, to sequester this fact, thus to increase our national pride by ignorance and spare us the pain of being conscious of the misdeeds of our forbears. If history is to advantage us as philosophy teaching by example then it is well that all that is true should be accessible. In this matter of the violation of the treaty it should be known that Alexander Hamilton was as usual on the side of right and that as a consequence the men that opposed him were popular. Of great benefit would it be for the people today to know more of Hamilton's views in general, more about the principles of his conduct and something of the reasons why he has not appealed to the popular imagination so strongly as some of his far less worthy contemporaries. And knowing more of the motives and political principles of the leaders of thought in that generation we should have less difficulty in apprehending the character of the politicians of today. So it is well for us to be disillusioned with respect to events that have been pictured in deceptive colors. This important business of disillusioning is what Mr. Stark has devoted himself to in his history. And he has gone as far back as those hidebound bigots, the Pilgrim Fathers who, though they never practiced the first principles of religious liberty are still regarded as the fathers of American liberty.

Ballinger and the Muckrakers

Secretary Ballinger will doubtless be exonerated. The muckrakers conscious of the failure of the Secretary's enemies to prove their charges are now saying that the committee which conducted the investigation was packed for whitewashing purposes. It was in anticipation of his vindication that they garbled the reports of the testimony taken at Washington and by all the arts of their trade darkened the issue and gave as much prominence as possible to matters entirely irrelevant. So now we are told, as we knew we should be told, that the exoneration meant whitewashing by a committee selected for that and no other purpose. Secretary Ballinger is not a man that appeals to our admiration. Neither temperamentally nor intellectually does he approximate what we conceive to be essential to fitness for membership in the President's cabinet. Discovered by Roosevelt, he does not reach far above the plane occupied by the lightweights of the Roosevelt cabinet, and it would have been better had he been permitted to join the Bonapartes and Garfields in their return to private life. But there is nothing of which we may feel more absolutely assured than of the injustice of the attacks made on him by the conspirators who considered him a propitious medium through which they might exhaust their spleen and vindictiveness against the Taft administration. The charges against Ballinger were lost sight of immediately after the official investigation was started. His enemies seeing that they had nothing to support those charges save the suspicions and inferences of the discredited and conscienceless Glavis proceeded to scrutinize all his private and official acts with a view to raking up something that might justify assumptions of the possibility of wrongdoing. Everything that savored of a lapse from the strictest principles of ethical behaviour they made the subject of inquiry, and demanded that only such construction as was damaging to the Secretary should be placed thereon. A saint much less a Ballinger could not defy this principle of investigation. But as for the specific charges against the Secretary, the charges that implied official turpitude, they were substantiated by nothing that would be recognzied as evidence in a court of justice. Nevertheless we are told that the report of the committee is of no consequence, since Ballinger has been convicted before the bar of public opinion. And this, it is humiliating to confess, is about the only truth with reference to Ballinger that has come from the muckrakers. Having poisoned the minds of the people with misrepresentation, they now point with pride to the verdict of their hoodwinked jury.

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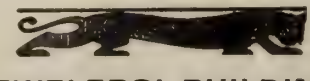

JEWELERS' BUILDING
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Corporation-Baiting

"Business," says a writer in the Examiner, "is done on enthusiasm and good cheer, and when you raise the cry of Stop Thief! you set in motion the forces of dissolution and destruction." The writer was discussing corporation-baiting in Texas, a State very much in need of development and suffering from a lack of railroad facilities, which is attributed to legislation hostile to railroads and capital. "Let the intelligent people of the beautiful Southwest," exclaims the Examiner writer, "look well to these politicians who do nothing but apply the brakes and talk; who maintain no payrolls. The doctrine of negation can never make a nation great." This is excellent advice, but why should it be addressed exclusively to the people of the beautiful Southwest? Aren't the people of the beautiful Northwest, the people of the shrieking Middlewest and the people of the somewhat comatose Far West in need of the very same advice? Where, indeed, in all this fair and teeming land are the politicians without payrolls and without anything but an inexhaustible supply of flubdub not engaged in applying the brakes and receiving the applause of enamored and hypnotized constituents? We have received the impression that the politicians who make the most noise and who are therefore esteemed the most virtuous and wise have convinced the people that more important than industrial development, more important than prosperity itself, is conservation of our resources. And if corporation-baiting has not become a national pastime we are laboring under a most melancholy delusion. Here in California at this minute there is no issue more noisily insisted upon that the one which is grounded in the hypothesis that the salvation of the State depends on the election of a man who has pledged himself to do all in his power to injure a great railroad system. The sole qualification upon which this man bases his claim to the suffrages of the people is his hostility to a railroad. His antecedents, his associations, his record for dubious practices, his forbidding personality, his habits of mind and professional proclivities—all these things we are asked not to consider in view of the circumstance that he is running for office on an anti-railroad platform. We are told that his purpose is to drive the railroad out of politics. But it is unreasonable to ask us to believe that he is appealing only to the sentiment of civic patriotism. We have a direct primary law. That law was enacted to emancipate the people from machine politics. Under that law the people have the power to elect whom they please to office If that law is what it is said to be (and we have no reason to believe to the contrary) then how absurd it is to suppose that anti-railroad sentiment in this campaign is entirely due to a righteous desire to eliminate the railroad from politics. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the men who are inveighing against the railroad are encouraging among the envious and disgruntled the hope that if they get into office they will do some of the things that made politicians popular in Texas until the people of that State discovered that it is not to their advantage to hound and harass corporations?

Premonition

Now is her face like Fate inscrutable.
  Perhaps her heart still beats, but that cold brow
  And carven cheek and rigid lips allow
No changing flush to bide there, mutable
As morn with cryptic presage suitable
  And strange. Those eyes I loved, that even now
  I watch for hope, are doom to me and show
Dull as a dead desire, immutable.
  I know she will not change, but O, how hard
  It is to die like this and turn to stone!
  Better to burn with anguish unconsoled,
To be the prey of pain upon a lone,
  Wild peak beyond the world, than to be rolled
  In this sad shroud and laid beneath the sward.

—Alfred E. Randall.

Perspective Impressions

On his arrival in California Gifford Pinchot became the guest of Dr. Pardee. A case of the flocking together of birds of a feather.

"California asks San Francisco to elect Walter Macarthur," says the Boughten Bulletin. Who are the three tailors of Tooley street in this instance?

According to Plato the most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so. But Plato had never met a Roosevelt insurgent.

The Call in a characteristic eulogy of Gifford Pinchot describes him as a man who "smiles when he strikes." But even the Call despite the warmth of its admiration will not credit Mr. Pinchot with the more decent habit of rattling before he strikes.

The Hon. Charles F. Curry almost achieved the distinction of sacrificing himself on the altar of his political ambition.

Jimmy Garfield favors the "Recall," "which goes to show," says the Examiner, "that measures once denounced as radical, revolutionary and anarchistic, grow conservative, reasonable and desirable when viewed without prejudice." They do—in the judgment of persons who cannot perceive a trace of imbecility in such an argument.

When told that the United Railroads had brought suit against the city in a federal court the other day City Attorney Long said that while he had no knowledge of the cause of action neither had he any doubt as to the futility of the suit. This young man's instinctive prescience induces speculation as to whether his direct wire runs to heaven or hell.

The Observations of a Cynic

The Subject being the Hon. Hiram Johnson's Caustic Letter to the Republican State Central Committee Giving his Reasons for Regarding Himself as the Only Patriot Worthy of Honor and Distinction

By Demetrius

Somewhere I have read that the very name of a politician has always connected with it the ideas of treachery, cruelty, fraud and tyranny. and that those writers who have faithfully unveiled the mysteries of state-freemasonry have ever been held in general detestation for even knowing so perfectly a theory so detestable. It was years ago that I came across this observation. It made a deep impression on me and only the other day I mused over it after a long talk with my friend Cynicus, of the Daily Pharisee with whom I dined at the club.

Cynicus is a fine fellow, but journalism has dulled his sensibilities. He is a free lance in journalism; writes not what he believes but whatever he is paid to write and he says that nearly all of the editors of his acquaintance do the same thing. Years ago he was flouting the Pope for Pixley in the Argonaut and getting back at himself in the Monitor. "There is nothing I enjoy so much," he said, "as defending the Catholic church against my own attacks."

Cynicus has been touring the State with Hiram Johnson, and keeping the readers of the Pharisee posted on the progress of the great reform candidate. Being one of Mr. Johnson's most ardent supporters I was eager to hear from Cynicus all about that gentleman's whirlwind campaign, and so I invited him to dine with me. I must admit that he did not fill me with enthusiasm.

"Johnson will do things when he's governor," I observed for the purpose of starting the conversation as we took up our cocktails.

"Yes, said Cynicus, "he'll do things. He'll do the whole State. He has great capacity for doing—things."

I thought I detected a note of irony in my friend's tone, but I made no comment.

"He's giving the Southern Pacific some pretty hard smashes," I remarked.

"Very hard smashes," echoed Cynicus. "He's doing everything but tearing up the rails and demolishing the engines. You can see that he feels very sore about the railroad. His honest indignation is at white heat. As he rampages through the State he's like Bedlam on two legs. But I'm afraid it won't do him any good. Years ago lawyers used to talk themselves onto the S. P. payroll by giving the company hell, but the hard-hearted octopus no longer comes to terms with the patriots that revile it."

I looked at Cynicus in astonishment. "Do you mean to insinuate that Mr. Johnson would engage in such a practice," I demanded.

Cynicus gave me a smile of exasperating tolerance and proceeded to eat an olive. Presently he asked: "Would it astonish you to learn that Johnson once solicited employment from the S. P.?"

"Yes, it would astonish me very much." I replied. "I don't believe that he ever did, and I wouldn't believe it if the president of the company told me so."

"I'm not surprised to hear you say that. The men that are not to be convinced against their will form the legion from which political reformers recruit their dupes."

It was evident that Cynicus was disposed to become offensive so I switched the conversation to the subject of the bold letter which Mr. Johnson sent to the Republican State Central Committee refusing to agree to support the ticket nominated at the primary election. I asked Cynicus if he didn't regard the letter as a powerful and sincere document.

"Yes," he replied, "the claptrap of it was most powerful; and the affected sincerity of it was thoroughly characteristic of an unscrupulous shyster."

This language shocked me, and with some spirit I told Cynicus that he shouldn't permit his prejudice to embitter his criticism.

He smiled in a rather sneering fashion, and I was somewhat exasperated. But Cynicus respects no one's feelings.

"So you approve Johnson's letter," he said. "Well you're not at all exceptional in your approval. The mob is full of men who feed ravenously on buncombe. And like you they hate to have their attention called to their perverted appetite. When persons better informed than they correctly characterize their favorite pabulum they resent enlightenment and impute prejudice or intolerance to the one that commiserates their ignorance. As a rule I am not disposed to disabuse the darkened mind of its crotchets and delusions, but as I know that you're not incorrigible I will take the trouble to dissect this Johnson letter by way of experiment to see whether your perceptive faculties are accessible to reason."

This top-lofty, dogmatic air is characteristic of Cynicus. And you have to indulge him or lose his friendship.

He went on: "Now the whole sum and substance of this letter of Johnson's is that the Republican State Central Committee which asked him whether he would support the candidates nominated at the primary by the Republicans of the State, forfeited the right to represent the party because it recently tabled a certain resolution which repudiated the influence heretofore exercised by the political bureau of the Southern Pacific Company in the councils of the party and in the government of the State, and called upon all party candidates to declare their opposition to this resolution. Is this not a correct synopsis of the letter?"

I admitted that it was.

"Well now," said Cynicus. "admitting that the State Central Committee has forfeited its right to represent the party, how can that circumstance exempt Mr. Johnson, who swears that he is a Republican and who is availing himself of the provisions of the direct primary law, from abiding by the decision of the Republican voters of the State whose endorsement he is soliciting?"

I made no reply, resolving to hear Cynicus to the end.

"The direct primary," he went on. "is intended as everybody knows to purify party organization. Mr. Johnson is the standard-bearer of the reformers who clamored for this law. Yet we find him repudiating not the State Central Committee alone, but the spirit of the law under which he is trying to get himself into the gubernatorial job. Posing as a Republican, he virtually admits that he may become a turncoat after the primary election. In this letter which you so ardently approve he says: 'I scorn the State Central Committee of my party because it is controlled by the railroad, and I have no confidence in the judgment of the Republican voters of California. If they do not nominate me then I will be sure that the majority of my party is composed either of damphools or knaves. I will be in doubt as to their morals and judgment until after the primary. Meanwhile I will do them the great honor of soliciting their support.' In other words Mr. Johnson wishes to go his way undisciplined. undecalogued. unfetterd, a roaring lion among the inferior fauna of the State—in short a sort of glorified pariah. Have I in the slightest degree wandered from the truth?"

"You are stating the case from your own standpoint."

"Have I been guilty of a misstatement?"

"You have put words in Mr. Johnson's mouth."

(Continued on Page 28.)

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The Age of Love

By Paul Bourget (From the French)

When I submitted to the editor of Le Boulevard, the most literary of the great Parisian dailies, my projected inquiry into the "Age of Love," he seemed astonished that an idea so thoroughly "journalistic"—that was his word—should have been evolved by the youngest member of his staff. I had been in his employ only a couple of weeks, and it was my first newspaper position.

"Finish stating your proposition, my dear Labarthe," he said, a little less insolently than usual.

He seemed to weigh the further details which I offered, and approved them with a nod of his head.

"Not so bad," he admitted. "You propose, then, to ask various ladies and gentlemen, first, at what age one loves most deeply, and second, at what age one is most deeply loved. Is that your idea? Well, whom are you going to interview?"

"I have made out a list," I replied, drawing from my pocket a scrap of paper on which I had scribbed the names of those personages whom I intended to interrogate on this palpitating question. It included a general, two former cabinet ministers, a Dominican friar, four actresses, two of whom occasionally graced cafe-concerts, four actors, of whom one had been decorated, two financiers, two lawyers, a surgeon, a physician, and a number of literary celebrities. As I read the list, some of the names were approved by a nod; at the mention of others, my chief would say shortly, with his affectation of American brevity: "No good. Strike him off." Finally I reached the name I had reserved for the last, that of Pierre Fauchery, the famous novelist.

"Scratch him too," said the editor, shrugging his shoulders. "We've had a disagreement."

"Nevertheless," I insinuated, "there is no one whose opinion would be more interesting to our readers, especially to the women. I had meant to begin with him."

"Parbleu!" interrupted the chief, "but it is Fauchery's principle never to receive reporters. If I have sent one to him, I have sent ten, and he has shown them all the door. Le Boulevard is not accustomed to be trifled with, and we have rubbed it into him two or three times. So you see—"

"I shall get an interview out of Fauchery all the same," I interrupted "and for Le Boulevard, too. I am certain of it."

"If you manage that," said my chief looking at me with cynical interest, "there will be two extra louis in it for you. He rather wearies me, my fine gentleman who affects to abhor publicity. Why doesn't he take it like the rest of them? But," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "you won't get it. Still, let's hear your sure method."

"You will permit me to keep that until afterward," I replied, gaining assurance from his interest in my pocket. "In forty-eight hours you shall know whether I have succeeded."

"Go ahead, then; and don't handle the old hypocrite too tenderly."

Decidedly I had made some progress as a journalist, in spite of my short apprenticeship, since I could calmly allow the lordly Pascal, the abominable Philistine on whom I was dependent, to talk thus of the man I most admired among living writers. But, since that day when, tired of not being able to eat when I was hungry, I had determined to try my luck in the Parisian newspaper scrimmage, I had labored systematically to slough off my old self, as lizards do their skins, and I had very nearly succeeded. I knew very well, having the proof of it in a drawer full of half-finished poems, dramas and novels, that there had once existed—a "once" which was dated only six weeks before—a certain Jules Labarthe who had come up to Paris from his country town with the intention of becoming a great man. This person, who believed in Literature (with a capital), in Glory (another capital), and in the Ideal (a third capital), was dead and buried. It was barely possible that some day he might begin to write again for the love of writing. But, for the moment, I neither knew nor admitted the existence of any other Labarthe than the one who had gone into journalism, with the idea of acquiring, as soon as possible, an income of thirty thousand francs per year. What did it matter to this latter individual if the vulgar Pascal boasted of having "rubbed it into" the most delicate and powerful of the disciples of Balzac? All the more, as I myself—the new Labarthe—was about to conduct an operation quite as vulgar as any of the proceedings of my editor-in-chief?

I had, in fact, a sure method of getting an interview with Fauchery, which may be explained as follows: In my period of puerile naivete, I had sent several of my stories and verses to the great novelist, the very ones whose rejection by numerous publishers had induced me to enter journalism. Fauchery, then on a foreign tour, had replied. I had answered with a letter to which he had again replied, asking me to pay him a call. I had called, only to find that he was not in. I had gone again, and again I had missed him. Thereafter, a sort of shame had kept me from making another attempt. So I had never seen him, and he knew me only as the young Eliakim of my two epistles. It was upon this acquaintance that I counted to gain from him what he certainly would have refused to a journalist. My plan was quite simple: I would present myself as the young writer with whom he had exchanged letters, concealing my present profession. Then I would set forth some vague plot for a novel, built around the general theme of the "Age of Love," and request his opinion. I felt some remorse when I thought of his feelings upon seeing his conversation set down in cold print. I stifled it, however, with the words: "Struggle for existence," and also with the recollection of numerous examples of this sort of thing practised by the fraternity to which I should hereafter have the honor to belong.

On the day following that on which I had the foregoing highly literary conversation with my chief, I rang at the door of the little hotel which Pierre Fauchery occupied in the rue Desbordes-Valmore, in a retired corner of Passy. Since I have set out to narrate a simple story in all its verity, I do not know why I should not confess that I felt a pitiful sensation of pleasure, while the bell was ringing, at the thought that I was about to play a petty trick upon the host of this peaceful retreat. One does not make such a renunciation as I had made, without cherishing a residue of envy against those who have triumphed in the grievous literary struggle. It was a genuine disappointment to me when the butler, who was evidently in a bad humor, informed me that M. Fauchery was not in Paris. I asked when he would return. The servant did not know. What was his address? Again the servant did not know. But in spite of the domestic's incommunicativeness, half an hour later I had discovered that the novelist was living in the chateau de Proby, near Nemours. I had merely taken the trouble to inquire at his publishers.

I bought a ticket to the little city where Balzac laid the plot of his delicious "Ursule Mirouet," and just seven hours after the faithful butler had declared that he did not know where the novelist was, I was at the entrance

(Continued on Page 29.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over.

The Ruler of the Czar

That "Czar Nicholas rules the Russians and a monk rules Czar Nicholas" is a remark which may be heard all over Russia at present. Not since the death of John of Cronstadt had the czar an educated favorite among the clergy till Monk Theophilus was discovered in a Moscow monastery by Grand Duke Constantine. Pleased with the monk's conversation the grand duke called him to the czar's attention and ever since nobody has been closer to the imperial person. He has the right of accession to the imperial person at any time, a privilege only granted to members of the royal family and cabinet ministers. He is a daily visitor at the palace and is credited with enormous influence. Hence all seekers after patronage cultivate him and he is said to be growing wealthy on account of the gifts he receives. It is expected that the czar will soon make him a bishop.

Electricity at Tarsus

The ancient city of Tarsus in Asia Minor where the Apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus River. Already there are 450 electric street lights and 600 incandescent lights for private use. It is proposed to extend the lighting system to the ancient towns of Adana and Mersine.

Rent, One Clover Blossom

One clover blossom a year is the rent to be charged the school board of Flint, Michigan, for a ninety-nine year lease of a school site. The owner of the land made the offer at the last meeting of the school board, stipulating that the use of the land for other than school purposes shall terminate the lease. The board will elect one of its members to pluck the clover blossom every Spring and it will be carried in procession to the donor or his heirs.

Big Champagne Loss

Owing to the unusual downpours in France it is estimated that the year's loss in the champagne grape district will be $6,000,000. For the first half of the year the precipitation has already exceeded the average annual rainfall. The rain has been falling steadily for six weeks and the weather has been very cold. The streams are full and floods are feared. The dread mildew has made its appearance in the grape country, particularly in the champagne districts and there is a general feeling of despondency. But the curtailment of the champagne crop will not prevent Americans from drinking as much of the expensive beverage as they have been in the habit of consuming.

A Rediscovered Fish

A Gloucester fishing captain arrived at New Bedford, Mass., recently with one thousand pounds of tile fish, a species supposed to have disappeared thirty or forty years ago. They are referred to as an extinct species in the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary. In the early eighties the tile fish were caught in abundance in these waters, and were considered so excellent for their food qualities that the United States Government made a special effort to locate them when they threatened to disappear. Five or six years ago the Grampus was sent out by the Fish Commission to locate the tile fish ground, but failed. Tile fish are of the deep water variety. The fish was cooked and found palatable. They are thick-meated, like codfish, with no pronounced flavor.

Pensioners Dying Fast

Soldiers and sailors of the Union Army in the Civil War are dying at a rapid rate. About ninety names a day are dropped from the pension rolls. This average is equivalent to about 2,700 deaths a month, or about 32,000 annually. The number of survivors of the Civil War on the pension rolls on June 30, 1909, was 593,961. This figure does not include widows, children or orphans. There are no pensioners of the war of 1812 living. It has been estimated that the government may pay its last Civil War pension about 1955.

Uncle Sam and a Pair of Gloves

A four-dollar pair of driving gloves for the coachman of the Secretary of State has run the gamut of official Washington scrutiny, and finally has been decreed not a proper expense for Uncle Sam to defray. The Comptroller of the Treasury, the court of last resort in such matters, has disallowed the four dollars, thus reversing the settlement of the matter by the auditor of the State Department, who had passed the item to the credit of the disbursing officer, and the disbursing officer had paid over the four dollars to the coachman. In a sharp note the Comptroller calls the auditor's attention to the disallowance of payments for clothing and livery furnished the State Department coachman eight years ago, when the government refused to pay for the coachman's "overcoat, boots, and moccasins."

Expelled for Lying

Two cadets were recently expelled from the national military academy at West Point for lying. One cadet was charged with chewing gum, the other with having citizen's clothes in his room. The punishment for either offense is comparatively light, but both cadets in trying to save themselves the annoyance of confinement to quarters denied the facts that were known. Their immediate dismissal followed. The feeling against lying is strong among the cadets and the hatred of having a liar on the class roll is so intense that if these cadets had not been expelled, their comrades would have inflicted very severe punishment upon them.

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The Spectator

Will a Negro Succeed Stanton?

Is the Honorable Philly Stanton, the man who got a wire from Roosevelt, going to be succeeded in the Assembly by a gentleman of color? Is the seat which Los Angeles' favorite son relinquished in order to do battle for the governorship to be filled by a racial brother of Jack Johnson? That is the question which is agitating the southland from San Pedro to Mount Lowe and from Saugus to Pomona Junction. George Chivis of Los Angeles is responsible for this question. George Chivis is a son of Ham; also he is a candidate for the assembly in Stanton's district. A man of influence in his district and elsewhere is George Chivis. By profession he is what is known as a "special car porter" and of this dignity there are only twenty in the United States. His leisure hours George Chivis devotes to literature, for he is the editor of "The Railway Porters' and Waiters' Magazine." That the catalogue of his excellences may not be incomplete, let me add that sartorially, tonsorially and in the matter of diamonds George Chivis is always up to, if not a little beyond the mark of gentlemanly distinction. I have heard him referred to as "some nigger" but I disdain so vulgar a phrase. As to Chivis' chance of success, it is not to be despised. Out of a total of 5,600 republican voters in his district 2,600 are of his color and previous condition of servitude. It is not premature for the other Los Angeles assemblymen to speculate on who will be seat mate to George Chivis.

Tom Phelps Was Mad

Admiral "Tom" Phelps was mad clean through the other day and expressed his indignation to a few intimates in the lobby of one of our big hotels. It seems that an article had been published in one of the morning papers stating that Admiral Harber had detailed Admiral Phelps and three junior officers to inspect the Marblehead which recently returned from a two weeks' trip to the north. What had really happened was that Admiral Phelps had applied to Admiral Harber for three junior officers to assist him in the task of inspection and they were accordingly assigned to the work. "And they talk about me being detailed to an inspection," said Phelps with flashing eye, "me, the commandante of everything from Sitka to Lower California." Truly these naval men are jealous of their rank and insistent upon the recognition of their position.

The Duffy Case

It is the power of duly appreciating the little things of life that enables us to apprehend the big ones. So let us ponder the Duffy case. The Duffy case is one of the trifles that make up the history of the graft prosecution. The spirit that created the Duffy case is typical. The morals of the Duffy case are typical. The light that the Duffy case throws on the mental processes of some of the protagonists of the graft drama is all the light that is needed for psychological study. Duffy was a janitor in the City Hall. Called as a witness before the Oliver grand jury in a matter in which he had no interest he was insulted by Francis J. Heney, and he promptly resented the insult with a blow. The grand jury promptly indicted him for this offense, but described it in the indictment as perjury for the reason, it is supposed, that battery is only a misdemeanor. Nobody ever thought of bringing Duffy to trial, but the indictment has been hanging over him through the years. When District Attorney Fickert entered upon his official duties, true to his pledge to investigate all cases and to ask for the dismissal of those that were obviously without merit, he made inquiries about the obscure Mr. Duffy. He wrote for information to his predecessor and to two of Mr. Langdon's deputies, and elicited the information that there was no case against Duffy. Mr. Fickert learned that Duffy was indicted merely for the gratification of a passing whim. He also learned that Duffy's attorney Charles Fairall had been trying for months to have the case set for trial or dismissed, but in vain the case being on Judge Lawlor's calendar. Of course everybody familiar with the designs of that particular tribunal knows that Duffy has been denied his constitutional right of trial for the purpose of passing the buck up to the Supreme Court. Judge Lawlor is harboring the grotesque delusion that there is a possibility of his being elected to that court, and the supposition is that if the justices should grant a writ of habeas corpus to anybody indicted by the Oliver grand jury they would be greatly censured. Of course Lawlor hopes to embarrass the court by imposing on it the alternative of following the law and getting abused or ignoring the law and conciliating the old graft prosecution cabal.

A Group of the Foremost

If Joe Folk of Missouri is a good judge of physiognomy it would be interesting to know what the nature of his emotions were when he met the gentlemen who constituted themselves a reception committee to do him signal honor on his arrival in this city. If all men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are, what a singular impression must have been made on the man from Missouri as he gazed upon the legible countenances that beamed upon him, and read as he might have done those title pages of several curious human volumes. Never was illustrious patriot greeted by citizens so distinguished, so peculiarly representative of a virtuous community, embodying so many of the higher principles of social, political and commercial life, as those that extended the glad hand of welcome to the nearly favorite son of Missouri. It certainly required a keen sense of the eternal fitness of things to round up such a notable bunch of celebrities for such an occasion. Ponder the list as published appropriately by the Boughten Bulletin, the official organ of the super-righteous, and consider how closely approximating the miraculous was the felicitous grouping of these peerless men of affairs whose interests, aims, ideals, obsessions, aberrations, moral standards and temperamental propensities are absolutely identical. Never before was there so harmonious a blending of exotic personalities in one representative body. To assign preeminence to any one of them would be to discriminate unjustly against all the rest, and yet one cannot review the list without finding the name of

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E. P. E. Troy sticking out like a sore thumb. Troy is saliently typical of his companions. Physically a small man, he is strikingly symbolical. In Troy we have the most active of all public spirited citizens. In all the parish there is nobody who attends to the business of others more conscientiously. He is the perennial mouthpiece of that large element for the proper designation of which it became necessary to coin a word—the troysters. Then comes Barclay Henley, job-chaser, whose resurrection during the graft prosecution was inexplicable. The mystery was solved when later he became a candidate for office again. Versed in politics as the pilot in his compass the needle points unerringly for Henley to his political interest which is his loadstar. No reception committee would be complete without Henley. His mood is always receptive. In this respect, more than any other he closely resembles the Hon. Charles Wesley Reed, the mule magnate, who assisted in making Joe Folk feel at east. Next comes Eustace Cullinan who sometimes practices journalism of the Bulletin variety, but who has for a steady diet the grist that comes from the estates of such dead men as the public administrator can get hold of. He is as truly representative of the city's best interests as Walter Macarthur, the labor agitator who is running for Congress and who stopped long enough to honor Folk. Last but not least on the list are the names of the Hon. Maurice T. Dooling and the Hon. William P. Lawlor, representatives of that section of the Bench which is made in newspaperdom and which is guaranteed to stand without tying—just outside the editorial sanctum. Mr. Folk can now return to Missouri with the assurance that he was welcomed by our best and bravest, our tried and true, the gallant band that loves majorities and never tires of working for the people.

Folk and His Ways

The Hon. Joe Folk has many admirers in San Francisco. They admire him for the indictments that he filed in St. Louis. Having filed and prosecuted a few themselves they would like to have us all feel that the ideal public servant for all purposes is the man who has tried to send men to jail. They are like the hangman who would like to see an aristocracy of hangmen and the badge of merit a skull and cross-bones. Folk is an aspirant for the presidency with his record as a prosecutor behind him. But he is not taken seriously. As a prosecutor he was a pretty decent official, his methods in nowise resembling those that were practiced in this city. Because of the good work that he did in St. Louis he was elected Governor of Missouri, and immediately he turned his eyes to the White House. In the furtherance of his own political interests he proceeded to manipulate the machinery of politics, employing the patronage of his office to carry out his designs. This is the familiar short-sighted policy of peanut politicians, and it disgusted the people of Missouri as it has disgusted people of many other States. It was Phelan's policy when he was Mayor of San Francisco, and Eugene Schmitz was the fruit thereof. It was Pardee's policy when he was Governor, and hence the general satisfaction felt upon that gentleman's return to private life. Missouri turned Joe Folk down when he solicited the vote of the people for United States Senator, and it was because of Folk that Missouri went into the Republican column.

A Mexican Monte Carlo

Editor McMullin of the San Diego Union was at the Press Club the other day renewing old acquaintances. It is not so many years since McMullin took his part in the local newspaper game, but most of his old confreres have disappeared to other fields, to other occupations or to other worlds. Not many of them have been so successful as McMullin who stands high in the confidence of John D. Spreckels and edits a good live newspaper in one of the most habitable places in the world. McMullin says that the rumor of the establishment at Tia Juana of a great gambling resort crops up persistently despite the vigorous denials of all those who are supposed to be connected with the proposition. He says that the backers of the scheme are supposed to be Los Angeles men who would be willing to accept the conditions imposed upon their enterprise by the Mexican government. I take this to mean that they would submit to a liberal "squeeze." The San Diego-Yuma railroad which is one of the Spreckels enterprises is partially built now and would enhance the value of Tia Juana as the site of a Monte Carlo, for the line crosses the American boundary in search of easy grades and passes through the little Mexican town. I reminded McMullin that when it was proposed to build a racetrack at Tia Juana after the State legislature had prohibited racetrack gambling the project was quashed by its opponents who appealed to the Mexican government. He replied that the same result might or might not be obtained today but reminded me that President Diaz cannot live much longer and that when he dies there will be a great change in Mexico.

"I decline to spend $200 for a bathing suit."

"But, hubby, you don't understand. This isn't a bathing suit; this is a beach costume."

Pinchot Disappointed

Mr. Gifford Pinchot greatly disappointed the managing directors of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League last Tuesday night. For Mr. Pinchot had filled them with great expectations and these he utterly failed to gratify. They had been led to believe that his trip to California was made for the purpose of setting off some set pieces of oratorical fireworks. They thought that Hiram Johnson's diatribes would "pale their uneffectual fires" before the burning eloquence, the pyrotechnic logic of the man who is celebrated for his surplus of approved wisdom and his command of all the platitudes of the copybook. Much to their astonishment his eloquence proved somewhat ceremonial, his arguments nothing more than incoherent and unintelligible affirmations. In his simplicity he wasn't even vehement. But Mr. Pinchot is not justly to be blamed for the insipidity of his address.

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The explanation of it comes to me from Oakland where the forester spent a little time before favoring us with his presence. The explanation is that he was under restraint. Before starting for California he had a long conference with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and he was advised to be discreet, to hand out no hot stuff about the Taft administration. So there was nothing for him to talk about but conservation, and when one is a proponent of conservation it is advisable for him to deal chiefly in generalities and even these are not susceptible of a high polish.

The Irrefutable Personal Equation

The managing directors of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League were not the only persons disappointed by Mr. Pinchot's address. There were others who attended the meeting with the expectation of being enlightened on the subject of conservation. They thought that Mr. Pinchot would tell them just what it means, and in doing so that he would refute the arguments of the lowbrows who say that it means locking up our resources and depriving the western State of their means of development. But Mr. Pinchot is a forester, not a controversialist. He is also a moralist, a patriot and a prophet of conservation. And it was in these diverse capacities that he addressed his audience. Therefore he did not consider it necessary to do anything more than give his personal assurance of the virtue and soundness of the thing he advocates. Thus, as may be learned from the stenographic report of his utterances, after quoting the enemies of conservation respecting the distribution of revenues from the sale of timber, he pronounced their views "nonsense" and completely demolished their arguments in these impressive words: "If you ask me how I know, I know because before what has been euphemistically called my resignation I was chief of the forestry service. You cannot fool me; I know better." This is a delicious sample of the conservation of Mr. Pinchot's mental resources. It reminds me of Hudibras:

> "We grant altho' he had much wit,
> He was very shy of using it."

Also:

> He knew what's what, and that's as high
> As metaphysic wit can fly.

The Irrefragable Ipse Dixit

The fact is that Mr. Pinchot knows the whole truth about conservation but regards it as "too rich a pearl for carnal swine." Hence the overwhelming force of his ipse dixit. Again I quote from the stenographic report of his speech: "Whenever anyone tells you that conservation means tying up any of the national resources, or means preventing this generation from its full or right share, or means taking away from the State of California the resources to which it has a right you give him my compliments and tell him it is not so." Who would be so discourteous as to reject Mr. Pinchot's compliments, or so unreasonable as to demand other proof on the subject of conservation?

His Tameness Appreciated

Not all of the managing directors of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are dissatisfied with the Pinchot address. Some there are that were in a cold perspiration during his speech; for they feared that he might say something offensive about President Taft, and they were much pleased that he did not do so. These gentlemen were lately instrumental in having a bridle put on Hiram Johnson's tongue, the reason being that they fear he has alienated many voters who believe that his election would seriously embarrass this city in its efforts to get the World's Fair. They realize that the whole State is interested in the Fair project, and they have heard that in many towns there has been discussion of the proposition that it would be very foolish to elect to the gubernatorial office a man who has wantonly insulted the President to whom we are looking for sympathy and assistance. Many of Johnson's supporters are earnestly hoping that by election day it will have been forgotten that some of his choicest diatribes have been directed against President Taft.

Spalding for Senator

When out of San Diego came the news that at the eleventh hour Mr. A. G. Spalding had yielded to the importunities of his friends and become a candidate for the United States Senate many of Judge Works' boomers threw up their hands. Though the judge has never been regarded as a strong candidate, there was such a scarcity of senatorial timber in sight that his friends thought it likely he would get the popular vote through lack of opposition. But with A. G. Spalding in the race there is not much hope for Works. Even the managing directors of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League will not deny that such is the case; nor are they profoundly concerned, for Works has never been able to excite their enthusiasm. Spalding is assured of support from all elements and all factions. Personally he is a man of great magnetism, and it is doubtful whether another man could be found capable of rendering greater service to the State in Washington. For Spalding's influence is not confined to California. He has very large interests in the Middle West, and he numbers among his most intimate friends several members of the Senate and President Taft himself. I believe that in consenting to become a candidate he was influenced as much by his friends in Washington as by those in San Diego, where, by the way, he has lived for many years and where he is regarded as the most public spirited citizen in all the State.

He—So you finished the novel I brought you. How did it come out?

She—The author must have had a pull; I can't see any other way.

A Tribute to Frank Bacon

Local theatergoers who for years have enjoyed the work of Frank Bacon at the Alcazar and elsewhere will rejoice to learn that he has made a great hit in the fine role of the druggist in the Chicago production of "The Fortune Hunter." Johnson Briscoe writing in one of the August magazines of the men and women who have made personal hits during the past season has this to say of our old friend: "During a recent visit to Chicago,

I had many people ask me, 'Who is Frank Bacon?' and it seemed a surprising thing that an actor with over twenty-five years' experience should be so little known. However, this is merely a local condition, with specific reference to the east, for there is no actor better known than Bacon on the Pacific Coast. For over twenty and more years he has confined his talents exclusively to that portion of the map, chiefly to the stock companies of San Francisco, and though he has had frequent overtures to venture upon eastern soil, he has always remained steadfast to the Golden Gate. But now that 'The Fortune Hunter' has brought him as far east as Chicago, mayhap New Yorkers will yet become conversant with the finished, ripe art of Frank Bacon."

Others Who Have Scored

Frank Bacon is only one of the Californians who have made great personal hits during the past theatrical season in the East. So many of the country's best players have been identified with the drama in this city that it is bromidic to insist upon our capacity for turning out theatrical geniuses. But at the risk of being accounted a vain-glorious boaster I am going to cull from this same article a partial list of the players from San Francisco who have scored on Broadway during the past year. At the top of the list stands Nance O'Neil who electrified New York one night in "The Lily." Then comes Tully Marshall who like Nance O'Neil was born in this section and who gathered most of the honors in the posthumous production of Clyde Fitch's "The City." Merle Maddern is another of our girls. In "The Bridge" and "The Pillars of Society" she made such a deep impression on the critics that they prophesied the most brilliant future for her. Eugenie Thais Lawton got her start at the Alcazar and the Central. Now she is a distinguished member of the New Theater company and is highly regarded particularly for her work in "Strife" and "Don." Ernest Glendenning is another player who learned most of his art at the Alcazar; he has been making the easterners sit up by the support which he has given Amelia Gardner in one of the Belasco productions. This is not a complete list, but it is interesting because all the names it contains have been bracketted by the Broadway managers. Previous to last season the Broadway managers would have been worse than indifferent to them.

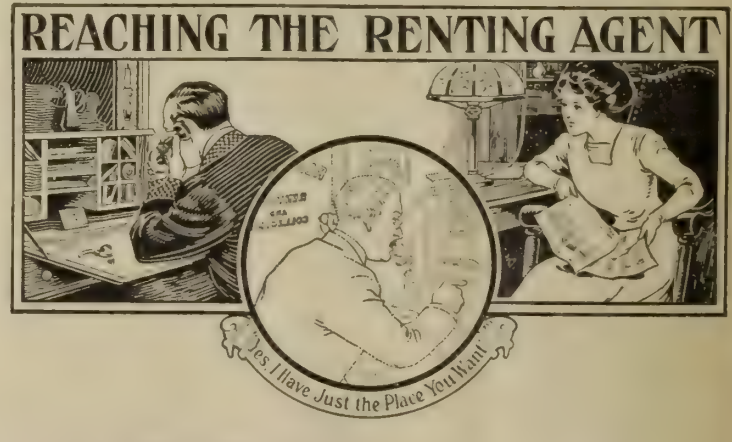
How About the Conduit System?

The newspapers and politicians that have been looking forward for years to that darling consummation—a municipal street railroad—repeatedly told us that one of their benign purposes was that of illustrating the charms of the conduit system. We heard a great deal about the conduit system. It was something that we should have all over town. It was an outrage to permit the operation of the ugly trolley system which was not only offensive to lovers of the beautiful but a constant menance to life and property. Of course the officials of the public-service corporation would have the people believe that the conduit system was impracticable. And of course they were liars; couldn't tell the truth; the trolley system was cheaper than the conduit and that was the only reason why they reared poles and strung live and dangerous wires all over town. "We'll show 'em," said the Examiner and the troysters; "just wait till we get busy on Geary street." Now there is nothing more to be heard with reference to a conduit system. We are not to have any conduit system. Nobody would take the responsibility of experimenting with a conduit system. The Examiner which knows that the conduit system is a failure in Washington, D. C., wouldn't dare sponsor a conduit system. So the first step to be taken in municipal ownership will not be in accordance with promise; nor will the second; nor will any subsequent step.

"James, can I trust you with the key to the wine cellar?"
The New Butler (stiffly)—Certainly, sir. I have seen all the labels.

The Irresponsible Lord Douglas

Americans take more or less interest in Lord Alfred Douglas because he has never forgiven Washington and New York society for snubbing him after the Oscar Wilde exposure and never misses an opportunity in his weekly paper, the Academy of London, to vent his spleen at everything connected with this country. It would seem that Lord Douglas is not popular at home either. Quite recently H. G. Wells, the novelist, was attacked in the Academy and responded with a sizzling letter. He charged Douglas with garbling statements which he made. In reference to Douglas' criticism of "Mr. Polly" he says: "The little streak of something very like insanity with which you introduce sexual considerations to your readers was never quite so evident." He speaks of Douglas as "inserting unwarrantable corruptions into an author's most innocent intentions." The letter has aroused a great deal of excitement and Wells has been



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congratulated for his indignant stand against the pestiferous editor.

"Your daughter should attend my school of elocution."
"She sha'n't! She's attended one, and she's positively—"
"Ah, but I teach a new system. When my pupils are asked to recite they are trained to refuse."

Edwards Davis No Daniel

Edwards Davis who is scintillating with Wilde epigrams at the Orpheum once missed an excellent opportunity for widespread publicity. As Davis is usually to the fore when such opportunities present themselves the story is worth recalling. It was at the time of the old Haight street Chutes when Adgie and her lions furnished thrills to the groundlings. The management thought it would be a great drawing card if a wedding could be held in the lions' cage, so an impecunious couple was found—Heaven knows where—who were willing to be spliced within reach of the lions' jaws. Then an unexpected difficulty presented itself. Where could a clergyman be found to do the splicing? This knotty problem was dismissed when the press representative of the Chutes bethought him of the Reverend Edwards Davis, Oakland's sensational pulpit-pounder. The Reverend Davis was approached, offered a tempting honorarium and agreed to perform the ceremony with the gaping lions within the cage and the gaping multitude without. But when the great night came and Davis saw those lions stalking up and down the cage and heard their terrific roars, he changed his mind. The curtain was about to go up on the wedding ceremony when Davis approached the stage manager and with his best bow said: "Sir, I regret to say that I have changed my mind for two reasons. In the first place, I am no Daniel and in the second place the age of miracles is past."

Miss Victoria, a Correction

From what I regarded as an authoritative source I received last week a statement to the effect that Miss Vesta Victoria had failed to contribute to the funeral expenses of an unfortunate vaudeville artist and to the relief of his widow. I learn that I have done Miss Victoria an injustice which I hasten to undo. Mr. James Finney, manager of the Mermaids who were at the Orpheum recently, writes to me that he collected the fund in question and that Miss Victoria personally handed to him $25 at the Hotel St. Mark in Oakland. Mr. Finney says that he believes that this was the largest single donation to the fund.

A Model Public Servant

To Alfred Roncovieri, Superintendent of Schools, more than to any other individual is due the credit for having induced the National Education Association to hold its annual convention in this city next year. This convention will be attended by thirty thousand teachers. Which reminds me that some days ago I read in a daily paper an editorial advocating the election of somebody who wants to be Superintendent of Schools and affirming as the one reason of Roncovieri's unworthiness the circumstance of his having been identified with the Schmitz administration. It occurred to me that this was a rather ugly specimen of dishonest journalism. For while it may be inferred that almost everybody connected with the Schmitz administration should be regarded with suspicion, there is not a newspaper in San Francisco unaware of the fact that it is greatly to Roncovieri's credit that notwithstanding his environment,

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notwithstanding the allegiance that he owed and bravely kept even in the darkest hours, he never suffered a stain to be put upon his administration, and performed his duties with clean hands. Roncovieri's political career I have watched with some interest and not a little curiosity. For though not a professional educator he has devoted himself to educational work, displaying exceptional enthusiasm and ability in his office and greatly improving our school department. It was Roncovieri that introduced our present civil service system for the selection of teachers which more than all else removed the schools from the influence of politics. He has encouraged technical training, he has interested himself in the welfare of children and made it generally understood that schools are primarily for the benefit of children. His office has been conducted on business principles, and the tone and general character of the schools have improved under his administration.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Two Rumored Engagements

Once more am I forced to drape my engagement announcements under the trappings of anonymity. It is awkward not to be able to tell the names of those who are about to capitulate to Dan Cupid, but dire necessity sometimes makes it imperative. When a tender secret is whispered under solemn vow of secrecy what is one going to do? I am perfectly aware that "as waggish boys in game themselves forswear, so the boy Love is perjured everywhere," but while Jove may laugh at these lovers' perjuries he frowns on the perjuries of lovers' friends and I am going to keep my vows. But there is no reason why I should not tell all that can be told in default of naming names. Well then, one forthcoming engagement is between a girl in her very early teens who is at present visiting Colorado Springs with her family and a young man in the real estate and insurance business who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best fancy-step skaters at the Monday Night Skating Club over which Mrs. Inez Shorb White Buck so gracefully presided. I wonder if you know who I mean? If you do, mum's the word. Another engagement will link a beautiful young girl who resides in Pacific avenue and spends most of her summers in Blythedale and Mill Valley to a bright young man who recently returned from a well-known law college in the East and is now embarking on the stormy sea of practice. These two made a very interesting couple at luncheon at the Palace a few days ago, but their devotion on that occasion was not unduly conspicuous. Has not their love stood the test of two years' separation?

A French Restaurant Escapade

When a well known member of several local clubs died some time ago there was great speculation among his friends as to the cause of his taking off. An attack of pneumonia from which he was said to have suffered and from which he never entirely recovered was given by many as the reason but others pretended to know better. A pistol shot in a French restaurant escapade was their startling explanation of his death. It is a melodramatic story in which figure a joy-riding wife and an irate husband. The husband is frequently away from home on flying business trips to fair Southern California and during his absences the joy-riding wife seeks diversion. The husband was led to suspect that she did so and he set a trap. He announces his departure for Los Angeles. Enter the hero who arranges a little dinner with the wife to relieve her loneliness. They are cosily discussing cold bottles and such things in a secluded apartment of a certain restaurant when there is a knock at the door. Fortunately the latch is caught, and the knock is unheeded. Then the voice of the husband demands admittance. Consternation of wife and hero who however has presence of mind enough to switch off the lights. The husband attempts to force an entrance and the hero decides to beat it. He flings the door open and rushes by the irate husband who turns a revolver on him and fires, but without recognizing his victim. The shot pierces the hero's lungs, but he continues his flight and at the foot of the stairway at the street entrance he dashes full into a policeman. Here his presence of mind again serves him. "Hurry up," he gasps, "there's a man shot up there—I'm running for a doctor," and he continues running while the half dazed minion of the law proceeds to the scene above. Leaving the situation there to adjust itself and following the hero we find him safe at home telephoning for a physician, who arrives with a nurse. The next day friends learn of his sudden attack of pneumonia from which in time he recovers and the incident is closed. There should be a sequel disclosing the joy-riding wife's opinion of the hero but his death makes it unnecessary to dwell on these comparatively unimportant details of the sensational affair.

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS AILEEN DOE

Whose engagement to Mr. William Paul Johnston was announced some time ago. Miss Doe has been passing the summer at Ben Lomond.

The Etiquette of Lady Smokers

For all the professed disapproval of feminine smoking and shocked denial of its spread society women who do not smoke are a small minority. Most of the young matrons of the Burlingame set have cigarettes made to order, rolled in monogrammed papers and they are of a size to fit into dainty silver cases easily carried. Smoking at afternoon bridge parties is customary although usually the smokers are gathered in one apartment while

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tables for the prejudiced are arranged in another room. Should one of the former find herself misplaced among the old-fashioned guests it would be, by some unwritten but understood law, a shocking breach to produce tobacco even though in an adjoining room the air is blue. And should one who like little Robert Reed would not use the filthy weed, wander among the nicotine ladies

Photo, Perkelson and Healy
MISS MARIE SMITH

A cultivated and charming girl who will be prominent in dancing circles during the coming season.

the volume of smoke would not be reduced. At a small affair where the guests are all of the same set no such division occurs and smoking is general. The parties at which there is no smoking belong in another class.

An Interesting Coincidence

I notice that on Wednesday Mrs. J. F. Sullivan entertained in her beautifully renovated Pacific avenue home in honor of Mrs. Edward Eberle, the charming wife of Lieutenant Commander Edward Eberle, U. S. N. This reminds me of a very interesting coincidence. There are now in California three lieutenant commanders who took their brides from the same house in San Francisco. At the time of their marriages all were young ensigns, just starting out on their naval careers. Their brides were all related and the weddings were among the most brilliant of those colorful days. The three lieutenant commanders in question are Lieutenant Commander Eberle, Lieutenant Commander Knapp and Lieutenant Commander Glennon. All early Californians remember the hospitable home of the Randolph Harrisons where entertainments were splendid and continuous. The Randolph Harrisons had two charming daughters, Tazie and Lillie, and had adopted two orphan nieces, Susie Blair and Elsie Allen. These four girls were the favorites of society, for in addition to beauty they possessed witty, vivacious and variously cultivated minds. Tazie Harrison married Ensign Eberle, Lillie Harrison married Ensign Knapp, Susie Blair married Ensign Glennon and Elsie Allen married John Leicester who, like the young naval officers, was on the threshold of a brilliant career, in his case the career of a lawyer. It is strange that after all these years these commanders should once more be gathered with their wives in California.

Items the Bavardes Missed

The wedding of Miss Broadway and Captain Marine will be an event of the Fall. It is a matter of indifference to most people that Captain Marine will take his bride to Mars to live.

The unfortunate prize-winners at Mrs. Highstakes' bridge party Thursday afternoon were Mrs. Goodplayer, Mrs. Betterhands and Miss Score. They were much disappointed with the useless silk bags bestowed on them but were somewhat compensated by their winnings. After the games several friends came in for gin-fizzes and cigarettes.

Arthur Holdover was host last evening at an informal supper party which was one of the most disgraceful affairs of the season.

Brass buttons were much in evidence at the Presidio hop Friday evening. They were attached to uniforms worn by a number of officers present.

The Thomas Thompson Tompkins are motoring through England after spending a month miserably in London where they were socially ignored.

Miss Isabelle Rising who was one of the most prominent belles in the newspaper columns last winter will go abroad for the summer. On her return she will again be advertised. Miss Rising is possessed of a rare determination which was much admired by her friends last season.

The Assembly last evening was not a brilliant success. Many beautiful gowns were worn and there was a dearth of dancing men, most of those present deserting the ballroom for the bar. The decorations were of wall-flowers and evergreens. At midnight a skimpy supper was served and afterwards dancing was kept up with difficulty until a late hour. The patronesses received no congratulations on the failure of the affair.

The climbing McClymonds have taken a place in Ross Park where they hope to secure a social footing. Miss Marguerite McClymonds will be one of the uninteresting debutantes of next winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Moore will spend the summer in town because they can't afford to go to the country this year.

The death of William Miser occurred during the week and no sympathy is felt for Mrs. Miser who will enjoy the period of her mourning abroad.

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Miss Jennie Crocker's Trunks

At the opening performance of Miss Henrietta Crosman at the Columbia the box in which Miss Jennie Crocker sat was the focus for all the opera glasses in the theater. A pretty picture indeed did Miss Crocker make and there was nothing in her expressive countenance to betray her consciousness of the mob's attention. As I walked down Geary street after the performance a couple of baggage smashers were unloading a dozen trunks at the St. Francis. Just then I overheard this conversation between a sweet young thing and her tall good-looking escort. She: I wonder whose trunks those are arriving at this late hour? He: Why, Jennie Crocker's, of course. She ran up from Santa Barbara tonight to see the show and those trunks contain a few little things she will want to wear before she goes back after breakfast.

D'Abruzzi's Failure

It seems to be settled that Miss Katherine Elkins will keep a great fortune in the United States by bestowing her hand, her heart and her millions on Billy Hitt of Washington. In other words the Duke of the Abruzzi will not crown his sensational wooing by carrying off the desire of his heart to an Italian palazzo. This of course is very gratifying to those of us who regard international alliances with horror on account of the amount of money which they take out of this country, but speaking for myself I confess to a different sentiment. I am sorry that Miss Elkins gave d'Abruzzi his conge, provided that was what happened. That may not be what happened at all. It may be that Miss Elkins was perfectly willing to become an Italian duchess but that the laws of Italy restrained the duke from marrying outside of his own rank. At all events I am sorry that d'Abruzzi failed in his wooing, whether his ill success was based on Almanach de Gotha considerations or the predilection of the young lady. Of all the foreign noblemen who have come a-wooing to America none has so interested my imagination as this Italian. He is a man of achievement, a scientists, a writer and an explorer. With every temptation toward a life of ease he has preferred the strenuous existence of the sea and mountain tops. To class him with the fortune-hunting degenerates who have so often captured American heiresses is to be guilty of the utmost folly. There isn't an American girl living who should not feel honored by the addresses of such a man. So I am not entirely gratified that Miss Elkins has decided to become Mrs. Billy Hitt.

Tessie and Nordica at Outs

Secure in the assumption that any bit of news about the many-sided Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs will prove of interest to many of my readers I hasten to record the fact that she no longer includes Madame Nordica in her list of friends. The cause of this estrangement is a mystery. The friendship between the Newport widow and the song bird was a short and merry one; begun with the suddenness of caprice, it as swiftly came to an end. There are some who say that Mrs. Oelrichs found Madame Nordica's latest husband impossible. There are others who say that Madame Nordica's latest husband objected to Mrs. Oelrichs. So there you are. At any rate when the person in question who is Mr. George W. Young, built his song bird a beautiful summer cage on the Jersey Coast, Mrs. Oelrichs was conspicuously absent from the housewarming. If her cordial feeling toward Madame Nordica-Young still continued she need not have feared to attend. Granted that the Jersey Coast is intensely bourgeoise, still Mrs. Oelrichs has too strong a position at Newport to be afraid of being seen there. The whole affair is very complicated, especially as Madame Nordica seems to have become almost as cold toward her latest husband as toward Mrs. Oelrichs. She has suddenly decided that she dislikes the Jersey Coast and that she can lose a little avoirdupois by a trip to the German baths. And she has gone without her husband. Eccentric indeed are these grand opera stars. Henceforth, says malicious gossip at Newport, Mrs. Oelrichs will have to pay for her musical talent.

Mrs. Beveridge's Disappointment

An occasional correspondent who drops me a line about Washington officialdom says that the plight of Senator Beveridge who is so fearful of being returned to private life that he has enlisted the assistance of Colonel Roosevelt in his campaign, has revived a story which was told at the time of the marriage of the Hoosier Demosthenes. It runs to the effect that when the frock-coated Cicero from Indianapolis asked for the hand of

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Miss Catherine Eddy, the young lady's mother, now dead, sternly narrated all the claims of the house of Eddy and named its coupons present and prospective. Then she asked: "What have you to offer my daughter in return for all this?" To which the boy-statesman made answer: "I can lead her straight to the White House, to reign as the most attractive of all its lovely mistresses." The story goes that Mrs. Eddy wept with joy and gave her blessing. But now the road to the White House presents all sorts of obstacles and Beveridge will be very glad to retain his seat in the Senate. This condition of affairs, my correspondent says, has caused Mrs. Beveridge a great deal of disappointment.

The Making of an Actress

Frank Gould is to star his new wife in a musical comedy the despatches tell us. And they also tell us that the lady is an actress. How easy it is nowadays for a woman to become an "actress"! With the slightest and most limited acquaintance with the stage a woman becomes an actress in the newspapers as soon as she figures in a scandal or something sensational. This Edith Kelly to whom Gould was married in Paris was one of the chorus in "The Girls of Gottenburg" which had a short run at the Knickerbocker in New York. Then she was seen in "Havana" at the Casino and then she completed the routine by marrying Gould.

Bohemian Club Concert

The regular after-the-Jinks concert of the Bohemian Club will take place at the Van Ness Theater on Tuesday afternoon, August 9. A program of unusual excellence will be presented, embracing selections from a number of the recent forest plays presented at the club's open air theater in its Grove near Guerneville. The feature of the program will naturally be the music from this year's Jinks—"The Cave Man," music by W. J. McCoy, words by Charles K. Field. The orchestra will be directed by the various composers, including Joseph D. Redding, Edmund F. Schneider, G. G. Stricklen and Herman Perlet. The club's chorus will be directed by E. D. Crandall. The concert will be under the general direction of the following committee of club members: Willard T. Barton, chairman, Joseph D. Redding, W. H. Leahy, John C. Wilson and Charles S. Aiken.

Month of Sports at Del Monte

One of the interesting features of the coming month of sports at Hotel Del Monte will be the battle for tennis supremacy between George Janes and Melville Long, the present and former champions. So expert are these players and so evenly matched that each has been victorious over the other on two occasions, each has twice won the Del Monte Cup and the contest this year will settle the championship decisively and give the winner the actual ownership of the cup. The management of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association is also preparing to have a number of new events which will appeal to all classes of players. Members of the various golf clubs of the Pacific Coast are looking forward to the coming tournament at Hotel Del Monte with great interest. Many of the clubs of Southern California and of Washington and Oregon have signified their intention of sending their best players to participate.

The Popular Hotel Victoria

There are indications that the pendulum of hotel management is swinging backward to the American plan as distinguished from the European. One of our big hostelries recently announced that it would soon provide its guests with both systems of entertainment. This naturally calls attention to the hotels which already have the American plan and in this list the Hotel Victoria is prominent. Under the capable management of Mrs. Morris the Victoria occupies an important position in local hoteldom. Many of our socially prominent people make it their permanent home while others choose it as the best place for their various afternoon and evening functions. Careful management has won for the Victoria the appreciation of our best people.

Mrs. George Kerr and Mrs. Harold Havens left Thursday for New York where Mrs. Kerr will remain for several weeks. Mrs. Havens will visit her mother, Mrs. Abbie Cheney, and expects to make a European trip before returning to California. Mrs. Kerr will reoccupy her apartments at the Hotel St. Francis upon her return to San Francisco.

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In the Social Spotlight

In the death of Mrs. Margaret Kyle Foulkes on July 14 one of California's best beloved women has passed away. Mrs. Foulkes was a native of North Carolina and but recently passed her eightieth birthday. Her husband, the late Dr. James F. Foulkes, was a noted physician here in early days. He and his wife came from the South and settled in Oakland where the family were prominent in business and exclusive social circles. Although Mrs. Foulkes had been an invalid for many years her death came suddenly, the saddest part being that both of her daughters, Mrs. William T. Renison (May Foulkes), wife of Rev. W. T. Renison of Stockton, and Mrs. J. Mora Moss (Margaret Foulkes), wife of Dr. J. Mora Moss of this city were unable to reach the bedside of their mother before she breathed her last.

One of the many motor parties of last week included Mr. and Mrs. J. Forest Wyman, Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Miss May McLaughlin, all of San Francisco, and Mrs. R. Schen of Ross, who will be at Del Monte for some time enjoying the scenic drives.

Mrs. John C. Wilson was a luncheon hostess Thursday at the St. Francis in honor of Miss Virginia Jolliffe. Entertaining at nearby tables were P. McG. McBean, Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Mrs. Landers.

Among the army officers registered at the Palace are Captain C. R. Day and Mrs. Day, Captain G. P. Moore and Mrs. Moore, Captain Nelson Gapin and Mrs. Gapin, Captain J. B. Hutchinson and Mrs. Hutchison, Lieutenant R. E. Grimsted and Mrs. Grimsted, Lieutenant J. D. Elliot and Mrs. Elliot, Captain George D. Moore and Mrs. Moore, Captain Thomas J. Fox and Mrs. Fox, Lieutenant M. T. McCaughey and Mrs. McCaughey.

The army set was pleased to greet Major Samuel W. Dunning and his attractive wife during the week, when they arrived on the transport Sherridan from Honolulu. They will remain at the Fairmont during their stay in town. Major Dunning is in command of Fort Shafter and is a favorite in his regiment, the Twentieth Infantry, as well as in Honolulu society. Several social affairs will be given in honor of Mrs. Dunning during their stay in town.

Miss Jennie Crocker who is spending the summer in Santa Barbara came north to attend the dog show in which she is exhibiting several of her pets. She will return to the Potter next week. Templeton Crocker who accompanied his sister north returned to Santa Barbara the first of the week.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado included: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Runyon, Miss Helen Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. William Smeltie, George S. Garritt, Lon C. Swain, Mrs. J. R. Winn, R. B. Winn, Master Win, Mrs. Jules Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Reiter and son, J. J. McGinnis, Jay D. Adams and George A. Johnson.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George Ruhleen Jr. went down this week from the Presidio of San Francisco to spend a few weeks at the Vendome in San Jose.

The moonlight and searchlight bathing party which took place in front of the Casino at Santa Cruz Monday night was quite a novel affair. Two brass bands played. Promptly at eight-thirty about three score bathers took a dip in the bay and with the moonlight on the water, and the searchlight playing upon these bathers, it was really a very beautiful sight. About a dozen ladies and gentlemen went to the raft. Individual swimmers were singled out by the searchlight, and the bay between the pier and the lifeline was dotted with swimmers.

In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs from San Francisco are: Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Queen, Miss M. Queen, Mrs. F. N. Woods, Miss M. Woods, Dr. and Mrs. Birtch, Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lewitt, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Andruss, Mrs. H. Hess, Mrs. H. Adler, E. A. Scharlach, G. J. Scharlach, Miss Gertrude Baker, Geo. R. Gay, A. H. Ahlers, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Demek, Emil Hedine, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Demoulin, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hobson, Miss Bernice Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Phillips, Miss Dottibee Latham, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Morris, J. C. Seagrave, J. McC. Anderson, Chas. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Young, Miss Young, Miss Elsie Young, Arthur Meyer and Carl H. Schmidt.

After Miss Anglin's play Wednesday night Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a supper in the brown room of the Potter Hotel, seventeen guests partaking of her hospitality. The supper was informal in its character and the young people thoroughly enjoyed it.

Captain C. W. Exton, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting General John McClellan at the Vendome in San Jose.

Mr. C. A. Snyder went down from the city Saturday bringing with him in his car Mr. F. Perkes, also of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarteny of Butte, stopping at the Vendome.

Mrs. Laurance I. Scott was hostess at a pretty luncheon at the St. Francis last Wednesday, entertaining a number of Burlingame friends. Among them were Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Walter Martin and Miss Jennie Crocker.

Ogden Mills Jr., grandson and heir of the late D. O. Mills, stopped several days at the Palace on his return from the "scrap" at Reno. Mills lost $5,000 on the "late unpleasantness" but refused to do much talking about it.

A jolly motor party from Los Angeles spending several days at the Palace was that of Miss Kate C. Conaty, a sister of Archbishop Conaty of the Los Angeles diocese. Miss Conaty's guests were Miss McDermott and Miss Lynch, also of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall of San Francisco gave a dinner at the Potter Country Club last Tuesday night when covers were laid for twelve San Francisco fashionables.

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Wherein is Advanced the Thesis That in Satirizing his Fellow Dramatists the Author of "Anti-Matrimony" is Wasting His Time, with Some Illustrations from the History of the Stage

By Edward F. O'Day

Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Buckingham, Fielding, Sheridan and Percy MacKaye! There's a list to whet the curiosity of the literary idler, a galaxy of dramatic authors illumining some paltry thousand years, a collocation of names which, to say the very least, ought to earn for me the warm gratitude of Mr. MacKaye, for I doubt whether he has ever been included in such illustrious company before. Let me hasten to say that the list is not critically but historically arranged. There was no question of merit involved in its compilation. It is merely a list, as nearly complete a list as my recollection enables me to assemble, of the dramatists who have satirized or made fun of the drama. Mr. MacKaye belongs in this list by virtue of his latest play, "Anti-Matrimony." Not that "Anti-Matrimony" is worthy of comparison with any play of Aristophanes or Shakespeare or Sheridan. Mr. MacKaye, I am sure, would no more thank me for so preposterous a comparison than, though for quite a different reason, he would for bracketting him in critical fashion with Buckingham and Fielding, the remaining two members of our illustrious sextet. But Mr. MacKaye has attempted in "Anti-Matrimony" the same thing that was tried by his five predecessors with varying success. This attempt gives "Anti-Matrimony" an historical interest which, as far as I am concerned, so outweighs its purely dramatic interest that I am impelled to consider it as a link in a chain extending far beyond the inception of this our Christian era. The first link of this chain was forged by Aristophanes when he wrote "The Frogs," a brilliant dramatic satire in which Euripides whose "droppings of warm tears" were the scorn of his comic rival, was held up to the ridicule of the Athenian public. It was a powerful assault and no doubt it embarrassed the tragic writer, but today the cruel wit of Aristophanes is less esteemed than the tender humanity of Euripides. Shakespeare forged several links to bridge the intervening centuries when he burlesqued the ranting tirades which passed for tragic eloquence with Kyd, Lyly, Marlowe and others of his immediate predecessors. This he did, as we all remember, in "Love's Labor Lost," "Hamlet" and particularly in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" where Nick Bottom, Peter Quince and their stout company presented "Pyramus and Thisbe." There is delicious fooling in this interlude but it does not depend on the satire of crude playwrights who have gone their way to oblivion. Who now reads "The Rehearsal"? Who today or tomorrow could conveniently put his hand upon a copy of it? (If anybody, I would gladly know, for I have not seen it since my copy perished in 1906.) Yet "The Rehearsal" was not the least distinguished achievement of Villiers, second duke of Buckingham. When it was produced Dryden was at the height of his dramatic career, a commanding figure, the poet laureate, the favorite of his king, but so witty was the satire of the noble amateur that all London laughed at his likeness drawn in the character of Bayes and Louis XIV wanted Colbert (his Buckingham) to write him a play! There were other dramatists burlesqued in "The Rehearsal," nobodies like Crowne, Shadwell and Etherege. Their plays are today as dead as Dryden's, but not on account of Buckingham's satire, for their popularity was by no means knocked on the head by his palpable hits. If "The Rehearsal" is the third link in the chain which we are taking the liberty to rivet to Mr. Percy MacKaye, "Tom Thumb the Great" is the fourth. This was a jeux d'esprit by the fun-loving author of "Tom Jones." If there was ever a time when it might have been piously hoped that satire would slay a few score playwrights that time was Fielding's. The biographies give us the distinct impression that along every high road to London ambitious poets were advancing six or eight abreast with a tragedy in one pocket of their great coats and a letter to some patron in the other. They were as great a pest to managers and public as the dogs of Stamboul to a bare-legged pedestrian. The best of their plays were dreary enough—witness Addison's "Cato"—and the worst were atrocious—witness Sam Johnson's "Irene." But did "Tom Thumb" do bloody execution among them? Not a bit of it. Its great distinction is that it made Swift laugh, and the dolorous dean only laughed twice in his life. Only one line of that Fielding satire is remembered now: "Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca oh!" and that was a sly dig at a play of James Thomson's which was damned at the end of the second act! Perhaps the reader perceives that I am endeavoring to establish a thesis as to the futility of dramatic satire, that I am trying to insinuate for Mr. MacKaye's benefit that in sharpening his razor of wit—a barbarous figure!—for the throats of Ibsen and Suderman, Nietzsche and Maeterlinck, he is wasting his time. Well, that was the thought that came to me as I fidgeted through "Anti-Matrimony" and that is what I am trying to convey. But the bright link of my chain which is closest to Mr. MacKaye seems to tumble my thesis in the dust. Sheridan's "The Critic" marks the highest achievement in this dramatic-satirical field. If we are to believe certain writers it attained the end of satire by shaming inferior performances from the stage. And yet I have my doubts. Great as "The Critic" is, it is not easy to point to any dramatic change it wrought, for better or worse. But granting that there is room for argument in the case of Sheridan—and I assume that there is none in the others I have cited—it remains to be said that "Anti-Matrimony" is not another "Critic." Let me apply to it the celebrated sentence which Sam Johnson passed on "The Rehearsal": "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet; it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

The Large Cigar

You lie on the oaken mantel shelf
  A cigar of high degree,
And old cigar, a large cigar,
  A cigar that was given to me.
The houseflies bite you day by day—
  Bite you, and kick, and sigh—
And I do not know what the insects say.
  But they creep away and die.

My friends they take you gently up,
  And lay you gently down;
They never saw a weed so big,
  Or quite so deadly brown.
They, as a rule, smoke anything
  They pick up free of charge;
But they leave you to rest while the bulbuls sing
  Through the night, my own, my large!

The dust lies thick on your bloated form,
  And the year draws to its close,
And the baccy jar's been emptied—by
  My laundress, I suppose.
Smokeless and hopeless, with reeling brain,
  I turn to the oaken shelf,
And take you down, while my hot tears rain,
  And smoke you, you brute, myself

Stage

Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda"

James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda" is the exceptionally strong attraction announced by the Alcazar management for the coming week. It was as Rudolph Rassendyl that Mr. Hackett leaped into stellar prominence about fifteen years ago, and since then he has played the part so well and so often and in so many places that the American people have come to regard him as its only true exponent. Many of those who witnessed him in the role more than a decade ago at the Baldwin Theater have served to keep the great performance in San Francisco's memory, and its revival at the Alcazar promises to be his most profitable offering in that playhouse. Mr. Hackett will have splendid acting support. Beatrice Beckley, his leading woman, is said to be a most charming Flavia, and Arthur Hoops, his leading man, has played Rupert of Hentzau so many times that he and the star are even more effective in their team work than they were in that great third act of "Samson." Fred J. Butler will appear as Colonel Sapt, Will R. Walling as Black Michael, Louise Brownell as Antoinette and Catherine Calhoun as Amelia, with the remainder of the regular company and many extra people rounding out the cast.

Annette Kellerman at the Orpheum

Annette Kellerman, one of the greatest vaudeville attractions in the world, has been secured by the Orpheum Circuit for a brief tour and will make her first appearance in this city next Sunday matinee. Miss Kellerman is the champion swimmer and diver of the wrold. She holds records from 100 yards to 26 miles and is the only girl that ever attempted to cross the English Channel. She has won every race she ever entered and has defeated most of the best male swimmers in the world. Professor Dudley Sargent, physical instructor of Harvard University, proclaimed her the most perfectly built woman in existence. Her two remarkable dives are named "The Front Back" and "Dolphin." Miss Kellerman's exhibition of fancy diving is preceded by a game of Diabolo. She won the Diabolo championship in Paris last season. Clifford & Burke, who are among the leading exponents of black face comedy in vaudeville, will contribute a touch of minstrelsy to the new bill. The Four Cliftons who will make their first appearance here are renowned European equilibrists. Harry Atkinson, the Australian Orpheus, comes direct from London to introduce his imitations of musical instruments. Next week will be the final one of James Thornton, The Imperial Musicians, Prof. Apdale's Zoo Circus and Edwards Davis and his company in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

A Blanche Bates' Play at Ye Liberty

For the week commencing next Monday evening, the second week of Izetta Jewel's special season with his company, Manager Bishop of Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, announces a revival of "Under Two Flags," the celebrated romantic drama made from Ouida's immensely popular novel of that name. It will be recalled as the play in which Blanche Bates gained her first laurels as a Belasco star, and one of the most successful "book plays" the stage has known for many years. In addition to telling an intensely interesting story of strong heart interest, "Under Two Flags" offers unusual scope for a display of modern stage craft, and the many excellent acting roles it contains makes the play a particularly desirable one for stock company use. Miss Jewel should make a most bewitching figure of "Cigarette," and Sydney Ayres is splendidly fitted for the character of Bertie Cecil, while each of the other Ye Liberty favorites will be seen to excellent advantage. The piece can be given a wonderful setting on the big revolving stage with which the theater is equipped, especially the famous scene of the fourth act depicting the rocky pass on the desert of Algiers. It is to be seen for one week only, after which Miss Jewel will be seen as "Zira" in the play of that name.

Columbia Attractions

Miss Henrietta Crosman will continue at the Columbia in Percy MacKaye's "Anti-Matrimony" for another week, after which "The Spendthrift," the latest dramatic work of Porter Emerson Brown who wrote "A Fool There Was," will be presented for the first time in San Francisco. Its scenes are laid in New York and its characters are people active in the social life of the metropolis. Its most important figures are a man and his wife who while apparently leading a life of ease and contentment, are in reality harrassed by many misunderstandings and untoward conditions. The play is a brief against feminine extravagance and frivolity. Frederic Thompson with his usual careful attention to the selection of casts has

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

The perfect woman who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

chosen a company whose dominant characteristic is efficiency. Doris Mitchell and Lionel Adams have the leading roles.

At Idora Park

Grand opera is being sung at Idora Park Theater across the bay at bargain prices. The Bevani company made their Pacific Coast debut at the park last Sunday and met with a most enthusiastic reception. For tomorrow (Sunday), Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "Martha" will be the bill and during the remainder of the week "Rigoletto" will be sung. Weber's band continues to please the lovers of open air band concerts every afternoon and evening.

Shaw on the Late King

George Bernard Shaw has not been restrained by the general mourning in England from expressing his personal opinion of the late king. Writing for one of the London weeklies he delivers himself thus: "I know nothing about the late King Edward that every cabman in London does not know. Apart from inevitable glimpses of him at the opera and at public ceremonies, I was never in his presence, nor he ever in mine, except once; and that was for a moment in the French Salon in 1906. When I was looking at the pictures in one of the rooms, I heard a curiously loud voice through the doorway; and presently the owner of the voice came in and revealed himself as the King of England. Having, as an Irishman, no particular interest in kings of England; and feeling, as an inveterate republican, some remorse in the presence of a man whom I thought it desirable, on general grounds, to behead, I looked at him with some real and some simulated curiosity (for the sake of politeness), and went my way, which lay in the oposite direction to his, as we had started through the Salon from different ends. Being one of the literary glories of his reign, I should perhaps have told him who I was, so that he might have taken a good look at me; but I could not feel quite sure that he would appreciate the chance, as he was not fond of the higher drama, and never repeated his solitary visit to the Court Theater."

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Who is appearing in "Anti-Matrimony" at the Columbia Theater.

In the comedy "Seven Days" a young woman consents to pass herself off at a dinner party as the wife of the host so a rich aunt who puts up the cash for the young man won't discover he is divorced. Just as the young woman has been accepted as the wife the whole house is quarantined and she is compelled to keep up the deception for a week.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Very little of interest has transpired in the Wall Street situation during the past week and the market has lapsed into midsummer dullness, temporarily awaiting the results of the crop outlook. Liquidation and a thorough cleaning up of the speculation here has practically run its course, having discounted most of the bad features and placed Wall Street in a very strong position, the public being out of the securities and the big banking interests the chief holders, hence we find ourselves ready for a considerable up-swing in values, probably during August, if no further serious damage occurs to crops.

Grain—Since June 13 there has been an advance of 18 7-8 cents for July wheat, 19 3-4 cents for September, 21 1-2 cents for December and 22 cents for May. In this period the government's estimates have shown a deterioration of 108 million bushels from the crop promise of June 1 and private reports indicate that much further loss has been scored since the government's estimates were made. Added to the American losses have been some that were almost as important relatively in the Canadian northwest. In fact, North American losses have been large enough to cause much interest in Europe. Fears of losses in Russia at one time last week promised to start the markets of Europe off on a speculative furore similar to that experienced here during last month. Timely showers, however, turned the tide and stayed the excitement. Nevertheless, it is liable to break out again at any time. Another element of strength in last week's market was the continuous rain in the winter wheat country, mainly the soft winter wheat states east of the Missouri River. This has checked wheat marketings that had promised to become enormous. It will be recalled that similar rains fell last year at this time. In recalling this, however, the wheat speculator should remember that the delay last year greatly excited the consuming trade, while this year the consumer is utterly indifferent.

Corn—Corn made very little headway last week, insofar as its market condition was concerned. Near months advanced a little and new crop months declined a little. There is a large speculative holding of September here concentrated in two large private concerns and a big country short interest. In addition to the concentrated holding, there is much trailing along behind the big lines by local speculators of considerable capacity and resources. There has been nothing but improvement, vast and rapid, over the corn belt in the past week, except a whispering at the close of damage by firing in Oklahoma. It is reasonably safe to assume, however, from the location of the big holdings here that there will be the usual campaign based on the annual crop scare this month or next. In fact, the ground work is now being laid in the shape of claims of moisture deficiency in some of the states of large production.

Cotton—Weather and crop reports over two-thirds of the cotton belt remain unfavorable, yet European trades appear to be unconcerned. Such was their attitude at this time last year when values for new crop deliveries were about on a level with quotations ruling today and it may be that they will hold off again until the last moment notwithstanding the fact that there is more reason why new crop cotton should be purchased now than last year. The world's visible and invisible on September 1 next will probably only be about one-half of last year's 3,052,000 bales and as a result of the great curtailment that has taken place in all parts of the world, it is probable that stocks of manufactured goods have been reduced in a like proportion, which makes the world dependent on the south to produce a very large crop of cotton. The market at the close of the week became quite active and stronger and from its action would indicate higher prices the coming week. It looks as if the outside trade was beginning to realize the strong position of the new crop months.

Copper—There is nothing new to be said of the copper market. Stocks are extremely dull and show a sagging tendency. The metal market has a draggy appearance and is now down to 11 1-2 cents with only a moderate demand. The old merger rumor as well as an understanding amongst the leading copper mines to curtail the production, is still being used to bolster up prices but as yet nothing has been done. The production continues even at a loss to some of the mines, while the consumption is poor, and even our foreign trade that was promising has dwindled away. The market is in a rut and will undoubtedly go lower unless something develops that will regulate the supply of the metal.

SHE KNEW THE WORST

"Sweetheart, you deem me good," I said,
As I took Bessie's soft, white hand;
"You think the life that I have led
Has been quite perfect, pure, and grand.

"But ere we wed, my darling Bess,
I tell you frankly that my ways
Have been quite devious: I confess
I've spent some wicked nights and days."

"Nay, say no more," quoth Bess, demure;
"I know it all—I know the worst:
Your mother told me, and I'm sure
You told her all your follies first."

What could I say? This trustful lamb
Had learned that once I teased the cat
And twice or thrice had stolen jam—
How could I deal with faith like that?

—H. S. Tomer.

Geo. H. Newman, the prominent local business man, has just taken delivery of a moddel M-M White Steamer. The car is beautifully equipped and is attracting wide attention because of its fine appearance.

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The Observations of a Cynic

(Continued from Page 10.)

"True enough. I have filled out the blanks in his letter. You're virtuous job-chaser either lacks the courage to carry his argument to a conclusion or else he is too damned stupid to perceive the inevitable conclusion to which it leads. But I haven't finished. Let us examine the postulate of his repudiation of the State Central Committee. Do you know anything about the history of the resolution which was tabled by the State Central Committee, and which Johnson makes the basis of his repudiation?"

I confessed that I did not.

"I thought not," said Cynicus. "I do. Being on the staff of the Daily Pharisee I can give you some of the inside dope from the headquarters of our sacrosanct reformers That resolution was framed by that exquisite smart-aleck the Hon. Chester Rowell, of Fresno, whose mental operations might excite the enthusiasm of a pathologist. The obvious purpose of his resolution was to trick the State Central Committee. It is one of those swivel-jointed, back-action affairs designed to produce the desired effect whichever way it is handled. If the resolution had been adopted its author and the sympathetic perverts that rejoice in his abnormal cleverness would have found just as much occasion for shouting themselves hoarse as they did when it was tabled. Let me explain. It is whereased in this resolution that the Republican party is and long has been under the corrupting domination of the Southern Pacific and therefore it is resolved that henceforth we shall eliminate this diabolical influence, etc. Now it is clear enough that if the resolution had been adopted smart-alect Rowell and his friends would have exulted at the slap at Governor Gillett, Secretary of State Curry, Nat Ellery, Phil Stanton and the whole Republican administration. For it must be clear enough to anybody with mental faculties not entirely atrophied that to affirm that the railroad has been and is in control of the machinery of the Republican party of the State is tantamount to pronouncing Gillett and everybody identified with the State government tools of the—"

"Well isn't that so?" I interrupted.

"I don't know," said Cynicus taking refuge in pretended ignorance. "But," he added, "admiting that it is so, admitting that it would be wise for the State Central Committee to say so, admitting it was not indecent to ask the committee to say so, was there anything to be gained by the admission, and is it not obvious that the resolution was presented to serve no purpose but that of a few small tricksters?"

I declined to commit myself.

Cynicus went on: "The fact is, as I happen to know, the adoption of the resolution would have pleased the political hermaphrodites more than its rejection. For on its adoption they could have truthfully asserted that the State Central Committe had authoritatively placed the railroad collar on every man that is running against Johnson. As it is they can only say that the committee refused to repudiate the railroad, which after all is of no consequence since we are now doing politics under the direct primary. Nevertheless you doubtless feel that Johnson has properly availed himself of a clever stratagem."

"No, sir," I exclaimed indignantly. "I don't approve of that kind of politics. In my opinion Mr. Johnson is not aware of any sinister purpose on the part of his backers."

"Then he must be an egregious ass, and as such is not competent to fill the job he is after. However I prefer to regard him as a commonplace, transparent mountebank. The man that flim-flammed the depositors of the California Safe Deposit Bank and fattened his purse with the loot from Dalzell Brown's sequestered sack is not an ass. He has some cunning, but not enough to entitle him to the admiration of confidence operators of average intelligence. His devices are too shallow. Take for example his pretended indignation at the State Central Committee for not notifying him promptly of the resolution asking him whether he would endorse Republican candidates. That resolution was passed at the same meeting at which the Rowell resolution was tabled and was given equal publicity. Yet Johnson would have us believe that he knew of one and was ignorant of the other. The committee is accused of doing small politics for communicating with his rivals before communicating with him. He knows that the communication was lying in his office while he was touring the State. Bah! it makes a man sick to ponder the charlatanry of these political quacks. You reformers are clamoring for purity in politics, and it never occurs to you that purity is not to be attained by exalting men who are absolutely without scruple, men who will stoop to the most contemptible tricks to gain their ends."

Cynicus was so rapidly losing his temper that I was glad the dinner was ended.

Poet—You published a poem of mine last week. You pay according to the kind of verse, don't you?

Editor—Yes. George, give the gentleman a blank check.

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The Age of Love

(Continued from Page 11.)

of the chateau sending in my card. I had taken care to write, upon the back of it, a reminder of my former letters. During my short wait in the hall I observed two young women, both quite pretty, setting out for a walk.

"Good!" I said to myself. "I see the reason of this exile; my interview is starting out well."

The novelist received me in a charming little salon, with windows opening on the park, now yellowed by advancing autumn. A wood fire was burning in the grate, and lighted up the walls, hung with rose-colored cretonne, which formed the background for some colored English prints. It was very much the wordly sort of setting with which report had often reproached Fauchery. But the papers and books which loaded the table testified that the temporary occupant of this coquettish retreat continued to be a faithful devotee of letters. The laboriousness of his life was further attested by a physiognomy which, I confess, immediately occasioned me a little remorse for the deception to which I was lending myself. If I had found Fauchery the pretentious snob that the chroniclers of the Boulevard class baited every week, I should have enjoyed worming my interview out of him. But I perceived, as he laid down his pen to receive me, a man about fifty-seven years old, his face worn with study, his eyes tired and old, and his forehead heavy with thought.

"You must excuse me, mon cher confrere," he said, offering me an arm chair, "for having delayed our interview so long." I, his cher confrere. If he had but known!

"You see," he continued, showing me his sheet, "the tyranny of copy won't let a man be his own master. Then, too, one has less facility at my age than at yours. And now, let us talk of you. How do you happen to be at Nemours? And what have you done since the stories and verses you were so kind as to send me?"

It is useless to try to strangle, once for all, one's young ideal. When one has loved literature as I loved it at twenty, he cannot console himself at twenty-six, for having sacrificed, even to implacable necessity, his true love. So Pierre Fauchery remembered my poor verses! He had even read my little story! The allusion which he proceeded to make to it proved this still further. Could I tell him, at that moment, that since the composition of these early works I had despaired of success, and had changed my attitude toward literature and life?

A picture of the desks of Le Boulevard suddenly rose to my mind. I heard the voice of my editor-in-chief: "Interview Fauchery? Nonsense! You will never do it!" The recollection nerved me to continue faithful to the role I had imposed upon myself.

"I have come down to Nemours to work on a serious novel, to be called 'The Age of Love,'" I replied to the novelist's question, "and it is partially in regard to it that I wish to consult you."

"There is no age of love," he said to me, in substance, "because the man capable of love in the complex modern sense of ideal enthusiasm never ceases to love. I will go further: he never ceases to love the same thing. You know the experiment which a contemporary psychologist tried upon a series of portraits, to determine the composition of those indefinable resemblances which we call family traits? He took twenty photographs of persons of the same family, and photographed these portraits upon one plate, one on top of the other. Thus he was able to discover those common features which determine type. Well, I am persuaded that if one would try an analogous experiment, and photograph one over another the portraits of the different women that a man has loved or fancied he loved, one would discover a sort of "family resemblance" in all these women. The most inconstant men have only loved one image in the five, six or twenty faces that have charmed them. The whole question, therefore, is to learn at what age they meet the woman who approaches most nearly to their ideal. That would be, for them, the age of love.

"And the age at which one is most loved?" he continued. "Well, the most profound passion which I have ever seen a man inspire—one of my old masters, a poet, was the object of it, and he was then sixty years old. It is true that he carried himself as straight as a young man, that his step was as light as yours, that he could talk like Rivarol, and could write verses equal to Vigny's; but he had lost, successively, his wife and his children; he was very poor, very lonely, and very unhappy.

"This great artist inspired in a rich, noble and beautiful Russian girl so passionate a devotion that, because of him, she never married, and found a way, in spite of her family, to nurse him day and night in his last illness. At the present time, having bought back from the heirs everything which belonged to the poet, she keeps the room where he died furnished and arranged exactly as it was in his last days. And that was fifteen years ago! The explanation is that she found in that man, who was three times her age, the one that was identical with a certain image she carried in her heart. And then think of Goethe, and Ulrich von Lewetzow, and Lamartine, and so many others!"

The great man ended by saying:

"Since you are to be in Nemours, I shall hope to see you frequently; and today I cannot let you go without introducing you to my hosts."

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This is how a humble reporter of Le Boulevard came to find himself, at the stroke of five in the afternoon, seated at a tea-table where certainly no journalist had ever been seated before, and presented as a young poet and novelist to old Marquise de Proby, with whom Fauchery was staying. The amiable, white-haired old dowager asked me questions about my pretended works, to which I answered with labored fibs, while my face reddened with what the good lady probably took for the most naive timidity. And, as if there were a malign genius which multiplies our provocations to evil actions at certain moments, the two young ladies, whose exit I had noticed, returned from their walk. I had an illuminating commentary on my recent discourse with the old novelist, when he began chatting with one of the new arrivals. She was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, a Mlle. de Russaie, if I caught her name correctly. She was tall, with an oval face, lighted up by eyes of a singular fixity and ardor. She bore a striking resemblance to a portrait in the Salon Carre of the Louvre, attributed to Francia, which is known as the "Black Cavalier," doubtless because of the somber color of his clothing and cape. About her mouth and nostrils quivered the same controlled nervousness, the same repressed fire, which gives to the portrait its striking character. They had not been together a quarter of an hour before I divined, from her way of looking at Fauchery and listening to him, the passionate interest that the old novelist inspired in her. When he spoke, she seemed oblivious of everything else, and when she spoke to him, I could feel her voice tremble, if one may express in that way its peculiar timbre; and he, the great writer satiated with triumphs, exhausted with labors, seemed, under the influence of her naive idolatry, to have recovered that vivacious elasticity, which is the grace of enamoured youth.

"I understand now why he cited Goethe and the girl at Marienbad a little while ago," I said to myself, smiling inwardly, while the hired carriage was taking me back to Nemours. "He was thinking of himself. He is in love with that girl, and she with him. He'll probably marry her—and that will be a marriage to inspire copy! I can see myself rising in Pascal's estimation when he learns that I was present during the preliminaries! But for the present, I must consider my interview. Fauchery will be rather astonished to read it in day after tomorrow's paper. And yet, after all, I'm not treating him very decently. But what harm am I doing him? And besides—the struggle for existence!

By such arguments as these I strove to lull to sleep the voice that was crying within me:

"You have no right to put upon paper and serve up to the public the confidences of that noble writer who thought he was receiving a novelist and poet!"

But I heard also the skeptical voice of my editor: "You won't get it!"

And this second voice, I am ashamed to confess, got the better of the other, the more so as I was confronted by an evening with nothing to do. I had returned to Nemours too late for the train which would have landed me in Paris at the dinner hour. They had given me a very clean and quiet chamber in the old inn. "This is just the place to write my article," I said to myself, and I employed my time until going to bed in preparing the interview which was to begin the series. I scribbled away, inspired by the vivid impressions of the afternoon, my talent quickened, perhaps, like my nerves, by a suspicion of remorse. I wrote four pages that would not have disgraced the Goncourt journal, that exquisite manual of the perfect reporter. Everything was in it: my journey and my arrival at the chateau—a silhouette of that coquettish structure with its spreading trees and its dainty walks—the master's salon, and the master himself; his remarks, the pleasant tea-party to end up with, and the smile of the old novelist amid his circle of friends. Only one sentence was lacking for the conclusion.

"I shall have it when I awake in the morning," I said to myself, and, such is the literary temperament, I fell asleep with a consciousness of accomplished duty. I had written, under the head of an interview, my best page of fiction, and I rejoiced in the knowledge of it.

Perhaps, while we sleep, a secret ferment of ideas goes on within us, which is the more potent since our senses are sealed against influences from the outer world. However that may be, I found myself, on awakening, in a humor quite different from that in which I had gone to sleep. My eyes had not been open five minutes before the image of Pierre Fauchery arose before me. Immediately, the feeling that I had abused his gracious welcome became almost insupportable. I felt a passionate desire to see him again, to beg his pardon for my deception. I wished to tell him who I was, with what object I had gained entrance into his home, and how deeply I repented of it. But there was no need of such a confession; all that was necessary was to destroy the interview I had written the night before. Before tearing it up, I read it over. And then—every man of letters will understand me—and then, it seemed to me so admirable that I could not destroy it.

"Fauchery is so intelligent, so generous," I reasoned with myself, "that he will not be angry. After all, what is there in this interview that could really offend him? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Suppose I should go to him this morning and tell him that on the success of this series of articles depends my whole future as a journalist? When he knows that I have spent five years in poverty and toil, and that I have gone into journalism in order to get enough to eat, he will forgive

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me, he will pity me, and he will say: 'Publish your interview.' But suppose he should forbid me to publish it?"

I passed most of the morning debating the question. A natural pride made it very painful for me to consider confessing my duplicity. But the plan had in its favor the fact that it would conciliate my scruples, and, at the same time, would serve the interests of my purse. I had known the lordly Pascal to be very generous when an interview pleased him. And had he not, besides, promised me a bonus if I made myself Fauchery's confessor? I had decided to hazard the experiment when, as I was about to enter the vehicle which had conveyed me the day before, I saw passing, a victoria in which I recognized with stupefaction, leaning back in the cushion and abandoned to a gloomy reverie, Pierre Fauchery himself. A small trunk upon the seat beside the coachman indicated with sufficient clearness that he was on his way to the station. I looked at my watch. The train for Paris would leave in twelve minutes. There was just time to tumble my effects into my valise and pay my bill without verifying it, and the vehicle which was to have taken me back to the chateau de Proby was conveying me toward the station hot haste. As the train began to move, I found myself seated in a compartment, alone with the celebrated writer, who was saying to me: "I have thought a good deal about our conversation and your novel, and I fear I expressed myself badly yesterday. When I said that one may love and be loved at any age, I should have added that love sometimes arrives too late; that is, when one no longer has the right to prove to the one he loves how much he loves her, except by sacrifice. I should like, while asking you not to make use of it, for the secret is not my own, to give you a 'human document' as they say nowadays, which is a whole little drama and catastrophe in itself."

On my promise of discretion, he continued: "I had a friend, my companion in years, who at twenty was much in love with a young girl. Their parents separated them. The girl was married to another man, and died almost immediately. My friend lived on. You will know some day that it is equally true to say that we outlive everything, and that we never outlive anything. I had been the confidant of my friend's passion. I was afterwards the confidant of the adventures that succeeded his first great disappointment. He felt and inspired other affections; he tasted other joys, he suffered other sorrows. And yet, when we were alone and fell into that vein of confidence which comes from what I call the depths of the heart, it was always the ideal fiancee of his twentieth year who reappeared in his rhapsodies. Often he has said to me, 'I have sought only her among them all, and, as none of them was ever quite the same, I have never truly loved anyone else.'"

"And she?" I asked, "did she love him?"

"He did not think so," replied Fauchery. "At any rate, she never told him so. Now imagine this friend at my age, or near it. Picture him already growing wrinkled and gray and wearied of life, quite persuaded, at last, that he has won peace. And then during a sojourn among relatives in the country he meets a girl, who is a counterpart, to the point of hallucination, of her whom he had wished to marry thirty years before. It was one of those resemblances which extend from the color of the eyes to the quality of the voice, from the smile to the turn of the thought, from a gesture of the hand to the finest sensibilities of the heart. It is not in two brief phrases, it is only in pages and pages that I could express the strange emotions by which my friend was affected. He displayed that mingled tenderness for one dead and one living; that hypnotism of the soul which does not know where its dreams and recollections end and where real emotion begins It was a daily mingling of what is most remote and intangible, the recollection of a lost bride, with that which is most living and fresh, most irresistibly naive and spontaneous, a young girl. She comes and goes, laughs, sings—and one sees in her a woman who has long since passed away.

"After a month of thoughtless abandon to the dangerous delights of this inward confusion, imagine my friend going by chance into one of the most unfrequented rooms of the house, an art gallery, where, among other pictures, was a pastel of himself, painted when he was twenty-five. Suppose he absently walks over to look at this portrait. A fire has been made in the room, so that a slight haze has formed upon the glass which protects the pastel; and on the glass, with the assistance of the haze, he sees distinctly the imprint of two lips, which have been pressed to the portrait over the eyes—two fine, delicate lips, and the sight of the marks sets his heart on fire. He leaves the gallery and questions the servant. No one has been in there that morning except the girl who haunts his mind.

"And then?" I asked, as he paused.

"Then my friend returned to the gallery to look once more at that token of innocent and passionate caresses. There was a mirror near, in which he could compare his face of today with that of former days. What took place within him at that moment he has never told me, and I have never asked. Did he feel guilty at having inspired a passion in a girl—that it would have been mad, almost criminal, for him to marry? Did he suddenly understand that beneath his age, now so evident, it was his youth that the child loved? Did he think, with poignant sorrw, of that other girl who had never given him kisses when he would have been permitted to return them? I only know that he went away that same day, resolved never again to see her whom he could not love with the hope, the candor, the soul of his twentieth year—as he had loved the other."

Some hours afterward, I was again among the desks of Le Boulevard, facing the lordly Pascal

"Well?" he inquired curtly. "Did you interview Fauchery?"

"He would not even see me," I replied, as if much hurt.

"What did I tell you?" chuckled the chief, shrugging his broad shoulders. "We shall roast his next book."

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Auto Notes

While the individual honors of the Glidden Tour are in contention among the various tire factories, one conclusion is sure, that the famous endurance test has proven the efficiency generally of modern methods of tire making over those of a few years back. In a letter to the local branch, Theo. Weigele of the Diamond Rubber Company's tire department sets forth the Diamond's claim to victory on mileage cost. On fourteen cars equipped with the Diamonds only four blowouts were recorded. Aside from unavoidable punctures and cuts there were no other occasions for changing Diamond tires. Because of the impossibility of keeping full records during the last stage of the run exact computation of mileage cost is impossible. On the whole, however the tire records this year, in view of the almost impossible road conditions, are surprisingly good. All tires underwent the severest kind of punishment and the drivers to a man agree that it is marvelous that the saving air cushions at all withstood the service.

On the Atlanta to New York tour John J. Woodside of Atlanta wires from Philadelphia as follows: "Hurrah for the Thomas Flyer. Model "K" has brought us here in good shape. Has given us no trouble. Heavy rain for several days has made some of the roads almost impassible. The clay roads over the mountains of Virginia caused us to be penalized, the roads being very narrow and skiddy with many slow cars ahead of us which could not give us the right of way without danger to themselves. For this delay the Thomas was not responsible. It will always be my pleasure to speak a good word for the best car on the market which I know the Thomas to be."

The other day up at the Pioneer Company some one said that he didn't believe the Glidden tour was much of a test, but just a sort of pleasure stunt where a bunch of cars go out and run around the country and are met at the different towns by bands and reporters so that they could get plenty of publicity. "I am very glad you brought that up," said C. C. Eib, "for I believe that the Glidden in California, at least, is not given proper credit. It is a test pure and simple compared with which any tour ever held in the west would look like the trial run of a boy's tricycle on a city pavement. Why if the Glidden were ever brought to California the hardest thing we would have to contend with would be selecting a course sufficiently bad to insure road penalties and lots of them. A comparative course would take the contestants over going that most drivers would balk at."

J. W. Shannon who has just completed a 2,500 mile tour in his Hynes, a large part of which took him over the hard roads of the oil fields, made the entire trip on Diamond tires without a single puncture. A feature that put the tires to the supreme test was the intense hotness of the soil caused by the torrid weather that is now prevalent in the interior sections of the State. Previous to the trip the tires had already given about 1500 miles of services.

Rowe Sanderson, secretary of the California Truck Co. of Los Angeles, accompanied by his wife, arrived in San Francisco recently, having toured up from the southern metropolis in a Hupmobile. Mr. Sanderson came up by the valley roads and after a short visit intends driving back by the coast route. The Hupmobile came up with a perfect score and proved itself the ideal economy car for two-passenger touring purposes.

S. G. Chapman has been advised by a telegram from Oskaloosa, Iowa, that the big sensation at the Albia Automobile race meet was the performance of the Oakland car when it far outdistanced the field in the second event for $1000 cars and set a new record for the track. Not only did the Oakland which was recently received in an allotment of regular stock cars by the local dealer, prove itself far superior to anything in its class but its performance ranked well among the best made by the highest priced cars.

W. H. Thompson, secretary of the Standard Motor Car Co., drove a Ford to the Thompson Ranch in San Mateo County recently. The ranch is located in the heart of the Coast Range Mountains and can be reached only by long steep climbs. Leaving San Mateo it is necessary to make practically twelve miles of continuous upgrade, some of the stretches of which are 23 per cent. The roadbed all the way is soft dirt but in spite of the difficult going the Ford reached the summit without the water in the tank becoming warm. This achievement is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the weather was extremely hot.

The Pioneer Automobile Company are just in receipt of the following letter from Mr. E. R. Dow of the Fresno branch of the Cudahy Packing Company: "It might be of interest to you to know that I received my first puncture, after driving my Chalmers "30" four thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine miles. Included in this driving are three hard mountain trips, where the roads were very rough and rocky. The car is runing as good as new as I will show you when I drive it to San Francisco in the near future."

H. E. Doty, assistant manager of the White Co. accompanied by a party of six, drove to Santa Cruz recently in a five-passenger White Gasoline Car. The clock struck the quarter hour after 5 o'clock when Doty left his house in the morning and when he asked the time, after having backed the machine into the garage at Santa Cruz he was told that it was 9 o'clock. Doty states that although they kept going steadily all the while no reckless driving was indulged in to make this remarkable time.

The two Pacific submarines, the Pike and Grampus which are maneuvering off the San Diego coast, are astonishing naval authorities by the success of their tests. By making six hundred miles on a continous run recently these two boats brought the world's record and a tremendous amount of prestige to the United States Navy. A letter received by Geo. P. Moore, Pacific Coast representative of the New York Lubricating Co., speaks in terms of highest praise for Monogram Oil and the important part it played in assisting the submarines to their wonderful record.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7166, Probate, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, Deceased.

John M. Reynolds, Administrator of the estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is threfore ordered by said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the fifteenth day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10, Probate, of the said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing John M. Reynolds, as Administrator of said Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, to sell all of the real estate of the said deceased, SARA E. STRATTON.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: June 30, 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administrator,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-9-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, Deceased—No. 9931, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased. CHARLES W. MULLOY,
Administrator of the estate of Ella F. Mulloy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 2, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 1, No. 22,257.

ELISABETH MILLS REID and OGDEN MILLS, Plaintiffs, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elisabeth Mills Reid and Ogden Mills, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

First Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bush Street with the easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Bush Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; running thence northerly and at right angles to said northerly line of Bush Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; running thence westerly and at right angles to the last mentioned course sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; running thence northerly and at right angles to the last mentioned course twenty-two (22) feet; running thence westerly and at right angles to the last mentioned course seventy (70) feet to the easterly line of Montgomery Street; and running thence southerly along said easterly line of Montgomery Street one hundred and fifty-nine (159) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Second Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Bush Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bush Street with the easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence easterly and along the said northerly line of Bush Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; running thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; running thence at right angles westerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and running thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and Three (203).

Third Parcel—An undivided one-half of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Laura Place, distant thereon one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Pine Street, and which point is also eighty-seven (87) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Laura Place and parallel with the easterly line of Montgomery Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches; running thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with the easterly line of Montgomery Street twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches to the easterly line of Laura Place and point of commencement; being part of Fifty Vara Lots Numbers Two Hundred and Two (202) and Two Hundred and Fifty-five (255); subject, however, to all the terms, conditions, covenants and agreements contained in that certain indenture made on the 11th day of December, 1906, by and between Exchange Realty Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of California, having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and D. O. Mills and Ogden Mills and Elisabeth Mills Reid (wife of Whitelaw Reid), and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of February, 1907, in Liber 64 of Deeds, at page 10, New Series.

Fourth Parcel—An undivided one-fourth of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches southerly on a perpendicular line drawn from a point on the southerly line of Pine Street one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet easterly from the easterly line of Montgomery Street, which point of commencement is also seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches easterly on a perpendicular line drawn from a point on the easterly line of Laura Place one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Pine Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Laura Place twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly and parallel with Pine Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with Laura Place twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the point of commencement; being part of Fifty Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and Two (202); subject, however, to all the terms, conditions, covenants and agreements contained in that certain indenture made on the 11th day of December, 1906, by and between Exchange Realty Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of California, having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and D. O. Mills and Ogden Mills and Elisabeth Mills Reid (wife of Whitelaw Reid), and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of February, 1907, in Liber 56 of Deeds, at page 371, New Series.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 16th day of July, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

JOHN FLOURNOY, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, Deceased—No. 9837, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of STEFANO GARIBALDI, deceased.

her
TERESA (X) GARIBALDI,
mark

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Stefano Garibaldi, Deceased.
Witnesses to Mark—James A. Devoto and A. S. Devoto.
Dated, San Francisco, June 25th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executrix,
68 Post Street, Rooms 600-604, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 2, No. 22,256.

OGDEN MILLS, as Executor of the Will of DARIUS OGDEN MILLS, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ogden Mills as Executor of the Will of Darius Ogden Mills, Deceased, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

First Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Octavia Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue (formerly Tyler Street) and Octavia Street, and running thence southerly along the said easterly line of Octavia Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Octavia Street and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Block Number One Hundred and Fifty-two (152) of the Western Addition of said City and County of San Francisco.

Second Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Octavia Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue (formerly Tyler Street) and Octavia Street, and running thence southerly along the said easterly line of Octavia Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Octavia Street and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Block Number One Hundred and Fifty-two (152) of the Western Addition of said City and County of San Francisco.

Third Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Octavia Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the easterly line of Octavia Street; running thence southerly along said easterly line of Octavia Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said easterly line of Octavia Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number One Hundred and Fifty-two (152).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that Ogden Mills and Elisabeth Mills Reid are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute and that their title to said property be established and quieted, subject only to the possession of plaintiff for the purposes of administration; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief and may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 16th day of July, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, The City and County of San Francisco; Addresses, San Francisco, California.

JOHN FLOURNOY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-23-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

NOTICE TO SELL REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made on the 27th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of said deceased, the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, subject to confirmation of sale by said Court, on, or after the 25th day of July, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of said HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that her said estate by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real property, namely:

All that certain lot, picce or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Northwestern line of Clay Street, distant thereon Seventy-seven (77) feet, Six (6) inches Southwesterly from the point of intersection of said line of Clay Street with the Southwestern line of Battery Street, and running thence Southwesterly along the Northwestern line of Clay Street Twenty (20) feet; thence at a right angle Northwesterly Sixty-eight (68) feet, Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northeasterly Twenty (20) feet; and thence at a right angle Southeasterly Sixty-eight (68) feet, Nine (9) inches to the point of beginning.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, 10 per cent thereof to be paid at the time of the acceptance of the bid, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court; deeds and abstracts at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Wm. R. Geary, Attorney for said Administratrix with the will annexed, at Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, California, or may be filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, June 27, 1910. HANNAH S. CRANE,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Hannah S. Crane, Deceased.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Bldg., Oakland, Cal. 7-9-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1760, New Series, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial; and said petition having been filed, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

It is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 4th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 27th day of June, 1910.
JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3287, New Series, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, Deceased.

DELLA A. GORHAM, Administratrix of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage certain realty belonging to the estate of said deceased, which realty is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, distant thereon Two Hundred and Fifty (250) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Fourteenth Street, running thence Northerly along said line of Sanchez Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet to the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, and point of commencement; being a part of Mission Block No. 99.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred ($2500) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to said petition on file herein.

Dated, San Francisco, June 27, 1910. JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE BOND, Deceased—No. 9928, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MINNIE BOND, deceased.

J. FRANK BOND,
Administrator of the Estate of Minnie Bond, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 25, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-25-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree in partition given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 2nd day of June, 1910, in a certain action then pending in said Superior Court and numbered 28,762, on the register of actions thereof wherein Christian H. F. Otten, also known as C. H. Otten, Friederich Otten, Heinrich Friederich Georg Dauber, also known as George Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, Heinrich Theodor Carl Dauber, also known as Heinrich Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, and Katherine Peters, were plaintiffs and Friederich Wilhelm Heinrich Seedorff, Hermann Haase, Gustav Wilhelm Haase, Dorette Wilhelmine Engeline Friese and Heinrich Karl Gustav Friese, her husband, City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Doe, Mary Roe, John Green and Sarah Green were defendants, which said judgment was on the 3rd day of June, 1910, recorded in Judgment Book No. 32 of said Superior Court at pages 458 thereof, and following, I, Fred H. Stanle, the undersigned, as the referee appointed in and by the said decree, will on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1910, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Market Street entrance of the building known as and called the Grant Building at the southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, sell to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, the following described parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

1. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet southerly from the southerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence southerly along said easterly line of Howard Street sixty (60) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning. Being part of Mission Block No. 33. Together with the improvements thereon.

2. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Shotwell Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence northerly along said easterly line of Shotwell Street fifty (50) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon.

3. Commencing at a point in the northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southeasterly from the corner formed by the intersection thereof with the southeasterly line of "Q" Street, South, running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, and the point of beginning. Being Lot Forty (40) in Block three hundred and thirty-two (332) "O'Neil and Haley" tract, unimproved.

4. Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Sargent Street and the westerly line of Head Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Sargent Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet to the westerly line of Head Street, and thence at right angles southerly and along the westerly line of Head Street one hundred (100) feet to the said northerly line of Sargent Street and the point of beginning. Being lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 43 of the "City Land Association" Tract.

5. A certain lot in Harmony Section, Odd Fellows Cemetery, 12x15 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent of the purchase price at time of sale, and balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court. Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 29th, 1910.
FRED. H. STANLE, Referee.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHRINA HIMMELMANN, also known as and called CATHERINA HIMMELMANN, Deceased.

Helene Munch and Andrew D. Himmelmann, the Executrix and Executor of the last will of CATHRINA HIMMELMANN, also known as and called CATHERINA HIMMELMANN, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of a part of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 9th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 9, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Helene Munch and Andrew D. Himmelmann, Executrix and Executor respectively as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased described in their petition therefore as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, July 8, A. D. 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Executrix and Executor.
804 to 810 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.

CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

Letters

A Good Political Novel

"The Man Higher Up" is another of the good political novels, its author Henry Russell Miller. Who or what its hero, Bob McAdoo was he never himself knew. At six years of age he ran away from the one tenement room of which he was the third inmate, resolving that his equal guardian, Jim Thompson, a "gentleman in misfortune," should not beat him again, and, being in possession of a dime he invested it in evening papers and established himself on an eligible corner as a newsie, to the disgust of its previous occupant who promptly challenged him to a fight. Bob, nothing loath, as promptly demolished the contestant, and having won the admiration of the police officer on the beat he was thenceforth secure of protection. When nightfall came Patrick Flinn escorted the waif to his own domicile and enlisted the sympathy of his good wife, with the result that although there was already a goodly supply of young Flinns, Bob was added to their number. He was an independent little scamp from the first and insisted on paying his board as the only condition on which he would remain with them. Sent to school, he speedily became a "holy terror," learning little not from lack of natural ability but from his propensities for mischief and when at thirteen he decided to go no more, there were no regrets at this defection. He early came to the conclusion that though there is room at the top, only those who are unhampered have much of a chance in the upward struggle, so, even as a boy, he deliberately held himself aloof from entanglements. He made no friends, and created no obligations. He was not without a sense of honor—he never broke his word but he was cautious about making promises. He was a born leader and long before he reached his majority he had a following and became at once a power in his ward—a heeler. His advancement to the place of ward leader came in characteristic fashion. His old benefactor, Flinn's son-in-law, was threatened with the loss of his political office and of course, his immediate livelihood. McAdoo organized his following in opposition to Haggin, who made blustering threats but when it came to the point that ex-pugilist was literally knocked out and became the lieutenant and life-long friend of his vanquisher. Up to this time McAdoo had been working in one of the steel mills but the contemptuous view of the niece of the millionaire owner, who looked upon working men as an inferior brand of cattle, determined him to get himself out if not up. Accordingly he left the mill and devoted himself entirely to politics, making money by the ordinary grafting methods, keeping his following in line and never missing a step he had once taken. We go well in behind the scenes and have a chance to see the working of the mechanism, the wire-pulling, trading, compromising and dictating and always the spoils to the same victor. McAdoo was neither better nor worse than others, but more efficient. He had a personal magnetism which drew men to him and probably because he was so hard and cold, rather than in spite of it, they admired and followed him. So, starting as a ward heeler as corrupt as any of the species, we find him climbing the successive steps until before his fortieth year he had run the entire gamut, ending by being elected governor on the reform ticket. And reformed he was, not so much through conviction that graft and dishonesty were sinful as through expediency. McAdoo saw further ahead than his contemporaries and he was able to forecast the certainty that the people would not always remain blind so it was well for him to come over in good time and lead instead of being left behind. Only once in his career did he admit any one to a personal intimacy, that is any one outside of the Flinn household, for the Flinns shared all his prosperity and took the place of family to him. During one of the hard-fought campaigns there appeared on the scene a magnetic youth, manifestly from a circle far above that from which McAdoo had sprung. Remington was handsome, egoistic, a born orator and a consummate actor. He had posed so much and so often that he hardly knew himself when, if ever, he was in earnest. First setting himself in opposition to McAdoo, in a little while he came over and despite the coldness of one nature and the insincerity of the other, they became genuine and close friends while it lasted. Remington's vanity was the wedge on which the friendship was split. He had ambition beyond his capacity, and, having fallen in love with a wealthy woman, the sister of one of the financial powers whom McAdoo was fighting (this was in the days of the reformation), a comfortable financial settlement, a withdrawal of opposition to the marriage and some judicious falsehoods proved too much for him to withstand. Neither did McAdoo escape falling in love, and of course, with the same woman who had indirectly wrecked Remington. To the victor belong the spoils so of course McAdoo was the successful suitor, but frankly, whether as Eleanor Sanger or Mrs. Gilbert, she does not seem to have been worth while. Kathleen Flinn would have been twice as suitable a mate for McAdoo and she was far and away the better woman of the two. "The Man Higher Up" is a book well worth the reading and the writing, but does not clarify the political situation any. We may make a fair guess at the identity of Steel City and the State in which it is located, but conditions are much the same in every sizable community, and as long as financial gain is the only sort of success that we make account of the Bob McAdoos, who have in them the qualities which would make for better things will fight for money, if for no other reason than that without it they are barred from everything else. It is a signiñcant fact that most of our political bosses have risen from the lowest level and that they simply use the tools they find at hand, the corrupt and corruptible officials, the venal voters and the financial powers who divide with them. This is another of the handsomely gotten up volumes from the Bobbs Merrill Co.

Why He Hesitated

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"Yes, I see her."

"The one with the dizzy hat?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think she's tryin' to cheat me out of a fare. When I went in to collect she never looked around, an' I ain't quite sure that she didn't pay me before—although I'm almost positive about it. She looks to me like a woman who'd be glad to stir up a fuss. I can pick 'em out as far as I can see 'em. You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to bluff her way anywhere. I wish to goodness I knew whether she'd paid her fare or not."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago—she's my wife."

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Archie—That's not a lady-bug. Lady-bugs never go into young gentlemen's rooms.

Chester—But this is a landlady-bug.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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DORIS MITCHELL

Who plays the leading role in "The Spendthrift" at the Columbia Theater

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Sewage Municipally Served to Children

Some of those good people who are convinced that municipal ownership is akin to the beatitudes probably have been pondering ruefully the startling information which the daily papers have given them about the water in Golden Gate Park. Here we have a concrete example of municipal ownership of a public utility and the tendencies thereof. The water used in the park by man and beast comes from wells owned by the city. Some months ago sewage seeped into these wells, and ever since the water has been alive with deadly germs. The contamination of the water was perhaps unavoidable, but it was certainly within the power of the authorities to prevent the use of it. They cannot plead ignorance of the fact that the water was unfit to drink as they received information to that effect from physicians. Furthermore it has been known that fatal cases of typhoid fever were traceable to the faucets in Golden Gate Park. In the course of time the Board of Health took belated cognizance of the criminal negligence of the park authorities, but even then the disease-breeding water was not shut off. For nearly a week after the health authorities learned that the water was a menace to human life it continued to flow in the children's playground, and little tots were permitted to swallow diluted sewage until Mayor McCarthy was informed of the outrageous state of affairs and compelled the action that should have been taken months before. All of which it is not exaggeration to characterize as a fair specimen of the lackadaisical ways of public servants.

Our Curious Campaign

The current political campaign abounds in trivialities that strike one as arid at first blush, but that appeal to one cogently on reflection. Let us consider one of them —the circumstance that of all the aspirants for gubernatorial honors there is but one concerning whom it is not assumed that he is dependent for campaign expenses on one or on a small clique of friends and that of this candidate it is charged, as though it were greatly to his discredit, that he is representative of "the interests." To apprehend the enormity of this circumstance one must reflect that the campaign is being conducted under a law designed by the friends of the people to enable the people to come into their own through the medium of somebody of their choice. The supposition is that this law will insure the election of a man of the broadest sympathies, one representing the greatest number of the vital interests of the commonwealth. Yet what do we find? We find some of the most vociferous friends of the people inveighing bitterly against Mr. Alden Anderson on account of the interests by which he is supported. They warn us against him because the men that make wine and the men that make beer are in favor of his election. Yet these men are not outcasts. They are not even classified as undesirable citizens. The only stigma on them is the dollar mark, which, in the present state of the public mind is not to be regarded as ineffaceable. In the managing and marshalling of their interests they contribute to the wealth of the State and to the prosperity of comparatively harmless individuals who raise grapes, grow hops and make barrels. All these men are authorized by law to take an interest in the affairs of government. Likewise the bankers of the State, the lumber men, the orchardists and even the unspeakable railroad men, all of whom constitute the so-called "interests" that have boldly espoused the cause of Mr. Anderson. It hardly seems heterodox to assume that having enlisted the support of so many interests Mr. Anderson is the kind of man whom the authors of the direct primary law had in mind when they were urging its adoption. Not so. Their ideal candidate is a man in sympathy exclusively with their aims and pretensions; one whose faith in his own rectitude is such that he has no hesitation in permitting his campaign to be financed by a few and swearing that he will be just to all. Thus we have among the trivialities of this campaign the spectacle of a band of reformers proclaiming as the ice of Zembla the purity of their paid puppet, and holding up to execration on account of his affiliations the man who is undeniably endorsed by the men that control the leading industries of the State. And singularly enough what the outcome of this curious campaign will be no man can predict; for under the influence of hallucinations all common modes of reasoning are perverted and all general principles abandoned.

A Taft Policy

The Roosevelt policies are still in the public eye to the exclusion of all else in the affairs of the Government at Washington. The attitude of President Taft toward these policies is considered the only matter of importance. To what extent he is following the sanctified precedents of his predecessor is regarded as the only question worth while. Yet Mr. Taft being a man of a creative turn of mind with a few ideas of his own is not without a few original policies of some importance. One of these policies is perhaps as important as any that he inherited, and the probability is that in carrying it out he will transform our system of government; not the system designed by the Founders but the system into which we have insensibly drifted. Ours has become a bureaucratic form of government. The destinies of the nation have come in a great measure to be shaped by the bureaucrats at Washington, the men whose political fortunes are not affected by changes of administration, who have become experts in their respective departments, and who are in touch with all branches of the Federal service throughout the country. These men form a powerful clique of politicians. The public never hears of them, but the effect of their manipulations is felt in every State. By reason of their long service and the friendly relations they have established with Washington correspondents and other influential persons to whom they have vouchsafed courtesies and favors they are able to command a widespread sympathy. Let the prerogatives of one of them be threatened and instantaneously the whole bureaucratic machinery of defense is set in motion. And of course these bureaucrats are not dependent for protection entirely on the powerful friendships they can evoke. Familiar as they are with the joints in the harness of great statesmen, cognizant as they are of the great and small irregularities that are incident to the workings of our big government machine their potentialities in the matter of resentment are immeasurable. It is the system which these men have built up at the source of government that is likely to be affected by one of the Taft policies.

The Law and the Greater Good

Unfortunately this anti-bureaucratic policy of President Taft's is not to be carried out without the violation of one of the Roosevelt policies. Most of these bureaucrats being civil service dignitaries occupy a rather defiant attitude toward the representatives of the people in public office. They can be compelled to do nothing but obey the law. Now according to one of Mr. Roosevelt's most sacred policies the soundness of the law must always be tested by questions of the "greater good." He found, as everybody can find, specific instances in which the law serves as a restraint on wise and virtuous public servants intent upon advancing the public weal. He argued that in such instances the wise and virtuous ought to circumvent the statute, and it was largely because of the noble manner in which he vindicated the courage of this conviction that he captivated the imagination of the people. And not only did he have faith in his own wisdom and virtue; he had faith in the wisdom and virtue of the bureaucrats, one of whom he had the pleasure of being when in the Navy Department in the days before the Spanish War. This is where President Taft differs from his predecessor. The difference is altogether a matter of temperament, the result of training. Mr. Roosevelt was trained in a bureau. Mr. Taft was trained on the bench. Therefore while Mr. Roosevelt has a high regard for bureaucratic judgment, Mr. Taft has an almost fanatical reverence for the law. The attitude of each toward Mr. Gifford Pinchot exemplifies the irreconcilable antithesis. When Mr. Pinchot, a bureau chief, felt that foresters should be educated at the expense of the government, he found that the law would not permit him to advance the greater good by sending men to college who were on Uncle Sam's payroll and paying the expense of their education out of the treasury. So he ignored the law with Mr. Roosevelt's amiable acquiescence, and no federal grand jury interfered. When, under Mr. Roosevelt's successor, Mr. Gifford Pinchot insisted that the greater good should be advanced the law to the contrary notwithstanding, a halt was called, Mr. Pinchot was ordered to attend to the business of his bureau and to attend to it in accordance with law. And it was then that the Washington bureaucratic clique threw its first spasm and opened its batteries on the Administration.

Heads are Falling

The most powerful of all the bureaus at Washington is the bureau of construction of the Navy Department. In this bureau the Taft policy has produced a great upheaval. Secretary Meyer has been carrying out a reorganization scheme along the lines that were followed by Secretary Root when he rattled the dry bones of the War Department much to the improvement of the service. It was entirely as the result of this reorganization scheme that Washington Lee Capps resigned as chief of the bureau of construction the other day, his resignation to take effect on October 1. Mr. Capps is the second important bureau chief to fall before the reorganization plan. Several weeks ago Paymaster-General Eustace B. Rogers, chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts, resigned after a controversy with Secretary Meyer. He had refused to obey the orders of the Secretary to reduce the total of the navy supply fund. Nobody had ever given such orders before to this proud and haughty chieftain, and his indignation was great. The Secretary practically dismissed him. The retirement of these men from the navy bureaus marks the elimination of the two most important figures in the opposition to the reorganization plan, the principle of which is that naval affairs should be controlled by the line instead of by staff officers. Both Rogers and Capps representing the drawing-room sailors at Washington have criticised the Secretary for carrying out his plan, and they have many sympathizers who are "viewing with alarm" the things that are being done to the darling navy bureaus. Doubtless we shall soon learn from magazine articles how greatly they are shocked at the forcing of Mr. Capps out of the department; for this distinguished gentleman has been something more than the head of the bureau of construction; he has been running the whole navy for years. No Secretary even attempted to interfere with him before. It has long been his prerogative to determine in all emergencies just what should be done for the greater good of the service and to order it done. There are more like Capps in Washington, and though they are standing in more or less awe of the Taft policy they are neither possessing their souls in patience nor holding their power of reprisal in abeyance.

A Test of Shamelessness

Speaking of gambling in this city the Examiner says in one of its profoundly wise editorials, "No man is so lost to shame that as a public official he will shield crime unless he is paid his price." This is a sentiment in which many prudent and thrifty officials will heartily concur. And doubtless every large city abounding in golden opportunities for public servants numbers among them gentlemen whose conduct is shaped by their faith in the principle that self-respect demands the levy of blackmail on all persons engaged in any of the branches of trade that are prohibited by law. But the sentiment expressed by our learned contemporary involves an academic question about which there may be honest difference of opinion. For, indeed, there are honest differences of opinion on all questions of human conduct. The Examiner's sentiment while in harmony with the notion that all human actions are to be accounted for on the principle of self-interest also approves of that principle. A public servant, the Examiner tells us, who does not take a bribe when one becomes available by reason of his inclination to indulge somebody in the practice of a vice, is untrue to his self-interest and therefore lost to shame. Not in the Examiner's philosophy is it noble for a man to deny himself to gratify others; it is abominable. There are public servants, of course, who without profit to themselves wink at violations of the law, and who would scorn to take a bribe for their complaisance. Conscience with them is the best casuist, and it experiences no compunction when they fail to profit from their neglect of duty. Yet there are moralists who will argue the possibility of such men having a sense of shame. Indeed they will go so far as to hold that such men are not devoid of self-respect, and even to deny that self-respect is a test of virtue.

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The Observations of a Cynic

Made During the Course of a Conversation that was Inspired by William R. Hearst's Plan for the Extinguishment of the Passion for Pugilism

By Demetrius

I found my friend Cynicus chuckling to himself at the club the other day, and I asked him the cause of his mirth. By way of reply he passed me a copy of the Examiner which he had been reading, and told me to read Mr. Hearst's invitation to statesmen to join the National League of Lawmakers. I did so.

"See nothing funny in it?" Cynicus asked.

I considered it a very dignified and sensible production, and had no hesitation in saying so.

"Well," said Cynicus in a mock apologetic manner. "I thought you might consider it funny that Mr. Hearst should concern himself about what foreigners think of us enlightened Americans. He says here, 'It is a well known fact that foreigners look upon prize fighting as a disgrace'; also, 'They would like to see America set a good example to all the world, and lead the way to the abolishment of all vulgar, brutal and debasing sports.'"

"What's funny about that?" I asked.

"It's essentially funny," said Cynicus. "In the first place it's funny because Hearst says it. Aside from the fact that he is always funny he is one of the many leaders of thought in this country who scorn foreign opinion about Americans. Like all our demagogues he would have us believe that the sovereign people of this country is intellectually superior to all other peoples on the earth. In the second place it is funny because if we are to abolish prize fighting in deference to foreign opinion to be logical and consistent we shall have to abolish other things also, and the first thing we shall have to abolish is the kind of journalism that Mr. Hearst practices; for there is nothing which foreign opinion so emphatically reprobates as characteristic American journalism. Curiously enough the very epithets that Mr. Hearst applies to prize fighting the enlightened opinion of Europe applies to the newspapers published by Mr. Hearst and all American newspapers of the same brand. Every notable foreign critic of America has spoken of the characteristic American newspaper as brutal in its personalities, vulgar in its tone and demoralizing in its influence. If foreign enlightened opinion can be said to agree about anything the thing that it most dogmatically agrees upon is that our nation cannot long survive the shameless perversion of the freedom of the press."

Cynicus is never so vehement as when discussing the shortcomings of the newspapers. He might have rattled on for an hour had I not interrupted him. "I suppose," said I, "that your indignation has been roused by the agitation against prize fighting."

"Then you have not supposed accurately," said Cynicus somewhat tartly. "No kind of agitation that is inspired with the purpose of restraining an impulse of the people can provoke my indigation. Our demagogues and reformers cannot pass prohibitory measures enough to displease me. I am a man of few vices, and they are well in hand. What happens to the masses does not concern me except in so far as it appeals to my sense of humor."

"You confess to being a selfish mortal then."

"I am an individualist, or to be more accurate an anarchist."

"An anarchist?"

"Yes, but don't be alarmed. I'm as harmless an anarchist as Jack London. No bombs concealed about my person. The only difference between my anarchy and London's is that he would revolutionize society by curbing the minority while I would have it revolutionized by the self-curbing of the majority. We both have the same slogan: 'Give the people their head.' But London's idea is that the people will destroy the rich, while my idea is that the people will destroy themselves beginning with the reformers as they did in the French Revolution when demagogues sprang up like mushrooms. The crop was fecundated with blood. The people honored their demagogues by making plaster effigies of them, but the guillotine finished them before the plaster was dry."

"Your coldbloodedness strikes me as an affectation."

"But I'm not coldblooded. I'm merely philosophic."

"You have no love for mankind."

"Love for mankind is always an affectation. Show me your lover of mankind and I will show you a selfish egoist in quest of power. The men that would conscientiously employ power for the good of others are the only ones that deserve it but they never desire it. Such sympathies as I have are for the weak. The people are strong. They don't need my sympathy. They need nothing but my advice and that they won't take."

"Have you no inclination to promote the public good?"

"The public good is a high consideration which the public invariably waives. Then why should I desire to promote it? Consider for example this very matter of the agitation against prize-fighting. It means agitation for more prohibition, more government, more restraint on individual liberty. Now this is not for the public good. It is really for the public bad as everybody knows who knows anything about the science of government. Yet the public is continually waiving its own interest. The people are being continually deluded into the notion that the more laws there are to violate the better it is for them. This is the logic of paternalism, and there is no fallacy so well established as the fallacy of paternalism in government. We are told that Rome declined largely on account of the love of brutality that was stimulated in the arena. The fact is that the Romans ceased to have sufficient vigor to defend themselves against the barbarians after the reign of Marcus Aurelius who banished brutality from the arena and went so far as to introduce nets and mats to safeguard acrobats against accident. Marcus Aurelius originated paternalism in Rome, and he made the Romans effete and effeminate."

The historical views of my friend astonished me. I told him it was the first time I ever heard Marcus Aurelius charged with responsibility for the degeneracy of the Romans.

"Read history by your own lights," he said, "and it will astonish you to see how greatly your judgment of events and epochs will differ from the judgment of the average historian."

And then he brought me back to the subject of prohibition.

"The people," he said, "have yet to learn that prohibition prohibits only the masses. What the masses are prohibited from doing it is always within the power of the rich to do. The poor man, for example, may be prohibited from drinking, but good liquor is always within reach of the rich. Any of the pleasures of the masses that are interdicted may be had by a trip to Europe throughout which individual liberty is respected. All Americans who have the price leave this land of the free at short intervals to unshackle themselves in countries

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where they are prohibited from doing nothing save the one thing which they are permitted to do at home—interfere with the business of others. They—"

"It is evident to me," said I, interrupting Cynicus, "that love of country is not a consuming passion with you."

"I see that you entirely misunderstand me," said he; "I love my country, but I dislike the people. They bore me."

"Then you dislike democracy."

"Wrong again. It is because the people are unfit for democracy that I dislike them."

It gave me a headache trying to follow Cynicus, so I abandoned the conversation.

The Other Woman

By Paul Oscar Hocker (From the German)

He had come as far as Genoa on his trip to the Riviera, where he wanted to forget the sickness of his heart in the midst of the exuberant gaities of the carnival season, with its masked balls and flower parades. However, his itinerary had been planned in disregard of the calendar. When he landed in Nice, the beautiful carnival days were a thing of the past and an Ash Wednesday mood was brooding over the town. Neither was the weather in his favor. The sea trip had been exceedingly unenjoyable, on account of the high waves tossing the vessel. The majority of the passengers were seasick, notwithstanding the vicinity of the coast, where the chocolate-colored rocks stood out like melancholy signposts against the gray skies. All this afforded plenty of ground for legitimate wrath on the part of the traveler, who had a right to expect naught but golden sunshine and azure blue skies from the Riviera.

He established himself in one of the small French hotels which lie scattered over the lower beach at Condamine. Of course, he visited the Casino on the very first evening, where he played and won, and then lost what he had just gained. The play did not serve to excite him in the least, and he was rather irritated at his own indifference. But he was struck with the magnificence of the silk garments and rustling skirts, the regal luxury of lace displayed by the modish international society. His artistic eye was pleased with the brilliant spectacle unrolled before him at the theater or on the terrace of the Cafe de Paris. Still he did not feel light-hearted and happy. Somehow, he could not make himself care for pleasure at the present time. His recent experience had been too much for him. Often and often though he told himself that the short farewell letter he had received from Her must be the end of all things between them, yet his thoughts could not leave her, and her image was invariably present to his mind. When in a softer mood, he would yield to his longing; then again his will power would triumph.

What he needed was work, effort, activity, instead of play and pleasure. He fled from the everyday small-talk of the excursionists, not caring to simulate interests he did not share. He now planned and worked on a drama, impersonating the living memories of his love, which filled his mind to the exclusion of all other things. These were days of delight for him, although or because his task exacted strenuous efforts before the individual figures would assume distinct shape. Nothing but his drama existed for him at this period. His correspondence was entirely neglected, and when one day a certain note reached him, after circuitous journeys, he did not recall the writer at the first lines, and even afterwards he tried in vain to reconstruct her portrait from memory.

The lady's letter had been penned on board an excursion steamer, while she was enjoying a thirty days' trip on the Mediterranean. She had much to say on the subject of Monte Carlo, the paradise of flowers and of Paris model hats, which was attracting her. His answer was short and terse, with thinly veiled sarcasms. Then there came a picture postal from Corfu, in which she told him that she would probably come after all to spend a couple of weeks in "lovely and wicked" Monte Carlo, as she called it. Up to this hour, he had still hoped secretly, almost stealthily, for a sign of life from the other woman. Now this postal card awakened all his old fiery resentment. Day in and day out he had pondered over the past, but at last he was forced in bitter disappointment before the question: Did she care for him at all? Did he still mean anything at all for her feelings and her life?

"Dear doctor, have the kindness to engage pleasant quarters for me in Upper Monte Carlo," next wrote the temptress from Naples, on a picture postal ornamented with Mount Vesuvius. "I understand that everything is overcrowded out there, and my relatives, who usually relieve me of similar worries, have unfortunately decided to remain on board the steamer. Or had I better return with them to Berlin direct? What do you say?"

He held the postal undecidedly in his hand. Mount Vesuvius was laboring with uncanny efforts upon the gaudy cardboard. The wealth of colors flooding the Southern landscape had a somewhat artificial effect. He smiled at the idea that this visit should appear to him in the light of an indefinable danger in regard to the other woman. "This person is no volcano," he assured himself, "and the color of her passion is borrowed from the rouge pot."

Within the hour he rode to Monte Carlo and at the hotel transacted the courier duties assigned him by the lady. He did so with a beating heart, however, and had to admit to himself that he felt rather foolish about changing his own domicile.

All work had to be discarded for the present. From the moment that she had moved into her expensive and charmingly furnished apartment, rest and concentration were no longer possible for him. The lady took sweet revenge upon him for his indifference, doing her level best to render him enamored and jealous.

"She really is deucedly pretty!" he said to himself, when they sat down vis-a-vis at the table d'hote. She was past mistress of the arts of the toilette. Whenever he set eyes on her, he had another opportunity of admiring her in a new masterpiece of the dressmarker's art. Neither did he remain her sole admiring cavalier. She met various friends during her very first promenade along the wide terraced park of the Palace Hotel, with its celebrated vista across the gulf. These were harnessed at once to her triumphal chariot, and the same table at which she presided was the merriest one of the hotel.

He likewise had to renew a few acquaintances in the course of the following days. One of these he ran across during his after-dinner promenade on the terrace, where a Gypsy band was playing. The friend had promptly fallen in love with the fair lady on the preceding evening, although from a distance only. He was frankly envious of the young writer, whom he saw so frequently in her company.

"You must introduce me, old man! Cannot it be managed tonight?"

"I am sorry, but the lady has accepted an invitation to go to the opera in Nice."

(Continued on Page 29.)

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Spalding's Fight for Baseball

Being a Sidelight on the Career of a Candidate for the United States Senate which Illuminates his Character and Illustrates his Fitness for High Political Preferment

The fact that Al. G. Spalding of San Diego is a candidate for United States Senator from California has aroused interest all over the country. The name of the man is known wherever the national game is played and that includes every hamlet in the United States. Many Californians may desire enlightenment as to his fitness for the exalted office to which he aspires. His career in baseball helps to supply that enlightenment. Not because Spalding is running for the Senate on his baseball record, for he is not, but because his achievements in the reformation of the national pastime give an excellent idea of his character.

Albert Goodwill Spalding was born at Byron, Ogle County, Illinois, September 2, 1850. A few years later he went with his widowed mother to Rockford, in the same State, where he passed his boyhood years in attendance at the public schools. Here it was that he became imbued with the spirit of republicanism, in the days when that great party was making heroic history. "No boy," Mr. Spalding has said, "could breathe the atmosphere of Northern Illinois those days without aligning himself with the party of Abraham Lincoln who was then immortalizing himself as the savior of his country."

It was shortly after this that Albert Spalding had born within him a love for the game that was to exert so great an influence on his future life. A furloughed soldier who returned to Rockford bearing the scars of battle, told young Spalding of a game of ball he had learned from eastern comrades and showed the western stripling how the game was played; besides pointing out its superiority to "barn ball," "one old cat," "two old cat," and all the other ball sports of antebellum days. It did not take Al. Spalding long to grasp the rudiments of the new American game. Very soon he had become a proficient player and his prowess as a pitcher was the envy of all his fellows. The Rockford team to which he belonged covered the name of the "Forest City" with glory. His services were sought for near and far. Faraway Boston secured him and year after year the Boston team won championship honors. But Spalding was by birth and spirit a true westerner, and when an invitation came from Chicago to play as a member of that city's team, he went—and the pennant followed him.

As a ball player Spalding made an enviable record. But it was not as a player alone that he won fame. Early in his career—long before he had become a successful man of business—he came face to face with forces of evil that were making for the destruction of the national game. Gamblers were in control; players were in collusion with them; drunkenness and rowdyism were prevalent. These evils Spalding determined to eradicate. He was not a rich man in those days. A few years before he had been working as office boy in a printing office at $4 a week. But he took up the fight. He was alone at first but he found strong helpers where least expected.

The fight was long continued and every inch of ground was stubbornly contested by the selfish enemy, determined to rule or ruin. The details of this struggle are part of the history of base ball. Everybody knows that as a result of that long conflict a splendid victory was won which had a far reaching influence upon the sport. Gambling was rooted out and collusion between players and gamesters was first rendered odious, then impossible. Ball players became so imbued with the new order of things that they assaulted gamblers who dared to accost them on the street. Drunkenness also was taboo, the running of saloons in

THE EVIL WHICH AL. SPALDING OVERCAME

This cartoon was drawn by Homer Davenport for Al. Spalding as a memento of friendship and has never been published before.

connection with ball grounds was abolished, and the attendance of the demimonde at professional games was no longer countenanced.

Under the new order of things the sport flourished until suddenly it came face to face with another crisis from an unexpected quarter. A cabal of magnates of the National League, headed by Andrew Freedman, owner of the New York Club, conceived the idea of syndicating the game and conducting it in the interest of a trust. It was proposed to rob players of their identity, to strip them of their standing, to make them mere machines. Players were to be numbered and placarded like jockeys in a horse-race. The friends of baseball throughout the country were paralyzed at the prospect. Half the clubs in the National League had been lassoed by Freedman and were lined up for the syndicate. The newspapers of the big cities sounded the alarm and papers, players and public turned to Spalding, pleading that he enter the lists as "trust buster." So once more he threw himself into the fight to preserve our national game. He was not an executive of the National League, but as one of its founders and the author of its constitution he was an honorary member. In that capacity he literally forced himself upon the Annual Convention assembled for the avowed purpose of syndicating the national game. The magnates dared not refuse him a hearing and for an hour he poured into the ranks of the conspirators volley after volley of denunciation. He told them that he "had been present and witnessed the birth of the grand old League and was there to stay the hand that would plunge the dagger to the heart of its prostrate form." The result was that he overcame all obstacles, defeated the conspirators and forced Freedman to sell his club and abandon the game forever. Thus was a syndicate trust of baseball made impossible through the efforts of one strong man.

These are but side lights on the story of a big man's life but they serve to show what kind of a man the people of California have an opportunity of placing in the United States Senate.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over.

Hair in Criminology

Human hair is now the study of M. Bertillon who invented the science of finger prints. He is engaged in drawing up a complete, classified and graduated table of all the colors of the human hair. This he considers a long-felt want in criminal-detection. When a man is wanted by the police in any country the hue of his hair is only vaguely described and the terms used have no standard meaning. What is called fair in Sicily is considered dark in Scandinavia and vice versa. When he has gathered together a complete collection of hair from all parts of the world M. Bertillon will classify it according to a graduated scale of shades and then number each shade. When the scale has been communicated to the police of the world, the description of a criminal will mention the number of his hair and the police of all nations will know just what color is meant.

Statue of Augustus Found

Recent excavations in Rome uncovered a statue which has been identified as that of Caesar Augustus. It is of natural size and was carved from several separate pieces of marble. It was readily identified owing to its close resemblance to other statues of Augustus in the Vatican and Louvre. A Roman art critic speaks of it as "one of the most beautiful sculptures that have come from the Augustan age." He adds that "it is neither a realistic nor an idealized conception, but rather an intensely human portrait. The Emperor of fifty years stands before you in all the consciousness of his infinite dignity and power—the truthful symbol of his great age."

Modern Ideas Tabu

Some American surgeons on a visit to England to compare American and English technique have been greatly astonished to learn that the members of the profession in that country do not take the precautions against germs that are taken in America. At King's College Hospital they saw Sir William Cheyne, professor of clinical surgery, operating according to methods that for more than a quarter of a century have been deemed most hazardous by American surgeons. Yet Sir William Cheyne is a celebrated and most successful surgeon. He is a disciple of Lord Lister who revolutionized surgery thirty-five years ago, and he adheres to Lister's methods. He works with materials having active germ killing power instead of excluding germs by perfect cleanliness. The walls of his operating room are lacking in the most familiar aseptic niceties. In the presence of the American surgeons he performed six operations. Instead of using sterilized water he kept his instruments in carbolic acid or a mercury-bichloride solution. He used ordinary sea sponges which American surgeons regard as impossible of absolute surgical cleansing, and he rinsed them in a mercury solution. The fact that fewer than one in two hundred of Sir William's cases become germ infected induces his disciples to believe that certain modern ideas are less important than is generally supposed.

German Farmers in Russia

The Russian government, having formulated a policy of "Russia for the Russians" will proceed to carry it out with a thoroughness which is likely to arouse resentment in Berlin. For two hundred years German farmers have occupied southwestern Russia, cultivating model farms and giving their Russian neighbors lessons in thrift and careful husbandry. But these farmers have preserved their own language and family institutions and a great deal of national sentiment. St. Petersburg fears that they would be a national danger in case of war, so they will be ousted. The Germans and Poles of the Baltic provinces will suffer in a similar manner.

Manila's Big Amphitheater

Berkeley is not the only place which has a huge amphitheater available for open-air performances of music. France has one, and so has Manila. A correspondent of the Pacific Coast Musical Review relates how a chorus of 5,000 school children sang in the Hippodrome, which has a seating capacity of over 10,000. "The people who entertained the usual views about children's singing, forget their indifference and were amazed to hear the Filipino children, from the second, third, and fourth grades only, sing in such fine time and in a language practically new to them." They were trained by Miss Katherine Black, formerly of San Francisco.

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Perspective Impressions

The currency of a malicious story is never impaired by the improbability of it.

A shrewd man profits both from the wisdom of his friends and the folly of his enemies.

Dr. David Starr Jordan is again telling the country what is good for it, and his local admirers of the press are giving publicity to his utterances. Dr. Jordan is an exceptional prophet being regarded abroad as a silly and shallow pedagogue while at home he is revered as an intellectual giant.

The Hon. Nat Ellery is deserving of encouragement. What the procession would be without the band, the circus without the children's idol, this campaign would be without Mr. Ellery.

If the Rev. Madison Peters who is going about the country lecturing in defense of the Jews were to ask the Jews about it he would doubtless learn that they would prefer to have him engaged in defending the Christians.

Colonel Roosevelt says: "I will see that the Republicans of New York select the best man for Governor, and I will endeavor to have him accepted by the party and elected by the people." How kind of the colonel!

A New York minister who was missing for two days says that he was drugged with a cigar that was given to him by a stranger. Well of course being a minister he couldn't afford to say that he had been drugged with liquor. A poor parson is not privileged to exhaust the powers of his imagination in the interest of plausibility.

The Spectator

Older and Flannery Shake Hands

There is stir and agitation among the leading beneficiaries of the present municipal dispensation, the wise guys who picked P. H. McCarthy for a winner and are now availing themselves of the advantages of his gratitude. They are on the tiptoe of expectancy. For whispers are circulating from mouth to mouth of some vast conspiracy mining subterraneously beneath their very feet. All of which is to be attributed to the circumstance that the Hon. Harry Flannery and the loveliest of his sex, Mr. Fremont Older, have bridged the chasm of hatred that but lately seethed between them. The illustrious editor and the distinguished saloon-keeper have buried the hatchet. They have discarded the stinkpot, and they are smoking the pipe of peace. Yes, incredible though it seem, a heaven sent influence has brought together the ineffable and the anointed. This influence was embodied in Mr. Edward Graney, the erstwhile "honest blacksmith" who has won great fame as a prize fight referee. Mr. Graney is one of Mr. Older's most intimate friends. So high is the referee in the editor's esteem that when Francis J. Heney procured Graney's indictment for some ethical irregularity in connection with the business of the prize fight trust the little prosecutor incurred Mr. Older's disfavor; and to regain it he had to agree to let the indictment sleep. But this is ancient history. Mine be the task of chronicling the salient events of current history. Mr. Graney, as I have said, was the agency through which the reconciliation of the ex-police commissioner and the red mouthed prophet of reform and nemesis of all wrongdoers was effected. "They're both good fellows," said Mr. Graney, speaking of the notable entente cordiale which he achieved, "and I thought it a pity that there should be any misunderstanding between them. So I had them shake hands." A modest lover of peace and cordialty is the little arbiter of the padded arena, and in no vainglorious spirit does he discuss the great performance that may entitle him to the Nobel prize.

A Fascinating Situation

Although no one is permitted to penetrate the halcyon sanctuary of this new friendship, the ground being consecrated from intrusion, the tongues of Rumor are busy, and what the tongues are saying has caused unrest among certain gentlemen who are said to be exercising a great deal of valuable political influence in these parts. Rumor says that a great storm is whistling around them. And by reason of all that is said it is hard to wean oneself from the fascination of imagining the possibilities of the situation created by the amiable Mr. Graney. For be it known Mr. Flannery did not shake hands with Mr. Older merely to complete the exoneration that was only partially consummated by a jury over in San Rafael. Nor is one justified in assuming that the ex-police commissioner banished all hatred from his heart, or that in him the spirit of vengeance was assuaged when the man who had painted him as an infamous scoundrel, the man whom he had in turn accused of being intent on assassinating his character for base political purposes, agreed to let bygones be bygones and on the score of friendship vouchsafe him immunity from further attack. Report imputes to Mr. Flannery various designs of a sinister nature. Indeed according to report both Mr. Older and Mr. Flannery granted each other absolution for the purposes of a pact by which each might facilitate the gratification of his own darling caprices and further his dearest designs.

Another Graft Prosecution

What these caprices and designs are is a legitimate subject of speculation. On the Flannery trial Older testified that the defendant once proposed to him that they "cut up the town" between them, and now it is said that their reconciliation gives color to the report that Older rejected the proposal because he wanted Flannery to go and get a reputation. But this is nothing more than vagrant gossip. It comes from no authoritative source. Somewhat more credible, because sponsored by men more or less in touch with inside things political is the report that Flannery has a grievance against the McCarthy administration, and that Older expects him to play the part that was played by Roy Golden in the Schmitz-Ruef drama. Older it appears hopes to start

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
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another graft prosecution. And some of his friends say that he will profit by experience; that he will not pursue the discredited methods that disgusted the community when Langdon was district attorney. On the other hand he has his friends who say that with Lawlor and Dunne on the bench it will be impossible for him to let the law take its course. They appreciate the fact that he delights in the refinements of intrigue, in the tortuous labyrinths of political maneuvering, and that he is always in danger of being defeated by the superfluity of his Machivaellian subtlety.

Some Sensational Stories

But whatever happens it is quite certain that there is disquiet among the little coterie of chevaliers d'industrie who are suspected of being engaged in some very profitable enterprises that are being conducted with or without the connivance of the police. One hears many sensational stories these days. There is a story afloat about a saloon where tainted money paid by gamblers and crooks is deposited and distributed. There is a story about a lawyer who levanted with some of the swag. There is also the story of the discomfiture of this coterie caused by the aggressiveness of District Attorney Fickert who is said to have interfered somewhat with well laid plans. But these stories the Bulletin is not publishing. Fickert having defeated Heney is not to be given credit in the Bulletin for good work. And if he is receiving the support of Mayor McCarthy of course there will be very little news worthy of exploitation. The fact is that very much of the most interesting news regarding the doings of the captains of the underworld is suppressed nowadays. Quite as interesting as any other story is that which deals with the inspiration of Flannery's chief grievance. This story is to the effect that all his trouble grew out of a quarrel with the men who have been exploiting the gambling and other luxuriant fields. As police commissioner he was inclined to repudiate their claims on the administration and they resolved upon revenge. They bided their time. They knew that Fremont Older was very much interested in preventing an investigation of the death of Chief Biggy. Flannery insisted upon inquiring into that matter. Older was immediately given the information about Flannery's relations with confidence operators, and the Bulletin speedily opened its batteries on the police commissioner. How interesting are the glimpses that one occasionally obtains of the motives and machinations of our civic patriots! How instructive to take observations of the psychological phenomena explanatory of their choice of company!

Why Johnson is Running

Through the medium of the current Hampton's Magazine one is afforded a glimpse of Mr. Older's subtlety. Though we know all about this quality in Mr. Older the glimpse is of some importance for the sidelight that is thrown on the gubernatorial campaign; also, by reason of the fact that it enables us to perceive that the Graft Prosecution's indefatigable press bureau is still busy. One article in Hampton's spreads the fame of that charming woman Mrs. Gerberding, who romped ecstatically in the limelight in the days when the knitters were exhibiting their graces of mind and heart. Another article is devoted to Mr. Older. According to this article all the machinery of politics and justice in California is being employed in an effort to send him to jail merely because he slandered W. S. Tevis. Nothing is said about Older's efforts to keep out of jail; about how he rigged up a mock trial before Judge Dooling and procured the appellate court of the Sacramento district to grant him a change of venue. The readers of Hampton's are not told that he slandered Tevis to gratify the spleen of his master Jimmy Phelan. But they are told (and here's where we get the glimpse) that the only uncertain element in the program of Older's undoing is Hiram Johnson. The election of Mr. Johnson, says Hampton's, will disappoint Older's enemies, for in the event of his election they will not "have the satisfaction they expect to derive from looking through the bars at their most persistent, fearless and effective enemy." This is certainly good news, bearing out in a measure what I have said about the inspiration of Mr. Johnson's candidacy. Mr. Johnson says he is running for governor to drive the railroad out of politics. From Hampton's we learn that one of the things he is running for is to defeat the ends of justice in the interest of the most fragrant flower in California chivalry. For Mr. Johnson's benefit marked copies of Hampton's should be sent to every voter in the State.

Teacher—What do you understand by the term "life sentence"? Give an example of one.
Pupil—"I pronounce you husband and wife."

The Colonel and Mrs. "Ducksey"

Who do you suppose is going to be chief character witness for Mrs. "Ducksey" Rosenbaum in her libel suit against the New York World? You could never guess in a thousand years. When you hear it you may not believe it, but there is absolutely no doubt about the fact. None other than Colonel ————. Ah! Colonel Kowalsky? You're wrong. Colonel Kowalsky is the character witness of royalty and has not officiated since King Leopold went, let us charitably hope, where the good niggers from the Congo go. Well then, Colonel Trumbo? Wrong again. Colonel Trumbo prefers his picture gallery to the law courts. As you will never be able to guess aright I am going to tell you. It is simply Colonel Jim Lankershim of Los Angeles, the same who is president of a bank and proprietor of the Lankershim Hotel. For aught I know Colonel Lankershim may be even now making his deposition in regard to the immaculate character of Mrs. "Ducksey" Rosenbaum. That is to say, he may be making it if certain influential citizens of Los Angeles have not dissuaded him from his chivalrous undertaking. Strong indeed will be the arguments which will be advanced by Colonel Lankershim's friends to prevent him from playing Don Quixote to the Dulcinea del Toboso of Mrs. "Ducksey," but I doubt whether they will be efficacious. Colonel Lankershim professes great admiration for Mrs. "Ducksey" and is resolved to go to her assistance in the crisis of her career. John Slate, the star man of the New York World who was out here to investigate the past of Mrs. "Ducksey," did not make the slightest dent in the armor of Colonel

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Lankershim's resolve. "Supposing you were convinced that such and such and so and so were the case," argued John Slate to the colonel, "would you still persist in your determination?" To which the colonel with the glitter of pertinacity in his eye: "My deposition will be in New York at the proper time."

A Story About Slate

Just what John Slate accomplished during his recent visit to this city I am not in a position to state. I have heard that he found men who were familiar with the career of Mrs. "Ducksey" strangely reluctant to state what they knew for affidavit purposes. But John Slate is a man of determination and probably accomplished his purpose. He is not easily discouraged—and thereby hangs a good newspaper story of the Yanko-Spanko war, to borrow a Bierce phrase. John Slate of the New York World and Nick Biddle of the New York Herald were sent by their papers to watch Sampson demolish Cervera's fleet. It was hard to get near enough to the Spanish ships to tell whether they were steam schooners or dreadnaughts—they had such an elusive way about them. But Slate and Biddle accomplished the feat. At the little Danish island of St. Thomas they chartered a little steamer—for a pleasure cruise—and found an extreme pleasure in sneaking up to the Spanish ships and photographing them as well as securing information which their respective papers took great pleasure in printing. The Spaniards did not like it a bit, however; it complicated the job of eluding Sampson. So they put a price on the heads of Slate and Biddle and one day when the little Danish steamer was riding at anchor in the port of St. Thomas a big black Spanish cruiser poked her nose into the harbor and demanded that the Danish authorities surrender the two newspapermen. Here was a pretty pickle. While the negotiations were going on Slate and Biddle carefully investigated the harbor and discovering an inside passage that was furthest removed from the Spanish guns quietly sneaked out of the harbor under cover of night. It was not long before the Spanish cruiser was in pursuit, sending shells across their bow and bearing down upon them with the certainty of death and the tax collector. To add to the fascination of the occasion the crew of the little Danish steamer tried to mutiny at the unexpected outcome of their pleasure cruise. Just when Slate and Biddle were thinking of sending telepathic messages of "Thirty" to their papers the American cruiser Yale appeared on the horizon and took the Spaniard on in such deadly earnest that the newspaper boat made an easy getaway. After that sort of experience I imagine that Slate finds investigating Mrs. "Ducksey" Rosenbaum rather an easy, not to say exhilarating, task.

"Well, doctor, boy or girl?"
"My dear sir, you are the father of triplets."
"Sure you haven't missed any in your hurried count?"

"For the Last Time, I Tell You, Mike—"

It looks as though they have really said it for the last time. Rumor along the Rialto has it that Kolb and Dill are going to dissolve their partnership in the manufacture of laughter. The rumor so far is not confirmed. Theatrical rumors never are till they have ceased to be rumors and become realities. But there is every reason to think that it is true. As I have heard the story, it is a disagreement over Magner, their manager. Kolb wants to get rid of Magner while Dill says that Magner has helped them to make a fortune and ought to be retained. Thousands of times Kolb and Dill have disagreed behind the footlights over matters seemingly more important than this, but it seems that their relations are very badly strained and that the quarrel will not be decided by a slapstick or a kick in the stomach. The situation is complicated by the fact that John Cort has the two comedians booked to open his new theater in Seattle with twelve weeks of farce. I believe that Kolb is willing to play there alone if Cort wants him. I have also heard that Kolb has made overtures to a Dutch comedian in San Jose by the name of Mack and that if Mack joins Kolb he will change his name to Dell. Kolb and Dell! It would never mean as much as Kolb and Dill! It is interesting to know that Kolb and Dill made $57,000 last year and that they have lots of money invested in good San Francisco real estate.

History Repeats Itself

I was talking to an old-timer about this rumored row between the two comedians with whom every San Franciscan has laughed and he reminded me that these quarrels between team-mates are almost the invariable rule of the theatrical profession. Sooner or later the closest of friends tire of playing together. He attributed it to the artistic temperament but I see no reason to lug in that muchly overworked term. He named some of those who separated after years together—Weber and Field, the only rivals of Kolb and Dill, Harrigan and Hart, Hallan and Hart, Robson and Crane, Donnelly and Gerard and Ward and Volkes. He was not sure whether Williams and Walker were still together. He added that the only two teams he knew of that had weathered every storm together were McIntyre and Heath who have been inseparable—despite many attempts to separate them—for thirty-five years and Montgomery and Stone who have been close friends and associates for fifteen years.

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Which is the Better Comedian?

Now that it is practically certain that Kolb and Dill will go their respective ways the question arises, Which will prove the more successful of the two? Will the tall man, Clarence Kolb, find that he needs the little man, Max Dill, more than the little man needs the tall man? It is an interesting question upon which public opinion will be divided. Personally I think that Kolb is the better actor and that he will achieve a greater success than Dill. In the technical language used behind the scenes Dill has always been a "feeder" for Kolb, that is to say, he has supplied the opportunities of which Kolb availed himself for mirth-provoking purposes. When Dill appeared on the stage the audience instinctively waited for Kolb to come and do something to him, whereas Kolb carried many situations alone. This is an individual opinion, of course. There is no doubt that Kolb is the business man of the team. It was he who managed the company, attended to the booking. advertising and other details.

The Van Liew Case

Miss Ada Clark of Chico is deserving of much sympathy—principally for the reason that she has a brother. It was this brother, the Rev. C. Todd Clark, who precipitated the investigation of the question of Dr. C. C. Van Liew's fitness for the high position which he occupies in the public school department. Whatever the outcome of this investigation may be, it can hardly be gainsaid that it is very unfortunate for Ada Clark that she figured therein as the complainant. This sixteen year old girl is not deserving of the notoriety that she has received. Admitting that Dr. Van Liew attempted a wanton caress he did her less injury than has been done by the brother who brought the incident to public attention, causing her to be involved in a bitter village feud and a very unsavory scandal. The Rev. Clark's lack of discretion is far more unpardonable than Van Liew's lack of self-restraint.

A teacher there was named Van Liew,
A maid for a kiss he would siew;
But the maid when embraced,
Flung his arm from her waced,
And raised a great hullabaliew.

The Knitters of Chico

Miss Clark is especially unfortunate in not having the sympathy of her sex, and doubly so in having the scorn of the knitters of Chico. For the knitters of Chico are ardent, nay, furious partisans. They are women of precisely the same temperament as the knitters of our graft prosecution. Emancipated from all the effeminate qualities that the foolish poets have rhapsodized about, the knitters of Chico have given some interesting exhibitions of village partisanship. "To curb the passions' maddening sway" is not the delight of these virago queens that express their emotions in hisses and jeers and tempestuous applause. "O woman! Lovely woman!" says the poet, "nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without you." But all poets have a conception of womanhood that credits the sex with giving earth its charm, life its zest, with having but one task, the task to bless and to be blest. The poets see nothing but tenderness, gentleness and amiability in the sex. They don't know anything about knitters, the fire-eyed regulators of society, the stern, uncompromising dames whose disposition it is to heap coals of fire where they may be considered to do the most good. Of such are the women of Chico who congregate daily at the Van Liew investigation to wring the heart of a sixteen year old girl and bring tears of humiliation to the eyes of an aged father.

The Psychology of It

A melancholy spectacle this, that the town of Chico has supplied, one about which psychologists might discourse entertainingly. Are these women influenced by intuition as the sex usually is? Do they perceive through the medium of their extra sense that the girl is a prevaricator, that the man is innocent? Or are they envious of the girl whose charms of person excited the interest of so handsome a man, so gallant and cultured an individual as Professor Van Liew? Perhaps the hissing dames have been variously affected. Perhaps some of them are merely partisans for no particular reason. For Professor Van Liew has long been the central figure in a village feud. Society has been in a ferment ever since he took charge of the Normal School. Cliques angled for the prestige of his society. When he went to a church on a Sunday the congregations of all the other churches knew about it, and they were astonished that he should exhibit such poor taste in the matter of religion. One day he delivered a lecture and touched on religion. All the parsons in town agreed that he wasn't

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orthodox, and they were shocked. The professor tried in vain to conciliate all factions. To make matters worse he affected the air of austerity, and the gossips said that they couldn't be fooled by his puritanical behaviour in Chico; they knew how he behaved whenever he went to San Francisco. He tried to give the impression that he had no taste for liquor, but as he sometimes indulged on the quiet, the saloon men and their friends pronounced him a hypocrit. So Van Liew has had a pretty hard time in the home of the knitters.

The Omnipresent Octopus

The Van Liew case has afforded the enemies of Governor Gillett an opportunity to deal in sinister insinuations at his expense. It developed during the investigation that he employed a detective to obtain evidence for the prosecution. This detective is on the pay-roll of the Southern Pacific Company. When this fact was brought out the attorneys for the defense acted as though they had made a very important discovery, and the newspapers that are unfriendly to the Governor gave it as much prominence as possible, intimating that a circumstance of prodigious significance had been dragged from stygian darkness into the blinding light of day. The inference was suggested that the Octopus had a hand in the prosecution of Van Liew, that the school principal was being pursued by that awful monster the very mention of which makes the whole State tremble. Incidentally it was deftly insinuated that the hiring of the railroad detective was conclusive of an unholy alliance between the corporation and the Chief Magistrate of the State. The testimony showed that the Governor had asked the Chief of Police of Sacramento to procure a detective for him, and that the railroad hawkshaw was recommended by the Chief and by that functionary recommended to the Governor. A simple enough explanation, but it did not silence the artists in slander of the daily press. That most enthusiastic of calumniators, the Daily Call, went so far in the indulgence of its favorite vice as to devote an editorial leader to a discussion of the matter.

"The last time I was in this town somebody forged my name to a check," said the man who had just signed the hotel register.

"How did they find out what your name was, sir?" inquired the clerk, carefully studying the signature on the book.

The Sidestepping of Pinchot

Frank Short, the Fresno attorney, who is campaigning for Congressman McKinlay, has abandoned all hope of ever being able to lure Mr. Gifford Pinchot into a debate on the question whether conservation is beneficial to the American people. That the distinguished forester recognizes the Fresno attorney as a dangerous opponent is evident from the fact that he has frequently warned the dearly beloved people against him. But being a reformer he does not deign to refute any of Short's arguments or challenge the accuracy of any of Short's statements. He prefers to call names. At the Conservation Congress in Spokane he referred to Short as the representative of that mysterious intangible bogie, the power trust, and in Los Angeles recently he advised the people to beware of Short. In giving this advice Mr. Pinchot is doubtless sincere; for he follows it religiously himself. He has been evading Short for some months and proving himself an expert in sidestepping. One day they met in Washington and the forester said, "I see you have been flouting my policies."

"I don't know whether they belong to you or not," said Short, "but I certainly have been flouting conservation policies before a committee of Congress."

"I'd like to meet you before that committee," the forester observed.

"I'm going away tomorrow," said Short, "but I will be glad to meet you in about two months."

They parted. And then it occurred to Short that it would be advisable to postpone his departure. He went immediately to the chairman of the committee that was considering conservation and had the subject reopened, and an invitation sent to Pinchot to address the committee on the following day. Pinchot left Washington as soon as the invitation was received. Some weeks later when the forester made some public allusion to Short the attorney wrote him a letter offering to meet him in any city in the country before any audience he might select to debate the question, "Is conservation beneficial to the American people?" Pinchot answered the letter saying that it was impossible for him to make an engagement at that time. That was before he found that he had time to come west in the interest of Hiram Johnson.

Boutwell Dunlap, Doctor of Laws

The Catholic University at Washington recently conferred the imposing degree of doctor of laws on Boutwell Dunlap. That in itself is not a particularly interesting statement to the world at large. A good many of us have more degrees, earned and honorary, than we know what to do with. It is much more interesting to the world and the rest of mankind—as President Buchanan liked to put it—to learn that Boutwell Dunlap is one of our most promising lawyers, one of our most earnest scholars and

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consul at this port for the Argentine Republic to boot. But there is one interesting fact connected with that degree of doctor of laws. Boutwell Dunlap was what is known as "a student on leave" of the Catholic University. He studied there for his degree of bachelor of laws and began practicing law here with the understanding that when he wrote a satisfactory thesis he would get his doctor's degree. Dunlap found his practice and consular work so pressing that he had little time for that thesis and being worried, he wrote to the authorities of his alma mater to ascertain his status. The reply surprised him. The reverend fathers said that it would be unnecessary for him to write a legal thesis because they had examined his bibliography of the Chinese question and had found it so much more valuable a work than any musty old legal thesis could possibly be that they were going to give him his doctor's degree on the strength of it. Which they promptly proceeded to do. The book in question is one of the most important contributions to California scholarship that has been published in many a day. It is entitled the "Bibliography of the Chinese Question in America" and is considered by experts exhaustive of its subject. Alec Robertson published it. It was the joint work of Boutwell Dunlap and Robert L. Cowan. Which naturally suggests the question, Why doesn't somebody give "Bob" Cowan a degree?

Victor Blue, Fire Fighter

Commander Victor Blue of the United States gunboat Yorktown happened to be in Portland during the recent conflagration which wiped out a lot of valuable business property. It is opportunity which makes heroes and when the opportunity came to Commander Blue he seized it with heroic resolve. When the fire broke out Commander Blue ordered his men ashore to fight it and the assistance which he thereby rendered to the Portland authorities and fire fighters has won him many sincere encomiums from the citizens of Portland. It is not necessary to say that Commander Blue is well known in San Francisco. He is almost as well known here as his brother, Dr. Rupert Blue who will always have a place in the history of American sanitation on account of his work in this city.

Exeunt Two Shakespearians

It is not surprising that our papers have devoted so little space to the death of Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall and Dr. William J. Rolfe. As a matter of fact, did they notice the deaths at all? The passing of two great Shakespearian scholars is not regarded as possessing particular news value by journals which devote pages to a prizefight. Yet who can estimate the value of their services to Great Britain and the United States? Both men lived to advanced ages, thereby proving that strenuous mental habits are not inconsistent with vigorous health. Both men made Shakespeare easier to understand for youthful students. Their critical and explanatory editions of the poet claim for them a position in that great company of commentators which began with Pope and Johnson and Malone and includes Dr. Dowden of Dublin and Furness of the Variorum. Dr. Rolfe in particular by his well known forty volume edition of the plays and poems made Shakespeare a delight to the young. Those familiar red volumes with their absorbingly interesting notes and their helpful illustrations make the study of Shakespeare a delight. Furnivall was perhaps a deeper scholar than Rolfe and it may be that experts will adjudge his Chaucerian labors as of more value than his Shakespearian, but both men achieved highly and the world of learning is the poorer for their deaths.

The Labor Trouble in Portland

Up in Portland the teamsters are on a strike and the merchants, believing their demands to be unreasonable, are resisting their pressure as best they may. The unionists evidently see defeat ahead of them for the Central

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Labor Council has issued a circular in which it states that when this "fight is over, and Portland business ruined, this free labor will move to Seattle, Spokane and San Francisco, where employers of labor have common sense." This is a threat which should not unduly worry Portland. Business has never yet been ruined in any city for lack of workingmen; it is the lack of business which ruins the workingmen. A general movement of the unionists of Portland upon San Francisco is not likely to take place, for the simple reason that there is not enough work for them here. Owing to San Francisco's labor troubles manufacturers have taken their work to those coast cities which offer more favorable labor conditions. While Portland need not be deceived by the threat of the Central Labor Council, it should be glad that the threat has been publicly proclaimed. Now that Portland knows the purpose of organized labor to rule or ruin Portland, its leading citizens can act accordingly. The example of San Francisco will teach them what not to do.

Dick—There's one thing about Louise, she never repeats stories about her women friends.
Ethel—Repeats! No, indeed; she starts them.

Tia Juana Bull-Fighting

A returned vacationist who spent a couple of weeks at beautiful Coronado has registered a vow that he will never again be tempted to a bull-fight until he goes to Spain and has an opportunity to see the real thing. This vow is the result of a visit to Tia Juana a few Sundays ago. Visitors at San Diego always develop an intense desire to witness a bull-fight and in company with several other enthusiasts my friend crossed the line to satisfy his curiosity. Flaming posters announced that a celebrated bull-fighter from Spain would subdue three ferocious bulls and the arena was thronged with American visitors, Mexicans and half-breeds. My friend says that the first bull let loose was the most emaciated and woe-begone beast he had ever seen. He advanced wearily into the arena and when the matador snapped a cloak in his face, galloped off in terror. The second bull was really quite spirited but when he began to display symptoms of aggressiveness the matador refused to tackle him and he was let out of the arena. The third bull my informant describes as a very docile beast whom the matador approached with ostentatious bravery. This however did not deceive the spectators and they began to taunt him for his cowardice. He replied in Spanish that if anybody disapproved of his work he had better come into the ring and fight the bull himself. No sooner had the words left his lips than a score of Mexicans jumped into the arena. They tore the clothes from the matador and chased the bull all over the ring until he fell down exhausted. Then three of them climbed on his back and belabored him with their heels while the rest of the crowd expressed their opinion of the matador by giving him a beating that sent him to the hospital. My friend says that the free fight was exciting enough but he had gone to see a bull-fight, not a Donnybrook, and returned to Coronado thoroughly disgusted.

A Rumor About Delmas

In certain legal circles it is a matter of speculation whether our Napoleonic barrister Delphin M. Delmas will be called East to take charge of the case of Porter Charlton, the young banker who murdered his beautiful wife Mary Scott Castle Charlton on Lake Como in Italy. It is the opinion in these circles that if the negotiations with Italy place the liberty of young Charlton in jeopardy Delmas will be summoned across the continent and maybe across the ocean to defend him. There is no doubt that Delmas made a great impression in New York as a criminal lawyer during the first trial of Harry Thaw. It was he, of course, who invented the term "dementia Americana" which really summarized the whole Delmas line of defense. I have heard competent lawyers say that if Delmas had been allowed to handle the case alone he

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would have secured an acquittal. At any rate there seems to be reason to suppose that his name is being considered by the father of the youthful uxoricide. It would be a significant thing if Henry McPike, Delmas' partner, should go East about this time. McPike handles the business end of the firm and it was he who conducted the negotiations with the Thaw family which ended in the retaining of Delmas. Meanwhile Delmas is devoting considerable thought to his gorgeous neckties and is whipping the streams of his native State for trout.

Proselytizing Among Journalists

Two newspapers published in the interior of the State have been converted to Johnson and reform. Which isn't a bad showing for the interior press. Of course there are other papers in the interior that have been standing for the Johnson brand of reform ever since Rudolph Spreckels began appealing to the conscience of susceptible journalists, but of only two can it be said that they permitted themselves to be prevailed upon to give their principles a violent wrench in the dust and heat of the campaign; only two thus far. The campaign is approaching the end, but there is still time to make converts, and there are several editors in the interior who are worth reclaiming from ways that are dark.

The Consistency of Hearst

I read in the Examiner that "responding to the demands of civic and religious organizations throughout the country to suppress prize fight pictures and uphold the laws intended to prevent prize fighting, the Hearst newspapers have started an organized movement that will be nation-wide in scope." Which induces me to ask myself a few questions, such as: Why did Hearst bill the city in advance of the fight with three-sheet posters containing pictures of Jeffries and Johnson and announcing that the Examiner's corps of trained writers would give the best account of the fight? Why did Hearst devote thirteen pages of the Examiner of July 5 to pictures and descriptions of the fight? Why did Hearst boast afterwards in the Examiner that he had published the earliest and best picture of the knock-out? Why did he boast of the manner in which these pictures were rushed to San Francisco by special train and carrier pigeons? Why did Hearst on July 4 supply one mob at Third and Market with bulletins of the fight and another mob in a big hall with living pictures duplicating every blow? But what's the use? Consistency hides all her jewelry when Mr. Hearst comes in sight.

The Morals of Waukesha

The whole town of Waukesha, Wis., is "in bad," with its morals gone wrong and no way under the sun or under the law to revise them. A mineral water concern out there, with a sinful desire to attract attention, posted a beautiful billboard picture of a lady who really, to put it plainly, needed the earnest and instant attention of a modiste. The City Council at once made a demand that the lady either give an order to her dressmaker or else get outside the corporate limits of Waukesha. The president of the mineral water company was cited to appear and "show cause." He did so. He also showed that the lady of bewitching smile and no clothes was simply a photographic reproduction, borrowed from the Great Seal of the City of Waukesha. This Great Seal is hung in every saloon that has a license and in places not so lax, but nobody thought of questioning the lady's modesty until she began to boost mineral water. The "drys" profess to see in this an attempt to discredit temperance drinks.

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Photo, Genthe

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MISS HARRIET ALEXANDER

FIVE SAN FRANCISCO BEAUTIES WHO MAY SUPPLY HARRISON FISHER WITH HIS NEW IDEAL OF TYPICAL AMERICAN LOVELINESS

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Where Does the Stork Come In?

When one of the newspapers reported last week that Mr. James D. Phelan was to be reconciled to his brother-in-law Mr. Frank Sullivan, it imparted a heavy coloring of mystery to the affair by stating in a headline that the stork was to be a potent feature of the reunion. The curiosity excited by this interesting statement in the headline was not satisfied by any details in the body of the article. There was absolutely no mention of a stork in the article. Reference either to the ciconia alba which builds its nests on the chimneys of Nuremberg or to the species sacred to Lucina which brings its precious offering of pink and white humanity to blushing brides was not to be found by the most careful reader. Wherefore I am disposed to read between the lines of the mysterious article the better to interpret the mysterious headline. Is the stork referred to a bird of such elusive passage that only the reader familiar with the most intimate details of Mr. Phelan's life can understand the relevance of the reference? I would be inclined to think so did I not know Mr. Phelan to be a bachelor. The stork presupposes marriage, being a most conventional bird, and matrimony is an experience which Mr. Phelan has so far eschewed. I am afraid I must apply to a member of the Family Club for the elucidation of this mystery, for the Family clubmen are authorities on storks.

The Scene of the Reconciliation

I do not know what particular spot in Europe Mr. Phelan and Mr. Sullivan will choose for the historic scene of their reconciliation. Doubtless they will make a picturesque selection for both gentlemen have a keen eye for striking effects. Without presuming to offer a suggestion I cannot refrain from saying that to my mind the most appropriate place in Europe for the impressive ceremony would be a certain spot in the province of Hainaut in Belgium, a spot with which Mr. Sullivan is as familiar as he is, let us say, with the history of the Hibernia Bank. I refer to the famous battlefield of Fontenoy! There where the Irish Brigade met and defeated the bloody Duke of Cumberland let Mr. Sullivan meet and embrace Mr. Phelan! 'Twould add to the wealth of associations of that sacred ground. The two gentlemen might even be photographed shaking hands in front of the tablet to the memory of the Irish Brigade erected on the battlefield by Mr. Sullivan. Of that tablet a curious story is told. 'Tis said that when it was first erected it bore an inscription in English whereupon the Belgian peasants, thinking that it commemorated the Sassenach, tore it down in fury. Mr. Sullivan then substituted an inscription in Gaelic, a language which he is said to speak as fluently as French, and it has never been disturbed since.

Mr. Phelan's Eye Trouble

Mr. James D. Phelan has just recovered from a distressing weakness of the eyes which caused him and all his friends who learned of his condition considerable anxiety. In order to receive the best treatment Mr. Phelan forsook the continent of Europe for London where he was under the care of a specialist. It was necessary for him to stay in a dark room during the crisis of his disorder. Late letters from Europe state that Mr. Phelan is now much improved and that he fears no permanent injury to his eyesight.

Children are Fashionable

One of my correspondents at Santa Barbara, the Mecca of the exclusives, informs me with a touch of cynicism that children are fashionable this summer. The statement has no bearing whatever on the mooted question of race suicide but simply means that in the swagger sets it is not considered unconventional to show a lively interest in one's offspring. This is a condition of affairs which affords me real pleasure, but at the same time I suspect that my cynical informant over-emphasizes a natural state of affairs. Even our most exclusive mothers and fathers are not devoid of humanity and it is hardly fair to point out that they are trying to make the summertime agreeable to their hopefuls. My correspondent writes that Mrs. Andrew Welch is often seen romping with her two beautiful children in the company of Mrs. Charles Harley and her three little boys, adding that they all go swimming before breakfast and all enter the dining room of the Potter together, freshly flushed from their morning dip. He states that Mrs. George Newhall always has her two little boys at the table with her and that she takes the eldest into the surf; that Fred McNear never enters the water without his little son; and that the Frank Deerings are accompanied by their young daughter wherever they go. These statements do not surprise me in the least. During the busy whirl of the winter season mothers cannot see so much of their children and must entrust them to the care of their nurses, but during vacation time it is only natural that they should have them continually about them. To say that children are fashionable is a cynical way of stating half a truth.

Charming Bathers

I asked a friend just up from Santa Barbara which of the bathers appeared to the best advantage on the sands and choosing to misunderstand my question he replied with a number of racy thumb-nail sketches of the men, sketches which made it apparent that however Apollo-like they may be after their tailors have corrected the natural deficiencies of their figures they are not as a rule prepossessing in swimming costume. I am not going to name any names, however. I told my friend that the question had reference to the women at Santa Barbara and he replied that where so many were charming it would be impossible to pick out the queen. He went so far as to hazard the opinion that Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Julia Langhorne and Mrs. William Sherwood were worthy of special mention and allowing his enthusiasm to run away with him for a moment, even compared one of them to Miss Annette Kellerman, the "perfect woman." For fear of bringing a tempest about my brow I shall refrain from repeating her name. He told me that Mrs. Stewart Edward White's moonlight picnic was a charming affair and that it was enlivened by riding on surf boards, a sport in which some of the ladies proved quite expert. To do it properly it was necessary to doff the skirts of their bathing suits.

Donald Maclean, the well known singer, is enjoying a month's vacation at Lake Tahoe and Webber Lake.

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The Strenuous Miss Crocker

Miss Jennie Crocker is establishing a record to rival the strenuous career of Alice Roosevelt Longworth who is said to have slept four hours out of every twenty-four during her White House days. Miss Crocker flitted to Santa Barbara on a Friday, home again on Monday morning, entertained at luncheon at the St. Francis that day and with her guests who were Mrs. Walter and Mrs. Peter Martin and others spent the afternoon at the Orpheum. Following this Miss Crocker had a brief period in which to change her frock before going to Mrs. Walter Martin's dinner and later to a box party at the Columbia. Supper closed the day. On Tuesday Miss Crocker returned to Uplands. Wednesday she was back in town looking fresh and girlish in a simple pale blue linen suit with a small white hat and lace veil, and Thursday she was at Uplands once more. Friday saw her again en route to Santa Barbara where the whirl is merrily on led by such indefatigable beauties as the Newhall girls and Mrs. Fred McNear.

Mrs. Graham's Glass Auto

The miniature crystal palaces which are the latest thing in automobiles have found a number of American purchasers in Paris, according to the foreign correspondents who keep us in touch with affairs in Europe. They are a little late however in noting the fact as it is quite a year since Mrs. William Miller Graham astonished the natives at Santa Barbara with her glass coach, the only one, I believe, in California. Mrs. Graham secured it on her trip abroad last summer and with it came a French chauffeur in maroon livery. The back, sides and front of the car are of plate glass that extends from top to flooring and gives an unobstructed view of costumes within. Incidentally the occupants may have an unobstructed view of events and scenery without. In the six months Mrs. Graham flashed her car about Santa Barbara there was no abatement of popular interest in each succeeding appearance. On her return, fresh from London triumphs, exhibitions of the glass coach will probably be resumed. Since the success of Mrs. Graham in England interest has been awakened in her local career. I am told the Grahams first appeared in Cincinnati whence they came to California, living for a time in Ross Valley where they were socially unimportant. From there they went to Pasadena with the intention of building a home and becoming permanent residents. But the atmosphere of the place proved uncongenial and the Grahams migrated to Santa Barbara where they purchased a promentory that juts into the bay and erected an Italian villa thereon. This, I am told, is soon to be replaced by a marble palace. William Graham is said to have won and lost several fortunes, and in the past few years to have cleared six millions on some of his oil deals.

The Mrs. Bruguiere That Was

The lady who was Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere before the doctor's present marriage has just arrived in Newport for a visit with Mrs. Bruguiere senior. Gossip from that fashionable colony declares that she is to wed William Burden whose young wife's tragic death by suicide shocked New York society a few years ago. This gossip is a little surprising because it is only a month since we were informed that Henry Clews Jr. was a suitor for this lady's hand in Paris, or rather, that he intended to be a suitor as soon as the divorce court freed him from the present Mrs. Clews. He too is at Newport, having crossed from Europe a week or two preceding Mrs. Bruguiere's migration from Paris. Whether the Mrs. Bruguiere that was will marry Burden or Clews is a subject on which there is much speculation. Meanwhile Emil Bruguiere pursues his insouciant way in Paris whence comes the announcement that another recently completed comic opera of his composition will be produced in America next Fall.

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A Few Notes from Paris

A correspondent writes me from Paris that the gay capital of the world is full of Americans just now, among them many from San Francisco. He says that the Frank Carolans are occupying the most expensive suite at the Hotel Bristol and that they have run over to Oberammergau for the Passion Play. Mrs. Truxtun Beale and her sister are very prominent in the American set. Nance O'Neil is resting there after her arduous season in New York. Frank Carroll Giffen, one of our well known music teachers, is in Paris for a short visit after an enjoyable stay in Florence. In Florence he was the guest of the Baroness von Pelka and her son in their beautiful Medici palace and as the von Pelkas are of old and noble lineage he met many interesting people. In Parisian musical circles Marcia Van Dresser and Mrs. Minnie Saltzmann Stevens are being made much of. Mrs. Stevens is hailed as a great Brunhilde.

Is it a Hoodoo Regiment?

Has bad luck marked the Twelfth Infantry for its own? This question was put to me the other day by an army officer of superstitious tendencies and when he had explained its import I was impressed with the patness of his query. The Twelfth Infantry is a regiment stationed at Fort William McKinley in Manila and it has been very much in the limelight recently on account of several sensational affairs which resulted in court martials. Nothing is so much dreaded by officers who have the good name of their regiment at heart as a court martial and when a regiment has had five court martials the talk of a hoodoo is not unnatural. The Twelfth Infantry is in the throes of its fifth court martial. The first to be tried was Captain Frank D. Wickham. Then came First Lieutenant Frank B. Davis. Then Lieutenant-Colonel Robert F. Ames was made the subject of charges on account of the suicide of Second Lieutenant C. M. Janney, the husband of beautiful Madeline McKissick. Out of that affair grew the court martial of Chaplain John E. Dallam of which I spoke two weeks ago. And now comes the news that Brigadier-General Ramsay D. Potts, commanding the Department of Luzon, has ordered a court martial to try Colonel William H. C. Bowen. It is thought that the charges against this old Indian fighter are based on the allegation that he violated the regulations against the unauthorized use of an army transport in obtaining passage for a person not a member of his immediate family.

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Championship Tennis at Del Monte

The interest in the tennis tournament to be held September 2 to 10 at Hotel Del Monte will center in the meeting of three women players, Miss May Sutton, Miss Hazel Hotchkiss and Miss Florence Sutton. May Sutton, undefeated champion woman player of the world, lost her title as United States champion by default last year. In like manner she lost the Pacific Coast championship. Miss Florence Sutton has defeated Miss Hotchkiss, thereby becoming champion of the Pacific States. Since then, however, Miss Hotchkiss has won the national woman's championship in the East where May Sutton did not play. She also defeated May Sutton in the games at Los Angeles. She has not played against Florence Sutton since last season. So the games at which these players will meet during the month of sports at Del Monte promise to be very interesting.

In the Limelight

Mr. Nat. J. Landsberger, the well known violinist of this city, performed with Mr. Pierre Douillet, pianist and Mrs. Nitalia Douillet, soprano, in a concert under the auspices of the Chautauqua Assembly of Pacific Grove last Friday evening. There was a large gathering of music lovers which showed unusual appreciation of all the numbers on the carefully selected program. Mr. Landsberger rendered among other things the exquisite Am Meer of Schubert-Wilhelmj and the Airs Russes of Wieniawski. The Wieniawski number in particular aroused intense enthusiasm and Mr. Landsberger was called upon for three encores.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included: Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ryan, Will Hoff, A. L. Clark, Miss Molly Lahey, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. O'Keefe, George W. Eimers, Marie Witte, Charles E. George, H. M. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Blankenberg, V. Condory, M. D., H. L. Bascome, Miss Jeannette Woolner, Miss May Woolner and Miss Sophie Stoltz.

Major D. C. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips are among the additional service set at the Fairmont. They were joined a few days ago by their sons, Donald C. Phillips and James Phillips. Both young men make their home at Washington, D. C.

Major W. K. Wright. U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio at Monterey, is at the Palace. He came here to greet his daughter, Mrs. A. R. Rule who will spend the balance of the summer in California.

Rear-Admiral R. F. Nicholson of Washington, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, is at the Palace. He is accompanied by Mrs. Nicholson and is on a regular trip of inspection. Mrs. Nicholson has been entertained by the Presidio ladies informally since her arrival.

Among those who have already taken apartments for the month of sports at Del Monte beginning August 19 are Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Henry F. Scott, the W. H. Crockers, Captain J. S. Oyster, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, A. C. Bingham, Willie O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Miss Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Searles, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Liilie, Mrs. Edward Barron and party, Mrs. George Howard and Miss Alice Hagar, who will be on hand to defend her title for the championship in the Del Monte tournament for ladies. Miss Elizabeth Woods and Miss Augusta Ames, who are summering at Del Monte, will also be among the fair contestants for honors on the links.

Mr. William Sherwood of the Potter entertained in the brown room a few nights ago with a most enjoyable dinner.

Among the prominent people at the Potter are Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Thompson of Paris. They are accompanied by their maid and will remain several weeks.

Following is a list of new arrivals at Castle Crags: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dow, Miss Bettie Dow and Master Allan Dow, Portland, Ore., H. L. Hawkins and wife, San Francisco, Miss Catherine Oliver, San Francisco, E. Lehnhardt and wife. Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stadmuller, San Francisco, J. C. Garbarino, Jno. E. Cottle, Jas. E. Cottle, J. W. Gale, San Francisco, Miss A. M. Morris, Mrs. L. C. Hastings. Mrs. Julien Sontag, Miss Sontag, Mrs. A. F. MacFarland, Miss A. G. Norris and Miss Helen Jones.

Friends of Miss Mary Keeney are hailing the fact that she is to remain at the Potter with Miss Florence Hopkins and the McNears during the entire time that her mother, Mrs. James Keeney and her sister, Miss Helen Keeney, are in New York and that time is announced as indefinite.

J. V. De Laveaga is at the Potter for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman and Miss Janet Coleman of San Francisco are staying at the Potter.

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In the list of arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle, Mrs. Wm. L. Gerstle, Miss Miriam Alice Gerstle, Master Mark L. Gerstle Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Plummer, M. Harrison, Chas. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. McDougall and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nolan and family, Clair Nolan, A. E. Morrison, Albert Roullier, John Gallois, Mrs. Horace Newell, Mrs. S. R. Bowens, Mrs. Olive Holbrook Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Zwieg, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pollard and child, Thomas Pollard, A. J. Pollard, Cyril C. Tobin, Geo. B. Fredenburg, A. Gittings, L. D. Dimm, J. C. Black, Chas. Holbrook, Mrs. Geo. Wheaton and E. J. Cotter.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Max Garber who was Miss Etelka Williar, have arrived from Alaska and are at the Fairmont with Mrs. Garber's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar.

Mrs. William S. Tevis who is at Santa Barbara for the summer, has engaged a suite of seven rooms at the Fairmont for the season.

GEORG KRUGER

Head of the Piano Department, California Conservatory of Music.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin who have been spending several weeks at Lake Tahoe, expect to return to their apartments at the Fairmont the first of next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith are spending a few weeks at Tahoe in a quiet, unostentaious way. They expect to visit Del Monte before returning to their apartments at the Fairmont.

Commander Chester Wells of the South Dakota and Mrs. Wells are recent arrivals at the Fairmont and expect to spend the winter there. They have many friends in the service set of San Francisco.

Mrs. John Breuner was a luncheon hostess at the Palace on Saturday. Mrs. Breuner and her sister, Mrs. Jack Wilson, entertained at the Palace several times during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Collins of Pittsburg are guests at the Palace for a few days. Mrs. Collins who is the daughter of Mrs. William Thaw and sister of the former Countess of Yarmouth, attended an eastern school with several San Francisco girls who have been entertaining their former school mate since her arrival. Among them are Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Edward Greenfield and Miss Sara Collier. Mr. and Mrs. Collins will leave shortly for a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Joseph Sefton, accompanied by Mrs. L. S. Wakefield, both of San Diego, were among the recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel, having come to town for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Bolt of Pasadena spent several days at the Palace during the week and were extensively entertained.

Mrs. Louis P. Hobart of San Mateo was in town for a few days and occupied a suite at the Palace.

Among those now at the Capitola Hotel, Capitola, are Jno. E. Auzerias and family, San Jose, Captain Taylor, San Francisco, Mrs. F. P. Shanley, San Francisco, Mr. H. A. Booksin and family, San Jose, Miss Vada Lane, Salt Lake, J. D. Klopstock and wife, San Francisco, Jno. Campbell, New York, Jno. Trounson and wife, San Francisco, E. W. Hihn, Santa Cruz, F. Rossick and family, San Jose, L. W. Peart and family, Stockton, Dr. F. A. Curtis, San Jose, Dr. M. B. Lennon, San Francisco, G. A. Wilson and wife, Fresno, Mrs. Truman Hart and daughters, Fresno, Mrs. Robert Dunson and family, San Francisco, Mr. Sam O. Meyers and family, San Francisco, Mrs. Murray Innes and family, San Francisco, Mr. A. L. Wyllie and mother, San Jose, Mrs. E. L. Brown and daughter, Fresno, Mr. H. H. Norwood and daughter, San Francisco.

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Black and White, A Shakespearian Skit

Offered as a Suggestion to the Rev. Edwards Davis

(Edwards Davis who used to act in the pulpit and now preaches on the Orpheum Circuit cannot use his present vehicle, "The Picture of Dorian Gray" forever. He will need new material some day. To suggest a method of supplying his need the following bit of dramaturgy has been prepared. It is built on the same lines as Mr. Davis' skit. As he has dovetailed odd lines and passages of Wilde I have dovetailed odd lines and passages of Shakespeare. As he has shown no hesitation in altering Wilde's story to suit his purpose I have not feared to take liberties with Shakespeare to suit mine. There is as much originality in my work as in his. He changed the sex of Dorian Gray but I have been more considerate of my characters. To illustrate the method, which may be applied to any author, I have indicated the sources of the lines.)

By Edward F. O'Day

Cast of Characters:
Juliet, an Italian beauty.
Lady Macbeth, a Scotch flirt.
Hamlet, a Dane disguised as Othello, a Moor.

Scene: Juliet's boudoir in the Capulet mansion, Verona. The room is fitted with all the conveniences modern to the period which is middle Shakespearian. A rushlight burns and smokes and there are rushes on the wooden floor. The room opens on a balcony and outside a silken rope ladder can be heard flapping in the wind. Juliet sits in pensive thought of Romeo, brushing an occasional tear from her eye with the point of her sleeve. She shows no surprise when Hamlet disguised as Othello enters through the window from the balcony. She is used to gentlemen entering that way. Hamlet being fat perspires and pants but manages to bow.

Hamlet: This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto my gentle senses. (From Macbeth).

Juliet: But how came you in?

Hamlet: With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls, for stony limits cannot hold love out. (Romeo and Juliet).

Juliet: What is in thy mind that makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh from the inward of thee? Is it for love of my Scotch cousin, Lady Macbeth? (Cymbeline).

Hamlet: I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet that it enchants my sense. What will it be when that the watery palate tastes indeed love's thrice repured nectar? (Troilus and Cressida).

Juliet: Lady Macbeth is making her ready; she'll come straight. You must be witty now. She does so blush as if she were frayed with a sprite. I'll fetch her. (Troilus and Cressida).

Exit Juliet. Hamlet surveys himself in a steel mirror to see that his makeup is still on and takes a paper from within the breast of his coat. He looks extremely melancholy even under the blackface.

Hamlet: Concealment like a worm i' the bud feeds on my damask cheek and my native hue is plastered o'er with the dark cast of Morocco. But all the world's a stage and in my time I've played many parts. Just now I play the lover, sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to Lady Macbeth's eyebrow. (Twelfth Night, Hamlet and As You Like It).

He fetches a deep sigh and reads:

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed.
Even such a beauty as you master now. (Sonnets).

I'll rhyme her so eight years together, dinner and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. Soft you now! The fair Lady Macbeth. (As You Like It, Hamlet).

Enter Juliet leading Lady Macbeth. You know she's a flirt as soon as you see her. Hamlet shows signs of bashfulness.

Juliet: Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now. Swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. (Troilus and Cressida).

Hamlet: O, thou dost teach the torches to burn bright! It seems you hang upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. (Romeo and Juliet).

Lady Macbeth: Is this a nigger that I see before me? (Macbeth).

Despite the rebuff Hamlet gathers confidence and becomes very affected. He lifts his eyes ecstatically to heaven.

Hamlet: Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" (As You Like It).

He hands Lady Macbeth the verses.

O dear Lady Macbeth, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. (Hamlet).

Lady Macbeth (holding the paper upside down): This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them. My dear Juliet, let us tear him for his bad verses. (As You Like It, Julius Caesar).

Juliet: O Lady Macbeth, I know he doth deserve as much as may be yielded to a man. Put off your maiden blushes. (Much Ado, Henry V.).

Lady Macbeth: O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury I never found a man that knew how to love. Besides, these Moors are changeable in their wills. (Othello).

Hamlet: Doubt thou the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar; but never doubt I love. (Hamlet).

Lady Macbeth: O proper stuff! These starts, impostors to true love, would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire. Why do you make such faces? (Macbeth).

Hamlet: O, she misuses me past the endurance of a block! She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. I cannot endure my lady's tongue. (Much Ado about Nothing).

Juliet (aside): A sharp wit matched with too blunt a will. (To Lady Macbeth) Tempt him not too far. Dissemble your hatred and swear your love. (Love's Labor Lost, Antony and Cleopatra, Richard III).

Lady Macbeth: He's an arrant counterfeit rascal. He's a pestilent complete knave. (Henry V., Othello).

Hamlet has been getting madder and madder. He can restrain himself no longer.

Hamlet: Get thee to a nunnery! Go thy ways to a nunnery! From this time be somewhat scantier of thy presence. (Hamlet).

Juliet (to Lady Macbeth): I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse. Question enrages him. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. (Macbeth).

Lady Macbeth: Marry, I will.

Hamlet: If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool. (Hamlet).

Lady Macbeth: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than hear you swear you love me. (Much Ado).

Hamlet: God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face. (Much Ado).

Lady Macbeth: Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours. (Much Ado).

Hamlet: To be or not to be. That is the question. Whether 'tis noble in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous insults. It cannot be that I am pigeon-livered and lack gall. Why, what an ass am I. Lady, I crave thy forgiveness. I grant thou canst outscold me. (Hamlet, King John).

Juliet: Lady Macbeth, be pitiful-hearted. Melt at his sweet tale. (Henry IV.).

Lady Macbeth: Lord, I could not endure a black husband with a beard on his face. (Much Ado)

Juliet: The prince of darkness is a gentleman. (King Lear).

Hamlet: If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. (Tears off black mask and beard). Out, damned spots, out I say. (Macbeth).

Lady Macbeth } Hamlet! Hamlet!
Juliet }

Hamlet: Give me your pardon, ladies, I've done you wrong. The mask of night was on my face. But farewell compliment! Dost thou love me? (Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet).

Lady Macbeth: If that thy bent of love be honorable, thy purpose marriage, all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay and follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Hamlet: Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will mew and dog will have his day.

They embrace rapturously while Juliet retires to the balcony to spoon with Romeo. Curtain.

Stage

The Orpheum This Week and Next

Miss Annette Kellerman, the "perfect woman," overshadows all other attractions at the Orpheum this week and there is little doubt that she will dominate the bill again next week. Miss Kellerman's act is good vaudeville, for it is novel, pleasing to the eye and continuously entertaining. The grace of this young woman is one of her chief merits. There is not an awkward moment in her performance and her method has nothing theatrical about it. It is rather the way of a maid disporting herself with unconscious abandon. Clifford and Burke are blackface comedians who cut up, dance and sing with unusual ability. Their kind are not as much in evidence in vaudeville as they were a few years ago and to confirmed Orpheumites they are therefore doubly welcome. The four Cliftons are splendid specimens of manhood and their act is one of the most cleancut specimens of acrobatic skill that has been presented for a long time. Harry Atkinson is a musical freak. He can imitate all sorts of musical instruments with a fidelity that is wonderful and at the same time with a comic suggestion that evokes a great deal of laughter. These are the hold-over acts for next week's bill and they are all good acts. The newcomers, according to the press agent, are a promising lot. There are the Four Fords who have been here before and whose dancing has always been received with great favor. It seems that they have just returned from a European tour and that in London they almost set the Thames afire with their clever footing. Granville and Rogers are a team of singers with incidental comedy. Again we are to see Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield in Will Cressy's "Mag Haggerty's Visit." Opinion was divided as to the Mag Haggerty skits which they presented before. Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy are respectively the "eccentric fiddler" and the "country maid." All in all, a bill that promises well.

—The First Nighter.

A Play with a Moral

Great indeed has been the success of Porter Emerson Browne's domestic drama "The Spendthrift" which Frederic Thompson will present at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday evening, August 1. The play is in four acts and four scenes and in its unfolding Mr. Browne's arraignment of frivolous domestic extravagance teaches a lesson that should be learned by all. The record of the play in New York attests its popularity. The company includes Doris Mitchell who plays the spendthrift wife. Lionel Adams who won his spurs as an actor of the first rank as "John Storm" in "The Christian," the title character in "The Man of the Hour" and several more equally important parts. Albert Sackett is another good actor. Vivian Martin, the ingenue, has been identified with a number of Broadway attractions and has had a wide stock experience. Others in the cast are Lizzie McCall, William Sullivan, Grace Gibbs and Forrest E. Orr. The scenes are laid in the home of a Fifth avenue millionaire and admit of artistic surroundings which have been taken full advantage of by Mr. Thompson.

Hackett as Don Caesar

"Don Caesar's Return" in which James K. Hackett will open his fourth week at the Alcazar next Monday evening is a new treatment of a famous stage character, Don Caesar de Bazan. This doughty Spanish cavalier furnishes much of the comedy element in Victor's Hugo's "Ruy Blas" and from that novel D'Ennery and Dumonois adapted their play which in turn served as the libretto of "Maritana," the ever-popular opera. Booth, Fechter and other great actors utilized "Don Caesar de Bazan" as a vehicle ere Mr. Hackett and Victor Mapes reconstructed it into the four-act version which ran an entire season in New York and now is to be presented in San Francisco for the first time. In the cast with Hackett will be Elizabeth Stewart (specially engaged for the part) as Maritana, Arthur Hoops as Don Jose, Will R. Walling as King Carlos, Catherine Calhoun as the armorer's apprentice and all the other Alcazar favorites in suitable roles. Elaborate staging is demanded by this play and some impressive pictures are promised. A street in old Madrid, the interior of the prison, a reception room in the chateau and a private chapel are shown.

DORA FORD

Of the Four Dancing Fords who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

"Zira" at Ye Liberty

For the third week of Izetta Jewel's special season the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will offer "Zira," the play in which, it will be remembered, Margaret Anglin scored a notable success in New York the season before her appearances in "The Great Divide." The play is one of the powerful emotional dramas, being an adaptation of Wilkie Collins' well

ACHILLE ALBERTI

As Rigoletto with the Bevani Grand Opera Co., Idora Park, Oakland.

known novel, "The New Magdalen." The stage version has been prepared by Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manners and in every particular the production to be shown at Ye Liberty next week will be identical with that given by Miss Anglin. The title role offers Miss Jewel the strongest emotional role she has yet attempted across the bay, and associated with her in the presentation of the character will be all the well established favorites of the Oakland stock company. The play is announced for one week only after which comes "Such a Little Queen," one of New York's recent comedy hits which has never before been given in the West.

"Trovatore" at Idora

"Rigoletto" will be played by the Bevani company at Idora Park for the last time this evening (Saturday). Beginning with tomorrow's matinee "Trovatore" will be sung for the entire week. Bevani's aggregation of stars have scored a distinct triumph at the amusement park across the bay and nightly Idora's pretty little theater is packed with the lovers of operatic music. Grand opera at the prices charged at Idora has not been enjoyed since the old days before the fire.

Cohan and Harris' production of "The Fortune Hunter" is booked for an early engagement at the Columbia Theater. It is credited with being one of the firm's biggest money makers.

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They fly to taste the speechless joys
  By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse
  Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
  With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
  And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
  By wireless telegraph.

Following "The Spendthrift" at the Columbia will be seen Wagenhals and Kemper's production of the comedy "Seven Days." The company comes here direct from New York.

Rose Stahl will bring Patricia O'Brien here next month. Patricia proved a popular personage in the production of "The Chorus Lady" when Miss Stahl appeared in the comedy at the Van Ness.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was an impression a week ago among certain important interests in Wall Street that the market stability would prevail and that a moderate rise in stocks would take place at the end of July and during part of August in anticipation of a fair crop outlook, easy money and a cessation of political agitation. The reverse has occurred, however, and new low prices have been registered in leading securities. The change of front by bankers in regard to the market we can only attribute to two factors—the suspension of higher freight tariffs by the government until next fall by which railways will lose a great deal of money, and which will possibly necessitate dividend reductions, and the crop situation which continues to give some little apprehension. The money situation during the crop moving period is of course another disturbing element. There is little doubt of a serious setback in industry throughout the country ere long as a result of the coming political agitation in which the tariff will be the chief subject of discussion. Hence we find sufficient provocation for liquidation in stocks by big people and it seems very certain that the market will only receive casual support. The steel statement due next Tuesday will reflect an excellent past but in the matter of new business and the future the outlook is exceedingly dubious.

Wheat—Probably the worst has already been heard regarding the spring wheat crop of north America. Rains last week checked the backward tendency that was universally conceded for the spring wheat crop in a good part of the northwest on both side of the international line. The harvest is now getting rapidly under way this side of the line, and it may soon be followed by revision of market values in that section; meanwhile the trade is waiting for the first big run of new winter wheat. It is starting a little later than last year, but promises to be considerable for a time at least. Upon the extent and continuance of this run very largely depends the course of the market for the year. If arrivals are large enough to pile up a surplus at centers of accumulation it may mean a hard fight for the believers in higher prices. If the run is small or of short duration the bears are likely to go into retirement again. There are problems ahead of the present crop that have never before been considered. There is no foreign outlet, while the domestic trade is only just recovering from the effects of reckless overloading. The crop, if statistics are of value. appears to be adjusted to about normal home needs, with a modest margin for export.

Corn—Corn values experienced a sharp upward turn during mid-week, followed by an almost equally sharp setback the following day. Speculative congestion due to the existence of several large concentrated holdings gave shrewd local speculators an opportunity to hoist prices and forced shorts to cover at the advance.

Cotton—Local rains have occurred during the past week in the Upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys with heavy rains in Alabama. High temperatures of 100 to 103 maximum occurred in Texas and Oklahoma where fair weather prevailed. Speculation and investment in the new crops is broadening. Friday will be the first notice day for August contracts and the following Tuesday the government report will be issued. Meantime the usual private forecasts will be made public and it is probable that an effort will be made to discount the bullishness of the report. We feel especially friendly to the market and would advise buying the entire list from August forward.

Copper—The strength of the copper issues, notably Amalgamated, Anaconda and Utah, is accompanied by a number of rumors, among them one to the effect that the large interests have agreed upon some sort of a plan looking to curtailment in output. The statement is also made that a block of between thirty and forty thousand shares of Utah recently changed hands and that Anaconda interests may obtain representation on the Utah board. It is interesting to note that virtually all the leading copper producers favor curtailment in output and on account of this it is held that negotiations with this end in view should meet with few obstacles.

What the Waiter Says

The waiter who bawls out his order to the cook in the kitchen may soon be as extinct as the dodo; but his cries should live forever.

"Mutton broth in a hurry," says a customer. "Baa-baa in the rain! Make him run!" shouts the waiter.

Beefsteak and onions," says a customer. "John Bull! Make him a ginny!" shouts the waiter.

"Where's my baked potato?" asks a customer. "Mrs. Murphy in a sealskin coat!" shouts the waiter.

"Two fried eggs. Don't fry 'em too hard," says a customer. "Adam and Eve in the Garden! Leave their eyes open!" shouts the waiter.

"Poached eggs on toast," says a customer. "Bride and groom on a raft in the middle of the ocean!" shouts the waiter.

"Chicken croquettes," says a customer. "Fowl Balls!" shouts the waiter.

"Hash," says a customer. "Gentleman wants to take a chance!" shouts the waiter.

"I'll have hash, too," says the next customer. "Another sport!" shouts the waiter.

"Glass of milk," says a customer. "Let it rain!" shouts the waiter.

"Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good and hot," says a customer. "Fido, Shep and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter; "and let 'em sizzle!"

The advances made in the construction of leather treads for automobile tires is exciting great interest in motor car circles. Additional importance is attached to the industry by the soaring price of rubber which very strongly emphasizes the comparative economy in the use of leather. During this season unusually satisfying strides have been taken in leather tread methods and they are coming into very extensive use in the East. Among the prominent firms manufacturing them is the Leather Tire Goods of Niagara Falls, N. Y. The Chanslor & Lyon Motor Supply Co. handle their output in this locality.

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The Other Woman

(Continued from Page 9.)

"And you let her go? Are you not jealous?"

"Why, that was her object."

"Do you mean to imply that her purpose was defeated?"

"The necessary presumptions are lacking. Somehow, there seems to be no proper line of demarcation here between monde and demi-monde."

"As if jealousy were dependent upon that distinction!"

The writer shrugged his shoulders. "It is for me, very decidedly." They continued to stroll up and down the terrace, blowing the smoke clouds of their cigarettes into the warm Southern spring evening and skimming the surface only in light, superficial conversation. After a while, he separated from his friend.

"Are you not going to stay up here for the rest of the evening? It is already eleven o'clock. You surely are not thinking of going down to the Casino at this time of night?"

"That is exactly what I am going to do."

"Well—well! Perhaps it is the lady after all who has cause for jealousy!"

"Maybe that is my little game."

"All right. I am going to tell her about you," cried the friend after him.

When he reached the station, the crowded cars were just rolling in. The lady emerged in person, for she had not been to the opera after all, but had gone shopping instead with an acquaintance, who knew all about Nice. She had acquired a treasure trove of silk and laces and fripperies.

"And then I got me a frock, a Paris model—simply a dream!" she said beamingly, just as excited over the fact as a girl in her 'teens. "It fits like a glove! Why, the manager said to me: Madame, you are a true Parisian! I shall have it by tomorrow afternoon. Then I shall wear it for dinner in the evening. By the by, were you going to the Casino at this time of night?"

"Yes, that was my intention."

She playfully threatened him. "I would never have forgiven you. This very evening, I had meant to put your devotion to the test."

"Indeed!"

"Now you must turn back with me at once, do you hear?"

"But then you must promise to have a glass of champagne with me on the terrace."

"Impossible. I am ready to drop. Imagine how I have trudged for hours, from one department store to the other, in the Nice sunshine! But I will promise for tomorrow. Only you will have to be very, very nice indeed!"

"I thought I was always nice."

"By no means. There is room for improvement!"

She laughted and coquettishly dropped her head a little to one side. "Moreover, tomorrow is my birthday."

"And you did not tell me before? Of course, we will have to celebrate."

"I really did not mean to celebrate at all. Standing all alone as I do—and having passed through so many experiences—but then I always tell myself Youth is so short and so fleeting," she remarked, with somewhat affected sentimentality.

She took his proffered arm and turned at his side into the path leading to the hotel. The terrace was illuminated in fairy-like splendor. Dark figures in dress suits appeared like shadows at the side of daintily gowned and diamond-bedecked women. The Gypsy music, the tinkling laughter, the fragrance of flowers, and the rustle of silk blended into a festive, intoxicating essence of pleasure in the semi-tropical, sultry, starlit night.

Under the seal of secrecy, the entire circle of acquaintances had been informed about the impending birthday. The breakfast table was accordingly loaded with flowers. The young author likewise had ordered a beautiful floral offering. She distinguished him by placing some of his flowers in her belt. But somehow it did not please him, because the flowers she had chosen were white roses, exactly the flowers least suited to her personality. He was irritated at his own thoughts. For whom then were white roses more suitable? Too bad that he could not break himself of this newly acquired sentimentality!

On this morning, he forced himself into the most exaggerated high spirits. He played all sorts of pranks, while the merry crowd who had gathered to celebrate the lady's twenty-sixth birthday (do not let us be too accurate!) was speeding along the Corniche in a large automobile. The snow white monster rolled along the magnificent road, trailing a long cloud of dust behind it. The ladies, all armed with goggles and leather caps, frequently shrieked aloud at the frantic speed with which they were whirled down the declivities and around the sharp corners. The writer's reckless mood was well met by this rushing, breathless flight, in which the chauffeur delighted to display his skill.

Towards the end of the sumptuous luncheon, which was served in the Restaurant de la Reserve at the Gulf promenade of Cannes, he brought out a sparkling toast to the health of the birthday queen, as he raised the champagne goblet.

Everybody cheered and applauded, surrounding the lady, whose mood was rosily tinged with champagne, as was that of the majority of the participants. Her hands were taken possession of and covered with kisses. All at once, one of the gentlemen, who had lived for a long time in Paris, protested against this kissing of hands, claiming that a salute was the only proper and time-hallowed procedure on a festive occasion

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of this kind. She was obliged to submit. Everyone was privileged to salute her, according to the French example set by the ringleader, who imprinted a fleeting kiss on the powdered cheek, first to the left and then to the right of the mouth. When the writer's turn came, she pressed her lips for an instant close to his.

While coffee and liqueurs were being served, together with cigarettes, in the pavilion built out over the water, she entertained him again by raving about her new frock, the birthday surprise she had prepared for herself.

"By the time we get back, the box will have arrived. I can hardly wait to see it. You will be able to judge for yourself tonight."

"So I am not to see the masterpiece before that time?"

She deliberated. Blowing away a tiny cloud of fragrant smoke, and peeping rapidly to right and left, she said in a semi-whisper: "I shall be dressed by six o'clock, in time for my cup of tea. But do not come across the corridor, please, in order to avoid all gossip. It will be best for you to sit on the balcony of the reading room. My suite is next door to it. Well, we shall see."

The others were consumed with envy as they witnessed the excellent terms the couple seemed to be on. Th universal mood, however, rose to more exuberant heights than ever on the way home.

When they separated on the hotel terrace in Upper Monte Carlo, the writer reminded the lady of her promise. But now she objected.

Her bejeweled hand happened to rest on the back of a chair. He felt impelled to place his own hand over it. She let him do so, trembling slightly under the pressure of his fingers, which had grown all at once as cold as ice. Then she returned the pressure of his hand, gently, almost imperceptibly. He had caught fire, as he was free to admit to himself. If there was a flaw in his triumph, it lay in the fact that his victory had been made too easy.

"I am going to promenade up and down right here, in front of the reading room, like a very good boy, between your room and mine," he said with a smile. "You will come at least as far as the door, in order to show yourself to me in the new dress—won't you?"

She nodded without speaking. Then she suddenly wheeled around and disappeared in the door of her apartment. He knew that she was expecting him.

The sun was just about to set. The western sky was flaming in fiery reds. The colors were so intense that all the windows and balconies gradually filled with spectators.

The young man likewise was charmed for a time by this wonderful play of colors. Cape Martin slowly dwindled to a pale, pinkish streak, gradually turning to lavender. A sea of light tints spread from the direction of Marseilles beyond the outposts of the Maritime Alps and gradually across the entire horizon. A dark red haze lay in front of the west—a while sail came gliding past and was at once dipped in crimson. On the water, the last beams of the setting sun were mirrored in millions of new chromatic tints and transitions. Wherever the keel of sailing vessels furrowed the dark waters of the Gulf, sending the billows again and again to both sides in broadly sweeping curves, the white foam was flecked with a delicate pink. The darker flame color floated in a golden shimmer, constantly changing, over the steel blue surface. This was not water, no, it was a sea of opal and gold. From the small crests of foam, silver sparks sprayed up into the darkening air.

The ahs! and ohs! of admiration around him had subsided. He now stood alone upon the terrace; filled with a longing mixed with infinite sadness. Not a leaf stirred in the palms and orange trees in the park below. Deep peace was brooding over his bit of paradise.

His contemplative mood was interrupted by the porter who obsequiously brought his mail, a number of much traveled letters demanding extra postage. But there was one which bore the correct address and which he almost tore across in his haste to learn its message. He did not even take the time to step into his room, but began to read at once, although it had already become rather dark on the terrace. Just as he reached the last words, the electric lights flared up, lending to the structure from afar the appearance of a fairy palace. He still stood there reading. Everything had disappeared around him. But the beautiful sad eyes of the other woman were gazing at him from the darkness. It was as if her eyes could reach from the blue distance to the Mediterrancan Gulf, and as if they were penetrating to the very depths of his soul.

"I have kept silence," she wrote, "because my battle had to be fought alone. Now at last I am free. Whether my voice is still strong enough to reach you in midst of the social whirl of Monte Carlo, I do not know. I hope so—but my hope is nothing but a tiny, trembling flame."

The door leading into the small reception room of the temptress was still open. The lights had not yet been lit. They had even been extinguished again in the adjoining bedroom, where she had donned the new dinner gown. It was still light enough to admire the beautiful garment. The large arc lamps, which floated like full moons in the dark blue sky above the terrace, threw a magic radiance over the cozy room and the smiling woman before the mirror.

Her slender, supple bust emerged from sea green waves of airy chiffon, which formed the material of the blouse-like waist. Rippling cascades of chiffon seemed to float like a vapor

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over the heavy, soft silk, with many interstices bridged over by Brussels lace. The closely shirred skirt at last flowed down in extravagantly wide, soft billows, the sea green chiffon suggesting the floods from which arises the seaborn Goddess of Beauty. The broad jeweled necklace lent a proud poise to her piquant head, crowned by auburn hair, in which a small diadem was scintillating. A mysterious glamor emanated also from the silk garment. Hundreds of tiny silver tinsel ornaments flashed from the chiffon waves, irregularly scattered, as if poured out in reckless profusion. The entire woman seemed to radiate in the deepening twilight.

The temptress smilingly appeared on the threshold. The terrace was empty. No—over there, at the banisters, someone seemed to recognize her. Now he turned. But he approached the open door to the left of the reading-room—his room!

She waited a while longer. It was somewhat chilly at the open door, for the nights were invariably accompanied by a marked change of temperature. A triumphant smile passed over her features. She picked up a large fur boa of costly ermine from the nearest rocker, threw it around her, and ventured out a few steps upon the terrace.

Deep silence lay all around, for the guests had all gone to their rooms, in order to dress for dinner. She heard only the rustle of her long train and of the silken skirts dragging over the marble tiles. She had passed more than once by his door, which had remained half open. She could see him moving hastily to and fro, but she did not wish to stop, because she thought he was dressing for dinner. She could hear the pulling out of bureau drawers, the pushing aside of trunks.

At last her exuberant spirits, and perhaps a little natural impatience as well, helped to drive her upon his threshold. He was bending over his trunk. When he heard the rustle of the silken skirts, he turned hastily around.

She gave a short laugh. For an instant, she spread out her arms, so that the fur, the ends of which she was lifting at the same time, left her dress exposed.

"Well?" she said, amused by his startled, not to say perturbed expression. He pushed his hair back, and looked confusedly around his room, with all the open trunks and boxes and cupboards. The gravity expressed in his features froze the smile upon her lips. She suddenly caught sight of the traveling bag upon the table.

"What is the matter? Are you getting packed?"

"I am. I am obliged to leave tonight."

"But that is—that is—more than peculiar."

"Yes. I have received news which concerns me—nay, moved me so deeply that—"

The fur had been dropped back over her seductive array.

"Indeed?" she said almost soundlessly. "News, you say. Of a business character. I presume?"

Her aspect, her insistence, hurt him.

"No," he said shortly, after a brief, mute struggle with himself. "It is only a personal matter. But it is a call which I must and will obey."

His strange and freezing accents struck her like a cold shower. She felt that she was annoying him. She could not forgive herself for remaining even another second. At the same time her rising anger rendered her incapable for the moment of ending the scene. In helpless fury, she kept clasping and unclasping the tips of her fur boa.

"That is indeed more than peculiar!" she at last repeated half to herself. Suddenly she covered her eyes with her hands, turned abruptly, and hurried away past the reading room, back to her apartment. The rustle of silk died away. Impetuous weeping, like that of a spoiled child, became faintly audible in the distance, immediately followed by the violent slamming of a door.

The man was keenly alive to the fact that he had mortally offended the pretty woman. But he had not time to ponder over the matter. She belonged to another world, so infinitely remote from the world that suddenly claimed him again as its own!

The Riviera express was to leave in an hour. He was obliged to finish his packing in a desperate hurry. By noon of the following day, he might expect to arrive at his destination.

He was to see her again—the other woman!

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A manager met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

The manager expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "He had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked the manager.

"Many there!" cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"

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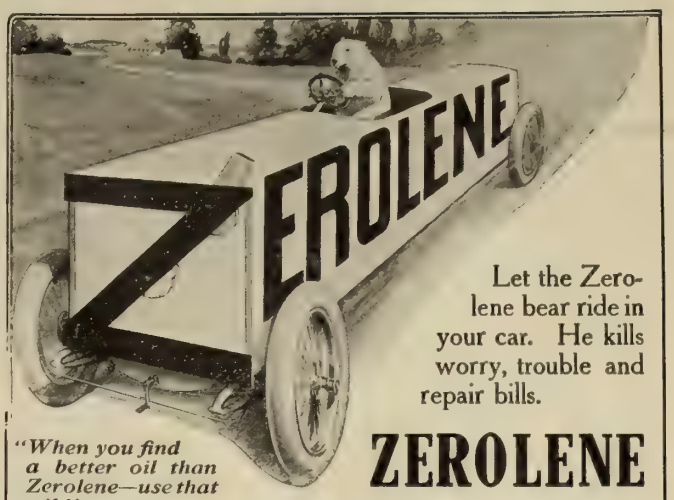

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Auto Notes

E. T. Huffman has just established a new record from San Francisco to Merced in his Chalmers "30." The distance is 150 miles and Mr. Huffman made it in 5 hours and 10 minutes, beating the train schedule by 50 minutes. The route taken crossed the San Joaquin Valley and thence followed the foothills. The Chalmers used has already done 8,000 miles and Mr. Huffman states that he has never had the cylinders out.

A. D. Plughoff, vice-president of the J. W. Leavitt Company, has just returned from a trip into Los Angeles and throughout the southern part of the State. While gone he made a thorough study of the auto situation and reports things generally on the boom. Plughoff went down by the valley and came back by the coast route stopping at the various Leavitt agencies.

Below is given a partial list of the California motorists who registered at Del Monte recently and the name of the car driven by each: E. Stimson, Cadillac, L. A. Mitchell, Locomobile, W. Mills, Stearns, P. E. Drescher, Locomobile, W. S. Thompson, Pierce Arrow, L. T. Yates, Peerless, John Redington, Chalmers-Detroit, T. L. Milton, Ford, S. M. Griffith, Winton Big Six, P. Forve, Packard, Mrs. Maier, Peerless, C. E. Green, Locomobile, W. W. Tillman, Pierce Arrow, M. A. Mack, Buick, L. Gerstle, Pierce Arrow, C. H. Wilhelm, Packard, N. Williams, Cadillace, H. Wright, Locomobile, C. E. Anthony, Packard, G. H. Ennis, Locomobile, Geo. Burton, Stoddard Dayton, J. V. de Laveaga, Packard and F. E. Booth, Lozier.

E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, is just in receipt of some interesting information concerning the new Hudson factory. Speaking of it he says: "With two hundred men at work, a mile of sewers laid, gigantic quantities of material piling up daily and the railroad laying its five sidings, the Hudson's new $500,000 factory in Detroit, Michigan, begins to assume reality. As an indication of the size of the new factory the contractors have estimated that the following amounts of material will be needed: 1,000,000 bricks, 500,000 feet of lumber, 400 tons of re-inforced steel, 5,000 square feet of glass and 100,000 sacks of cement. If placed end to end the bricks would more than stretch across the State of Michigan at its widest point; the lumber would reach over ninety-four miles, and the sacks of cement would extend nine miles."

The growing use of so-called pleasure cars for strictly commercial purposes has been a most important feature in this season's increased automobile demand. Practically every large merchantile establishment that employs traveling salesmen has furnished them with automobiles. But recently the Sherman, Clay & Company, the well known piano dealers, took delivery of two Hudson runabouts for use of their salesmen.

Mr. E. P. Brinegar of the Ways and Means Committee of the Panama Pacific Exposition has recently received an additional $2,500 subscription from the automobile industry. This comes mainly from the taxicab people. There are still several dealers and branch houses yet to be heard from. Mr. Brinegar requests that all dealers who have not yet sent in their subscriptions get them to him as soon as possible, as it is desired that the automobile dealers and allied interests place their subscriptions together. This is what is being done by other lines of business.

J. H. Shields, sales manager for the H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., builders of the Wilcox trucks, is in town spending a few days with the Pioneer Automobile Company. This is Mr. Shields' first visit to the coast since 1904 and he expresses himself as greatly impressed by the tremendous strides that have been taken here in the motor car business. Basing his conclusion on observations taken here in comparison with conditions as they exist in the East he foresees an immense field west of the Rockies for the motor truck business.

Word received by Weinstock Nichols Co. from the Flanders 20 "Under Three Flags" car states that the machine which is now in Texas has made the entire distance from Quebec without once using the pump on the Morgan & Wright tires with which the machine is equipped. The first stretch on the long trip was made in a continuous down pour of rain. The resultant mud in places was hub-deep but the car, assisted by the Nobbies, plowed through without the use of chains.

Mr. C. L. Simmons has associated himself with The Lozier Motor Company and has started on an extended trip throughout the South and West, visiting old agencies and extending the Lozier field of operation into new territory. When the general offices of the Lozier Motor Company are removed to Detroit, Mr. Simmons will make his headquarters at that point.

Hugo Muller, president of the Hugo Muller Co., has just returned from a trip to Sacramento made in a Premier car. Muller was accompanied by Frank Graham, manager of Ye Liberty Theater of Oakland. While gone they encountered a terrific wind to break which they pitched the top of their wind shield forward. The velocity of the wind was so great, however, that it blew the top back to the vertical and threatened to wreck it completely.

C. A. Hawkins, Pacific Coast manager of the White Company, reports the delivery of a "C-A" White Gasoline Car to W. A. Hildreth of Stockton.

The Diamond Motor Cycle tire has achieved great popularity in the local field. The factory has a branch that gives particular attention to this department of tire construction and their success is evidenced by the satisfaction motor cycle owners are getting. Chelini & Caster of this city declare that they have used a Diamond tire for 5,000 miles on their motor cycle, doing the major part over rough roads and the tire now looks as if it had done not more than 500 miles.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3287, New Series, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, Deceased.

DELLA A. GORHAM, Administratrix of the Estate of MICHAEL C. GORHAM, also known as M. C. GORHAM, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage certain realty belonging to the estate of said deceased, which realty is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, distant thereon Two Hundred and Fifty (250) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Fourteenth Street, running thence Northerly along said line of Sanchez Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet to the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, and point of commencement; being a part of Mission Block No. 99.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred ($2500) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to said petition on file herein.

Dated, San Francisco, June 27, 1910. JAS. M. TROUTT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 1, No. 22,257.

ELISABETH MILLS REID and OGDEN MILLS, Plaintiffs, vs.
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elisabeth Mills Reid and Ogden Mills, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

First Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bush Street with the easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Bush Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; running thence northerly and at right angles to said northerly line of Bush Street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; running thence westerly and at right angles to the last mentioned course sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; running thence northerly and at right angles to the last mentioned course twenty-two (22) feet; running thence westerly and at right angles to the last mentioned course seventy (70) feet to the easterly line of Montgomery Street; and running thence southerly along said easterly line of Montgomery Street one hundred and fifty-nine (159) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Second Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Bush Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bush Street with the easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence easterly and along the said northerly line of Bush Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; running thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; running thence at right angles westerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and running thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and Three (203).

Third Parcel—An undivided one-half of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Laura Place, distant thereon one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Pine Street, and which point is also eighty-seven (87) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Laura Place and parallel with the easterly line of Montgomery Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches; running thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with the easterly line of Montgomery Street twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches to the easterly line of Laura Place and point of commencement; being part of Fifty Vara Lots Numbers Two Hundred and Two (202) and Two Hundred and Fifty-five (255); subject, however, to all the terms, conditions, covenants and agreements contained in that certain indenture made on the 11th day of December, 1906, by and between Exchange Realty Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of California, having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and D. O. Mills and Ogden Mills and Elisabeth Mills Reid (wife of Whitelaw Reid), and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of February, 1907, in Liber 64 of Deeds, at page 10, New Series.

Fourth Parcel—An undivided one-fourth of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches southerly on a perpendicular line drawn from a point on the southerly line of Pine Street one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet easterly from the easterly line of Montgomery Street, which point of commencement is also seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches easterly on a perpendicular line drawn from a point on the easterly line of Laura Place one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Pine Street; running thence southerly and parallel with Laura Place twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly and parallel with Pine Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle northerly and parallel with Laura Place twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the point of commencement; being part of Fifty Vara Lot Number Two Hundred and Two (202); subject, however, to all the terms, conditions, covenants and agreements contained in that certain indenture made on the 11th day of December, 1906, by and between Exchange Realty Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of California, having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and D. O. Mills and Ogden Mills and Elisabeth Mills Reid (wife of Whitelaw Reid), and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of February, 1907, in Liber 56 of Deeds, at page 371, New Series.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein. and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 16th day of July, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

JOHN FLOURNOY, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHRINA HIMMELMANN, also known as and called CATHERINA HIMMELMANN, Deceased.

Helene Munch and Andrew D. Himmelmann, the Executrix and Executor of the last will of CATHRINA HIMMELMANN, also known as and called CATHERINA HIMMELMANN, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of a part of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 9th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 9, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Helene Munch and Andrew D. Himmelmann, Executrix and Executor respectively as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased described in their petition therefore as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, July 8, A. D. 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Executrix and Executor,
804 to 810 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal. -7-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, Deceased—No. 9931, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. J. Lermen, Esq., Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA F. MULLOY, deceased. CHARLES W. MULLOY,
Administrator of the estate of Ella F. Mulloy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 2, 1910.

J. J. LERMEN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator,
Room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,873, Dept. No. 10.

ELSIE FREDERICA McGLYNN, sometimes called FREDERICA McGLYNN, Plaintiff, vs.
CHARLES S. McGLYNN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles S. McGlynn, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-11-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Estate of PETER JAMES DONAHUE, Deceased—No. 9903, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, which said first publication occurs on the 30th day of July, 1910, to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 1277 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Peter James Donahue, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 30th, 1910.

WILLIAM P. BURKE,
Administrator of the Estate of Peter James Donahue, Deceased.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administrator,
1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-30-5

Fred G. Mayer, associated with the E. I. Du Pont De Nemours Powder Co. of Pinole, has completed the round trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles in a Ford Car. A perfect run was made by the machine, not a particle of trouble having been experienced. Mr. Mayer reports that the roads are in fine touring condition and that motorists generally seem to be given their cars a lot of exercise.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 2, No. 22,256.

OGDEN MILLS, as Executor of the Will of DARIUS OGDEN MILLS, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ogden Mills as Executor of the Will of Darius Ogden Mills, Deceased, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

First Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Octavia Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue (formerly Tyler Street) and Octavia Street, and running thence southerly along the said easterly line of Octavia Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Octavia Street and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Block Number One Hundred and Fifty-two (152) of the Western Addition of said City and County of San Francisco.

Second Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Octavia Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet southerly from the southeasterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue (formerly Tyler Street) and Octavia Street, and running thence southerly along the said easterly line of Octavia Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet to the easterly line of Octavia Street and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number Four (4) in Block Number One Hundred and Fifty-two (152) of the Western Addition of said City and County of San Francisco.

Third Parcel—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Octavia Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the easterly line of Octavia Street; running thence southerly along said easterly line of Octavia Street twenty-five (25) feet; running thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and running thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said easterly line of Octavia Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number One Hundred and Fifty-two (152).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that Ogden Mills and Elisabeth Mills Reid are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute and that their title to said property be established and quieted, subject only to the possession of plaintiff for the purposes of administration; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief and may be meet in the premises

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 16th day of July, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, The City and County of San Francisco; Addresses, San Francisco, California.

JOHN FLOURNOY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-23-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 21,812, Dept. No. 12.

MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY C. DEASY, sometimes known as MAY DEASY, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City andCountyof San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL No. 1.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet Northerly from the Northwesterly corner of Twentieth Avenue and California Street; thence running Northerly along said Westerly line of Twentieth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Block Number Ninety-one (91), Outside Lands.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Noe Street, distant thereon Twenty-six (26) feet and Six (6) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Hill Street; running thence Southerly and along the Westerly line of Noe Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet to the Westerly line of Noe Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Ten (110).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of June, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation); Addresses, San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-18-10

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree in partition given and made by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 2nd day of June, 1910, in a certain action then pending in said Superior Court and numbered 28,762, on the register of actions thereof wherein Christian H. F. Otten, also known as C. H. Otten, Friederich Otten, Heinrich Friederich Georg Dauber, also known as George Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, Heinrich Theodor Carl Dauber, also known as Heinrich Dauber, a minor, by C. H. Otten, guardian of his person and estate, and Katherine Peters, were plaintiffs and Friederich Wilhelm Heinrich Seedorff, Hermann Haase, Gustav Wilhelm Haase, Dorette Wilhelmine Engeline Friese and Heinrich Karl Gustav Friese, her husband, City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Doe, Mary Roe, John Green and Sarah Green were defendants, which said judgment was on the 3rd day of June, 1910, recorded in Judgment Book No. 32 of said Superior Court at pages 458 thereof, and following, I, Fred H. Stanle, the undersigned, as the referee appointed in and by the said decree, will on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1910, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Market Street entrance of the building known as and called the Grant Building at the southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, sell to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, the following described parcels of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

1. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet southerly from the southerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence southerly along said easterly line of Howard Street sixty (60) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning. Being part of Mission Block No. 33. Together with the improvements thereon.

2. Commencing at a point in the easterly line of Shotwell Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fifteenth Street, running thence northerly along said easterly line of Shotwell Street fifty (50) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon.

3. Commencing at a point in the northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southeasterly from the corner formed by the intersection thereof with the southeasterly line of "Q" Street, South, running thence southeasterly along said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the said northeasterly line of Seventeenth Avenue, South, and the point of beginning. Being Lot Forty (40) in Block three hundred and thirty-two (332) "O'Neil and Haley" tract, unimproved.

4. Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Sargent Street and the westerly line of Head Street, running thence westerly along said northerly line of Sargent Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet to the westerly line of Head Street, and thence at right angles southerly and along the westerly line of Head Street one hundred (100) feet to the said northerly line of Sargent Street and the point of beginning. Being lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 43 of the "City Land Association" Tract.

5. A certain lot in Harmony Section, Odd Fellows Cemetery, 12x15 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent of the purchase price at time of sale, and balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court. Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 29th, 1910.

FRED. H. STANLE, Referee.

By order of the Superior Court in the above entitled matter, the sale of the property hereinabove described is hereby postponed until Monday, the 3rd day of October, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the same place.

FRED. H. STANLE, Referee.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1760, New Series, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE WOKER, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial; and said petition having been filed, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

It is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 4th day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 27th day of June, 1910.

JAS. M. TROUT, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed June 27, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7166, Probate, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, Deceased.

John M. Reynolds, Administrator of the estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is threfore ordered by said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the fifteenth day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10, Probate, of the said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing John M. Reynolds, as Administrator of said Estate of SARA E. STRATTON, deceased, to sell all of the real estate of the said deceased, SARA E. STRATTON.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: June 30, 1910. JAS. M. TROUT, Judge

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administrator,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-9-5

Letters

Good Books for Boys

It is a blessed thing for the stock producers of boys' books that children are so intensely conservative. Despite the theory of the professional educator that there is necessity for constant novelty and short shifts, it is precisely the reverse that is the truth. The infant in the nursery who takes a fancy to some particular jingle or lullaby tune will accept no other, and though his patient nurse or parent may be driven to distraction by the incessant demand for repetition, not so the young tyrant himself. A generation ago the youth of the land fed fat on Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic. Their volumes are still meeting with a steady sale and nine-tenths of the followers in the same field are turning out work as similar as one clothes pin is to another but it is rare indeed to hear a word of protest or complaint. The limit of variation lies between a day school and a boarding school and amongst the variety of athletic sports which occupy the attention of Young America to the exclusion of all else. The hero is either misunderstood by his preceptors or persecuted by the villain—in any case he has to be under a cloud for a while in order to shine with the greater splendor when the gloom is lifted. There is always a sneak or a bully, usually the hopeful heir of a neglectful millionaire father, and the cast may be further filled by adding an incompetent teacher and a charming miss who has an incipient love affair with the hero—not that they think of such matters, of course. Only the bad boys have such notions in their heads. Anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pages are needed for exploiting the trials and tribulations, and then comes graduation day or the joint field meeting with some rival academy or the great game of baseball or football, in which all the good boys gain honor and are vindicated while the cowards go down to defeat and those who were "on the fence," decide to cast in their lot with the successful. The recipe is as reliable for a boy's book as the directions for making pan cakes from self-rising flour. Edward Stratemeyer has added another to his long list of juveniles, taking up his "Lakeport Boys," who, having already shown what they were capable of in a gun club, a boat club and a base ball nine, have now tackled football, with their usual success. Voup and Boardman, who gave them so much annoyance in their other associations, are still active enemies. Some new boys move into the village and there are some exciting times with a forest fire, a thief hunt which ends in the capture of Dan Marcy again, and a whole series of football matches reported a length. Most of these happenings take place during the school vacation and to that extent at least, "The Football Boys of Lakeport" is less demoralizing than many of its class.

Norman Brainerd has chosen a military academy as the scene of his strenuous recital. Chatam Military School is patterned, so he tells, on the plan of West Point, though it must be confessed that the faculty do not appear to have been much more alert to what was going on about them than do the staff of boarding schools in general. The two great events at Chatham were the yearly prize drill and the election on graduation day of a second lieutenant to be chosen from one of two candidates presented by the faculty. Bob Anderson, the "hero" who had entered the academy but that year from a high school, had determined to win both honors, and Howard Frayle, the "villain" holding the rank of captain and about to be graduated, with a hearty dislike for Anderson, was determined that he should be defeated. To this end there were the usual underhanded tricks and traps and for a while Frayle, aided by his subordinate, Thorpe, succeeded in bringing Anderson into bad repute, that high minded youth, of course, preferring to suffer any kind and amount of infamy rather than clear himself and equally of course, after heated arguments with tongues and fists, virtue is rewarded and vice punished It was President Lincoln who once made the cryptic remark that "For people who like this sort of thing this is the sort of thing they like," so, the boys of twelve and under, who are still under the spell of the genus Oliver Optic will have no fault to find with either of the stories which, in their own field, are about on a level with the average best seller. Both are from the house of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, which publishes the bulk of the American juveniles.

A Book of Lay Sermons

When one contemplates the large and increasing number of books which come under the general head of "New Thought," and the evident satisfaction which they yield to their readers, one wonders what the Higher Critics have accomplished. They have hewed and hammered and hammered and brought down great chunks of masonry, but all the time there has been just as steady an upbuilding in less conspicuous places. Our forbears read sermons printed after delivery but nowaday these lay-sermons reach as large an audience. The John Wesleys and the Calvins thundered forth their doctrines, holding themselves to be the prophets, incapable of error because they had their inspiration direct from the Godhead. They did not seek to convince their congregations, but ordered them to "believe or be damned," and it was a brave and bold sinner who dared make opposition, for if he feared not heavenly wrath he had good reason to walk cannily lest earthly retribution be meeted out to him. In these later days sermons are of the persuasive order founded on a logical train of thought and once the first principle is accepted the rest follows on its own accord. Instead of the Bible going out of fashion it is made more and more the foundation of belief. Aaron Martin Crane is one of the best known writers in this new field, his "Right and Wrong Thinking" being almost a classic. His latest volume, "A Search after Ultimate Truth," fresh from the press of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, will meet the same success as its predecessors.

"You have been out of work for a month now, John," said the wife.

"I know it," replied the indolent husband; "but I think now I have the key to the situation."

"Well, hustle around a little and get the situation."

It was a villainous and an unholy razor that the strange barber was plying, yet Pitcher stood the scraping like a philosopher.

"Shaved many corpses in your time?" he asked.

"Since you mention it, sir, I 'ave shaved several."

"Ah! Easily pleased, ain't they?"

And some of the barber's subsequent work made Simon Legree look like a soft-hearted Samaritan.

Figg—Talking about pugilism and State laws, did you ever notice it?

Fogg—Ever notice what?

Figg—That there's no law to prohibit fighting in the state of matrimony.

"How rich is he?"

"Immensely wealthy. He's had every operation the doctors could think of."

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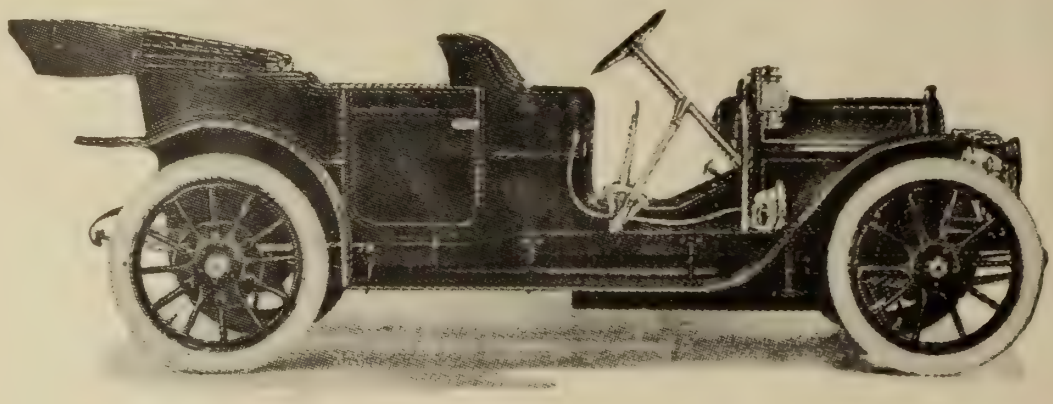

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